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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Arizona Constitution.

The judiciary recall is not the only weak spot in the Arizona constitution. The procedure for amending that constitution is a source of such instability to the whole instrument that it seems hardly to be a constitution at all in the sense of a fundamental law. For the purpose of initiating an amendment it is only necessary to secure the assent of 15 per cent of the people who voted for the governor at the previous election. The amendment must then be put to the popular vote, and it is to be considered as carried if it secures a bare majority of the votes then cast. A consideration of numerical possibilities shows at once how very slender is the support upon which any Arizona constitution must rest. The number of votes cast for the governor might easily be exceptionally small if no popular issues happened to be in front. But no matter how small it might be it would still be possible for 15 per cent of that number to start a proposition for the amendment of the constitution. It would seem from this that the ease with which the fundamental laws of the State can be changed is in exact proportion to the electoral apathy among the people. The more apathy the easier it will be to amend the constitution.

Attorney-General Wickersham, commenting upon this remarkable document, points out that it would be almost as easy to carry such an amendment as to propose it. Fifteen per cent of an abnormally low gubernatorial vote would represent a very small number of persons, but they would have the power to give to a proposed amendment all the dignity and status of a place on a voting paper. And once there it could be carried on a bare majority by an almost insignificant number of votes, perhaps one-fifth of the total voting strength of the State. A compact number of well organized politicians could do almost anything they pleased with the constitution, and they could do it without arousing much attention. And this is called an extension of democracy, a further advance of a sovereign people. With a constitution that can be amended over night and a judiciary that does not dare to call its soul its own it would look as though Arizona would soon be a good place in which not to live.

The Coronation.

The coronation called forth the enthusiasm of Great Britain and the sympathetic sentiments of the rest of the world. So far as we may judge from the telegraphed reports there was no untoward incident to mar the success of the occasion. The weather was good, the temper of the people was such as to mitigate the discomforts of a great concourse, and the ceremonial was so well rehearsed as to preserve the impressive dignity belonging to it. It was a reminder to the nation that the English throne has been occupied continuously for a thousand years with the one brief interval of the Commonwealth. Perhaps we may take it as an intimation that the monarchy in England is as secure today as when William the Norman created the English nation and made himself its first king. Certainly there is no reason why there should be any change. The fortunes of a nation are to be measured by the freedom of its people rather than by their methods of self-expression. The English people are masters in their own house and they know how to exact obedience without cavil or delay. If they prefer to keep the link of monarchy unbroken, and to rejoice because it is unbroken, that is their own affair. If they wish to do this by a gorgeous ceremonial, that, too, is their own affair, and it is only the unreflecting that will be found to ridicule such a ceremonial. It is the expression of a thousand years of experience, and the mark not more of monarchical pride or the arrogance of absolution than of the victorious advance of democracy that has always reapportioned the powers of the realm as the occasion and the national need have demanded.

We read a great deal of the attack on the hereditary principle that is supposed now to be in progress in England, and yet the unanimity of the people in the coronation rejoicings may well cause us to doubt if there is indeed any such attack. There can be no question that the powers of the hereditary House of Lords are to be diminished, but this seems rather to be a protest against the misuse of the hereditary principle than against that principle itself. If the Lords had been as mindful of their national duties as of the privileges of their caste there would have been no challenge to their position. And the position of the king will probably remain unchallenged so long as he follows the example of his immediate predecessors and holds political parties and social castes at arm's length. Nor can it be contended for a moment that the throne in England rests only upon sufferance or upon a national conservatism that hates to change. No such attitude as that can account for the volume of enthusiasm not only in England but in every corner of the empire. No such attitude could bring from India her princes of immemorial lineage nor from Canada and Australia the representatives of their democratic and wholly self-governing peoples. We must necessarily suppose that the British race sees in the monarchy not only an ornament, but a value, and that in the opinion of the British race the monarch plays a part that ought to be played and that only he can play so well. In nearly every other country in Europe, at least in many of them, we find influential parties of thoughtful men who believe that the system of government under which they live should be changed from the ground up. But there is no such party in England. It would be hard to find a single thoughtful Englishman seriously to contend that the country would be better off without a king, or to advocate a change to republicanism. It would be difficult to show that the lot of the average Englishman could be bettered in any respect by the abolition of the monarchy, that he would be richer, or freer, or happier. Certainly no form of government ever devised by man was more sensitive to popular opinion, more instantly responsive to popular censure. Whether it would, or could, be so sensitive or so responsive under a republic is a matter of conjecture. Certainly our own government is much further beyond the reach of popular control than the British. We may therefore believe that the British people attach a distinct utilitarian value to the kingship, that they retain it, not from sentiment, but because they believe that it ought to be retained and that it contributes to the national stability.

If George V plays his part wisely there seems to be no reason why he should fear the future. His supreme duty is to imitate his father and his grandmother, and think nationally and not sectionally. The only vital mistake that he can make is to suppose that the fortunes of the throne are peculiarly associated with some one caste among the people, or that he owes some special duty to rank and position. But of this there is small danger. The modern prince is trained too well for that. That only peers and peeresses were present in the Abbey will be to him no more than a part of the day's routine, nor will it bring him closer to the privileged classes than to the crowds in the street by whose consent that ceremony was performed and that give to it all the validity that it possesses. The king still has great official powers. But he possesses also the wisdom to know that those powers must not be used. The powers that he may use, far greater ones, are those of tact, persuasion, the subtle arts of example and influence. If he uses them half as well as his father there will be no discordant interruptions to the national cry of God save the king.

The Election of Supervisors.

We are still awaiting the names of the supervisorial candidates for whom the various committees will permit us to vote. The Republican and the Democratic bodies are hard at work and expect to produce the fruits of their labors about July 15. Already we have the list of the municipal conference, but, strangely enough, there is some lack of spontaneous enthusiasm in its adoption by the more regular party organizations, who seem to think that they are just as well equipped to select candidates as those whose claim to a monopoly of political virtue is so persistently urged.

Of course there is nothing regular about any of these organizations. They have just the same legal standing as a group of loungers around a corner cigar store. They represent their own predilections and nothing else, and so long as these are upon recognized party lines they have some sort of indicative value. The old convention system was not abolished at the instigation of either the Republicans or the Democrats, and they can hardly be blamed if they maintain an ex[illegible]gal mechanism that worked well enough when it [illegible]der the sanction of the law. The "reform" of t[illegible]ion

laws was brought about by the men who now belong to the municipal conference, and yet it is these very men who are the first to form themselves into something suspiciously like a convention, with its bosses, deputy bosses, and heelers, and to issue a slate in the good old approved way. And yet not quite in the good old approved way, which had at least the merits of publicity and of some sort of representative character. The new style of convention is elected by no one, it represents no one, and it meets in secret. In other words, it has all the vices and none of the virtues of its despised predecessor.

It will be remembered that the choice of a candidate for the governorship was the result of the same unpleasant preliminaries on the part of the reformers. The convention system, we were told, was undemocratic and the father of a thousand evils. The people had a right to select their own candidate at a direct primary and without intervention or interference. And yet these same reformers got themselves together into a back room and proceeded to play the whole elaborate rôle of a convention. They met day after day behind closed doors. They examined the credentials of candidates. They considered this man and they rejected that one. They split themselves into microscopical factions, and it was even whispered that they were saying hard things about one another. And at last they came to some sort of agreement, announced their choice, and called upon the faithful all over the State to follow their leadership and to vote their ticket. And this from the very men who had called heaven to witness that there must be no intervention between the candidate and the voter and that only the direct primary could prevent such intervention. It seems inconsistent, but it is not really so. It is quite consistent with the determination of the average reformer to rule at all cost and to accomplish by the blandishments of an assumed virtue what he can not accomplish by the more orderly processes of law.

The Late M. Rouvier.

M. Rouvier, twice prime minister of France, was not an eminently great man, but he was an eminently useful one, and as certainly the savior of his country as some of those who were more loudly acclaimed and who may have a larger place in history. For the Boulanger danger was a very real one, and of the kind to which France is particularly liable. Boulanger came within an ace of success, and perhaps even M. Rouvier's tenacity would not have failed him unless it had been supported by the infirmity of purpose of *le brav' général* himself. Rouvier was one of the few men then living in France who knew that Boulanger at heart was a coward, a cheap vaudeville poser to whom applause was the breath of life, and knowing nothing so well as how to obtain it. The triumph of Boulanger would have meant the end of the republic and, what would have been far worse, a war with Germany. Rouvier prevented this, not so much by startling acts of statesmanship as by a certain cold-blooded sanity that was content to hold on and to wait for popular disillusionment. He had to pay for this by the temporary loss of his own reputation. A populace silly enough to be dazzled by Boulanger was too silly to understand the desperate need that had driven the premier to seek the financial aid of the Panama Company, and in that hour of an hysterical "moral awakening" Rouvier was cast from power. But he came back and, curiously enough, for the second time he saved France from a war with Germany for which she was unprepared. There is no need to enter into the Moroccan dispute or the relative merits of the quarrel between Rouvier and Delcassé that resulted in the withdrawal of the foreign minister. Delcassé was, and is, a good Frenchman, and is once more a member of the cabinet while Rouvier lies dead. But it seemed to the conscience of the world at the time, as it seems now in the developments of the Moroccan problem, that no conceivable situation in Africa could justify such a calamity as a war between France and Germany. The Delcassé policy would have resulted in war, and so Delcassé had to go. He had his friends, but probably not one among them today would maintain that France would now be in a better position, would now be in anything but an immeasurably worse position, had Rouvier hesitated to abandon a colleague who would have invited a return of the unspeakable horrors which the country had already endured at the hands of her neighbor across the Rhine. Such a record as this s to entitle Rouvier to a position of no transient ; the history of France, an honor that will not inished by the fact that the church refused Christian burial to the statesman who had incurred her resentment.

The Reciprocity Bill.

So far, so good. The Root amendment to the Reciprocity bill has been defeated in the Senate, and by so large a majority that the roll was not called. To those who still expect from the Senate a direct expression of political opinions—if indeed there are any so sanguine—it seems strange that this result was not reached weeks ago. For the last month there has been an anxious counting of heads, the taking of unofficial polls, and the careful summarizing of prospects. It seemed certain that the Root amendment would be defeated by a narrow margin. Apparently there were no doubtful votes. Every senator was accounted for. Now, when it comes to the actual vote, the majority for the presidential measure, or rather against the defeat of the measure, is overwhelming. Evidently there are a great many senators who reach what they call their political conclusions by devious ways and who allow themselves to be blown here and there by considerations that, to say the least of it, are not national.

The Root amendment seemed to be harmless and plausible. In fact it was deadly. It demanded that the Canadian provinces now imposing an export duty on their wood pulp should abandon that duty before the Reciprocity bill should go into effect. Now the Canadian government has no control over the provinces in such a matter as this. A Canadian province has pretty much the same independence under the Canadian constitution that an individual State has under ours. Such an amendment meant the death of the bill. It was a graceful method of legislative murder. It was so intended. The President said this clearly enough in his speech at Chicago. He said that the bill must pass as it stands, or be rejected as it stands, that there was no middle course. He went on to name the two great organizations whose influence against the bill was vast and relentless. There is therefore no possible ambiguity about Mr. Root's position. He knew that his amendment would kill the bill, for Mr. Taft had said so. And yet he persisted in it. Therefore there is no lack of charity in the assumption that he intended to kill the bill, and this in spite of his vague and general praises of reciprocity and his further astounding assertion that the American farmer has never profited at all from the protective system. Mr. Root is far too strong a man to be suspected of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, nor can we suppose that he is on his knees before the two trusts denounced by Mr. Taft. But then what are we to suppose? Those who, like the *Argonaut*, have a hearty good-will for the administration policy in this matter of reciprocity and who rejoice that Mr. McKinley's legacy in the same matter is at last being realized, can only deplore an action that would have thwarted that policy and negatived that legacy.

Of course the bill is not yet out of the wood. It is not intended that it shall get out of the wood. There need be no mistake about that. The Root amendment is probably the forerunner of others, equally plausible, equally clever, and equally fatal. With the presentation of each new amendment the silent wheels of the hidden mechanism will begin to turn, and every senator will feel the pressure just where he is most sensitive to pressure. And any one of those amendments may be successful.

Mr. Taft has only to stand firm, as of course he will do, and the ultimate issue is assured. Nothing has done so much to win for him the confidence of the country as his manful attitude in this matter of reciprocity. Those who are fighting him are digging their own political graves, while assuring to him the elixir of political life. A year ago the administration was unpopular and Mr. Taft frankly admitted it, and without any unbecoming concern one way or the other. When he offered the reciprocity scheme and was threatened with the usual political penalties by more or less bogus deputations all carefully assorted and picked over for exhibition he showed the same unconcern of consequences. He was certain that he was right and he waved on one side the veiled and menacing insolence that unfortunately has been so often effective. Now he reaps the unsolicited popularity that usually comes to the unafraid. The Reciprocity bill has made Mr. Taft stronger than he ever was before. That means that the bill will eventually pass and that the President's hands will be immeasurably strengthened for such other reforms as future occasions may demand.

The bill is not without its difficulties in Canada. The people north of the boundary line are receiving pretty much the same assurances that are so plentiful here. They are being warned that reciprocity with the United States means commercial vassalage and that there can be no future for Canada if the customs wall between the two countries is once breached. It all seems very strange and very laughable. It appears that both the United States and Canada will be hopelessly ruined and will disappear from the commercial map the instant they cease to tax each other. Our own death knell will be sounded as soon as we get something cheap to eat from Canada, while Canada will be submerged if she only permits herself to buy something at reasonable prices from us. If we can believe this we can believe anything.

It is to be hoped for the sake of trade in general that we shall be able to reach some sort of relative finality in tariff matters and before very long. But there can be no finality unless it is the right kind of finality. If the Reciprocity bill is smothered or juggled away out of sight it will not be the end of an era, but the beginning of one. It will be the signal for an agitation that may pass beyond the control of responsible statesmen and that will be followed by all the evils of impetuous and headstrong action. It is well to look ahead in matters so closely touching the commercial stability of the nation and to recognize that the United States is no longer governed by those who pull the wires and buttonhole the senators at Washington.

An Infant Prodigy.

It may be admitted that the father of an infant prodigy is entitled to a hearing on the subject of education, and this is especially true where he himself is an educationist. He is entitled to a hearing, but not to an unquestioning acceptance of his theories. The attainments of the infant prodigy may be due to the parental training or they may not. They may even have occurred in spite of it. We do not know enough of the laws that govern genius to decide that point or to argue from effects back to their cause. In the meantime we can only listen respectfully and suspend our judgment until we know more.

These remarks are called forth by the strictures on the teaching profession that have been passed by Professor Boris Sidis. Professor Sidis is chiefly known as the father of a precocious child, now thirteen years of age, who has just completed his second year at Harvard University, to whom the Iliad and the Odyssey are known by heart, and who is "deeply interested in the advanced work of classical philology." That these are facts there can be no question. They are matters of record, but when Professor Sidis attributes them to his methods of training, as he naturally does, we feel that we are on debatable ground. Genius—assuming that such a name can ever be given to mere intellectual attainment—is as old as the world, and is not usually associated with any particular training. Indeed it seems often to flourish where there has been no training at all, as in the cases of Joan of Arc, Napoleon, Lincoln, and a dozen others. It is natural that Professor Sidis should feel that he is responsible for the prodigies of his infant, but then we may remember that nonagenarians can always give precise formulas for longevity, usually different ones, and millionaires are equally skilled in compressing the secret of their wealth into a moral formula which they certainly never practiced. Perhaps young Sidis would have been a prodigy in any case.

The method of the professor, so far as he outlines it in his latest published utterance, is simplicity itself. He says that there is a period in a child's life between the ages of five and ten when he is very inquisitive and asks all sorts of questions. That is true enough, and it may be said that the period begins before five and usually lasts after ten, and the questions are often very embarrassing. But they must be answered, says the professor. "Everything should be open to the child's searching interest: nothing should be suppressed and tabooed as too sacred for examination." But a different policy is pursued by the average teacher and the average parent. To quote once more from the proud father of William J. Sidis, "You are panicstricken by the power of sunlight, you are in agonizing, mortal terror of critical, reflective thought, you dread and suppress the genius of the young." It is a serious indictment. One would suppose that if there is any grievance from which young America is wholly free it is that of suppression, and that if there is any tendency not yet apparent in young America it is a proneness to a habit of reflective thought. We do not usually asso-

ciate our ideas of the rising generation with an inclination to "critical, reflective thought," suppressed by the iron hand of parental or scholastic authority. It may be so in Boston, where Professor Sidis lives, but elsewhere it can hardly be said that suppressed intellectual activity is the keynote of our youth. There is no intellectual activity to suppress.

We are all interested in the remarkable son of Professor Sidis and well disposed to believe that his home training was exceptionally good. But the case is not yet conclusive. We must know a great deal more before we can finally accede to the theory that all boys, or even many of them, can be persuaded by any definite plan of education to learn Homer by heart or to be "deeply interested in the advanced work of classical philology." In other words, we want to he sure that we are not confusing the *post hoc* with the *propter hoc*.

The Exposition Site.

It is natural that the delay in the choice of an exposition site should provoke not only some impatience, but also a disposition to guide the decision of the directors by means of public controversy and legal interpretations. While a quicker choice was much to be desired, it is to be remembered that the matter is not one of sentiment or preference, but rather of careful calculation and the weighing of complicated issues. The directors are men of experience, commanding the public confidence, and devoted to the interests of the exposition and the city. If they have found it necessary to make haste slowly it is because of the difficulties of their task, and not because they are either dilatory or indifferent.

But since the delay has arisen and with it a disposition to discuss the matter in open forum, it is as well that the conflicting pleas be fully understood and a proper emphasis placed upon each. Legal documents are notoriously vague. Their permissions are easily and innocently construed into commands, or their commands into permissions. It is largely a matter for expert opinion and for the determination of legislative intent.

It is largely this matter of legislative intent that has given birth to debate. And not unnaturally so, since the constitutional amendment authorizing the issue of bonds did specifically mention Golden Gate Park as a site for the exposition. It is urged by those who favor the park site that this mention constituted a command, a command that must be obeyed under penalty of invalidating the bond issue altogether. In support of this contention there is a certain array of legal opinion that would be impressive enough if it were not neutralized by a similar display of expert opinion to the effect that the legislature intended to give permission to use the park site, but neither a direction nor a command.

In this connection we have a definite statement from Mr. Charles C. Moore, president of the exposition company, who has presumably acquainted himself with the intention of the legislature, and who certainly can not be suspected of moving in the dark or without all the guidance available. As a matter of fact he says he consulted the attorneys of all the leading banks in San Francisco, and they were unanimously of opinion that the bond issue is independent of the choice of a site and is unaffected by it.

And Mr. Moore is emphatic. He says that the constitutional amendment "authorized"—and this is by no means the same as directed or commanded—the use of the park, and also any other lands owned by the board of education or the city; that the clauses containing the references to the park were tentative and permissive, and that they were inserted, not as mandatory, but to obviate the need for further legislation should the park site be ultimately decided on. And it may be said that this view seems to correspond with a general impression iully shared until a week or so ago even by the strongest advocates of the park, seeing that the directors have been busily at work for many weeks in the selection of a site and until now without any challenge of their right to do so. If the constitutional amendment was unquestionahly mandatory it seems strange that this was not recognized from the first and that so many weeks should have been wasted in determining a question that was never at any time open for debate.

But the matter does not rest wholly upon Mr. Moore's interpretation of the law. It seems that Mr. Stanton, speaker of the assembly, was appointed as a legislative committee to write the argument in favor of the amendment and to explain its provisions. This argument, which forms a supplement to the amendment itself, reads as follows:

> This amendment to the Constitution is simply an "enahling act" to permit the people of San Francisco, for this time only, to amend their charter in this particular, and granting permission for the occupation, for exposition purposes, of the westerly portion of Golden Gate Park, it that site should he selected, which part is now little used hy pedestrians and pleasure-seekers, without further consent of the legislature, so that the hond issue may he at once adopted, and without any objection in law to its validity.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Stanton's opinion has no legislative force, but it can hardly be ignored in an effort to understand the intention of the legislature, which is here clearly indicated by the words "if that site should be selected." Mr. Moore is also pertinent when he points out that if the legislature intended to be mandatory in the matter of the park it was also mandatory in the case of "all lands held by the board of education or by the City and County of San Francisco not in actual use." The same intention must cover both.

Mr. Moore is no less emphatic when he deals with the suggestion that the subscribers to the $7,000,000 fund will resent any other choice than that of the park and will be inclined to consider themselves as released from their obligations. He points out that this fund was voted before the question of a site was mentioned, and months before the meeting of the State legislature at which the bond issue was authorized. There can, of course, be no question about that. It is a matter of the almanac.

There is no need to follow Mr. Moore through the lengthy argument that he contributes to the *Examiner*. It speaks for itself. But enough has been said to show that there are two sides to the question, and the instinct of fair play will demand that both sides be examined. The plea that the legislature had a clear and indubitable intention to direct that the park site be used will not hold water, seeing that there are many able attorneys and business men who do doubt it. The directors may determine that the park site is the best. They may favor some other site. It is a matter for the cool and disinterested judgment that it will of course receive, but certainly they have good grounds for the opinion, so far held and acted upon without challenge, that the choice of some site is in their hands, and that in exercising their selective judgment they will be sustained alike by the law and by public opinion.

Editorial Notes.

It would be interesting to trace the mental processes of the New York judge who sentenced a young actress to twelve months in prison for an attempted suicide. Anything more stupidly cruel can hardly be imagined. This woman had encountered so many hardships and disappointments that in desperation she tried to end her existence. So by way of relieving her misery, giving her some new interest in life, and encouraging her to hope rather than to despair she is sent to the penitentiary for twelve months. Naturally she will now feel that, after all, life is worth living, and when she is released she will face the future with a renewed and joyful confidence. It is too much to hope that this benighted judge will acquire either intelligence or humanity, but the fate of his victim will probably act as a stimulus to the next would-be suicide to adopt means so effective that even a New York judge will be deprived of punitive jurisdiction in the matter.

Senator La Follette is the latest illustration of the curious incapacity of the demagogue to understand the need of a consistent and constructive policy. Public opinion sometimes takes destructive forms, but it never gives its confidence to a leader who has no definite formative plans to recommend him. A year ago Mr. La Follette had considerable influence in Congress and throughout the country. He was at the head of a band of insurgents who seemed really to have a cause and a reason for their existence. But he made the mistake that demagogues usually make. He supposed that the people were following him instead of the ideas with which he had identified himself. Now that he has shifted his sails he is surprised to find that the wind does not shift, too. Mr. La Follette's wriggling explanations of his opposition to the Reciprocity bill disclose nothing so clearly as the fact that all along he has been actuated by spite and ambition, and not by public needs. As a result both he and a good many of his followers are thoroughly discredited in Congress and throughout the country. Obstruction may sometimes be a part of the game, but it is never the game itself, and the spectacle of a handful of insurgents moving heaven and earth to defeat a measure that they were clamoring for a year ago, and for no better reason than that it is advocated by the President, is not one that commends itself to the country. Mr. La Follette and his party, even with the dubious reinforcement of Mr. Bailey, have lost whatever value they ever possessed. They are now only ridiculous.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Thorough-Going, Honest Work.

Wilmington, Delaware, June 17, 1911.

Editor Argonaut: Some twenty-two years ago it was my fortune to he cast away in the mountains of Colorado, and dwell for a space in the plains of Arizona. A good friend, then living in San Francisco, used to send me the *Argonaut* regularly. For years he did this, and when I returned to New York it was convenient to get the paper each week at the hookseller's. For other years ahroad, all the way from Britain to Africa, the paper followed me each week and gave me its lesson in what thorough-going, honest newspaper work may he made to mean. A great part of my life has been spent in what is hlatantly called "journalism," hut rather I prefer the word which to any newspaperman is the sign of his profession.

It is only for a year that my subscription to the *Argonaut* has been regularly enrolled in your office, and in renewing that enrollment I choose to tell you that I could no more keep house without the queer, dignified, yellowish journal—and hy yellowish I mean only the shade of the fabric upon which your opinions are printed—than I could get along without the New York *Sun* each day. When I have said that I helieve I have told you the innermost secrets of a man whose heart still plays alongside the editorial desk where, on occasion, he might treat suhjects as good old Bill Nye promised to treat Niagara Falls. You may recall that he wrote once, "I am going to Niagara Falls, and if I find they need scathing I shall scathe hell out of 'em."

Though, as I have said, my paper has come to me direct from your office only for the past year, for twenty-two years there have heen precious few copies of the journal missed, and, the gods give us joy, it will he a good many years before I miss one other.

So Mr. Pixley, Mr. Hart, Mr. Holman, and their associates—all these have helped to a realization of the fact that there is still left in the land a rough-handed sort of justice, tempered with God-given grace of humor, making for a higher sense of ultimate truth. Most sincerely,

Harry P. Taber.

Japan is grappling with the Socialist problem, and thereby giving further demonstration, if any were needed, of the rapidity with which she is passing through those successive phases of our Western civilization which it took the nations of Europe centuries to cover. It is less than sixty years since Commodore Perry opened up the island kingdom to Western influences, and hardly more than thirty years since it entered upon that amazing programme of change which it has carried out with such wonderful ability and thoroughness.

London's electric tramway system is a romance of locomotion, and growing steadily. Twelve hundred electric tramway cars, all licensed by the police, have come on the streets during the past four years, and 250 more are to be added. This great tramway system, which has no equal in the world, is having a remarkable effect on districts just outside the county, and is changing the shopping quarters of London. Houses are springing up all around London where no railway touches.

Every preacher who occupies the pulpit at St. Paul's, in London, signs his name after the service in a book that is kept in the vestry, a book which dates back to 1726, the earliest signature in it being "Edward Stillingfleet." This is for autographs one of the most valuable books in existence, as it contains the signatures of great numbers of eminent churchmen for nearly 200 years. Most archbishops, bishops, and clergymen of eminence preach at St. Paul's some time in their career.

In spite of the estimate that in the United States and Alaska there will be at least $100,000,000 in new gold mined every year for some time to come, there is no new gold offered for sale in the United States excepting for the arts. All the gold that comes into the country from Alaska or is mined here is, as soon as the assay can be made, converted into gold certificates, and then passes directly or indirectly into circulation.

While a plumb-line may be straight, it is, curiously enough, not always vertical. Irregularities of density in the crust of the globe may produce this phenomenon. A remarkable instance in point was found in the island of Porto Rico, where the deviation from the vertical is so great that in mapping the island the northern and southern coast lines, as shown in the older maps, had each to be moved inward half a mile.

Dr. Edward Grace, said to be the greatest cricketer the world has ever seen, who died recently at his home in Gloucestershire, England, had been actively engaged in the English national game for nearly sixty years. He was the oldest of the Grace brothers, all noted cricketers. So popular was he when he retired that his countrymen gave him a benefit which nett[ed] $30,000.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Once more Scotland scores over the English oppressor. Professor William M. Ramsay, scientist and sturdy skeptic, says that the Stone of Destiny that lies underneath the coronation chair is not the stone that Jacob used for a pillow upon a certain memorable occasion, but that it comes from Dunnstaffnage Castle in Scotland, where the Scottish kings were crowned long before the ceremonies were moved to the Abbey of Scone. The professor reaches this conclusion from the fact that there are no such stones in Palestine nor in Spain, which is supposed to have been the resting-place for the stone on its way from the Holy Land. Moreover, the chisel marks on the stone are identical with those to be found at Dunnstaffnage Castle, so that the case seems to be fairly complete. But there will be no dismay in England except perhaps at the further proof of Scottish dominance. Scotland, it seems, not only forced her king on to the English throne in the person of James I, but also in a sense supplied the throne itself.

It must be distinctly unpleasant to be notified officially that your presence at the coronation is undesired. This would be especially annoying after receiving an invitation and within a day's journey of London. Such was the fate that befell the Moorish envoy, El Mokri. On reaching Paris he was courteously notified that he might go home again, the British government having received news to the effect that women and children had been shamefully ill-used during sorties of the Moorish soldiers from Fez. Public opinion, said the message, might take the form of an affront, and as this was much to be deprecated it would be well for the Moorish representative to go back to his Sultan with the astounding news that women and children, even though belonging to a rebellious enemy, were still considered as having human rights by the infidel dogs in northern Europe. It is unfortunate that we shall never know how the Sultan takes the message, but we may hope that the luckless ambassador will not lose his head for his temerity in bringing it.

The Sultan of Turkey has just visited Salonica for the first time since his accession. His brother, lately the Sultan Abdul Hamid, is in prison at Salonica, if indeed the somewhat sumptuous Villa Allatini can be called a prison. When the Sultan landed he sent a kindly message to his brother, asking after his health and explaining that he had not come to add to the bitterness of his confinement. Abdul Hamid replied effusively and asked permission to send a photograph of his youngest son Abid, now six years old. He begged also to be allowed to visit the Sultan, but this was forbidden by the ministers.

Probably Abdul Hamid is much perplexed at being allowed to live. He himself never allowed any man or woman to live after the shadow of suspicion had once fallen upon them. And of course he would have been removed long since but for the necessity felt by the Young Turks to seem on their best behavior. It is said, moreover, that representations were made by various European governments to the effect that news of his assassination would be received with profound disgust, and the Young Turks were not in a position to alienate European sympathy just at that time. But it is a curious picture, that of the aged miscreant babbling with paternal pride about his six-year-old boy and eager to show his photograph and doubtless to describe his precocity.

Professor Boutroux, who was exchange professor at Harvard, has now returned to his home in Paris. At a meeting of the Franco-American Institute in that city the professor made a speech on current ideas prevailing in America, expressing the belief that these ideas have undergone a radical change during the last few years. It was now commonly held in America that there could be no such thing as a new start in culture or in education, and this was in opposition to the previous view that tradition ueed form no part in the mental stock in trade of a new nation. Consequently there was a tendency in America to claim the intellectual heritage of Europe and to build the new superstructure on the foundations of the past. America could no longer afford to ignore the attainments of the common European stock or to abandon any of the learning or culture slowly acquired in Europe. The professor believed that this recognition would explain the increasing sympathy between America and France, a sympathy that found expression in such movements as that for the exchange of professors.

Although Mr. G. K. Chesterton writes detective stories he has a small opinion of their originality or of their literary value. Here is his recipe for the benefit of those who may be tempted to try their hand at a kind of story-writing that is always popular. Mr. Chesterton says: "I like detective stories; I read them, I write them; but I do not believe them. The bones and structure of a good detective story are so old and well known that it may seem banal to state them even in outline. A policeman, stupid but sweet-tempered, and always weakly erring on the side of mercy, walks along the street, and in the course of his ordinary business finds a man in Bulgarian uniform killed with an Australian boomerang in a Brompton milk shop. Having set free all the most suspicious persons in the story, he then appeals to the bulldog professional detective, who appeals to the hawklike amateur detective. The latter finds near the corpse a bootlace, a French newspaper, and a return ticket from the Hebrides, and so, relentlessly, link by link, brings the crime home to the Archbishop of Canterbury."

One day some one will analyze the ethics of the detective story and divide it into its appropriate classifications. Obviously there are many kinds, but they may be separated into two broad branches—those that inspire sympathy with the detective—that is to say, with the law—and those that canonize the criminal. Mr. Chesterton himself is on the side of the law. His detectives are angelic. The same may be said of Mr. Conan Doyle. Their stories may inspire us with an ambition to be detectives, but they will lead no one into a career of crime, that is to say outside of the detective business. But the Raffles stories and the French school have criminal tendencies. The lawbreaker becomes the hero who battles bravely against a tyrannical society. After reading them we decide not to be detectives, but to adopt the more regular branches of criminal industry.

Who would suppose that Jules Verne ever wrote anything subversive of religion. But he did, and his chief heresy is to be found in his "Voyage to the Moon." Some time ago all of Verne's stories were translated into Persian and became popular among educated Persians. But now they are banned by the strong arm of piety, and those who read them do so at their own peril. The explanation is simple enough, so simple that we wonder we never thought of it before. Since the coffin of the Prophet is suspended between earth and heaven it is obvious that it would be endangered by a projectile fired from the earth to the moon. The very thought of such a possibility is abhorrent to the good Mohammedan, and so Jules Verne becomes contraband. This reminds us of the difficulty experienced by the Bible Society when they sent into Turkey a consignment of St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. The little volumes were stopped at the custom-house and an official was ordered to inquire and to report as to the nationality, standing, and credentials of the apostle and as to his reasons for wishing to write to the Galatians, who were Turkish subjects.

Medical etiquette is a fearful and a wonderful thing, and more fearful and wonderful in England than elsewhere. Every one has heard of the physical culture institution managed by Mr. Eugen Sandow, who once held the laurels as the strongest man in the world. Mr. Sandow employed three fully qualified physicians for the apparently laudable purpose of reporting to him on the fitness of clients for the physical exercises enjoined in the institution. The names of these physicians were not advertised and their presence was no more than a safeguard against undue gymnastic strain. Nevertheless the General Medical Council of the Kingdom has ordered that these doctors be deprived of their diplomas for the "infamous" conduct of being connected with a commercial institution which promises to cure certain diseases and which advertises. The decision seems a harsh one, but there is no appeal. Henceforth doctors in England must be doubly careful to avoid the faintest suspicion of advertising except in the recognized ways. Among these recognized ways are the delivery of courses of public lectures on medical, sanitary, or general science, writing to the newspapers on health topics, contributing articles to medical and general magazines, and issuing bulletins concerning such distinguished patients as may be available. Perhaps the ingenious expedient depicted by Dickens in "Pickwick" of being called out of church just in the middle of the sermon is not wholly extinct.

Miss Olive MacLeod has just returned to England, after a journey of nearly four thousand miles into the heart of Africa, over unknown tracks and among some of the most savage tribes on earth. Miss MacLeod's object was to visit the grave of her sweetheart, who was killed by natives of Wadai, who at that time were at war with France. Miss MacLeod had only two white companions, one of them a lady. She was beyond reach of civilization for four months, but she states that at no time was there the slightest difficulty with the natives, who were invariably friendly. So Miss MacLeod adds her testimony to other pacific travelers who preceded her to the effect that African savages, and indeed all savages, are harmless to harmless people and that they will return the treatment that they receive. It will be remembered that Dr. Livingstone lived his life among African savages and that he never fired a shot in anger, while the armed expedition under Stanley that "rescued" him had to fight every mile of its way. Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Captain Cook was really the first navigator of the Pacific Ocean. Others had discovered it centuries before, but he was the first to put those discoveries to practical use, and his explorations served as a basis for the first accurate maps of that great ocean. He found that there was no vast continent stretching from near the shores of Asia to the Antarctic Pole, as Europe had always thought. He was the first to sail around New Zealand, and he gave New South Wales its name. He is at last to have a fitting memorial of his services to England and the world. This memorial will take the form of a statue to be designed by Sir Thomas Brock, the sculptor who did the Victoria Memorial, and will have a place in London near the Admiralty Arch in the Mall.

While there have been several feminine justices of the peace in England, there has been only one lady judge. This was a certain Lady Berkeley, who complained to Henry VIII of trespass that had been committed on her estate, with assaults on her servants. The king very obligingly granted her a commission of assize, armed with which she apprehended and prosecuted the offenders, empaneled a jury, sat as judge in her own cause, and passed exemplary sentences on the prisoners, and then bade farewell to the judicial bench forever.

A Society for the Protection of the Dignity and Honor of the Uniforms of the United States has been formed. The special mission of the society is to secure State laws making it a misdemeanor for proprietors or managers of places of amusement to refuse admission to soldiers and sailors when in uniform.

OLD FAVORITES.

Independence Bell.

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,—
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life 's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State House,
While all solemnly inside
Sat the Continental Congress,
Truth and reason for their guide.
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptred sway,
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
Long-expected news, to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Down along its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air:

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously:
"Ring!" he's shouting, "ring! grandfather,
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly, at the given signal
The old hellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
O'er the gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
From the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Glorious liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
When we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out, loudly, "Independence";
Which, please God, shall never die!—*Anon.*

Until the World Is Free.

Mighty in purpose, strong in truth and right,
America stands forth before the world
A nation. On her banner burning bright
Liberty, the defiance lately hurled
At those who would enslave us, proudly streams,
And *Independence* proudly there beside it gleams!

But with these dignities new duties march:
No folk is free except within the law,
And freedom but the keystone in the arch
Of justice which doth span God's throne of awe;
Be free then, but be just and merciful!
So shall the sword of independence never dull.

Now have we done with despots and with kings
While yet the world without unto their will
Is bent. Our banner still defiance flings
To sceptred power, and may not rest until
All peoples and all lands alike are free
From threat of princes and their brood of tyranny.

Unto our shores let freedom's lovers throng
From every land to share our heritage;
Their strength shall swell the burden of our song
Till it shall ring in every clime and age.
Ourselves are free, and here we dedicate
To universal freedom this our new-born State!
—*John Jarvis Holden.*

The colossal statue of King Victor Emmanuel II, dedicated at Rome June 4, is the most costly and colossal memorial ever erected in honor of a national hero. The statue is itself forty feet high and weighs fifty tons. It is in gilded bronze, and stands against the white marble of a portico five hundred feet long, which has sixteen immense columns, and many fountains, groups of statuary, and gilded decorations. Back of the portico will be a national museum in which will be placed mementos of Italy's struggle for independence. The entire memorial represents thirty years' work and a cost of twenty million dollars. The monument faces the famous Corso, and the statue may be seen a great distance. The chief criticism made against the memorial is that its newness and bigness make it overshadow the remnants of ancient Rome in the midst of which it stands.

CORONATION-WEEK FETES.

Scenes of Splendor That Attended the Historical Event in London.

American readers followed closely the procession of events during coronation week in London, for the daily newspapers vied with each other in presenting long reports sent by cable and written by men eminent in journalism. Following is an account of the banquet and Shakespearean ball, given on Tuesday evening, June 20. It is from the columns of the Chicago *Tribune*, and is comprehensive though concise:

The most regal banquet that palace of king or emperor ever witnessed and a gorgeous Shakespearean ball under the auspices of noted society leaders stand forth as shining features of the second day of coronation week.

The banquet in Buckingham Palace tonight was a scene of imperial grandeur, so far as the assembly of royal and eminent personages, the setting of costly magnificence and beautiful decorations could combine to make it.

The king and queen entertained the visiting and English royalties, all the special foreign delegations, the foreign ambassadors and ministers, the officers of state and the household, the members of the cabinet and former cabinet members, the heads of the church and judiciary and of the army and navy.

The two largest apartments in the palace, the ballroom and the picture gallery, were utilized as a banqueting hall. On the tables were displayed the royal gold plate, used only on historic occasions, the cost of which is estimated at $15,000,000 and the weight of which is eight tons. This plate for the most part was collected in the reigns of the four Georges, and the principal piece is a massive peacock captured in one of the Indian wars, whose tail is studded with diamonds. Cut glass worth a fortune, ivory decanters hundreds of years old, and old wines dating back more than a century were on the board.

The gallery holds more than 800 pictures. The decorations of both rooms are largely gilt, and this background was embellished with banks of palms and giant lilies, while orchids, roses, and ferns were stacked on the tables. Yeomen of the guard ranged about the walls and all the diners wore their richest uniforms, decorations, gowns, and jewels.

The Shakespearean ball was held in Albert Hall, which was elaborately decorated. The dancers numbered hundreds, while 400 boxes were occupied by the representatives of foreign nations and the most prominent British officials. As many as twenty-nine quadrilles were danced simultaneously, the participants representing groups of characters from Shakespeare's plays. Leading actors and actresses took part in these quadrilles along with the leaders of the smart set. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Louis and Princess Victoria of Battenberg, Prince Alexander of Teck, Prince Henry of Prussia and the princess, the German Crown Prince Frederick William and the crown princess, the Turkish, Russian, Austrian, Japanese, Greek, Danish, and American representatives were present.

These functions were only part of the day's events. In the morning the king received most of the foreign envoys formally. In the afternoon, with the queen, he went through a rehearsal of the coronation at Westminster Abbey, and later gave a special audience to John Hays Hammond, who presented to his majesty a letter from President Taft. The king also received the Chinese, Japanese, Turkish, and Persian envoys, who presented decorations from their sovereigns.

The other important events of the day included luncheons to the Dominion premiers and mayors, a party by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and a review of the colonial troops by War Secretary Haldane.

This has been a perfect summer day and the population is transformed as nearly to carnival spirit as Englishmen ever could be. Countless electric globes arranged into various designs illuminate the streets, which are filled with hundreds of thousands of people. Through the masses navigate every sort of vehicle imaginable, motors, buses, drays, and carts, filled with sightseers, advertising vans with minstrels, and donkey wagons driven by costers. St. James Park and the West End club region were jammed tonight to suffocation.

Insurance against rain on coronation day, covering almost every conceivable risk, is being issued by Lloyds. On women's dresses more than $100,000 has been made out. Owners of reviewing stands and hundreds of concessionaires are paying premiums for insurance for this one day.

The streets through which the king and queen and the royal procession passed on their way from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey for the coronation and the longer return route, were decorated on a scale never before attempted in London.

The Mall to the new Admiralty Arch, the outlet into Trafalgar Square and Whitehall, was flanked by great stands for officials and distinguished guests, which shut out the beauty of St. James Park and the gardens of the residences opposite, but behind these stands on the one side, Clarence House, the residence of the Duke of Connaught, St. James Palace, Marlborough House, and the houses forming Carlton House Terrace were most elaborately decorated, forming a backing of brilliant colors.

From the Admiralty Arch to the abbey, the Westminster city council took charge of the work, and with the assistance of a committee of artists carried out a scheme worthy of that great thoroughfare and in harmony with the magnificent architecture of the public buildings and government offices which adorn the centre of British officialdom. The committee departed entirely from the traditional idea of Venetian masts and festoons of paper flowers, which are invariably brought out on any public occasion in London, and adopted a plan unique so far as London is concerned.

Along either side of the street have been erected sixty-four columns of fibrous plaster, which have been made to look as permanent as the buildings behind them. These columns, connected with garlands, bear gilt figures of Victory, lions and griffins. At the Charing Cross end of Whitehall and again at the Parliament Square end there were terminal columns thirty-five feet high surmounted by white lions supporting the portcullis, the coat of arms of the city of Westminster. These lions bore white rosettes on the blue collars, and red rosettes on the gold collars, with black ermine marks on the body and the gold portcullis printed on the side. They were modeled from the Westminster lions. The remaining columns, sixty in number, bore alternately a winged figure of Victory blowing a trumpet, or a griffin. On each column bronze tablets carried the shields of the kings and queens of England from William the Conqueror to George V. The garlands connecting them were composed of oak and laurel leaves, with bunches of roses of York and Lancaster.

The scheme was further elaborated by some of the colonies erecting arches in the centre of the roadway. That of the Province of Ontario consisted of two pylons carrying huge figures, emblematic of the commerce of the province. One showed a farmer shearing a sheep, the other a figure of Prosperity with a cornucopia. Four Corinthian columns bore the arms of Ontario on an ornamental shield.

Trafalgar Square, through which the procession passed on its return from the abbey, was a mass of color. The street decorations harmonized to some extent with those in Whitehall, but here, as in Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, St. James Street, and Piccadilly, the great steamship offices, hotels, clubs, residences, and business premises each carried out a subsidiary scheme, which added to the magnificence of the whole.

Flowers, artificial and natural, entered largely into the plans, St. James Street particularly being a bright bower of blooms and foliage. Up this short street, where one of the best views of the procession was obtainable because of the rise in the roadway, slender Ionic columns bore blue vases, filled and overflowing with delicately tinted roses. Garlands of roses entwined the capitals, and between the columns hung festoons of natural laurel leaves.

Venetian masts carried the council's decorations along Piccadilly, they being connected and festooned with flowers. The houses were embellished according to the tastes of the individual owners, so here a great variety was shown, all, however, tending to make the route of the royal procession as brilliant as human skill could make it.

The Bank of England was practically covered with great devices, and around the massive pillars and over the roof and walls strings of electric light globes of every color of the rainbow were strung.

The Royal Exchange and the Mansion House, the two other world-famed buildings which face the bank, were treated in a similar manner, and the occupiers of the less stately but almost as important financial institutions in the immediate neighborhood carried the plan still further, so that a great glare of light ascended from the centre of the financial world.

All the great thoroughfares and many of the side streets were brighter than ever before. Crowns and the initials of the king and queen were generally favored for the devices, which were supported by others of every form and size. The clubs and big business houses naturally led in illuminating, but many private residences made a brave display. Dorchester House, the residence of Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador, standing as it does in the centre of Park Lane, made a mark distinguishable for several miles up Hyde Park.

The home of the American ambassador, so often described as the handsomest in London, was outlined in light, thousands of electric globes having been placed about the cornices, windows, and columns. The centre of the scheme, however, was an immense shield, across which were draped the American and British flags in red, white, and blue lights. This covered the corner of the house facing Hyde Park. On the front and sides were eagles and shields, bearing the Stars and Stripes and the initials "G. R." and "M." When the electricity was turned on, Dorchester House was blazoned in light, and through the trees of the park was presented one of the grandest sights of the coronation illuminations.

Deborah Sampson was a young woman of Plymouth, Massachusetts, who served with distinction during the Revolutionary War. She enlisted at the age of eighteen, under the name of Robert Shurtcliffe. The military records show that the young private had a splendid army career. No hardship of battle was too trying for Deborah. She soon won the confidence of the officers, and was not infrequently called upon to perform the most dangerous enterprise. She was twice wounded. Toward the end of the war her sex was discovered and she was given an honorable discharge from service. Later she received a pension and a grant of land.

FAREWELL TO BERNHARDT.

Financial Success of Her Last Tour of the United States.

Sarah, "the evergreen," has sailed away. It was rumored that she was coming back for a few nights on her way home, but we all had our doubts. But sure enough, back she came. And notwithstanding the fact that the thermometer was well up in the eighties she drew packed houses to the Globe Theatre, and on the last night, the night before she sailed, not even standing room could be had at a premium. The house was packed to the fire limit; people pleaded with Mr. O'Connor, her manager, for a place to rest the soles of their feet, but he only shook his head and said that if he let one more person inside the doors he would get in trouble with the fire department. Even in the galleries people were standing back against the wall, from which coign of vantage they might see with the aid of glasses, but could scarcely hear. Bernhardt is a wonderful woman; she confesses to sixty-seven years, and a woman is not likely to say that she is older than she is, so she certainly is no younger. There are those who are mean enough to say that she is seventy; but there are always people mean enough to say anything, and there is nothing about which more untruths are spoken than the age of actresses. They—the actresses—usually underestimate their age, while the public usually overestimates it. Never has Bernhardt been more affable than on this return trip. I do not know what you did to her in San Francisco, but whatever it was, it has gained her good-will. The pleasantest of all her engagements was in San Francisco; she enjoyed it more than any. The French residents of your city fêted her as they would have fêted a queen; they strewed her path with flowers and gave her gifts that delighted her eyes; she could have had anything from the San Franciscans apparently; they were hers, and now she is theirs. "It is amazing, that city," she said to a reporter. "When I saw it last there was desolation unutterable; that was four weeks after the fire; and now I look upon a magnificent new city; one's imagination is overpowered."

Not only has Mme. Bernhardt been acting every day and night since she left New York, but she has done other things. She has gone down into copper mines; she has climbed mountain tops; she has hunted birds; and, according to her manager, done everything but go up in a flying machine. This shows that Mme. Sarah's courage is not what it was a quarter of a century ago; for then, if you will remember, she attained some of her widest advertising by going up in a balloon.

Mr. O'Connor has given out some of the figures of Mme. Bernhardt's earnings with much frankness; in fact, they have been posted on the hoardings. In the thirty-three weeks of her engagement she appeared at 285 performances, the gross receipts of which amount to $900,000, and this has been brought up to a million very nearly by a few days' farewell performances in New York. San Francisco alone paid $37,000 for a week of ten performances. She tells us that she is coming back in 1915. That is three years from now, and in three years Mme. Sarah will be seventy according to her own counting, and seventy-three according to the counting of the skeptics. But no matter what age she may be, she will always be a great actress. Whether she will have the success in this country in 1915 that she had in 1910 and 1911, who shall say? One can never bet with any certainty in these matters. Thousands of people were disappointed in not seeing her during her last engagement in New York, and they will probably rally around the box-office if she comes in three years from now.

The night after her farewell performance her manager gave her a supper at her hotel, to which all the members of her company were invited. You must know that a supper after the theatre is likely to be in full blast in the small hours. Mme. Sarah and her company could hardly have gotten to the hotel from the theatre before twelve, and they must have been an hour or more at the table; but nevertheless this active and evergreen Frenchwoman was up at five o'clock in the morning and was the first aboard the French liner that took her home. She is going to rest all summer, she says; and she deserves to. Then in the fall she will open her own theatre in Paris.

Apropos of the "lid being off" in this town, there is a performance now going on here (I will not say where because I do not care to advertise it) that for indecency outdoes anything that has ever been seen in New York in my time. People from other countries who have seen this performance say that it exceeds in indecency anything that has ever been seen across the water. And yet it is going on; I am happy to say, not attracting very large audiences; but no complaint is made; no Anthony Comstock has raided the place; it is all done openly and above board. The managers probably know that nothing will be said. Not even the newspapers, so far as I have seen, have made any adverse criticisms of it; and yet people tell me that it is the most disgusting and indecent show that they have ever seen, or ever expect to see. I have not seen it, and I do not intend to. But I have heard of it from those who were unfortunate enough to attend the performance without knowing what was before them. It makes one smile to remember the plays that have been suppressed by the police; and then to think that this hideous exhibition of immorality is allowed to flaunt itself in the face of the public.

Jeannette L. Gilder

New York, June 22, 1911.

THE QUEST OF A MASON JAR.

And How It Turned Glass to Gold.

Before I left San Francisco, somebody or other who had just returned from New York told me you could never buy anything at the stores out of season. As my informant belonged to the more particular sex, I paid little attention to her remark, thinking it referred to spring bonnets and that sort of thing. But before I had been in Manhattan a week I knew what she meant. It was almost a tragedy, but it ended all right. I'll tell you about it.

You know I am one of these "fool amateurs" who insist on developing their own photographs. To such nothing is sacred when compared to the need of a dark room. Hotel towels have brown spots on them the next morning, the bathroom looks like a chemical laboratory, and all around the woodwork little squares of celluoid film are drying on pins, like a collection of butterflies.

However, that is beside the question. The main fact was my need of a Mason jar in which to keep "hypo." It is rather a nuisance to mix it fresh each time you develop, and you can not pour it into the average bottle without spilling. So I started out to purchase a Mason jar.

That was early in the evening, about six I guess, for it wasn't dark yet. In San Francisco the grocery stores all keep fruit jars, so I planked a quarter on the counter at the corner grocer's and told him to give me a pint Mason jar.

"A—what?" asked the clerk.

"Mason jar," I repeated, impatiently. "M-a-s-o-n, Mason: j-a-r, jar. Mason jar."

"We got nawt'ing like dot," said the groceryman with a highly cultured German accent. "Is it to eat?"

"No, it's to drink, you lunkhead," I replied with fine sarcasm and fled.

I attributed this failure entirely to the stupidity of the clerk, but after visiting half a dozen groceries, modifying the request to fruit jars without nomenclatural specification and being offered everything from bottled pears to orange marmalade, I began to comprehend that my methods were at fault. One grocer, who understood what I wanted, advised me to try the hardware stores. By that time it was half-past seven.

"No, we don't keep Mason jars," said the first hardware man I encountered, "but we have the cutest proposition in can-openers you ever laid eyes on. Let me show you how it works. You take it like this and work around the edge of the can. No danger of cutting the fingers. A child can——"

I didn't hear the last of this monologue, for he was still talking when I got to the door. It was much the same at fifteen other places I visited. The only reason it wasn't more was because No. 15 suggested crockery stores.

Then I went out into the middle of the street and deliberately kicked myself. Crockery stores! Why, of course—triple-dyed ass that I was.

By that time it was nine and many of the stores were closing. There didn't seem to be a plethora of crockery emporiums. At last I found one. The proprietor was reading *L'Italia* and munching a decadent banana. I decided that "Mason jar" would be too occult for him and asked for a jar to put up fruit. He finished the banana, cast the peel upon the sidewalk, and surveyed me reproachfully.

"What-a for you put-a up da fruit?" he asked. "Not-a ripe."

"Never mind about that," I replied, testily. "I want a fruit jar. Got any?"

"Not-a now," said the crockery man, peeling another banana. "Out-a da season. You come-a back last-a June, first-a July. Plenty time. Good-a night."

Fortunately, I have a sense of humor. That helped a good deal. But I am also persistent beyond the point where patience ceases to be a virtue. I visited seven more crockery stores. The last was kept by an American and his wife. How they got into the crockery business on Second Avenue the Lord only knows. Perhaps one of them had committed a crime or something. But that is neither here nor there. They were very nice to me. I told them my story and the woman was quite sympathetic. She said she had eight gross of Mason jars in the cellar, but they weren't unpacked. Except for the insurance contract she'd have gone down and got me one, she said. But you couldn't take a lamp or candle into the cellar without forfeiting your policy.

I thanked her profusely and started back to my hotel. Everything was closed now except the saloons, restaurants, and billiard halls. On the cross streets, devoted mostly to residences, everything was dark. As I walked up one of them, reflecting half humorously and half bitterly upon the vicissitudes of life, an object on an outer window-sill caught my eye. Ordinarily I wouldn't have noticed it, but the reflection from a street lamp happened to focus itself on me. I stopped and surveyed it with hypnotic concentration.

It was a Mason jar!

Like one in a spell I approached it. The house was dark, the shade behind it drawn. It didn't seem to have any definite purpose, that Mason jar. I looked for a milk ticket to explain its presence on the sill. There was none. It was just an ordinary, empty Mason jar, which nobody could use in the ordinary course of events until the last of June or the first of July. And I wanted it very badly.

I looked about me hurriedly. The street seemed deserted. In order to get the jar I would have to mount the few steps that led to the front door. From the vestibule entrance I could reach the window-sill handily. In order to salve my conscience, unaccustomed to petit larceny, I first deposited a quarter on the sill. Then I grabbed the jar and ran.

That was where I made a mistake. A policeman was turning up the street a block and a half below. Noting my undue acceleration he deduced, not unnaturally, that I was a housebreaker, and gave chase.

At college I had been something of a sprinter. Now I blessed the fact that I had often cut my studies for the track. But the policeman must have done the same. Lord, how that fellow could run! In an open country I think he'd have overhauled me in short order. But, after a mile or so, I doubled on him and gained. By that time it was hare and hounds, for the officer had picked up a bunch of followers, all yelling "Stop thief!" at the top of their lungs and waking every one along the route.

Talk about a man suffering concentrated agony for his misdeeds! In that little sprinting match of myself *vs.* The People I lived through twenty years of penal servitude. I could see the striped clothes on my limbs and feel the Oregon boot on my leg. I could hear the steel doors clank and the rattle of the cell warden's keys. I was sure my hair turned white. I could feel it bleach.

By and by I dodged into an alley. It was pretty dark, but I hadn't gone far before I knew I was trapped. It was one of these cul de sacs or blind alleyways of which they have so many in Paris.

What to do was a question. Of course the crowd might keep on down the street and not explore the alley at all. But it was dollars to doughnuts some of them would. I daren't take a chance. Obviously I must disappear. Half a dozen front doors confronted me, all probably locked. "The Lady or the Tiger," I said as I tried the first knob. Nothing doing. Second, ditto. Third, more ditto. I could hear the mob yelling just around the corner, and a policeman, further down the street, blowing his whistle. So I leaped at the fourth door, thoroughly desperate, intending to smash the lock if necessary. Thank heavens, it gave.

The room I entered was unlighted, but from an adjoining one came a gleam through the crack of a partially shut door. I tiptoed over to it and peeped. A young girl sat a table. She had a fine, high-bred face, but if ever desperation was written on a human countenance it was on hers. You could read it as plainly as the three-inch display type on the afternoon extras which tell you that President Taft escaped assassination by the mere accident of nobody's caring to kill him.

But, pardon me! This was no joke.

I stood there quite a while watching the girl and debating with myself. She was writing in a nervous, scratchy kind of way that made you know she was on edge. If she saw me of course she'd scream, or faint—probably both. So I waited there, quiet as a mouse, until I knew the mob had gone past and the snoopers had left the alley. And then I got the surprise of my life!

Without looking up or stopping her writing, she began to talk to me. I tell you, it gave me a start.

"I know you're there," she said, quite calmly. "I heard you come in and I knew they were after you. But I don't care. You couldn't hurt me if you wanted to. I'm beyond that." Here she laughed. And of all the sardonic, mirthless laughter I ever heard that took the cake. I could feel little electric shocks running down my spinal column.

"For God's sake, young woman!" I burst out. "What's the matter with you? You talk like a lost soul."

"I am one," she said. Then she looked me over, rather attentively, and seemed kind of surprised. "Why—you're a gentleman," she said, wrinkling up her forehead a little, like a child when it can't understand something. "How did you get into this scrape? Are you one of these Arsène Lupin chaps?"

She smiled at that and her mouth relaxed a trifle. She seemed almost human then, and I thought I'd tell her the story. It might amuse her some more. There's nothing like a good laugh when you're flirting with nervous prostration.

"I'm a malefactor of great wealth," I told her. "I'm just after nabbing the Sacred Masonic Jar on a bet of $5,000,000. Look at it," I said, setting it on the table before her. "Isn't it a beauty?"

She looked at the jar, and then at me, and back at the jar again. "If it weren't for the twinkle in your eye I'd think you were just a plain lunatic," she said—and then she laughed naturally.

That seemed to transform her. All the stiffness went out of her muscles, and for a minute she looked just like a sweet little girl who was tired to death. Lord, what a will she must have had!

But, while this was going on, I happened to notice what she'd been writing. I wouldn't have read it, of course, but for the first line, which I couldn't help noticing. It said: "Dear Mother: I'm at the last ditch, and I'm going to end it——" There was more, but it was only repetition. I've often thought since that you couldn't get more tragedy into a volume than there was in those thirteen words.

My, but that girl was quick! She knew, just by the look on my face, I'd discovered her plan. Her face set again in the old hard lines.

"Well," she said, "now we know each other's secrets, don't we?"

"On the contrary," I returned. "We only guess—and doubtless wrongly. Will you tell me your story if I tell you mine?"

She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. The reaction of overstrained nerves was claiming its toll of vitality.

"Yes," she said, listlessly. "Go ahead. Tell your's first."

I started, but long before I'd finished I knew she was asleep. I think she'd been cooped up in that place, worrying and starving and not resting nights, till she was half crazy with fatigue. The first thing I did was to find the bottle of laudanum. I tore up the letter and then I carried her over to the lounge and covered her up, for the night was cold.

At first I thought I'd go back to the hotel. It looked like a moral certainty that the young woman would sleep for twelve hours at least. That would give me plenty of time for a bath and a nap and breakfast before she woke up. There was no reason for me to come back anyhow. I'd figured out her story from the letter and the looks of the place. Just plain poverty, that was all. Not enough to eat, the discouragement of continued failure, and the loneliness of pride. Well, I'd blundered in just in time to save us both from a very rank deal, and now I might as well blunder out again. She wouldn't want to see me when she awoke—and I could leave enough money to last her six months on the table. I had quite a lot with me and didn't need it particularly. She'd have to take it, because she wouldn't know where to return it. While, if I were there, she wouldn't touch a cent. I felt sure she was that sort of a girl.

Nevertheless I was in no hurry to go. I thought it over quite a bit and decided it was risky. Suppose she awoke sooner than I expected and had nobody to—advise her. And suppose some one should get into the place during the night. There was no key in the door and I couldn't find it.

On the whole, I took myself and the world very seriously—which is most unusual, thank goodness!—and the upshot of it was that I decided to mount guard till morning. I dragged a rocker into the front room and tried to read one of the fool books that the girl had got from the library. Schopenhauer! Help! Is it any wonder the poor child wanted to break away from a world like this?

Well I read that collection of prize pessimist essays until I felt just like a Nihilist—and the next thing I knew some fellow knocked at the door and wanted to collect a milk bill. It takes more than Schopenhauer to give me insomnia.

The girl slept till noon, bless her heart! And then I had breakfast brought to the room by an A. D. T. kid.

If you want to know the rest of the story you can go ahead and guess your head off. I'll give you one tip. Among the presents at a certain momentous occasion, several months later, was a miniature solid-gold Mason jar.

Louis J. Stellmann.

San Francisco, June, 1911.

Any Canadian citizen between the ages of five and eighty-five may purchase an annuity which is guaranteed by the government. No annuity shall be payable before the age of fifty-five, except for special reasons on account of invalidism or disablement. The annuities range from $50 to $600. They may be paid for in a lump sum at the time they are purchased, by the year, by the half-year, by the quarter, or by the week. If any payment is missed the man does not lose his other payments: he may take up the payments again when he is able, though the time when the annuity will become payable will be extended. There are no lapses. No money is taken from the payments for expenses, the Dominion government paying all expenses. The money paid in is compounded at the rate of four per cent, and every cent inures to the benefit of the payer.

It has long been the custom in the Amoy part of China for returning Chinese who have become wealthy during their absence abroad to construct at their own expense some useful public improvement in their native city and present the completed work to the people. One of these men has recently returned from the Philippines and, in accordance with the custom, sought some suitable improvement for his native city, Chuan Chiu, some forty miles from Amoy. As one of the useful bridges is in need of repairs, he decided to construct an entirely new one. He has arranged with a Manila firm to erect a bridge of reënforced concrete and at an estimated cost of $42,000 Mexican ($18,500 gold).

Socotra, a large island in the Indian Ocean, is one of the least known of the inhabited parts of the world. It is mountainous, but very fertile, and in ancient times was famed for frankincense and myrrh, aloes, dragon's blood, and spices. But now Sumatra and South America produce more dragon's blood. The sleek, humpless cow of Socotra has been found to be such an ideal animal for the tropics that the British government is about to try the experiment of importing a herd to India.

Of all peoples in the Balkans the Albanians are the most uncultured and uncouth. They have no history of their own and up to fifty years ago they did not possess even a written language. At present they are using three different alphabets, the most popular of which is the Latin one.

HEIMWEH.

The Son of the Pioneer Returns.

These are the same old Mariposa hills of my boyhood. Many of the trees are gone, the chaparral has grown up, fences seem to run everywhere across the forgotten trails, but still I could feel at home again in these hills, between the blue distances of the valley and the white wall of the Sierra.

The old-time trails are hard to find; how they drop out of one's memory, though never out of his heart! I have been round the world many times since I was a boy here, have climbed many a hard trail and traversed many a well-beaten highway, yes, and have hewn out many a wide path of my own. All of them put together seem less this morning than one step on those little farm-trails from the cabin to the spring, from field to field, down the gulches and up the rocks and over the ridge to Mormon Bar.

Now I can look down into some of the hollows toward Bootjack, and see the North Chowchilla. Once it seemed so great a river; its pools were lakes, each one worth a name. Now I, who have seen so much, who have wandered so far, would give all I have gathered in my lonely life for one hour by the Chowchilla as my boyhood knew it, and where I caught my first trout. What a whale of a trout he was, and how he grew every time I told about him!

I have been wandering for hours about these old hills. They begin to be more familiar. I shall find my way at last by these hilltops. Everything else appears to have changed completely. It is no wonder that no one last night at the hotel remembered the boys I used to play with fifty years ago, or those who were three-mile neighbors of ours, or father and mother when they first took up our Cold Spring Dell farm and sold potatoes to the Mormon Bar miners. Then I must find my boyhood all alone, happy if one log of the old cabin that father built for his young wife, back in 1850, is left to mark the site. But I am heart-hungry to see it there, with its two rooms and its big chimney that father built from slabs of slate. It was the best chimney in the neighborhood.

If I can only find the old cabin still standing! It seems as if I must. It will be weather-beaten, the windows will be gone, the door broken down, and cattle will have been out and in, but still I shall find there my boyhood for an hour or two. Then I will buy all the acres of the old farm, and clear to the hilltop, and I will restore the old cabin, and sit there in the evenings, smoking my pipe and remembering how mother talked to me, and how father gave me my first whipping. I must manage to find the old cabin, though the trails are brush-grown and fields have gone back to pasture, and all is strange.

Now I can look down into the little hollow where we lived. No, there is no cabin left, no garden, no orchard, unless that far-off clump of wildness contains some of the apple trees father planted. There is a pile of rocks there; it may be all that is left of the chimney. The years have taken more than I dreamed they could take from any man's old home. I can not find anything here that I do not have now, still I must go down and see if those are the old apple trees. Father brought them on his pack-mules over the Siskiyous from Oregon. There was a Rambo, and a Russet, and a Baldwin.

This is the place, and half the old chimney still stands. From the other side it will look a little as it used to; the fallen slates make it a shapeless mound from the west. I will look later where the cabin stood.

This is the oldest corner of the orchard, and five trees are left, unpruned, neglected for many years. I suppose they still yield some fruit in the season. The cattle have browsed them as high as possible, the hogs have rooted underneath. I recognize the Russet tree, and Mother's Sweet for baking, and the Tulpehocken that the Dutchman father found on the road with a broken leg sent him afterwards. I wonder if I could find a Russet still under the leaves. After all, it is as well that the hogs have not left me one. I can sit down against the tree and think about my boyhood here; the smell of the Russet apples comes back. I had really almost lost it. Johnny and I used to climb out there on that limb and sit in that crotch eating apples, after dinner. Father would come along and throw grass roots at us—and laugh, and say "Time to dig potatoes!"

Here is the path to the spring. I begin to see that, too. It was steep and slippery in wet weather. I fell down once with a bucket of water. This, so spoiled, is the old spring; the house is gone, the stones have fallen in, the cattle have trampled it. The best spring in all the world it once was, and now it is so spoiled for human use! But as I look closer, there is one angle of the spring-wall left. Let me look behind it—strange, how much is left, after all! The fallen rocks have protected it, and there the heart of the spring gushes up, just as it used to, I suppose, ages ago, for passing creatures of the wilderness. This amends it.

I will slip my hand through into the ice-cold rock basin and refresh my soul with a few drops from our spring. It will not need many. How often have I thirsted in friendless deserts for one single drop of Cold Spring water!

There! Little spring, you have not given so much as you now give to any man before in all your thousands of years. And yet I doubt not you have helped the wolf-followed deer, the hard-pressed Indian hunted by alien tribesmen, the fugitive murderer on whose trail the old sheriff of Mariposa followed. You gave to all alike; but to me you seem to have given the waters of remembrance. As a ray of the winter sun slants into your hand-breadth of clear water you show me a little red-headed boy leaning over to drink.

Give me another taste, little mountain spring, and I will go and sit by the ruins of our chimney.

The hearthstone is here, and half of the chimney. I will roll this corner-stone of the cabin in front, and here I will sit, as close as I used to in those cheerful winter evenings.

Father sat on that side, reading aloud from his paper. Johnny sat beside him, while I popped the corn. Mother sewed and rocked Baby Margie in the cradle that father had made for her. They are all gone, and this—this is the heart of the only home I ever had.

The chimney does not seem broken; the sun is kept out somehow by walls and roof; I hear a door softly shutting as mother takes Margie off to lay her down; I hear the rustle of father's newspaper; he has been reading about Elisha Kent Kane, and we have been shivering with arctic cold. Mother comes back, tells us a story, helps me with my lesson in arithmetic, and hears Johnny read.

Father takes down the big Bible that grandfather brought from Connecticut. The old tomcat—"that irreligious cat," as mother calls him—rises, stretches, and insists on being let out to go to the barn. Father reads, and explains as he goes along, and then we kneel in prayer.

I can hear him now. No man I have ever known had such a clear reading and speaking voice. You loved to listen to him. He made you comprehend every word. I know now that if father had cared about it he might have made a famous actor, preacher, lawyer, or politician. I know, for I have heard and studied so many of them.

How did it happen, father, that you and mother never thought of worldly success? that you were without ambition? that you, with all your education, your refinement, your friends everywhere in the great world outside, chose this little, little place, made your home here, worked so hard with your own hands, passed away from here and were—— Later I will look on the hilltop that you chose, father.

You had a voice as of that Great Commoner, that "Mill Boy of the Slashes," that Harry Clay whom you knew and loved. You taught me so much; how is it that I could not learn from you and mother that innermost knowledge, that life without haste or fret, that quiet unselfishness that I have thought of all these years, but I have not made my own.

You really seem to come to me in spirit here, my father, my mother, my little sister Margie. Thought of you, more deep, more true than I have had for years, will go with me after this. I begin to understand in some degree what a fellowship was here in our family circle, by this once so comfortable fireplace. It seems to me that now I can carry more burdens for others, can better handle my own. Almost have I heard my father's voice again; almost have I seen my mother's face, and the sleeping baby; almost the red coals scorch my hands as I swing the corn-popper over them; almost I watch Johnny go to sleep, and open the door for the cat, and listen to the deep, full-chested voice talking face to face with his Heavenly Father.

Only once or twice since have I heard any man speak in prayer with that sense of nearness and certainty. I wish that I had it myself, as both father and mother had, and as the sense of it was always with them. They and their religion were one and the same, and they never made any fuss about it or anything else.

How warm the hearthstone is, and how familiar is the old fireplace, and as I look around I can see the whole cabin—books, and the rifle, and prints hanging on the walls, and there is the knot-hole into which baby used to drop mother's thimble.

It grows late. Good-by, dear unforgotten cabin. You still do exist, and it may well be that all the rest is somewhere, still going on, still alive; that the mother love—— But now I will climb the low hill, east of the orchard, in the very midst of the old farm. There they were laid to rest, all of them, one by one, baby first, and then mother, and last Johnny. Father could not wait long after we lost them. There is a place for me, too.

I will go and sit awhile on the hilltop, between father and mother, to tell them the things I wish I had told them long ago, and it will be good for my soul.

Then I will go back to the city, and into the fight again. I will buy the old place, and plant some of mother's roses. I will prune our Russet apple tree, but I will not spoil this wildness, or the spring, or the fireplace, for in the heart of them all these memories live. One touch too many would drive them away.

Charles Howard Shinn.

San Francisco, June, 1911.

Not much more than a decade ago the Chinese empire, although representing one of the oldest civilizations of the world and inhabited by hundreds of millions of people, all more or less educated, possessed no postal system whatever. It was not until after the Boxer rebellion that a postal service was established. The Chinese postal service now extends to every part of the vast empire, and mails are transmitted with a regularity and certainty that would do credit to the most up-to-date government.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Philip B. Fleming, honor man of the 1911 graduating class of West Point, is the son of J. J. Fleming, a prominent banker of Burlington, Iowa. Fleming is twenty-four years of age. Of 146 of the original class which entered four years ago only eighty-three survived the rigors of discipline for the full term.

Mrs. Amy D. Winship of Racine, Wisconsin, eighty years of age, is now completing her second year in the arts course at Ohio University, and will, next autumn, enter the University of Wisconsin as the only octogenarian co-ed in the United States and probably in the world. She was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln.

Baron Ludwig von Schrenk, chief engineer of the Austrian government railway system, has arrived in the United States to gather data to be used in the improvement of railroads at home. His studies will be carried on in the Eastern States, and particular attention will be devoted to the American method of perfecting cuts and building in the mountain sections.

Rear-Admiral Albert Ross, retired in 1908, has been placed in charge of the new naval training station at North Chicago, where Uncle Sam will convert country boys into trained men-o'-wars-men. The new plant cost $3,500,000. Admiral Ross is a native of Pennsylvania and an Annapolis graduate of the class of 1867. After his retirement he was continued on duty as commandant of the naval training station of the Great Lakes. On July I the training school will be officially opened.

James J. Townsend, the new president of the Chicago Stock Exchange, said to be a millionaire, was a horseshoer at the age of twenty-seven, when he dropped his hammer and apron to become a broker. He made friends in the blacksmith shop and has become something of a politician. Through the influence of one of these friends, John A. King, then president of the Fort Dearborn Bank, the young blacksmith was given a place in a brokerage office. His position and wealth have been gained in the last twenty years.

Dr. Arthur M. Wheeler, for half a century an instructor at Yale, retired with the close of the college year. For a number of years he has been lecturer on European history. Despite his long association with the college and his complete mastery of historical subjects, he has never made effort to gain prominence as a writer, though many interesting papers from his pen have been published. Dr. Wheeler was born at Weston, Connecticut, in 1836. He was graduated from Yale in 1857 as an A. B., and then studied in France and Germany.

Miss Ellen Fitz Pendleton, acting president of Wellesley College for eight months, who has been chosen president of the institution, is a Wellesley graduate of the class of 1886. Two years later she became a faculty member, and ever since has been connected with the school. Mrs. Henry F. Durant, widow of the founder of the college, was present in chapel when the announcement was made of the selection of the president, and called on the students and faculty to sing the doxology. Miss Pendleton is a native of Westerly, Rhode Island, and is in her forty-seventh year.

Dr. C. G. Abbott, director of the astrophysical observatory of the Smithsonian Institution, has finally perfected an instrument used in measuring the sun's radiation, an achievement which physicists have been trying to accomplish for seventy years. Astronomers have contended that the amount of radiation was always the same. By Dr. Abbott's tests it is held that the emission of heat, light, and other rays from the sun is not always the same, thus accounting for varying degrees of heat at times. He is a native of New Hampshire, devoted to original researches on solar radiation, and has written many scientific articles.

Sir John Tenniel, for half a century known as the celebrated cartoonist for *Punch*, has just entered his ninety-first year, and to celebrate it fittingly gave a little dinner party to intimate friends at his home in London. He was knighted in 1893. Nine years ago he retired from *Punch*, but is still active and maintains a keen interest in the world's happenings. Sir John's most famous cartoon was "Dropping the Pilot," and it showed Kaiser Wilhelm standing on the deck of the ship of state, bidding good-by to Bismarck. During his fifty years with *Punch* there were only thirteen occasions when one of his full-page drawings failed to appear each week.

Reuben A. Denell, an American, who introduced steel construction into England, has set a new pace for British builders and won fame and wealth for himself at the same time. He was born in Colorado and educated in Chicago, where he was for years connected with Daniel H. Burnham, and his standing as an architect and builder was established here before he went to England. The steel-skeleton frame was barred when he went to work in London. Now it is generally used, chiefly through his efforts. He has served as a speeder-up of the entire building trade, with the result that buildings which formerly required from four to seven years to complete are now finished in two and three. Denell has constructed the Liverpool Cotton Exchange and many of London's finest new [illegible]. He is not the kid-glove type of construc[illegible] but mixes freely with his men.

JUNGLE TRAILS AND JUNGLE PEOPLE.

Caspar Whitney Tells of a Hunting Trip Through the Forests of Siam.

Caspar Whitney, writing a preface or, as he prefers to call it, a "confession" to his first volume of adventure in the Far East, questions the propriety of asking an author for his "underlying motive" for writing a book. His publisher tells him that the public demands it, but Mr. Whitney has his doubts about this, and rightly so. To ask a man his motive for undertaking a hunting trip in Asia is somewhat similar to asking him his motive for having his dinner or falling in love. He does these things because they are natural and proper things to do, and the onus of explanation should rest rather upon those who abstain. So Mr. Whitney tells us in a two-page "confession" that he undertook his hunting trip for the purpose of hunting, and so having fulfilled the literary law and the prophets he passes on. But his hunting is not necessarily of the kind that kills. The author follows the philosophy of Pascal, who said that the pleasure is in the pursuit and not in the capture. Mr. Whitney hunts in order to hunt.

The actual journey began at Nangkek, and the author finds himself under the capable protection of Choo Poh Lek, the king's mahout, who will show him all that can be shown of the mystery of elephant driving in Siam. Choo himself was even more interesting than the elephant, whom he knew like a brother:

> Although he was kind to his elephants, Choo never showed them the slightest affection; holding them under the strictest discipline and exacting instant obedience under penalty of severe punishment. A trainer of reputation with whom in my boyhood days I was on terms of daily intercourse once told me that there are two things you must never do with an elephant if you wish to control it. First, never disappoint, and second, never show affection for it, as the animal's own regard for you will be sure to diminish in proportion as you are demonstrative. Certainly Choo achieved brilliant success with just such methods. Often, however, he talked to his elephants, sometimes encouragingly, sometimes sharply, as the occasion warranted, but never tenderly. His usual tone was a complaining one, and though I could not understand what he said, I have heard him for several minutes at a time in an uninterrupted high-pitched oratorical effort, rather suggesting the father reading the riot act to a sluggard son. Perhaps it was my imagination—and at all events I do not offer it as a contribution to the new school of animal story-tellers—but it always seemed to me that Choo's mount showed unmistakable contrition in the, as it appeared to me, absurdly abashed expression which came into his face and the droopiness of the pendant trunk. Often I went into roars of laughter at sight of Choo leaning over the elephant's ear solemnly lecturing, while the beast blinked its uninviting little pig eyes.

The story of the herding of the wild elephants has been told before, but rarely so well as in these pages. Our respect for the animal as well as for the man is enhanced, although Mr. Whitney tells us that the elephant lacks originality, a defect that leads to his easy capture, but that makes his subsequent training a comparatively simple matter.

Mr. Whitney's subsequent guide was Phra Ram, as great a celebrity in his way as was Choo. Phra Ram was chief of the Burma-Siam boundary line and a person of some importance. He administered justice on the journey, and as the courts were few and far between the calendar was usually full. Most of the quarrels were of a private nature, but the Siamese mind knows no such thing as privacy, and so "they were mostly domestic tales, unsavory and shamelessly personal and frankly recited." Ram was a great man, but Mr. Whitney also became great as the purveyor of medicine:

> In time I came to share local homage, because from having given quinine and cathartic pills to some of the men of our party it got noised about that I was a medical wizard. At every camp I became the object of adoration and petition by individuals, families, and groups, ailing from one thing or another, who approached me on bended knee, begging drugs. At times I was practically mobbed. It mattered not what the ailment, or whether it was fancied or real; they had heard of my medicine and would not be denied. In the thought of ridding myself of their embarrassing entreaties, I one day gave out some pills—the bitterest things ever compounded; but the "patients," to my utter consternation, chewed them greedily. The more distasteful the stuff, in fact, the more convinced they seemed to be of its medicinal properties. In a foolish moment at one camp I painted some grotesque figures in iodine on a woman's swollen breast which had been offered for treatment; and within three days every similarly affected woman dogged my footsteps until I had to appeal to the chief for deliverance from their importunities. Citronelle, too, which I had brought in the delusion of its sparing me from mosquitoes, proved a great favorite with the gentle sex.

We have an interesting account of the Sakais, the tree-dwelling aborigines of Siam, practically an unknown people. Mr. Whitney saw them by hundred, and with the aid of his Malay guides he conversed with them at a distance, but they were so shy that he could not come into closer contact with them. And yet they were friendly, showing generosity in a willing exchange of food supplies and even leaving their weapons and belongings on the ground for the traveler to examine. Under such conditions only meagre information of these people could be obtained:

> The woman, who is very fond of children, has the entire management of the domestic economy, and is placed at the head of the man's establishment without other ceremony than climbing the ladder leading to his castle in the air. But the preliminary courtship is unique; the girl (she is usually twelve to fourteen) is decorated in patterns of red, yellow, and black flowers, and is then prepared for the struggle with her wooer, somewhat after the manner of the "Bundlers"—only the Sakais girl is without the help of raiment to aid in her defense. I am not familiar with the details of the Bundlers' custom, but the well-chaperoned Sakais maiden is supposed to successfully resist the "man of the woods" for a good twelve months, at which period she submits, and in due course [illegible] bamboo ladder. And always, so far as my observation went, men and women appeared to share toil and fruits of the chase in common. They are, in truth, the only genuine socialists that I have yet discovered. They divide their blessings and share one another's sorrows.

The Malay village is usually made up of a cosmopolitan population. The author notices the Tamil woman, graceful, dignified, and silent. There is the Malay syce, and the half-breed Chinese-Malays. There are Klings and the ever-present Eurasians dressed in European clothing, those unfortunate "products of civilization who despise their mother's people and are despised by their father's people." And everywhere there is the Chinaman:

> Next to the Chinaman the most conspicuous element of the cosmopolitan gathering is the Indian chitty, or money-lender. He seems always to be thin and tall, his height accentuated by the caste costume of whitish gauze wound around his body and hanging somewhere between belt and knee line. The standing of these men is nothing less than remarkable. Their word is literally as good as their bond. They borrow from banking institutions without security; and if they fail honestly the chitty caste make good to their creditors; if their affairs are irregular they are driven from the caste and disgraced for life.

The author was fortunate in his servants and guides—or unfortunate, according to the point of view. Cheeta was a paragon of all the virtues, except the virtue of honesty, which he himself regarded as a vice:

> As an old campaigner, my kit is invariably reduced to a simple and practical working basis, without auxiliary pots or pans, or fancy culinary accessories. I was, therefore, somewhat surprised to view several strange, luxurious appearing camp things, not to mention a small collection of common or garden paraphernalia, which considerably enlarged my equipment. My first thought considered accidental mixing of dunnage during the voyage, my next that Cheeta had been making purchases; but there was a too self-satisfied air about Cheeta to be explained by aggrandizement of such conventional character. To my direct question, "Are they ours?" he replied "Yes" and then "No" to my further inquiries of "Did you buy them? Were they given us?" Finally, nonplussed, I asked point blank where he did get them; and then he let me understand, in his subtle way, that he had outwitted the other master's servants, who had tried to steal from my kit all the way from Singapore. The dressing down I gave him appeared absolutely incomprehensible to Cheeta, the only impression remaining with him being of my ingratitude in return for his ever alert efforts on my behalf. This was the beginning of a faithful service that kept me in almost constant terror lest he steal something and not tell me. He was the most inveterate and most successful thief I ever encountered, yet he never stole from me; though continuously bringing me things he had stolen from other masters, under the very eyes of their servants, which he exhibited with unmistakable pride in his cleverness, calling my attention at the same time to our own full equipment, from which none of the other servants had been or ever were shrewd enough to steal while he was on guard. Invariably he presented a most aggrieved picture when, after he had brought a stolen article to me, I threatened him with a whipping unless he told from whom he had stolen it, and set up a doleful wail always when I made him put it back. I never cured him, though I must say I punished him severely at times; he did not appear to care to keep the things he stole; his pleasure was in outwitting the other servants, and having done so could not resist showing me the evidence, even though it entailed a thrashing. But I never had so competent a servant, and it was with genuine regret I had eventually to leave him in a hospital ill of a fever he had contracted with me in the swamps and from which he never recovered.

Mr. Whitney earned a measure of local gratitude by shooting crocodiles, which sometimes appear in such numbers as to terrorize the people. Ordinarily the Malay will not hunt the crocodile unless it has carried off a child or otherwise affronted public opinion. Their favorite method of capture is with hook and line, the line being attached to a raft bearing a flag. When the reptile is exhausted by its struggles it is easy to haul it ashore and kill it:

> Shooting crocodiles is no sport; you sit in the bow of a canoe, rifle at hand, while two men paddle silently forward until you sight a dark, olive green, loglike thing on the mud. The "thing" is not so inanimate as it looks. Perhaps you have momentary sight of a yellowish patch, under the side of its throat, as it moves off; and then you fire and paddle with all speed to where the creature was; was, I repeat, for nine times out of ten past tense is the proper one. You may see a few spots of blood to indicate you have scored, but rarely is a crocodile killed instantly, and otherwise it is not secured. No matter how severely wounded, it finds its way into the river to die and sink, or to fall prey to other crocodiles. Of about a dozen I wounded to the death, I secured only one, and that because I was able to approach within ten yards, and, with my lead-pointed ball mushrooming, drilled the disgusting reptile through and through.

The author has small opinion of missionary effort, not for theological reasons, but simply because the converted Chinaman loses his natural virtues and acquires no new ones:

> How little the white man, especially the majority of those of us who go forth as missionaries to "convert the heathen," comprehend the Chinese character! To the student of Chinese institutions and the Chinese themselves it seems outrageous presumption, for the truth is that the Chinese are without doubt the most religious people on the globe. Their religion is a very part of themselves, accepted without discussion from birth. The veriest pauper, from a worldly point of view, who lives on one of the hundreds of sampans floating before Canton, will deny himself in order that he may perform a particular religious duty. There are no people save the Mohammedans that so completely live up to the faith they profess. China has no divergent churches, no wrangling apostles; there is the one creed, of thousands of years' standing, to which all yield allegiance, and to which all pin a faith that continues unto death incontrovertible. Now and again we hear of a "converted" Chinaman; but I never saw one that had really broken from the faith of his fathers who was not the less trustworthy. In a considerable experience with many kinds of natives in the wilderness of their own country I have invariably found the ones farthest from "civilization" and the "converting" influence of conflicting white man creeds to be the most honorable and dependable. I mean this as no unkindly reflection upon the Christian faith or upon the zeal, often so ignorantly directed, of many good people.

The hunting was usually good in spite of Malay disinclination to the work of the tracker. The author had a good guide, Jim Abu by name, with whom he held long conversations "during which neither of us understood a word the other said." But they got each other's spirit, as one can do where primal instincts are concerned. Here is the story of one successful elephant hunt:

> We had been following some rather fresh tracks all the morning of the fourth day, when we came up with a herd of elephants, though as usual the thick, high jungle prevented our viewing them. We crawled for quite a distance through the undergrowth, seeking to close up, when, each of us intent upon his own stalk, we became separated, at just what point I know not, for I had gone a long way before I discovered myself alone. Sneaking forward as swiftly as possible, and as cautiously, I wormed my way towards where I could hear the breaking branches. I had just reached the edge of a comparatively open piece of jungle, on the other side of which I could see indistinctly several elephants, when there came a report followed by a tremendous crashing, and then suddenly from out this space, and well to my left front, came Jim scrambling through the mud, minus that prideful turban, minus gun, and running for very dear life straight for the trees at the right of this oasis. After him, not over twenty-five feet away, at a gait that resembled pacing, charged an elephant with head held high and trunk tightly curled (not stretched aloft like a broom handle as often I have seen written) and brushing aside the jungle growth as though it were so much grass. As the elephant broke from the jungle on my left, I gave it both barrels of the 12-bore in back of the shoulder just as its forelegs came forward, which decidedly staggered me, but seemed to have little effect on the elephant, except that it trumpeted shrilly. Dropping the 12-bore, as there was no time to load it, especially with one of the ejectors out of shape, and swinging my 50 from my shoulder, where on a strap I had carried it since the day when my Malay deserted me, I sent a ball into the elephant's ear as he crossed in front of me, and dropped him dead.

Jungle hunting, says Mr. Whitney, is monotonous and uneventful. There is nothing to do but plod on until you are close to the quarry, and plodding on may mean a succession of mud holes. But to witness the denizens of the jungle hunt each other is quite a different matter, and at least one such experience befell the author:

> While I wrote I heard several barking deer without looking up; in fact, they were so common that I never did pay attention, except where there was hope of getting near to study them; but, as I wrote, a strange and, it seemed, distressful yelp caused me to look up in time to see a deer just bounding out from the jungle edge, with a black leopard not two dozen feet behind. In two leaps the leopard had reached the deer and sprung, seizing its neck just back of the head with its jaws. The two turned almost a somersault, and then the deer lay quite still, its neck evidently broken. It happened in the open not fifty feet from me, and I sat for a full ten minutes watching the first one of the cat family I had ever seen mauling its prey. The leopard's actions were precisely those of the cat with a mouse after a kill; it put out a fore paw, pushing the deer, then pulling, and once or twice leaped lightly from one side to the other. It was some minutes before the leopard satisfied itself of the deer's death, if that was the object of the mauling; and then, fastening its fangs in the deer's throat, though without tearing the flesh—that is, without ripping it—it seemed to suck the blood. Thus far its actions had been rather deliberate, and not ravenous. But now it went to the stomach, which it ripped open quickly, and at once changed to a ravenous, wild creature, as it began dragging out the intestines until it had secured the liver and the heart. Then it settled to feeding; and when it had about finished the performance, I shot.

We have some curious information about the tiger, whose scent seems by no means so keen as that of his weaker victims. The tiger never hunts with his nose to the trail like a dog, and will often pass close to other animals without suspecting their presence. The tiger's method of attack is described as follows:

> On attack the tiger seizes by the throat with its powerful jaws and by the shoulders with its claw-armored fore paw. After a swift rush it kills with this grip by twisting its victim's neck until broken, and it is so strong that it can almost always bring down the gaur cow, though often beaten off by the bull, whose neck is too massive and whose shoulders are too powerful to be wrenched. At such times the tiger resorts to subterfuge by crawling head on, to invite a rush which it as repeatedly evades, awaiting its chance to emasculate the bull by a swift attack from the rear. Such, when dealing with tigers, is the favorite method also of wild dogs, which are swift and hunt both by sight and scent, never leaving the trail once it is entered upon. They never make a frontal attack, or lay themselves liable to the hoof or paw of what they are pursuing, but tirelessly follow, awaiting opportunity to swiftly overwhelm by numbers, or, in the case of tiger, to leave the beast emasculated and to slow death. I heard of tigers killed by these dogs in a scuffle, but never came upon an authenticated case, and in the absence of such proof, must doubt it. So also do I question the reported instances of a boar successfully sustaining the attack of a tiger, though a fine old boar that was laid low after a gallant fight, by a pig-sticking company of which I was a member, had deep fang marks at the back of the head and on the chest, unmistakably made by a tiger.

In the course of some curious speculations on the man-eating tiger the author advances a theory common, he says, among hunters. The appetite for human flesh, they say, is due simply to experience. The cattle-hunting tiger finds that it is easy to kill the herdsman who protects his charge, and so the brute overcome his instinctive fear and follows the line of least resistance. Here is a summing up of tiger ways:

> Other popular misconceptions give the tiger extraordinary leaping ability. It does not, as habitually painted, leap upon the back of its victim to crunch the vertebrae of the neck. It may do so occasionally on small game. I have seen panther springing on the little barking deer, but the usual tiger method is a stealthy stalk followed by a swift rush and seizure of the victim's throat. It does not leap from twenty-five to one hundred feet, as we frequently read. Twelve feet is nearer the average of its jumps when chasing game, and there is no record of its jumping streams of over sixteen to eighteen feet in width. It is a bold swimmer, and a frequent wader. It does not give up pursuit of its quarry on failure of the first attack. It does not deliver bone-crushing blows with its fore paws, like bruin, although it does give blows that lacerate the flesh. It does not roar like a lion. It does not kill by bloodletting, but by dislocating the neck. It can climb a tree, but rarely does so.

And here we must leave a book that will be dear to the heart of the hunter ambitious for the delights that only Asia can give. Its value is increased by seventeen good illustrations.

Jungle Trails and Jungle People. By Caspar Whitney. New York: Harper & Brothers; $3.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Legacy.

Mrs. Theodore Watts has not succeeded so well with her latest story as with "Nathan Burke." Her colors are too uniformly drab and we miss the virile character note that she knows so well how to supply. The many members of the impoverished Breen family who occupy the centre of the stage are not an admirable crowd with their decayed gentility and their family pride that is an obstacle to work but not to begging. Perhaps poor Letty could hardly be other than she was with such a heritage of a family distinction without visible means of support, but all the same we watch regretfully the struggle between a certain natural nobility of character and the stress of sordid circumstances. Letty always does her duty in a sort of calculating way even after the commonplace husband has lost whatever mind he ever possessed, and when she finally marries the coarse and rather brutal man who was her ragged and furtive admirer in childhood we are glad that at last she has done something entirely honest if only to marry frankly for money. But we should have liked to see just one volcanic eruption of passion in Letty. It would have done her so much good.

THE LEGACY. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.

Esther Damon.

Mrs. Fremont Older has placed a creditable novel to her score, a novel written not only with a marked constructive skill, but with an ethical significance rare enough nowadays. Her hero and heroine are the worst people in the village according to the standards of the village with its pharasaic proprieties and its cruel and remorseless pieties. The man is a sot, and we can hardly blame his shrewish and worldly wife for refusing to live with him. The woman is the daughter of a local preacher whose passions might have found easy and wholesome expression in art and beauty but for the lovingly cruel repression of her parents. As a result she is ruined by the son of the village innkeeper, and so the man and the woman are thrown together by a community of social ostracism.

Perhaps the author has erred, if at all, in sbowing a warmer sympathy with the man than with the woman. She seems gently to share in poor Esther's condemnation and to acquiesce in the propriety of her expiation when she goes as a missionary to the heathen. But Esther is a much finer character than Rohert, in spite of his mastery over his weakness and of his reformed life. Sometimes we wonder if he is not a bit of a prig, but we never waver in our allegiance to Esther. But the story is a good one, unaffected and sincere, and with a picture of village life that we would not willingly miss.

ESTHER DAMON. By Mrs. Fremont Older. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25.

She Buildeth Her House.

When Mr. Comfort wrote "Routledge Rides Alone" he raised our hopes high. They are still high, but it must be confessed that "She Buildeth Her House" is a disappointment. It is a story of the occult, and not a very wholesome phase of the occult either. Paula, the heroine, gets her living by writing reviews for a New York journal. Two opposing forces come into her life. The first is Charter, whom she idealizes after reading his book —a most unwise course—and the other is Bellingham, who plays the occult rôle. Bellingham is a sort of vampire who prolongs his existence indefinitely by absorbing the life forces of others, preferably young women, and who naturally has all the magnetic and mesmeric powers associated with magic, ancient and modern. Paula is fully warned by a previous victim, but she nearly falls into the trap, and for a time we are really afraid that Bellingham is to continue his nefarious career as a result of her contribution of vital energy, but she is saved by Charter, and Bellingham goes to his own place in a splendidly awful way.

There is no objection to tbe occult in romance, but unless it has the occult atmosphere, such as Lytton managed to give, it becomes grotesque. Mr. Comfort suffers from too much style. His characters become puppets, and hysterical puppets at that. They all talk in the same way and their feet never touch the ground. Occultism in romance should be largely a matter of suggestion. It should evade, and not invite, the verdict of the intelligence or else it should carry the intelligence by storm.

SHE BUILDETH HER HOUSE. By Will Levington Comfort. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25.

Alexander Hamilton.

It is hard to account for so rancorous an attack as this upon a man whose life was so public as hardly to contain an element of the unknown or the unexplained. That Hamilton had illicit relations with Mrs. Reynolds is no new discovery. It is a fact that calls neither for hysterical denunciation nor for palliation, a fact avowed by Hamilton himself and expiated hy him as far as such things can be expiated. That it brought in its train a series of semi-political results is also a matter of record. But that Hamilton was therefore a "weakling" is too absurd a contention for controversy. That he could have been "nothing less than what he was" because he was "without a father, without a country, without a God," is mere bombast, excusable in a heated oration, but inexcusable in the cool deliberation of a printed page.

A STUDY IN ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By Fontaine T. Fox. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; $1.

The Future Citizen.

We are not sure that Mr. F. A. Myers is competent to traverse the whole field of our social life or to tabulate all our errors and to indicate the remedies, and all within the space of 189 pages. Of his own competence he has no doubts at all. He tells us frankly that "the causes for poor citizenship are presented herein and remedies more or less effective indicated for removing these causes." Then follow sections appropriately devoted to heredity, marriage, children, parents, home, juvenile crime, child labor, socialism, labor, city government, the church—in fact to everything. It is surprising to find how simple it all is.

But Mr. Myers has plenty of good things to say, and a surprising number of platitudes that are presented with such a jerk as to sound almost new. Socialism is demolished, pulverized, dispersed in ten explosive pages. Labor has thirteen, but the problem of the cities is solved in nine.

But in spite of an exasperating and even arrogant omniscience, Mr. Myers's conclusions are usually sane. He does not clamor for laws and he recognizes that all social problems have their rise, and must find their solution, in the nursery. The character of the citizen is the one thing that concerns us, and the character of the citizen, so far as it is formed at all, is formed in the home and by the parents. The main duty of legislation is to correct the results of parental folly.

THE FUTURE CITIZEN. By F. A. Myers. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1.20.

Polar Exploration.

This work, by Dr. William S. Bruce, is issued in the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, a series already containing ten volumes and with the promise of an ultimate scope and comprehension that should win general favor.

Dr. Bruce is not only well qualified by experience for his task, having made nine polar voyages, but he carries it out in a particularly competent way. Records of polar exploration are apt to be a little tiresome except from tbe point of view of the adventurer. But here we have something a little different. Records of exploration are by no means wanting, but the author divides his ten chapters into tbe various aspects of discovery and so classifies its results in the way most satisfying to intelligent curiosity. Thus we have chapters on land ice, sea ice, plant life, animal life, meteorology, magnetism, aurora, and tides, and a particularly useful section on the aims and objects of modern exploration. If all the volumes of this well-conceived series are of equal excellence, the book reader may congratulate himself on an acquisition of some value.

POLAR EXPLORATION. By William S. Bruce, LL. D., F. R. S. E. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents.

The Diamond.

Mr. W. R. Cattelle has done for the diamond what Mr. Kunz has done for the pearl —that is to say, he has told us all about it. His substantial volume of over four hundred pages gives us the history of the diamond, the story of the better-known stones that have figured historically and otherwise, the methods of cutting and of preparation, and an account of the chief diamond mines of the world. A useful chapter tells us how to buy diamonds if we should at any time be so disposed. Another chapter explains the value of diamonds, and it seems that the value is largely artificial and subject to an almost indefinite control hy those who have the monopoly in South Africa. The import and export trades are duly considered, and we have a glimpse of the men whose commercial life is bounded by the diamond. The author gives us not only a mass of well arranged and often novel information, but he presents it in a pleasant conversational form that gives it the tone of a romance. A number of capital illustrations, a digest, glossary, index, and diagram plates complete a thoroughly satisfactory and well executed piece of work.

THE DIAMOND. By W. R. Cattelle. New York: John Lane Company; $2.

Argentina.

Mr. Nevin O. Winter is an experienced writer on the countries and the ways of the Other Americans. His previous volumes were devoted to Mexico, Guatemala, and Brazil. Now we have Argentina, and his latest work shows the same skill already familiar to us.

At first glance it would seem that Mr. Winter's programme was over-ambitious for a book of four hundred pages of comfortable type. It is no easy matter competently to give "an account of the customs, characteristics, amusements, history, and advancement of the Argentinians, and the development and resources of their country." But he does it, and by a happy facility for condensation that leaves nothing untouched and nothing skimped. There is always a temptation to lay undue emphasis on the commercial aspects of otber countries, but while the author tells us, and seems to prove, that "Argentina stands at the head of all the republics south of the United States in commercial importance," he gives full weight to the more human aspects of the country. Scenery, education, history, religion—all find their due place and in a satisfying way, while the many illustrations are more than ordinarily interesting.

ARGENTINA AND HER PEOPLE OF TODAY. By Nevin D. Winter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $3.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Young Forester," by Zane Grey (Harper & Brotbers; $1.25), is a good story of the forest rangers by one who has lived and worked among them.

"Be of Good Cheer," by Josepb S. Van Dyke, D. D. (Sherman, Frencb & Co.; $1), is a volume of optimistic thought based on religious belief and marked by earnestness and sincerity.

"The Boy Scouts of Birch-Bark Island," by Rupert Sargent Holland (J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25), is a substantial and well-written book that may be safely recommended to boys who have a leaning toward an open-air life and who are willing to lead it in a manly way.

"The Young Man Entering Business," by Orison Swett Marden (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1), is a book of good advice that could hardly fail to advantage those who read it, and still more so if they follow the advice. The book is decorated by a large frontispiece portrait of the author.

Joseph K. Wight is the author of a treatise entitled "The Beginning of Things in Nature and in Grace" (Sherman, French & Co.; $1.20). It is a commentary upon the book of Genesis and couched in the terms of the crudest dogma and of the most literal interpretation of the sacred writings.

The American Book Company, New York, have published a little volume containing Washington's Farewell Address and Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration, edited by Frank W. Pine, M. A. This is the latest addition to the Gateway series of English texts, prepared under the general editorship of Henry Van Dyke. Price, 30 cents.

Those who enjoyed "Girls of Fairmount," by Mrs. Etta Anthony Baker, will welcome its sequel, "Frolics at Fairmont" (Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50). There is plenty of incident of the kind that girls enjoy, a golf match, a hurglar, a vacation in New York, and a wedding, all described with vigor and by an author who knows her audience and how to please it.

An unusually practical and valuable guidebook to the "Cities of Southern Italy" has been published by E. P. Dutton & Co. ($1.75). It is by Augustus J. C. Hare, edited by St. Clair Baddeley. Of a convenient pocket size and well illustrated it seems to indicate whatever is worth seeing, and, moreover, is written in a pleasant and often a humorous vein that is rarely found in works of this kind.

The Columbia University Press, New York, has published in volume form the course of lectures on "The Business of Congress" delivered by Representative Samuel W. McCall at Columbia University during the winter of 1908-1909. Mr. McCall acknowledges the assistance rendered to him hy Mr. Asher C. Hinds, who is unequaled as an authority upon the rules and precedents of the House. The price is $1.50.

The Macmillan Company has added "North America" to the Continents and Their People series. This latest volume, which is described as a supplementary geography, is by James Franklin Chamberlain, Ed. B., S. B., and Arthur Henry Chamberlain, B. S., A. M. The book is along somewhat novel lines, it is boldly printed, and its numerous illustrations are of a high order. The authors are well-known educationists of Southern California and they bring a ripe experience to their task. The price is 55 cents.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Margaret Fuller.

Dr. Braun is to be warmly congratulated on a work that gives us a clearer insight into the character of Margaret Fuller than any that has gone before it. Margaret Fuller was born just a hundred years ago. She was probably the most remarkable woman that America has yet produced, not only a pioneer in the demand for a distinctive American literature, but the chief agent in the introduction of German thought and scholarship to the American mind. A warm friend of Emerson and a fervent admirer of his teachings, she never sat at his feet as his disciple nor abnegated her own rights of critical judgment. Emerson was pure thought. Mrs. Howe said of him that he "never melted nor took fire," whereas Margaret Fuller was "subject to a glowing passion which raised the temperature of the social atmosphere around her." Margaret Fuller never became a transcendentalist except in the broadest sense of that term. She neither led nor even belonged to the movement as a defined system of philosophic thought. She could not follow Emerson in his doctrine of a perpetual inspiration nor into a mysticism that was so much opposed to her own nature.

We may doubt, too, if she was influenced by Goethe to the extent that the author supposes. A coincidence of thought, an attraction of mental affinities, is sometimes mistaken for the dominance of one mind over another, and it may be that her profound admiration for Goethe was less of a discipleship than a recognition of identical modes of thought and direction of mental vision. Nor, perhaps, does it very much matter. Margaret Fuller was a vital force of her day in religion, philosophy, and literature, and Dr. Braun helps us to understand how strong was her voice and how great a part she played in humanizing the national mind and in harmonizing it with the mind of the world.

Margaret Fuller and Goethe. By Frederick Augustus Braun. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Thackeray is the subject of many magazine articles in this, the centenary of his birth. In the *Century* this month there are two well illustrated and particularly interesting papers on the novelist and satirical philosopher.

J. B. Fletcher, professor of comparative literature at Columbia University and author of "The Religion of Beauty in Woman," which was published a few weeks ago, is at present traveling in Europe. It is expected that he will return late this fall, when a volume of his verse is to be published.

Arthur Hornblow, editor of the *Theatre Magazine*, is a versatile craftsman. He translated D'Annunzio's novels early in his career, has written several popular novels, was for years foreign editor of the New York *Herald*, and has practiced in almost every line of newspaper and magazine work.

Within a few days, announces the Macmillan Company, Wister's "Members of the Family," Mark Lee Luther's "The Sovereign Power," Josephine Daskam Bacon's "While Caroline Was Growing," Gustav Frenssen's "Klaus Hinrich Baas," and Joseph Altsheler's "The Horsemen of the Plains" have gone into second editions, while at the same time Mrs. Pryor's "The Colonel's Story" and Mrs. Watt's "The Legacy" have started on their third editions, and Mrs. Huhert Barclay's "Trevor Lordship" on its fourth.

G. R. Stirling Taylor, with admirable foresight, has prepared a "Historical Guide to London." E. P. Dutton & Co. are sponsors for the book in America.

Some hitherto unpublished letters of Napoleon from the Vienna archives will be a feature of the new and enlarged two-volume edition of Fournier's "Napoleon I." to be issued early this month by Henry Holt & Co. The translation of this new edition is by Miss A. E. Adams. The original appeared in Germany—three volumes. The same American publishers issue a translation by E. G. Bourne of the original one-volume edition, which is still widely regarded on the Continent as the best of the shorter lives of Napoleon. It seems as if the literature of Napoleon would no more cease than that of Shakespeare, and new material is constantly cropping up.

A London philanthropist has paid down the munificent sum of £20,000 to be devoted to the distribution of Norman Angell's arresting book in favor of peace, entitled "The Great Illusion." The book, which has already been translated into a number of foreign languages, has modified or strengthened the viewpoint of not a few statesmen of international repute. "Norman Angell," by the way, is a pseudonym, being only a substantial fragment of the author's complete name, which is Ralph Norman Angell Lane. Mr. Lane lived for many years in Kern County, California. He is today the head of the Paris *Daily Mail*.

Among the numerous magazinelets that arrive at the editorial desk every month there is one that is invariably read from cover to cover. It is *Cottrell's Magazine*, published in New York by the big printing press company. For many years the *Argonaut* was printed on a Cottrell press—and then came a big fire which interfered with most arrangements in San Francisco. The little magazine, however, is not devoted especially to praising the product of the house. It is filled with brief paragraphs of sterling business sense, sauced with wit and humor. There is no booklet published more suggestive, entertaining, or solidly instructive, along commercial or ethical lines.

New Books Received.

As a Man Thinks. By Augustus Thomas. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25.

A play in four acts, as first presented at the Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre, New York, March 13, 1911.

Children of the Shadow and Other Poems. By Harold Symmes. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.

The Casement. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.20.

A novel.

Her Husband's Country. By the author of "Marcia in Germany." New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.20.

The story of an English girl who marries a German officer, settles in the Fatherland, and tries to lead the life of her husband's country.

The Land and the Book. By W. M. Thomson, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.40.

Biblical illustrations drawn from the manners and customs, the scenes and scenery of the Holy Land. Apparently a republication of a work much in favor about half a century ago.

Jungle Trails and Jungle People. By Caspar Whitney. New York: Harper & Brothers; $3.

A vivid account of hunting and other adventures and the discovery of an aboriginal people.

Parting Friends. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents.

A farce, with illustrations.

Resurrection. By Lyof N. Tolstoi. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.25.

One of the most noteworthy of Tolstoi's novels, translated by Aline P. Delano.

The University Militant. By Charles Ferguson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.

A practical propaganda "that forecasts the coming of a new social power stronger than any extant party, sect, or special interest."

The Young Idea. By Parker H. Fillmore. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25.

"A real story of real American child life," by the author of "The Hickory Limb."

Philistine and Genius. By Boris Sidis, M. A., Ph. D., M. D. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; 75 cents.

An essay on education addressed to the parents of the country.

The House of the Seven Gabblers. By Nina Larrey Duryea. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.25.

A very light novel with illustrations by Hermann Heyer.

The Comic Spirit in George Meredith. By Joseph Warren Beach. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; $1.25.

"My aim in this book is to trace in Meredith's novels the comic spirit that makes their chief distinction."

Winning Paths. By Gertrude Page. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.25.

A novel.

Shop Management. By Frederick Winslow Taylor. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.50.

This book is a practical exposition of the theories given to the world in "The Principles of Scientific Management." Here Mr. Taylor shows how they have actually accomplished the seemingly impossible—higher wages and increased dividends with the same products at the same prices—in the shops, yards, and factories of different industries. This is intended as a practical book, and is somewhat more technical in character than its predecessor.

Three Plays by Brieux. With preface by Bernard Shaw. English versions by Mrs. Bernard Shaw, St. John Hankin, and John Pollock. New York: Brentano's; $1.50.

The Woman Haters. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.25.

A new novel by the author of "Cy Whittaker's Place."

The Case Against Wagner. By Friedrich Nietzsche. Translated by Anthony M. Ludovici. Edinburgh: T. N. Foulis; one shilling.

A presentation of the causes of the quarrel between two great Germans.

Carlyle's Essay on Burns. With introduction and suggestions by Edwin L. Miller, A. M. New York: American Book Company.

Washington's Farewell Address and Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration. With notes and suggestions by W. D. Lewis. New York: American Book Company.

When the Red Gods Call. By Beatrice Grimshaw. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.35.

A story of adventure with a scene laid in New Guinea.

The House in the Hedge. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.10.

A novel. With illustrations by Gertrude A. Kay.

A Big Horse to Ride. By E. B. Dewing. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.

A new novel by the author of "Other People's Houses."

Along the Andes and Down the Amazon. By H. J. Mozans, A. M., Ph. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A sequel of the author's previous volume entitled "Following the Conquistadores Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena."

The Cruise of the "Snark." By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

A graphic story of a two years' voyage.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1911, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1911. Dividends not called for are added to the principal and bear the same rate of interest from July 1, 1911. H. C. KLEVESAHL, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (the German Bank), (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street, near Twenty-Second; Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1911, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1911. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1911. GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

BANK OF ITALY (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), S.E. corner Montgomery and Clay Streets; Market Street Branch, Junction Market, Turk and Mason Streets; San Jose Branch, S.E. corner Santa Clara and Lightston Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1911, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after July 1, 1911. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal, from July 1, 1911. Money deposited on or before July 10 will earn interest from July 1. A. PEDRINI, Cashier.
L. SCATENA, President.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 316 Montgomery Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1911, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1911. FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

A Blow at Public Rights

The attempt to inject the slow-moving, deliberate system which exists in some European cities into American business life meets with the utter disapproval of the public.

In some European cities a regulation is in existence which requires passengers to wait until they can be accommodated by seats in the street-cars. An ordinance of this nature would not be tolerated by the impatient and minute-jealous American people. They are always in a hurry to reach their destination, though it be only a few blocks away. It is this enthusiastic desire to "get there," to accomplish, which has made the United States a model for Old World countries to endeavor to follow. The hurry spirit is not confined to street-cars by any means. Crossing San Francisco Bay the observer is struck with the rush made for the front of the boat long before a ferry slip is reached.

The slogan of "no-seat, no-fare" afforded good argument for the agitators and for the alarmist class of writers and that portion of the press which is always ready to take up any momentarily popular cry. But when it was developed that the proposed ordinance would curtail the lawful rights of the people, interfere with their business, pleasure, and physical comfort, interfere with a custom of long standing, that of taking any street-car, whether a seat could be obtained or whether one were compelled to stand, the traveling public at once asserted itself and demanded that the interference cease. By placing the actual facts calmly and fully before the public through the press the full significance of the proposed law was revealed, and the many thousands who use the street-cars daily now have a far better understanding of the situation, and in their fairness denounce the unjust and impossible features of the near-ordinance and recognize the fact that the street-car company is doing everything that can be done, by adding new cars, increasing the mileage of its tracks, and putting on extra cars on certain runs during the rush hours, to give San Francisco a traffic system equal to any in the United States.

It is impossible to seat all passengers. Yet this ordinance would require passengers to wait on the streets, regardless of wind, rain, or sun, until a car came along containing vacant seats. This is a blow at the rights of the public, and the public is remonstrating by protests to the supervisors. If a passenger were kept waiting longer than ten minutes, the ordinance would cause the arrest and imprisonment of the operating company, unless such delay were due to accident. The public would be the sufferer under such a ridiculous rule, and the public should make its protest still greater in volume and with all the force at its command.

The people of San Francisco and surrounding country demand that no established rights of theirs shall be interfered with. They realize that if the ordinance becomes effective it will restrict travel, cause untold complications, and lead to the courts for final adjustment. Too many protests can not be registered, for it is a matter affecting some sixty thousand street-car passengers daily far more than it could affect the street-car company.

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"MME. SANS-GENE."

There is now but one theatre in San Francisco that preserves old traditions—the Alcazar. Memories of other and greater playhouses of the city linger, but soon they will be so faded that only the historian of the stage may restore them. At the Alcazar there are more than reminiscent belongings—the achievements, collective and individual, that are associated with the name—there is a continuation of methods that inseparably connects the house with earlier and still impressive days and ways in dramatic development. It is one of the few theatres in America that retain permanently a company of players, and succeed in building up and sustaining a more intimate relation with their patrons than is possible at playhouses which merely offer opportunity for transient, traveling productions.

Stock companies attract the same audiences week after week, audiences made up of those who find interest and increasing pleasure in the drama, more as they come to know and favor the personality of the actors than in any coldly critical judgment of the general entertainment offered. This is not to say that a good bill brings out no more enthusiastic appreciation than a weak one; on the contrary, there is no audience that responds more promptly to the vigorous impulses of worthy plays and adequate acting. But the applause is more unstinted, the success of the individual players is more rapturously rewarded, the little faults are more easily condoned, by such audiences than by those that come new, unacquainted, and neutral.

In these audiences there are undoubtedly many students of the drama who enjoy to the full their opportunity of seeing plays and actors in the making. A new play is presented nearly every week. Lack of time necessarily precludes long study and the refinements of preparation that result in perfect illusions. With the actors it is a forcing-school. Genius—perhaps, most nearly in this situation, that talent for taking infinite pains—succeeds, conquering all difficulties; mediocrity soon falls out, overburdened and wearied in the race.

This is not the stock company of the old days, when plays ran as long as they would draw, and when—a more important difference—visiting stars came to head the company, playing important rôles in great plays, and affording valuable examples of finished art to the profit of aspiring members of the companies that entertained them. The stars of after years had their schooling under those conditions. They had not merely played many parts, they had played them in association with actors of knowledge and power, whose association even for brief periods was an inspiration.

For several seasons the Alcazar has revived this admirable and time-honored plan. Stars, single, double, and triple, have been entertained and supported, to the advantage of managers, company, and audiences. Too much credit will not be given to such efforts.

Just now there are three stars at the theatre: Florence Roberts, whose early training and successes were in the Alcazar of ante-conflagration fame; Theodore Roberts, an actor of commanding talent; and Thurlow Bergen, a young leading man of some persuasive gifts. They have been seen in several offerings of merit, but in nothing so far that has given them equal opportunity. It is no more than fair, however, that Miss Roberts should have first place. She is a favorite with Alcazar audiences, and deservedly. No more sincere endeavor has ever been shown by any of the many who have succeeded her from time to time as leading woman there. Her talent was ripened under good instruction, her charm is genuine and perennial.

Monday night "Mme. Sans-Gene," that Napoleonic drama Englished by Charles Henry Meltzer from the French of Victorien Sardou and Adrien Moreau, and famous here as in its native air, was presented, and it may be set down unhesitatingly as one of the best of Alcazar successes. Director Butler had staged it remarkably well, and an Alcazar player achieved the greatest distinction of any member of the cast.

Florence Roberts should find full scope in the name-part, and should be able to meet its exacting requirements. It is worth more study than she has given to its varied phases. In the prologue her hold on its interests was firm and consistent. She was the laundress of plebeian vigor and wit, frank and courageous, free in movement, and artistically unaffected in speech. But in the first act of the play there was a sad lapse. The scene with the costumer degenerated into farce. There was much lack of effectiveness here, for the business was haphazard and unstudied, the action nervous and hurried. In the second and third acts, especially in the scenes with Napoleon, she regained her poise, though there was repeated stumbling in the lines. Her fine description of her experiences with the army was marred by this serious fault. It may be assumed with certainty that Miss Roberts will repair these little errors. Mme. Sans-Gene should be for her even a greater success than her Tess of the D'Urbervilles, and that is an achievement which but one of the great stars has equaled.

A. Burt Wesner is the Napoleon of the cast, and the commanding figure of the play, in spite of the fact that he appears only in the last two acts. There is a glamour attached to the character, even on the stage, and a dominating quality in the part as written in the drama, which are of great assistance to the actor in the rôle, but it requires none the less the highest resources of his art to preserve its dignity without excess, to convey the qualities of reserve and power that are historical. Mr. Wesner was at no time inadequate, at no moment uncertain. In counterfeit presentment, in firm, swift but unhurried command of the stage, in tense, clear speech, decisively military or royal, he was the conqueror. He unbent when the Duchess of Dantzic proved her loyalty to the soldiers of France, he was a man and a friend when she recalled their acquaintance in the days when he was a poor lieutenant, but he did not throw off his greatness like a cloak. Mr. Wesner has done many clever things during his long connection with the Alcazar company, but he has never before reached so great a height, never before displayed so thorough an equipment.

As Fouché, first a revolutionist who did not fight and then a ready and unscrupulous chief of police, Theodore Roberts did not sustain his reputation. There was no element of subtlety in his portrayal, though his lines repeatedly insist upon that quality. There was evidence of care in his make-up, but his tones and his hearing were disappointing.

There are three good opportunities for the actor cast as Count de Neipperg, a philandering Austrian whom Mme. Sans-Gene saves from capture in the prologue. Thurlow Bergen made little of them. The audience would have acquiesced without a murmur had Napoleon's order for his execution been carried out summarily. Mr. Bergen evidently does not care so much for unsympathetic parts.

E. L. Bennison was a lumbering Lefebvre, with a cavernous voice and a Dunstan Kirke air. Chas. Gunn was genuinely stiff and silly as Savary, and properly so.

It was not intended that the other feminine characters should be more than foils for Mme. Sans-Gene, but Adele Belgarde as Queen Caroline, and Viola Leach as Princess Eliza, were spirited and venomous, as required.

The Alcazar players seem well able to hold their own when distinguished visitors are among them. The company and the house will have much to their credit if they can keep to as high a standard as they set in this French play of the Revolution.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

The solicitude of the heirs of Richard Wagner as the time approaches when his works will be free may well be understood from the great sums that his operas bring in. Munich alone has paid the family $250,000 in royalties, while Vienna and Berlin have contributed much larger sums. A tentative effort to preserve a certain share of these royalties to the family was made by a committee which wanted a certain percentage paid as so-called "honorary royalties." With one exception the musical societies of Germany as well as the opera houses absolutely refused to agree to anything of the kind, while the opera houses, in view of the great wealth of the present Wagner family, even refused to promise not to give "Parsifal." Not only will the Imperial Opera House at Vienna mount "Parsifal," but there are already in preparation various companies which are to travel through Germany performing the work.

Ethel Barrymore and her company in the two Barrie plays, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," and "The Twelve Pound Look," are now in the last nights of their engagement at the Columbia Theatre. The press agent has sent no notice of this, feeling that it is entirely unnecessary. The theatre-going public has proved its knowledge of the fact, and large audiences are assured to the end. This engagement has been one of the happiest events of the theatrical season.

Chauncey Olcott, who has not been seen here in half a dozen years, will follow Mrs. Fiske at the Columbia Theatre, July 9, and give the first performance of the new play "Macushla" (Pulse of My Heart), which was written for him by Mrs. Rida Johnson Young. Special songs have been written for this new production.

The most popular table wine in the United States is Italian-Swiss Colony TIPO (red or white). For sale everywhere.

THE RUBBER PLANT.

A Bit of Ibsonian Realism.

SCENE: *An ordinary library furnished in the usual way. In a pot a large practical rubber plant is growing.*

DISCOVERED: *Rudolph, sitting at table, working on a manuscript. Freda, his wife, enters, with a watering pot and begins to water the plant. A pause.*

Freda—May I speak to you for a moment?

Rudolph—You know how I dislike being disturbed when I am working.

Freda—But it is about our daughter Emma. She has the measles—I think she is going to die.

Rudolph (putting his arms about her)—Never mind, wife, we still have our son, Paul.

Freda—Rudolph, you force me to tell you the truth. We have no son.

Rudolph—No son?

Freda—No; Paul died a month ago.

Rudolph (sinking into a chair)—Paul dead! Why was I not told?

Freda—You were finishing a chapter—I did not like to disturb you.

Rudolph—Yes—you did right—but it is hard sometimes to be faithful to the higher life. Why are you watering the rubber plant?

Freda—It hasn't been growing as it should.

Rudolph—Strange. You remember I planted it while you were giving birth to our daughter Emma!

Fredo—Yes.

Rudolph—And as the child grew, the rubber plant grew, until it seemed to me that it must be Nature's symbol for the physical life of our child.

Freda—She was always so fond of it.

Rudolph—And now that the child is sick, the plant is fading. Ah! we can not understand these things. Why should the child be sick?

Freda—I don't know.

Rudolph—We must have broken some law—transgressed some custom——

Fredo—Or it may be—because I forgot her yesterday and left her out on the lawn all night in all that rain——

Rudolph—You forgot her?

Freda—Yes; I—I was thinking of my soul. Did I do wrong?

Rudolph—No; if you were thinking of your soul, Nature would protect the child. No—there's some deeper cause why punishment should rest upon our house——

Freda (in confusion)—Perhaps some one has sinned in this house and then moved away, leaving us to bear the result of his crime.

Rudolph—No, it never works that way. You must in some way have been untrue to the higher law—— *(Freda sinks to the floor)* Ah—I thought so——

Freda—Oh, forgive me, forgive me——

Rudolph—Tell me all.

Fredo (in a voice broken with sobs)—When—when you married me, I deceived you; you thought I was Freda von Bahnreich.

Rudolph—Go on.

Fredo—I—I deceived you——

Rudolph—Deceived me, how? Who are you then?

Freda—No one.

Rudolph—I do not understand.

Freda—You know the law of Norway. As soon as a child is born the parents must obtain a birth certificate.

Rudalph—That certificate gives the child legal existence.

Fredo—Yes——

Rudolph—But I do not understand. Our child had her birth certificate and, oh, my God, you—you haven't lost it? It has not been destroyed? Woman, you know what the law says: "If a certificate be destroyed, the birth of the child is canceled."

Freda—I know, but it is not Emma's certificate I speak of, but my own.

Rudolph—Your own!

Freda—Yes; you know there is a tax on birth certificates.

Rudalph—Four crowns—sixty——

Freda—Yes; well, my parents were too poor to pay this tax, so they concealed my birth. Afterwards, when I grew up, they were afraid to tell what they had done.

Rudolph—Freda, what are you telling me?

Freda—Rudolph, my husband, I have no birth certificate. *(Rudalph sinks weakly into a chair. The lights change suddenly to red.)*

Rudalph—And this is the mother of my children——

Freda—No, Rudolph, let us face the truth. I can not be the mother of your children, for legally I do not exist.

Rudolph—And our whole life has been a crime against society.

Freda (taking a huge pistol from the mantelpiece)—Here is my grandfather's pistol.

Rudalph—It is useless. You can not kill yourself, for you have never been born. *(Freda sits by table, looking with a blank gaze into the fire.)*

Fredo—I have felt sorrow and pain. I have awakened in the morning, dressed, made the fire, cooked and eaten three meals a day. I felt the same as if I had a birth certificate.

Rudolph—The physical life is nothing, Freda. It is the higher life you have never lived. The social life, which only those can enjoy who have birth certificates. Oh, trusting fool that I was, I never asked you——

Fredo—I have suffered, Rudolph. You do not know the agony of going on day by day, knowing that you do not exist.

Rudolph—And what of our child?

Freda—Emma?

Rudolph—You—you have deprived your child of the right to live.

Freda—No—no——

Rudolph—The law says every child must have two parents, and our little Emma has only one.

Freda—No one knows. We can conceal it.

Rudolph—No. We must do our duty to society. Suppose it became the custom for children to have only one parent? Do you not see the evil that would result?

Freda (moaning)—Oh, the law is hard.

Rudolph—It is Nature's law. She will avenge herself.

Fredo—What can we do? Our child——

Rudolph—Stop—look—look there!

Freda—What?

Rudolph—The rubber plant?

Freda—Merciful heavens—is it? No—no——

Rudolph—Yes, Nature has avenged herself. *(The rubber plant wilts, shrinks, and dies, hanging limp over the edge of the pot.)*

Fredo—It is Emma——

Rudolph—Yes. You robbed her of the right to live, and now I am alone in the world.

Fredo—And I——

Rudolph—You are only an optical illusion. Go! *(Going to the rubber plant and tenderly lifting it in his arms.)* Poor little life. You couldn't help it. You were born to expiate another's wrong. It is the law.

(Curtain.)

—*William C. De Mille, in Life.*

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VANITY FAIR.

What a curious faculty we possess for identifying the interests of the universe with those of our own caste. We all do it. And we are all amused when we see others do it. The moment we are assailed we recognize that the nation is in peril, and if we are very much assailed we hasten to add that the sacred cause of religion is also endangered.

Of this we get a curious illustration from England. As every one knows, the legislative powers of the peerage are just now the object of some popular attention. Also the coronation. Now if any one class ought to be particularly interested in the coronation it is surely the peers. Both king and lords owe their peculiar position to events for which they are not responsible, and so one might suppose that the peers would be quick to sustain the sister institution of royalty and to see to it that every one should have the best of good times at the coronation. But here is Lord Ebury, who lives at Rickmansworth and who refuses to contribute to the local fireworks because his own caste is in danger. But of course be is not thinking of his own caste. Not at all. We never do, or at least we never say that we do. The magnates of the wool trust, for example, care nothing about their own dividends when they hear Mr. Taft say that the wool tariff is indefensible. Perish the thought. It is the thought of the danger to the country that brings the tear into their voices. And so it is with Lord Ebury. Who is he that he should be mindful of his own paltry prerogatives? And so when he is presented with the subscription list for the fireworks and the heer he returns it sorrowfully and without the addition of his lordly name thereto. No one is so interested in the coronation as he is, no one so loyal, but "seeing that political profligacy is taking advantage of public torpor to expose the civil and religious liberties of the country to peril, the gravity of which has had no parallel for centuries, I feel unable to identify myself with rejoicings of any kind."

There you have it. The civil and religious liberties of the country are in danger because Lord Ebury is no longer to be permitted to stroll into Parliament yard in response to a telephone message from the House of Lords and vote down some popular measure without even knowing what that measure is. And Lord Ebury really believes that. Oh, yes, he does. We all believe that sort of thing. Lord Ebury believes that the divine government of the world will be seriously embarrassed if the veto power is taken from bis caste. Our own castes—manufacturing, financial, labor, and all the rest of them—really believe that all other sections of the community are merely as background, packing material, framework for themselves. If one of them goes down all the rest of them must go, too. If we doubt this we have only to listen to them.

The ladies of our land still profess to be vastly perplexed by the scarcity of "domestic help." We are told that in one large Eastern city a servant advertised for a situation merely for July and August. She had invitations from sixteen families within two days. Ladies pursued her in their automobiles. They besought the favor of her smile, they undertook to do the washing themselves and to drown their children. There was nothing that they would not promise. Nothing that they would not guarantee. On the other hand, it is by no means easy for a girl to secure a place in an office or a shop, where the hours are long and the pay poor. How can these things be?

The commissioner of licenses in New York has a sort of tentative explanation. He says "when the servant in the house is placed more nearly on the same footing as the business girl in the office, the supply of servants will be greatly increased." There is a fine touch of diplomacy about that explanation. We all know what he means. He means that girls will not tolerate the intimate feminine supervision of the household, and that more than all else they will not endure the assumption of social superiority. But, say the mistresses, we are always kind to the girls. Of course they are, but that is not what the girls want. They want clearly specified work, during clearly specified hours, and for clearly specified pay. The storekeeper does not expect a girl to work overtime or to do all sorts of irregular tasks merely on the ground that be treats her kindly. Nor does be remind her by an unvarying demeanor that he belongs to a higher social caste. Almost the only occasion on which almost all women become unendurable is when they have an opportunity to emphasize a social distinction. They may do it sweetly, they may frame it in the most unaffected kindness, but they do it. And that is why they can not get servants.

There seems to be some kind of a law of cycles in human fashions just as in other things. What has been once shall be again and there is nothing new under the sun. A popular historian amused us some time ago by describing how the ancient Roman matrons [illegible] in a body to the Forum and demanded [illegible] They talked in just the same way as [illegible] women of today, used just the same phrases and were just as indignant. It may be said, too, that they met with a somewhat similar reception. Then another historical excavator discovered that some of the Borgia women wore harem skirts and were well spanked for their ingenuity and that laws were passed against the invention. Now comes Dr. W. L. Courtney, who knows all about Crete and the primitive civilization that gave birth to the Greek race. Dr. Courtney tells us that the Cretan women were astonishingly like the women of today so far as their dress was concerned. He says that they pinched in their waists, had flounced or accordeon-pleated skirts, wore their hair in elaborate styles, dainty shoes with high heels, and hats that might have come from a Parisian hat shop, while at least one fresco shows a skirt that is something more than suggestive of the harem variety. Moreover, these women were on the same social level as the men. There were no such things as sex restrictions and the behavior of the women was marked always by a daring unconventionality. It is sad to relate that their favorite amusement was watching hullfights, but they found this consistent with the rigid refinement of the Greek age, a refinement that probably equaled anything to be found in the world today.

The efforts of the psychical researchers are said to be responsible for a recrudescence of the minor superstitions, such as the wearing of charms. Society women on both sides of the Atlantic now make no secret of practices and beliefs that they always entertained privately, but that are now displayed openly. Reasonably enough they say that if we may believe in ghosts, in second sight, and in thought transference—and eminent scientists say that we may—why should we not also favor those far more pleasing superstitions that have a distant decorative value, such as the wearing of gems. And so fashionable women are making no concealment of the dainty little amulets that are supposed to have all kinds of good effect, and if it can only be shown that some old mediæval wizard recommended this, that, or the other jewel for this, that, or the other purpose, the jewel in question is sure to have a popularity. And the fashionable jewelers have discovered this fact and are turning it to advantage. It is said that they employ people to hunt up the hooks of the old alchemists and wonder-workers in order to find out what they had to say about precious stones, and then paragraphs will appear in the society newspapers to the effect that Cornelius Agrippa recommended the wearing of rubies to those whose husbands persisted in being out after nine at night or that Paracelsus advised emeralds as a remedy for fat ankles. Then rubies and emeralds will go off like hot cakes.

Another favorite superstition is the wearing of alternate jewels to correspond with each day of the week. This is said to bring peace of mind if only the jewels are fine enough to destroy the peace of mind of your dearest friend, who can not afford to compete. Either the jewel itself, or its setting, must bear the astronomical sign of the corresponding planet.

A French judge expresses his impatience with breach-of-promise actions. He feels that the time has come when love affairs must be reduced to a system. If blighted affections demand financial solace then they must be brought down to the financial level. If damages are claimed for a breach of contract then the contract must be proved just as all other contracts are proved, by its production. Tear-stained letters, stolen kisses, and moonlight wanderings are all very well in their way, but they are not proper material for legal determination. If a broken contract demands precise valuation then the contract must be equally precise. "Considering," says this upright judge, this ornament to the bench, "that in old times marriage was founded solely on love, and considering that since then morality has brought about various evolutions, and that it is now considered as a financial contract to hold both parties in wholesome awe, if possible, of each other's rascalities," etc. Therefore let it be understood that there can be no claim for damages except on a precise and legally worded contract of marriage, a contract that shall state clearly the amount of the penalty to be incurred by its infringement.

That is as it should be. We are never tired of impressing upon young people the necessity for caution, for ample inspection of the property before purchase, for getting to know each other, and yet as soon as the boy gets to know the girl so well that he would rather die than marry her be finds himself in the meshes of the law and is told that he has damaged the goods that he intended only to inspect.

The fact that the Duchess of Marlborough was accorded her right to be present in the abbey during the coronation, but was not "specially commanded" to be present marks a distinction as well as a difference. All peeresses who are not under some sort of disability, real or supposed, are thus "specially commanded," and the fact that no such command was issued to the Duchess of Marlborough was an intimation that her presence was not desired. Nevertheless she went, and we may believe the report that she made a splendid presence.

There is no secret about the reason for this discrimination against the duchess. Her American birth had nothing to do with the case. That is too ridiculous to be believed. Her presence was not desired because she is living apart from her husband, and the same rule would have applied as inflexibly to any other peeress.

The average sane mind must regard her intended exclusion as an act of injustice. It was a punitive act, and punitive acts should be visited only upon the guilty, and only after guilt has been established. No one knows precisely why the duchess refuses to live with her husband, but most people can guess, and guess fairly accurately. King Edward, as well as Queen Alexandra, were said to sympathize with the duchess when the rupture first occurred, and there were stories to the effect that the king told the duke just what he thought of him, and told him in the plain, unadorned vernacular. We may believe, therefore, that the Duchess of Marlborough was more sinned against than sinning, and if this is so she has been treated badly unless we are prepared to maintain that there are no conditions that justify a wife in leaving her husband. Not being idiots, we maintain no such thing.

Queen Victoria would not allow any divorced person or any person associated with a scandal to be present at court, but she made no assumption of guilt. But attendance at court has a more private and domestic significance than attendance at a ceremony in the national abbey. Moreover, when Queen Victoria made her rule it was intended to emphasize her abhorrence of irregularities that were not then frowned upon as they are today. And furthermore it may be said that even Queen Victoria's precedent need not live forever, and that an injustice does not become tolerable because it is an ancient one.

That the present reign is to be one of a rigid propriety is evident enough. It ought to be. But there is a propriety of manners as well as of morals, and if it was intended to exclude the Duchess of Marlborough for no better reason than an inability to live with her husband, then it would seem that the propriety of manners has been infringed.

The mayor of Los Angeles has requested the chief of police to give some special attention to the protection of women from the dudes who infest the main streets. The chief replied dutifully that he would do what he could, but that the women themselves were largely to blame for wearing costumes that were not only startling but positively suggestive and provocative. There is no doubt that men ought to be able to resist temptation, and most of them can, and do. But now and then there will be some weak brother who will take an undue display of the feminine form divine as an invitation to be accepted, and then there is trouble. It will usually be found that the woman who is annoyed by the street-corner nuisance has something about her that is provocative. It may be said that women have a right to wear what they wish. Unfortunately, they do seem to have a legal right to dress indecently, but the day may come when women are placed on the same footing before the law as men, and when that day comes they will be required to dress with equal decency.

The London *Chronicle* tells rather a good story of a young Frenchwoman who was learning English while on tour with an American governess. Inadvertently and doubtless imitatively, the fair pupil exclaimed, "Oh, my, I am all of a sweat." "Mademoiselle," exclaimed the governess severely, "never let me hear you use that word again. Horses sweat, men perspire. Ladies only glow."

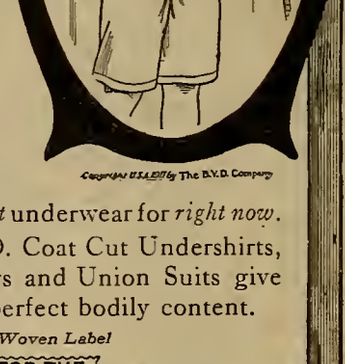
There's another movement on in New York to pay school teachers almost half as much as policemen and nearly as much as crossing sweepers. This is an age of extravagance!—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay. Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A benevolent native of the north of Ireland, desiring to benefit his kind, placed a stone on the bank of a river and on it had this inscription painted: "Notice. When this stone is under water it is unsafe to try and cross the river."

An intensely hashful young man was driving one evening with a young lady whom he had heen calling on for some time previous. The stillness of the evening and the heauty of the scene around bim inspired his courage, and sitting stiflly erect and with his face forward, he asked suddenly, "May I kiss you?" "Surely," she coyly replied. "Aw," he said, his face scarlet, and larruping his horses to a run—"aw, I was only foolin'."

The late King Leopold II of Belgium once made a quick answer to a radical deputy who had said of the king that he would make an admirahle president of a republic. "Really?" replied the king, with his most ingenuous air. "Really? Do you know, I think I sball pay a compliment in your style to my physician, Dr. Thirier, who is coming to see me presently. I shall say, 'Thirier, you are a great doctor, and I think you would make an excellent veterinary surgeon.'"

Mrs. Patrick Camphell is not kindly inclined to criticism of her work. At a rehearsal of a new play, one morning, her manager, Charles Frohman, stopped Mrs. Campbell and said: "Mrs. Camphell, it seems to me that those lines should he delivered thus," repeating the lines in question. Mrs. Camphell drew herself up and said: "Mr. Frohman, *I* am an artist." "That is all right, Mrs. Camphell," replied the urhane manager. "I assure you I will never reveal your secret."

After a week in the country a prominent lawyer returned to town, determined to stay during the summer. But before coming home he had the satisfaction of telling the keeper of the "real old country boarding farmhouse" just what he thought of things. "There is one thing on your table," said the lawyer, "which is not to he excelled hy the hest hotels of New York or Philadelphia." "What is it?" asked the farmer. "The salt," answered the attorney, with a fine display of hiting sarcasm. "Well, I'm glad ye liked it," returned the farmer. "It's the hest Jimsons' keep, an' I aint pertickler ahout the price."

When Lawrence Barrett's daughter was married Stuart Rohson sent a check for $5000 to the bridegroom. The comedian's daughter, Felicia Robson, who attended the wedding, conveyed the gift. "Felicia," said her father upon her return, "did you give him the check?" "Yes, father," answered the daughter. "What did he say?" asked Rohson. "He didn't say anything," replied Miss Felicia, "hut he shed tears." "How long did he cry?" "Why, father, I didn't time him. I should say, however, that he wept fully a minute." "Fully a minute," mused Rohson. "Why, daughter, I cried an bour after I signed it."

General Horatio C. King, secretary of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, was narrating at a dinner his memories of the Civil War. "We suffered many hardships on hoth sides," said General King; "hut the poor hrave Confederates suffered most. I remember a grizzled old colored man who, at the outhreak of the Spanish War, applied for a place as an army cook. 'What experience have you had?' the old fellow was asked. 'I was cook, sah, fo' a Confederate regiment in sixty-fo',' he answered. 'That is, sah, I had the position of cook, hut, to tell the truth, I didn't work at it.' 'Why not?' 'There wasn't nothin' to cook, sah.'"

Both the innkeeper and his clerk were on the hrink of that insidious change which reveals with entire frankness the contour of the cranium, and the newly arrived hut familiar guest regarded them unfavorahly through his gold-rimmed eye-glasses. "Gracious goodness," be said, "you fellows will soon he comhing your hair with a towel. What's the matter?" "Excessive hrain work," said the host. "Isn't that right, Carter?" "Correct," corroborated Carter. "Only thinking men become hald-headed." Then he turned and winked at a negro bellhoy. "Fact, isn't it, Sam?" he said. The negro boy grinned. "Well, now, hoss," he said, "I don't know fob suah 'hout that. My ole dad he always 'low dat an empty hahn don' need no covah."

Jerome S. McWade, the Duluth financier, was talking ahout New York office hoys, who, working for hrokers, speculated on the tips they picked up and accumulated fortunes of $30,000, $40,000, and $50,000. "The twentieth-century office hoy is a wonderful creation," said Mr. McWade, admiringly. "He is so clever, so daring, and, ahove all, so honest. A few years ago I had an office hoy named Jasper. One day I sent Jasper out to buy me a postcard. I have never seen him since." "But, sir, you don't call that honest!" cried the reporter. "Yes—listen," said Mr. McWade. "Last montb I received a postcard containing these words: 'Dear Sir: Here is your postcard. .I started speculating with the penny you gave me to huy it, and am now worth $47,000. Thank you!'"

Once while stopping at a country inn, Stephen Incledon, an eminent English tenor of other days, quarreled during the evening with an army officer. He imagine he had closed the controversy hy going off to hed, hut the officer, left downstairs to hrood over his wrongs, thought otherwise. Making his way to Incledon's hedroom, he found the singer fast asleep. Waking him, the officer demanded satisfaction. "Satisfaction?" murmured Incledon, sleepily. "Well, you shall have it." Whereupon he sat up in hed and sang "Black-Eyed Susan" in his hest style. "There," he said, lying down again, "my singing of that song has given satisfaction to thousands, and it will have to satisfy you!" And he turned over and went to sleep again.

An actress, at the recent luncheon in New York of the Actors' Church Alliance, said of dramatic criticism: "There is one part of dramatic criticism that strikes me as cruel. I refer to the criticism that reproaches an actor or actress with growing old. It is very hard to he reminded of one's age. One is conscious enough of that, dear knows, without heing told ahout it in the papers. Such critics," she continued, "are almost as had as Lord Lacland. Young Lord Lacland came over to New York and proposed to a rather elderly heiress. She refused bim. 'I am sorry, Lord Lacland,' she said, 'hut I can never he anything more to you than a——' 'Just my luck!' he interrupted, reaching for his hat and stick. 'And I've got two grandmothers already.'"

It was at an afternoon concert, and in a row near the front sat a smartly dressed girl and the young man who deemed her the most precious jewel of the universe. Behind them sat a couple of the type of suhurhan concert-goers who came ratber to discuss the audience than listen to the music. "Look at that girl just in front of us," commented one in a very audihle whisper. "She's shop assistant at L——'s. I should like to know what husiness she has at a gathering of this sort. And just look at her hat! She served me the other day with the one I am wearing, and I suppose she persuades herself that there is no difference hetween it and mine. I never——" The girl in front turned with a crimson face. "Oh, yes, madam, there is a difference," she said, quietly; "mine is paid for."

An Eastern hishop decided to take up golf, and as he wished to begin his practice where he was unknown he sought a public links instead of one of the many cluhs which would have heen joyously opened to him. He provided himself with an outfit and a hook of rules, hired a caddie at the links, and proceeded to set up bis hall for the first stroke. After the usual feinting and limhering process he gave a migbty lunge at the hall and went wildly over the top of it, leaving it reposing on the tee in imperturbahle celluloid majesty. "Tut! tut! tut!" exclaimed the hishop, in mild, clerical dismay. "Tut! tut! tut!" Then he tried again, with yet more earnest and vigorous swings, and that time he plowed a hole in the ground ten inches away from tbe hall. "Tut! tut! tut!" he reiterated. "Tut! tut! tut!" "Say, mister," warned the caddie nonchalantly, without shifting his gum, "you'll never loin to play golf wid dem woids."

Senator John Sharp Williams was once made executor of a wealthy man's estate, all of which had heen left to his only son. The father had kept this young man, who was just turned twenty-one, in pretty close leash during his youth, and it was with eyes hulging with expectancy of a good- far-flung fling that the son called on the executor a few days after the funeral to learn when he was coming into his kingdom. Senator Williams relates: "I haven't qualified as executor yet, Boh," I told him, "but come around in a week or so and you can get what you want." Promptly on the dot Bob turned up. "The period of advertising for claims against the estate will not expire for a fortnight yet," I told him this time, "so I can not legally pay you anytbing until tben. Drop in in a couple of weeks and I'll fix you out." Boh swallowed his disappointment and took his departure. At the end of a fortnight he promptly appeared again. "Sorry to disappoint you a third time, Boh," I said, "but there have heen some purely formal claims filed against the estate that can not he disposed of until next month's term of court. If you'll call after that you can get all the cash you want, but I really don't see my way clear to pay out anything until these matters are disposed of. Come hack in a month and it will he all right then." Boh moved slowly to the door. With his hand on the knoh he turned to me. "Mr. Williams," he said, sadly, "do you know sometimes I'm right sorry the old man died!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Electric Luncheon.

Alternating currant pie:
First a currant, then a fly.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Hats.

Girls of hygone days wore hats;
Think of it—the stupid flats!
Styles so simple and so crude
We have hurled to desuetude;
Nowadays upon their heads
Women carry feather-beds,
Footballs, flower-pots, laundry-bags,
Bales of feathers or of rags;
Helmets, pie-plates, hutter-tubs,
Jungle growths of trees and shrubs;
Dishpans, saucepans, jardinieres,
Sofa cushions, flights of stairs;
Baskets, green and pink and brown,
Right side up and upside down;
Pyramids and Eiffel towers,
Garden plots of georgeous flowers;
Buckets, barrels, hives for hees,
Boxes meant for fruit or cheese;
Drying frames with wires and slats;
Anything, in short, but hats!
—*The Sun.*

I Remember, I Remember.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was horn,
The sight of that lop-sided shack
Today would make me mourn;
The crooked little brick-paved walk,
The henhouse in the rear,
With cahhage growing at the side,
And pig-sty rather near.

I remember, I remember,
The corn-coh father had;
(A five-cent piece of Navy Plug
In those days made him glad.)
The old stove in the kitchen,
And father's stockinged feet—
All that was ere prosperity
Swept us on Easy Street.

I remember, I remember,
The pump in our hackyard,
Where father watered all the stock
And found it rather hard.
But now he has another way
And needs no trough or pump;
He waters stock down on the street
And makes the lambkins jump.

I remember, I remember—
But oh! The changes wrought
Are queerer than the little duke
That sister Helen bought!
Since father goes to twenty cluhs
And mother has her set,
We have no use for mem'ry's art—
We're trying to forget!
—*New York Times.*

Patriotic Music.

I love to hear the singing hird—
The lark, the thrush, I dote on each,
The nightingale with joy is heard,
Likewise the loon upon the beach;
Yet, of them all, I love the hest
Within the pocket of my vest
To hear the double-eagle screech!
—*Musical Courier.*

Love's Hypocrisy.

There was a girl whn curled up on the lawn,
And smelt a rose and wrote a little note;
The taharet was close beside her drawn,
With caramels, to soothe her as she wrote.
A soft breeze fanned her alabaster brow,
And happily she scribbled on and on—
"O darling, life is sad and dreary now,
And I am comfortless, when you are gone!"
That letter, mailed, came to a nice young man
At eve, within his hachelor ahode.
And while his valet rushed the festive can,
He smoked and lounged and got a lovely load;
And, as he loafed and stewed and smoked, somehow
He wrote an answer to that note, ere dawn—
"O sweetheart, life is cold and lonely now,
And I am comfortless, when you are gone!"
Yes, you are liars all, and so are we—
But otherwise, how nasty life would he!
—*Ted Robinson, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Harmless Fireworks.

The youngsters will be pleased with Firecracker Boxes filled with delicious candies. At any of Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

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Cash and Sight Exchange	12,523,591.86
Total Resources	43,905,859.87

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I. W. Hellman, Jr....Vice-President
F. L. Lipman.....Vice-President
James K. Wilson.....Vice-President
Frank B. King.....Cashier
W. McGavin.....Asst. Cashier
E. L. Jacobs.....Asst. Cashier
V. H. Rossetti.....Asst. Cashier
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Guaranteed Capital	$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,580,518.99
Employees' Pension Fund	109,031.35
Deposits December 31, 1910	42,039,580.06
Total Assets	44,775,559.56

Officers—President, N. Ohlandt; 1st Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; 2d Vice-President and Manager, George Tourny; 3d Vice-President, J. W. Van Bergen; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Assistant Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodfellow, Eells & Orrick, General Attorneys.
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The Anglo and London Paris National Bank
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Capital	$4,000,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits	1,700,000

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United States Assets	$2,361,430.92
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement of Miss Meta Campbell Graham of Washington, D. C., and Dr. Carroll Storrs Alden of Annapolis was announced by Miss Graham's brother-in-law and sister, Captain A. H. Scales, U. S. N., and Mrs. Scales, at a dinner in Annapolis on the U. S. S. *Santee*. Miss Graham is the daughter of Brigadier-General William Montrose Graham, U. S. A., who was stationed for some time at the Presidio. Dr. Alden was graduated three years ago at Yale, where he has since been an instructor in the English department.

The wedding of Miss Mary Alvord Keeney and Mr. Talbot Cyrus Walker took place Tuesday evening at half-past seven at the home in Buchanan Street of the bride's parents, Dr. James Ward Keeney and Mrs. Keeney. The bridesmaids were Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Marian Zeile, Miss Innes Keeney, and Miss Jeanne Gallois. Miss Helen Keeney was her sister's maid of honor. The Misses Edna Hopkins and Sophia Brownell were flower-girls. Mr. Talbot's best man was Mr. Stanley Jones, and Mr. Stanford Gwinn, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. Raymond Armsby, and Mr. Charles Keeney acted as ushers. Immediately after the ceremony supper was served in a marquée in the garden. Mr. and Mrs. Walker left Wednesday morning for New York, whence they will sail next Tuesday for Europe. On their return they will occupy the home in Fair Oaks which was presented to them by Mr. Walker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Walker.

Miss Margaret Calhoun and Mr. Paul Scott Foster were married Wednesday at the Calhoun residence in Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Martha Calhoun was her sister's maid of honor and Mr. Arthur Foster acted as the groom's best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Rachel Wilson, Miss Janet Dodge, and Miss Cornelia Brown of Cleveland, and Miss Louisiana Foster and Miss Martha Foster of San Rafael. The ushers from California were Mr. John Cushing, Mr. Spencer Grant, and Mr. William Duncan. Mr. and Mrs. Foster will reside in Cleveland after their return from a wedding trip.

Miss Bernice Harrell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Harrell of Bakersfield, was married Tuesday evening to Mr. William F. Chipman. The wedding took place at the Hotel Bellevue.

The wedding of Miss Helen Stubbs and Mr. Arthur E. McGill took place Tuesday, June 20, at St. Chrysostom's Church in Chicago. Mrs. Harrison Parker attended her sister as maid of honor, and Mr. Charles Anthony of Toronto was best man. Miss Stubbs is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs and a sister of Mrs. Morton Gibbons of this city. Dr. and Mrs. Gibbons attended the wedding en route home from Europe.

The wedding of Miss Cornelia McKinne and Mr. Edward B. Stanwood took place Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McKinne. Mr. and Mrs. Stanwood will reside in Marysville.

Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland was hostess at a luncheon last Wednesday at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Dorothy Chapman entertained at a luncheon Thursday, June 22, at her home in Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Henriette Blanding, who has recently returned from Vassar. Miss Chapman's guests were Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Avis Sherwood, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Mary Sherwood, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, and the hostess's mother, Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman. The wedding of Miss Chapman and Mr. Benjamin S. Foss will take place August 23 in Grace Church.

Mrs. Mary Tobin was hostess last week at a matinée party which she gave at the Columbia Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood gave a luncheon last Saturday at the Burlingame Club in honor of Miss Mary Keeney.

Miss Isabella Beaver was the guest of honor at a dance which Miss Dora Winn gave Saturday evening at the Lagunitas Country Club.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Horace Hill, who is visiting here from New York.

Dr. J. Wilson Shiels and Mrs. Shiels gave a supper party last Wednesday evening, at which they entertained Miss Billie Burke and several members of her company.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave a dinner last Saturday evening at their home in San Rafael in honor of Miss Estelle Fay and Lieutenant Kirby Crittenden, U. S. N., whose engagement has recently been announced.

Miss Vesta Reed was hostess at a tea which she gave complimentary to her cousin, Miss Pischel, who will spend the summer abroad.

The Burlingame Club was the scene of much social activity last Sunday, when the first monthly golf tournament for the Shreve cup was played.

Mrs. D. C. Farnham was hostess at a tea last Friday in honor of Mrs. Samuel Cary Dunlap of Los Angeles, who is State president of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Dr. Charles Minor Cooper and Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Edwin Goodall, and Mr. Arthur Goodall of Oakland have been spending the past week at Hotel del Monte. They have engaged apartments at the Fairmont Hotel for September and will spend the winter here.

Mrs. Hugh Vail entertained at a luncheon recently in honor of her mother, Mrs. Richard Rising.

Miss Mollie Perkins entertained a few friends at a tea last Saturday at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Edgar M. Wilson was hostess at a luncheon and card party Monday in Belvedere in honor of Miss Louise McCormick.

Mr. Arthur Foote of Boston was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Dr. Louis Lisser at the Bohemian Club Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard entertained at a dinner Wednesday evening at their home in Broadway.

Lieutenant Allan B. Reed, U. S. N., and Mrs. Reed gave a tea last Saturday at their home in Mare Island in honor of Mr. Reed's sister, who is their guest.

Mrs. Thomas Hunter of Leadville, Colorado, was the guest of honor at a tea given last Saturday at the Palace Hotel by Mrs. James C. Crawford.

Mrs. Prentiss Bassett, wife of Lieutenant Bassett, U. S. N., has been the guest of honor at several luncheons and card parties given at the Presidio, where Mrs. Bassett is visiting her parents, Colonel Frederick Van Schrader, U. S. A., and Mrs. Van Schrader.

Miss Ysobel Chase was hostess at a house party which she gave over Sunday at her home in Napa County.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett entertained a number of friends at a luncheon last Friday at her home in Burlingame.

A hop was given Wednesday evening at the Presidio by the officers and ladies of the First and Fifth Artillery. The former is en route to Schofield Barracks, H. T., and the latter leaves shortly for Fort Sill.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Mrs. Fiske's engagement at the Columbia Theatre, beginning next Monday night, July 3, has unavoidably been limited to one week. Matinées will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. The play to be given is "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," which was one of the end-of-the-season surprises in New York, where it enjoyed a ten weeks' engagement of distinct prosperity. It proved to be one of those practically unheralded attractions, of which very little is expected by the knowing ones, which springs into instant favor. The name of the author, Harry James Smith, meant nothing at all and the only curiosity was that which was incited by the name, and by the fact that Mrs. Fiske was offering a new play, an event which is always significant. As the play unfolded, it was found to possess dialogue that was freshly and pliantly humorous, and a character for Mrs. Fiske which seemed almost a classic in its drawing by the author, and in its exposition by Mrs. Fiske. It is a story of social snobbery and of a fight for social recognition on the part of an ambitious young woman who had been born in Indiana, the daughter of "the Sufferer's Friend," which was the title of patent medicine knighthood borne by her father. It is a unique and unusual rôle for Mrs. Fiske, but one which appeals to the comic sense of an audience. Mrs. Fiske's supporting company has been selected with all the care exemplified by Harrison Grey Fiske in choosing actors and actresses for her support in former productions.

The most recent of Jesse Lasky's productions, "The Photo Shop," will be seen at the Orpheum next week with Mamie Fleming, Chas. J. Stine, and Eugene Redding as the stars of a musical comedy. The lyrics and music are by Otto Huerbach and Earl Hoschna, who wrote the lyrics and music for "Madame Sherry," "The Three Twins," "Bright Eyes," and "Doctor de Luxe." The act is staged with care and good taste, the action is brisk and fetching, and the girls are pretty and clever in the singing and dancing numbers. From a large number of original and clever character songs Gene Greene will select a number of the best for his "A Study in Songs," which will be a feature of the coming bill. The humor is brought out forcefully by Mr. Greene, who has an original and pleasing way of singing character songs. Charles Straight is his accompanist. One of the most successful playlets of the late Victor H. Smalley will be presented by the Bergere Players. This play, entitled "Room 44," is exceptional. Valerie Bergere in this act is supported by a capable company, Ruth Raynor as "the woman," Edward Hemmer as the hotel proprietor, and Richard Basil as the hellboy. The Marcel and Boris Trio, equilibrists, will make their first appearance. Next week will be the last of Roushy's Scenic Review, Melville Ellis, Lydell and Butterworth, and Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler in their comedy hit, "In and Out."

CURRENT VERSE.

The Paths of Long Ago.

The wind-swept paths of long ago—
They coax us, coax us all the while,
With olden blossoms all aglow
And roses blazing mile on mile.
Out of today they have their start
From bare, bleak places where we stand,
Into the reaches of the heart,
Into the golden yesterland.

The nodding grasses bent above
The dim, worn pathways up the hill—
And all of laughter and of love
Is whispering about them still;
They wound their way beside the stream,
They hid themselves within the wood,
And as the pathway of a dream
Each faded softly where we stood.

Through thickets where the berries grew,
Through orchards browsing in perfume,
Through quiet pasture lands, and through
The wilder ways of tangled bloom
The olden pathways wound and went,
And we look back, away, away—
To where our yesterdays are blent
In the soft haze of work and play.

And but in dreams we foot them all—
The paths we knew of old so well;
The paths of quail and robin-call,
The paths whose charms no words can tell.
We see them dropping down the hill,
We see them loafing on the brook,
We see them where the trees are still
In every shadowed forest nook.

The wind-swept paths of long ago—
They coax us, coax us, all the while;
And we would fain arise and go
Through all the old days, mile on mile.
Out of today they have their start,
From barren spaces where we stand,
Into the cloisters of the heart,
Into the golden yesterland.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

The Dead.

Who are the Dead?
Are they the souls who, questing, forth have fared
Through the loose doors of their frail tenements?
Who tarried not for staff, nor wine, nor bread?
Who to the stress of Night their bosoms bared,
Despite our bitter tears, our fond laments?
Are they the Dead?

Who are the Dead?
Are they the souls who, from their larger view,
Regard with quiet eyes our foolish ways?
Marvel that we should seek to stay, instead
Of speeding them to their environs new?
And smile to see the sepulchres we raise?
Are they the Dead?

Who are the Dead?
Say, rather, are not we in full-sensed life,
Bound by our sickly fears, our outworn creeds
That strangely speak of faith—we, who are led
Apart from Love, by selfish aims and strife,
Stifled, enslaved, undone by our misdeeds—
Are not *we* Dead?

—*Adelaide Guthrie, in the Outlook.*

Mendelssohn's Songs.

Thy songs, dear Mendelssohn, whence are thy songs?
"Wordless"—but feeling ever heggared words;
The carol of the homeward winging birds,
If wordless, yet to higher sphere belongs;
The impassioned sea to him who loves it brings
A message full of meaning, and its shore
Is the long threshold of the Evermore
From out whose shrine life's witching mystery sings.
The silence of primeval forests speaks
To hearts to higher harmonies attuned,
For to the poet every rock is runed,
Mists can not hide from him the mountain peaks.
The spring, the birds, the forest, and the sea
Have lent their songs, dear Mendelssohn, to thee.

—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels (formerly Miss Ellis Moon) are receiving the congratulations of their friends upon the advent of a son a week ago at their home in Coronado.

Candy Fireworks.

Novelties that make appropriate Fourth of July gifts—Firecracker, Cannon, or Flag and Shield Boxes filled with candies. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

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ALBERT BETTENS, Proprietor

PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding will spend the summer at Del Monte.

Major Frank K. Ferguson, U. S. A., has returned from San Diego and will spend a few weeks here en route to Washington, D. C., where he will assume his duties as aide on the staff of General Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus of Piedmont will spend the season at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. George H. Hellman has been visiting her brother, Mr. Brooke M. Wright, at his home in Tacoma.

Mrs. Lucy Otis and her sister, Miss Martha Macondray, will spend the summer in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huse are expected to return from the Orient in July and will visit Mrs. Huse's mother, Mrs. George R. Wells, en route to their home in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest G. Stillman (formerly Miss Mildred Whitney) have sailed for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale are established for the summer at Shasta Springs, where they have leased a cottage for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Worthington and their daughters, Miss May and Miss Gwendoline, of Cleveland, Ohio, are touring California in their private car.

Mrs. Seth Mann, Miss Dorothy Mann, and Miss Ethel Gregg have gone to Cloverdale to remain over the holidays, and will later visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. George Starke Towne of Los Angeles is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Pierce Johnson, at their home in Oakland.

Lieutenant Frank B. Freyer, U. S. N., is ordered for duty in the office of the judge-advocate general in the Navy Department at Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. Freyer (formerly Miss Engracia Critcher) have recently returned from a two years' residence in the Orient.

Miss Amy Bowles is visiting friends in Santa Barbara and will later go East to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Havens at their country home in Sag Harbor.

Dr. Allyne Van Schrader, U. S. A., is visiting his parents, Colonel Frederick Van Schrader, U. S. A., and Mrs. Van Schrader, at their home in the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., have returned from an automobile trip through the southern part of the State.

Mr. Albert C. Janin of Washington, D. C., has been a recent visitor in this city. Mr. Janin is a brother of Mr. Louis Janin and resided here many years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy and their daughter, Miss Harriet, will spend a few weeks at Weber Lake, and will later visit Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brook (formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy) in Portland.

Mrs. John A. Murtagh and her two daughters have arrived from Fort Leavenworth and are the guests of Mrs. Murtagh's mother, Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, at her home in Broadway.

Mrs. Selden S. Wright will spend the summer in Tacoma as the guest of her son, Mr. Brooke M. Wright.

Mr. Richard Burke has arrived from Dublin and will visit his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Burke (formerly Miss Genevieve Walker) at their country home.

Mr. Sidney Smith and Mr. Felix Smith have arrived from Boston, where the former has been attending the Boston School of Technology and the latter the Harvard Law College.

Miss Emily Carolan, who is in Paris visiting Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, has been lately stricken with scarlet fever, which she contracted in Vienna. Miss Carolan went to Egypt in January with Mr. and Mrs. Carolan, whom she left at Naples, joining friends to continue her travels through Europe. She returned to Paris in May and was almost immediately taken ill. Her sudden illness will delay the homecoming in July of Mr. and Mrs. Carolan.

Miss Mary Joliffe, who has been seriously ill, is taking a rest cure at the Adler.

The Misses Maud and Cecilia O'Connor have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young at their country home, Meadowlands, in San Rafael.

Captain James Longstreet, U. S. A., has gone to Camp Yosemite, where he has been ordered to assume charge of the construction work under the direction of the quartermaster-general.

Colonel Frank Free Canon and Mrs. Canon spent a few days in town en route from Sacramento to Los Angeles. Colonel Canon is assistant adjutant-general, N. G. C.

Mrs. Eugene Casserley and her daughter, Miss Margaret, will spend the summer in San Mateo, where they have leased the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard, who, with their daughter, Miss Sophie, will travel in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hannigan will spend the summer in Los Altos, where they have recently bought a home.

Miss Amy Bowles is visiting friends in Santa Barbara and will later be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Havens at their summer home in Sag Harbor.

Mrs. Bowditch Morton is visiting Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann at her home in Marin County. Mrs. Morton will make several visits here before returning to Paris.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges and her son, Walton, Jr., are established in her mother's home in Santa Barbara, where she will remain until September.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt left last Sunday for Los Angeles.

Miss Amy Scoville of New York, who has been the guest of Miss Miriam McNear, is visiting friends in Carson, and will later join Mr. and Mrs. George McNear and their daughter, Miss Ernestine, at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward I. Cudahy (formerly Miss Nora Brewer) are established in their Chicago home in Astor Street. They will spend the summer at the lake resorts and will have as their guest Miss Amy Brewer of San Mateo, who has recently been visiting relatives in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry William Perkins, Jr., of Baltimore, have arrived in Paris. On Thursday, June 1, they were the guests of their cousin, Countess d'Espinay St. Luc. Others at the table were the Marquis and Marquise de Chasteigner and their children, Dr. H. B. de Marville, Miss Cora de Marville, and Lieutenant de Malherbe.

Mr. and Mrs. Jere. Driscoll are spending a few weeks in the East and plan to return home in August.

Mrs. Lawrence Rathbone is occupying a cottage in Palo Alto, where she will remain a month longer.

Mrs. Butler, wife of Lieutenant Bruce Bradford Butler, U. S. A., arrived from the south on the transport *Sherman*. Mrs. Butler is visiting her family in Mill Valley.

Miss Ethel Shorb delayed her departure for Santa Barbara a few days, owing to the arrival from Fort Leavenworth of her sister, Mrs. John Murtagh.

Miss Augusta Foute has returned from Napa County, where she was the guest of Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Kruttschnitt will spend the summer in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin and Miss Mary Eyre returned last week from an extended visit in the Orient.

Miss Flora Low and Miss Eleanor Morgan have given up their trip to the Yellowstone Park and will spend the summer months in Santa Barbara.

Mr. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., has returned from Philadelphia, where he remained after the close of school to take preparatory examinations.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell is spending several weeks at Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Charles Rollo Peters has returned from Monterey, where he has been engaged, preparatory to spending the summer with his family in Belvedere.

Mr. Loring Pickering returned last Saturday from Southern California.

Miss Newell Drown has returned from San Rafael, where she has been visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman.

Miss Harriett Alexander returned Tuesday from Chico, where she spent a week with Mrs. John Bidwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton will leave in August for Honolulu, and will be accompanied by Mrs. Worthington Ames, who will be their guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones and their daughter, Miss Helen, will spend the summer at Castle Crag.

Mr. Thornwell Mullally and Mr. Benjamin G. Maynard left this week for Cleveland, Ohio, to attend the wedding of Miss Margaret Green Calhoun and Mr. Paul Scott Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow, and Miss Ruth Winslow were recent visitors at Casa del Rey in Santa Cruz.

Mr. Porter Robinson is the guest of Mr. William S. Tevis, Jr., at the Tevis home on Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Charles W. Clark has returned to his home in San Mateo, after a month's visit to his property in Arizona and Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Lewis, and Mr. and Mrs. Aylett Colton, Jr., have gone to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton and their daughters have returned from a visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels have gone to Lake Tahoe to spend several weeks.

Dr. W. C. Chidester and Mrs. Chidester have returned from their wedding trip and are occupying their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Green will spend the summer in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Macgowen, of Paris, are at Del Monte for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, and Miss Jennie Crocker will be in Carlsbad during the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear have returned from a few days' visit in Santa Cruz.

Mr. Christian de Guigne, Jr., leaves at once for Europe, where he will join his family.

Miss Helen Bertheau has returned from a visit with friends in Tuolumne County.

Miss Fannie Danforth and Miss Belle Smith have returned from Mill Valley, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire.

Mr. George Willcutt has returned from a week's visit in Napa County and will spend the month of July in Alpine County and at Lake Tahoe.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick have been at the Fairmont Hotel during the past week.

Mrs. George Pillsbury (formerly Miss Bertha Sidney-Smith), who is visiting her sisters, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale and Miss Helen Sidney-Smith, in San Rafael, will remain until after the wedding of Miss Helen and Mr. George Hova of Philadelphia. Captain Pillsbury, U. S. A., is expected in a few weeks from West Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mrs. A. N. Towne will spend the season at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Horace Hill has been the guest of Mrs. Richard Bayne since her arrival from New York.

Mr. Alfred Holmes has returned from a visit to Shasta County.

Miss Gertrude Joliffe arrived Sunday from New York, where she has been spending several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. de Pue and Miss de Pue have gone to their ranch in Yolo County.

Miss Dorothy Dickens has returned from a visit in Los Gatos.

Miss Florence Hopkins spent the week-end with Miss Mary Keeney.

Mr. Maurice Dorr arrived Tuesday from Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Bliss came down from Lake Tahoe to meet Captain Jesse Langdon, U. S. A., and Mrs. Langdon, who are en route to Fort Leavenworth.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye arrived at the Fairmont Hotel early this week for a few days' visit. They will spend the summer in Santa Barbara, where they have leased a place for the season.

Miss Floride Hunt returned Monday from Mill Valley, where she spent a week with Mrs. Roy Somers.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith will spend the holidays in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Bain and Mrs. Bain's daughter, Miss Beatrice Miller, have arrived from New York en route to Santa Barbara, where they have leased a home for the summer. They have as their guest Miss Lucy Page-Brown of New York.

Captain J. R. Pourie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pourie are established in Seattle, after having resided for several months at Fort Stevens.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter and Miss Nina Jones are at the Virginia Hot Springs and have decided not to go abroad this summer. They are expected home July 15.

Mr. Bernard Ford, Mr. Duval Moore, Mr. Kenneth Moore, and Mr. Miller Griffith spent the week-end in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. G. M. Stoney and daughters are visiting at Del Monte and expect to remain for an indefinite period.

Miss Isabelle Beaver and Miss Marian Crocker returned Monday from Ross, where they were the guests of Miss Dora Winn.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Courtney, Miss Grace Courtney, Master Hugh Courtney, and Miss Mary Waldren, of Brooklyn, are guests at Del Monte.

Mrs. Mary Briggs of Los Angeles, Mrs. Mattie S. McCormick, and Mr. William Pridham, of Alameda, are among the guests at Del Monte.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mrs. Henrietta B. Sutro, Mr. Loring Pickering, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Heger, Mrs Wallace Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Igoe, Miss Edith Lapham, Miss Lupita Borel, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Scalmanini.

Fourth of July Celebration.

The Independence Day committee has arranged a well-planned programme for next Tuesday's celebration of the Fourth of July. An oration will be delivered at the Golden Gate Park bandstand by Samuel M. Shortridge at 1:30 o'clock; Mayor McCarthy will speak briefly, and Judge J. J. Sullivan will read the Declaration of Independence. A regatta will start from Fisherman's Wharf at 2:30 o'clock. The opening event will be a six-entry race for boats with lateen sails, then will follow an aquatic tug-of-war between two boat crews, each containing five oarsmen, and a race for gasoline boats of five horsepower.

At the North Beach and Southside playgrounds there will be athletic events in the morning; literary exercises in the afternoon; and there will be fireworks in the evening at Glen Park, Mission Park, and the North Beach playgrounds.

The new steamship of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, the *Shinyo Maru*, will replace the steamship *Nippon Maru*, sailing from Kobe August 26, arriving at San Francisco September 14, and sailing from San Francisco to Hongkong via ports of call on September 27, and will remain thereafter regularly in the service, sailing on the schedule dates shown for the steamship *Nippon Maru*. The steamship *Shinyo Maru*, just completed, is 21,000 tons gross, twenty-one knots speed, with triple screw, turbine engines, modern in all respects, being equipped with every device for the safety, comfort, convenience, and entertainment of passengers.

Jules Lumbard, the octogenarian singer of war songs, finds diversion in chess and billiards. Each day the old man engages a neighbor in chess, and after the required number of games has been played the two repair to a billiard-room near Mr. Lumbard's home in Englewood, near Chicago.



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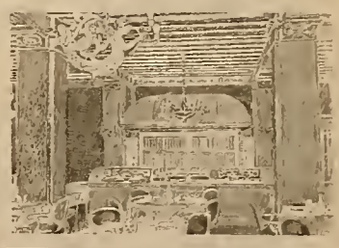
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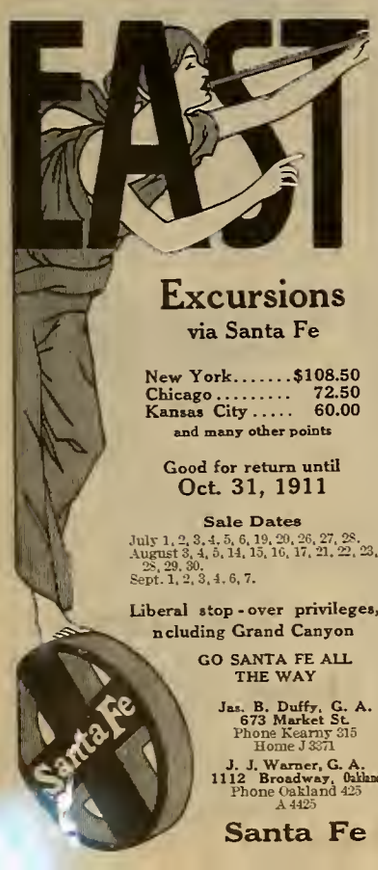
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"My hushand is fearfully stingy. I have had the same automohile nearly a year."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

The way of the transgressor is hard, hut then he generally has pneumatic tires on his automobile.—*Puck.*

"Have any luck on your fishing trip?" "Great. I didn't have to row the hoat once."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"How queer Agnes looks of late!" "Yes. I can't make out whether it's dress reform or hard luck."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Roosevelt—Count Zeppelin, I hear your airship has exploded. *Zeppelin*—Yes, I hear yours has, too.—*Simplicissimus.*

"He means well," she said. "Say no more," he replied. "I know now exactly what sort of a fool he is."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I wish these people would go home!" "So do I, dear, hut I can't turn them out!" "No, hut you might play the piano!"—*Etude.*

Marketer—Aren't you wasting a good deal of that steak in trimming it? *Butcher*—No, ma'am; I weighed it first.—*Toledo Bladè.*

Frost—They say Brown's income is $5000 a year. *Snow*—Yes, and $6000 of it goes for living expenses every twelve months.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"I propose to make this a model city," said the reformer. "It's that now," replied the motorist, "only it's about an 1897 model."—*Woshington Star.*

Willie—Pa? *Pa*—Yes. *Willie*—Teacher says we're here to help others. *Pa*—Of course we are. *Willie*—Well, what are the others bere for?—*Chicago News.*

"I say, cawn't you make clothes English style?" "Sure thing. Jim, cut this gentleman's suit two sizes too large all around."—*Washington Herald.*

"Pa, were you always good?" "Hum—well, my hoy, I will say that I've always ahided hy the decisions of the United States Supreme Court."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Let's drop into this restaurant." "Ob, I don't helieve I care to eat anything." "Well, come in and get a new hat for your old one, anyway."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Tommy—My gran'pa wuz in th' Civil War, an' he lost a leg or a arm in every hattle he fit in! *Johnny*—Gee! How many hattles was he in? *Tommy*—Ahout forty.—*Toledo Blade.*

Sunday-School Teacher—What! Don't you want to go to heaven when you die? *Little Emmo*—Well, you see our family couldn't think of living in one place the whole year round.—*Puck.*

"Always show prospective tenants the telephone hooth first," the landlord said. "All right," responded the janitor. "But why?" "Then they'll think the rooms aint so small."—*Pittsburg Post.*

"So you wisb to marry an actress?" "Yes; I fell in love with her voice after bearing it in a phonograph." "Better go slow. You can huy the record for 50 cents."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"I suppose," said the city man, "there are some queer characters around an old village like this." "You'll find a good many," admitted the native, "when tbe hotels fill up."—*Woshington Herald.*

"I understand you have bought some expensive gowns here in Paris." "Yes, but what's the use? Few people know wbether a gown is expensive or not." "Wait until you reach the customs inspectors."—*Pittsburg Post.*

Mrs. Grammercy—Wby are you angry with your hushand? *Mrs. Park*—He's just as mean as could he. Although be knew he was going into hankruptcy, he never told me heforehand, so I could have ordered a whole lot of things.—*Life.*

"Strange case that of Miggsley and his wife. Would you believe it—they fell in love with each other at first sight!" "That's nothing new, you know." "But, you see, they hoth had their automohile rigs on at the time."—*Housekeeper.*

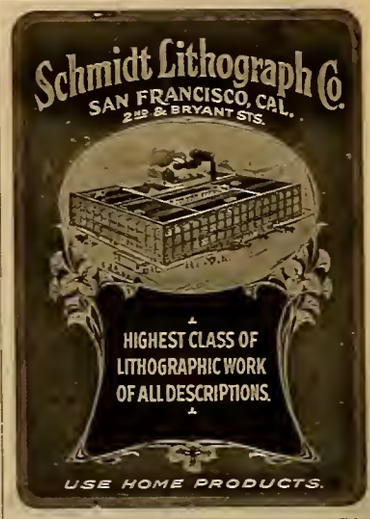
"Old Rumsey always was pretty close." "Yes, and he always will he. Since be was mixed up in that railroad accident he invariahly wants the street-car conductor to let him ride for 4 cents on the ground that his cork leg is lighter than a natural one would be."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Willie," said the hrother, "I met in New Orleans a Mrs. Forrester, who is a great admirer of yours. She said, though, that it wasn't so much the hrilliancy of your mental attainments as your marvelous physical and facial heauty which charmed and delighted her." "Edmund," cried William earnestly, "that is a wicked lie, hut tell it to me again!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Nurse-Girl—Oh, ma'am, what shall I do? The twins have fallen down the well! *Fond Parent*—Dear me; how annoying! Just go into the library—very gently, so as not to disturh Fido—and get the last numher of the *Modern Mother's Magazine;* it contains an article on "How to Bring Up Children."—*Town Topics.*

"Tell me, sir, what was the most dangerous case you ever had?" a young physician asked an aged German practitioner. "My medicine case," was the prompt reply.—*Washington Star.*

"You've killed one of my 'ens!" Archie Longdrive looked up as the shadows of an angry woman fell across his golf-tee. "Killed one of your hens, madam?" he asked politely. "Why, there hasn't heen a hird on the course! Besides, I've never heen introduced to your hens. I wouldn't know them if I saw them! I assure you, I——" "Stop that nonsense," interrupted the angry woman, "and listen to me! I want half a guinea damages out of you, and I'll see that I get it, too! I found one of your golf halls, and popped it under one of my hirds for a nest-egg." "Well, what's the complaint?" asked Archie. "What's the complaint?" answered the woman. "Why, the 'en's died of a hroken 'eart, thinking I wanted 'er to lay a crinkley egg!"—*Answers.*



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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Senators by Direct Vote.

It would have been a good thing if the Senate had shown a little more pliancy in passing the Reciprocity bill and a little more rigidity in resisting the constitutional amendment providing for the popular election of senators. So marked a tendency to reject the good and to embrace the bad accounts for much of the criticism passed against the upper legislative body in recent years. The amendment passed the Senate by a vote of 66 to 24, having previously passed the House by a vote of 296 to 16. A slight difference in form will be easily adjusted in conference and the proposal will then go to the States for ratification. There can be no doubt of its success. Thirty legislatures have already pronounced in favor of it, and only thirty-five are necessary to its adoption. It is significant of the headlong and unreflecting speed of modern political movements that a proposal so subversive of the spirit of the Constitution should attract so little opposition or even criticism. Presumably the next step will be the promotion of a senatorial recall movement, the recall proceedings to become operative on petition from the village postmaster or schoolmistress, and the voting to be held next day.

To demand of the political ghost-dancer a reason for the faith that is in him would be a waste of time. The agitation for the direct election of senators is a confession of incapacity to elect legislatures that can be trusted to send fit and proper persons to Washington. The remedy for this incapacity to elect legislatures is to be found in the new power to elect senators also, presumably on the theory that two failures may neutralize the effects of one. But why this surprising expedient should be called a reform it is hard to say. Some of the pleas in its favor are certainly amusing. Thus we are told that a legislature is elected either for its ability to handle local issues or for its trustworthiness in the matter of the senatorship. In the former case it is certain to misbehave in the matter of the senatorship, and in the latter case it is equally certain to betray local interests. Apparently it is beyond the power of the electorate to find legislatures that will bring devotion and conscience to bear upon all the duties of their position, and apart from any special emphasis. But if the electorate can not choose proper legislatures what hope is there for good senators?

California and the Presidency.

The presidential nominations are still some way off, but they are near enough to loom large to the eyes of our local reformers, who are wondering uneasily on which side of the fence to jump. There was no such uncertainty a few months ago. Mr. La Follette was then the hope of a stern and unbending radicalism. He was a man so much after the hearts of Messrs. Johnson and Lissner, who divide the honor of governing California, that he might have been made to order. Mr. La Follette was then the one man who could drag the Republican engine from the rusted rails and load it with the new legislative cargo absolutely guaranteed to give everybody everything. With Mr. La Follette in the White House, Mr. Johnson at Sacramento, and Mr. Lissner holding the fort at Los Angeles, all would be well. Or perhaps Mr. Johnson might be persuaded to accept a Cabinet position if space could be found in Washington for so much reforming zeal at the same time. In fact there was no knowing what might not happen if only Mr. La Follette could be placed in a position where things could be forced to happen. It was a large "if," and it has grown considerably since the scheme first began to look attractive.

Probably Mr. La Follette is just as popular with the California reform leaders as ever he was, accustomed as they are to judge men by their lungs and their capacity for impudence rather than by their brains or their consciences. But what will the California voters say to Mr. La Follette? A few months ago, before the Wisconsin senator had been confronted with practical legislation, it would have been comparatively easy to fit him with a property halo and to point him out as the one man who could save the party, and incidentally the country, from the reactionary tendencies of Mr. Taft. But times have changed. Mr. La Follette has been weighed in the balance and found to be wanting. Even a caucus of reformers, sitting behind closed and locked doors and with all that portentous secrecy that makes small men think themselves big, may well hesitate before advancing the name of Mr. La Follette. The fact that Mr. La Follette resisted and possibly destroyed the Canadian Reciprocity bill, the fact that he and his henchmen fought tooth and nail against the only measure of a decade that promised a relief from fiscal burdens, can hardly be urged as a reason for the support of those California voters who have been filled with zeal for just such very measures as these gentlemen have denounced. There is a limit to the credulity even of the modern reformer, and Mr. Johnson and his immediate friends will make a great mistake if they take Mr. Johnson's own election as the measure of popular foolishness. Mr. La Follette's performances are now a matter of record. His one guiding principle is seen to be a hatred of Mr. Taft. To gratify that grudge there is nothing he would not do, nothing he would not oppose, nothing he would not support. On the other hand, the Taft barometer has been rising steadily in California, and consequently Messrs. Johnson and Lissner and the back-parlor bosses are perplexed. If things go on as they are will it be safe to work for the presidential ambitions of the Wisconsin brother? Will the people stand for it? And if Mr. La Follette should be hopelessly obscured, who else is in sight? To come out for Mr. Taft would be so commonplace, regular, and sensible that it is easy to understand the reluctance with which such a course is viewed by the reformer.

But there may be no help for it. Wisconsin stock is distinctly bearish. Mr. La Follette never had many friends, and those he had are falling away. He has made a repulsive display of his motives these last few weeks, and the country at large is heartily disgusted with his selfishness and lack of patriotism. La Follette, Cummins, and Bristow, not to mention others, made a grandstand play against the Payne tariff and invoked all the gods of democracy in aid of tariff reform. The Iowa, Kansas, and Wisconsin platforms were almost identical in words and quite identical in sentiment. They demanded a tariff commission that should report upon the various schedules which were to be changed in accordance with that report and not otherwise. Nothing could be more explicit, and it seems evident now that nothing could be more dishonest than the part played by the three senators in framing that platform. The tariff commission for which they clamored has been appointed, but it has made no report. Nevertheless we have a snarling demand for a complete overhauling of the schedules in advance of the report, and just as though the commission for which the three senators asked had never been dreamed of. And, what is far worse, we are told that the Reciprocity bill shall not be allowed to pass unless a general tariff revision accompanies it.

There is no ambiguity about the meaning of this. It is as clear as the sun at noonday. La Follette, Cummins, and Bristow do not want any tariff revision at all. So far as Mr. La Follette is concerned, he wants to denounce Mr. Taft and nothing else, and he is so carried away by his captious ill-temper and by a certain irascible self-conceit that he does not realize how transparent his dishonesty actually is. But it is realized throughout the country. It is realized in California, and for this reason the revolutionary committees in Sacramento and Los Angeles are sadly perplexed as to the course to be taken and that will soon call for open decision.

A School Experiment.

Dr. Luther Gulick, who is known all over the world for his hygienic research work, introduces us to an interesting phase of parental psychology in his address as president of the American School Hygienic Association at New York. It is a phase that is worthy of study, and worthy, it may be said, of more sympathy than commentators have so far given to it.

Some time ago Dr. Gulick was director of physical training in the New York public schools. He took his duties seriously and with a commendable desire to apply the scientific knowledge of the day for the benefit of the children and also to add to that knowledge by illuminating experiment. Thus actuated he applied to the superintendent, Dr. William H. Maxwell, for authority to make some tests. He asked that physical training be omitted from certain schools altogether in order that comparison might be made with other schools where bodily exercises were enforced. But Dr. Maxwell objected. He said that the parents would resent such an experiment and that it would produce a general feeling of uneasiness. Dr. Gulick, he pointed out, had been placed in his position of physical director not because

he could make good guesses at natural law, but because he was supposed to know what that law was. He was appointed as an expert, as one who knew, and not as an experimenter. To admit that he was working in the dark would be a fatal error. Either physical exercises were good for the children or they were bad for them. If they were good for the children, then why select a number of schools and deprive them of a benefit. If the exercises were bad for the children, then why inflict an injury upon any of them. That was the way the parents would argue, said Dr. Maxwell. "The public," he said, "demands absolute knowledge. You are employed to take charge of the physical training because it is believed that you know your business—that you have accurate information as to the effect of the things you are undertaking to do." And so the experiment was abandoned, and some of the critics seem to think that a valuable chance for research work was lost.

And yet a word may be said for these poor benighted parents. After all, the children belong to them, and not to the school authorities, or to the many directors of this, that, and the other who allow themselves to be well paid for their humanitarian labors. And the situation is exactly as Dr. Maxwell put it. The parents have been notified that certain practices are necessary to the health of the child, that science has proved the necessity, and that they will be enforced accordingly. Now the parents were to be informed that science had proved nothing of the kind and that it was necessary to experiment upon the children, upon their children, in order to verify a piece of guesswork.

Of course the experiment would have been harmless enough, but what about other experiments that might have followed? The modern school teaches a good deal of hygiene in one way and another. The children are instructed in sanitation, in food values, in the effects of alcohol and tobacco, and in many other things, depending on the particular brand of crank that happens to be in power. If the advantages of physical training are still open to question and experiment, what about all the other things? Why not form the children into health squads and try them on saccharine and food preservatives? The opportunity is indeed an endless one, and the spectacle of a few thousand polyglot children from the New York tenement houses must be enough to make the mouth of the experimenter water with anticipation. But, unfortunately, the parents are so besotted as to cling to the idea that they have some sort of proprietary rights over their children. They will get over that in time.

Castro Again.

When Cipriano Castro reluctantly turned his back upon Venezuela it seemed unlikely that we should hear any more of that truculent president. No one quite knows where South American dictators go when they relinquish the scenes of their labors, and it may be said that no one very much cares. Presumably there is some European haven where they consort and exchange their reminiscences of the past and their hopes for the future, and if they are willing to let it go at that the world is willing, and even anxious, to forget them. But General Castro, it seems, is not of that sort. An acute attack of nostalgia has prompted him to set his face once more in the direction of Venezuela, and in order to melt a possible frigidity of attitude on the part of an ungrateful people he has taken the precaution to load a ship with explosives and to guard against interference by hoisting the German flag. When last heard of General Castro was in the port of Hayti, according to a report from the American consul. No one knows where he is now, but Venezuela is anxious. So is every one else who remembers the instability of South American republics and the antics of the truculent little warrior when his power was commensurate with his impudence.

General Castro has not been happy in his exile. Leaving Venezuela ostensibly for his health, he was nominally president of the country and therefore entitled to the usual salutes and banquets from European hospitality. But as he had metaphorically slapped the faces of most of the European representatives his reception was naturally a cold one. Europe, in point of fact, looked another way. Some of the powers even notified him that while his health was a matter of solicitude to them their own particular climates were unsuited to his peculiar malady. Spain alone was cordial, but while Spain is in every way a desirable country for travel and meditation it hardly offers scope for such vaulting ambitions as General Castro's. France did indeed recognize her distinguished visitor. In point of fact she set the police on him. Germany took no notice, and this was worse than the police. When he landed at Martinique he was invited, and even urged, to go elsewhere. And now he turns up at Hayti on board an obsolete gunboat and Venezuela is anxiously exploring the horizon for the first signs of her wandering and unwelcome son.

It really seems that civilization ought to have some equipment against such emergencies as this. There is a remedy against the citizen who indulges in threats against his neighbor, but apparently nothing can be done against an ex-dictator who is resolved to try conclusions against a state. Venezuela does not want Castro. She has expelled him, deposed him, and chosen his successor. If he reaches her coast he will let off his fireworks and some one may get hurt. He may even be successful, and then it will be a bad business for the whole world. Perhaps the simplest way out of the difficulty would be to send a gunboat to meet General Castro and pay suitable honors to his rank. If there should be an accidental collision or a mistake in the nature of the salutes and the gunboat should be lamentably destroyed it would be one of those maritime calamities that are sometimes unavoidable. The German government would readily receive an expression of regret, while the rest of the world, including Venezuela, would display its usual fortitude in the face of such a disaster as the disappearance of General Cipriano Castro.

The Situation at Washington.

Mr. Taft is acquiring a certain facility in the use of epigrammatic phrases that appeal to the imagination and that are noticed all over the country. There could be no surer way to the mind of the people nor could there be any better indication of the speaker's own convictions. It is only the positive mental attitude that finds expression in terse and telling sentences or that can arrest the general attention by a phrase. Mr. Taft has done this several times lately, and it proves his right to be considered as a leader of an advanced political thought that is sane and practical.

The latest illustration of this fortunate facility occurred at Providence a few days ago. In the course of a speech on the Reciprocity hill Mr. Taft remarked that "the time for a Chinese wall is gone." It will be remembered that there was a time, and not so long ago, when even a Chinese wall would have been considered inadequate for the avowed purpose of excluding every ounce of foreign produce from these favored shores. So late as 1897 Mr. Dingley sighed for a "sea of fire" that would isolate the country from the devastating manufactures of other countries, and now we have a Republican President who tells us that the time for total exclusion has gone by and that no industry "must ask for more protection than it absolutely needs." Such assertions must necessarily be a shock to hide-hound tariff men of the old school, but that they are suppressing their natural inclination to noisy denunciation shows how few they are and how fruitless such an outcry would be. Mr. Taft's remarks have been quoted all over the country, and always with warm approval. If there are any doleful ones who are shaking their heads, they are doing it unobtrusively.

The Reciprocity bill is still unpassed, thanks to the alliance between the conservatives and those curious examples of radicalism that sturdily refuse any bread at all unless they can have the whole loaf. The Root amendment has been defeated, as it was certain to be. It was hostile to the bill, and disingenuously so, being drawn after the old-fashioned and now well-understood pattern that cleverly hides an intention to destroy under a plausible pretense of fair play. But the bill itself still waits a final vote, and it is to the discredit of the Senate that it should so wait. If there were any direct issue between the friends and the enemies of reciprocity it would have been passed long ago, and it is now time to recognize clearly that the delay is due to the little knot of men who call themselves insurgents or progressives, but who are actually the most dangerous of reactionaries. Whatever peril may confront the bill, whatever adverse fate may await it, will be due to Mr. La Follette, and to no one else. Mr. Taft's repeated declarations show that he harbors no superstitions about the tariff. It has no sacred character for him. He is prepared to make every schedule justify its existence, and by the creation of the Tariff Commission he has practically placed every schedule upon its defense. And as an earnest of what he will do as soon as he is equipped with the facts he has given us the Canadian Reciprocity bill. It might be thought that Mr. La Follette and his junta would welcome such a bill with open arms. They clamored for it until they seemed likely to get it, but no longer. They would welcome it if they were earnest in their protestations on behalf of the consumer whom they profess to represent. But they are not in earnest. Mr. La Follette cares no more for the consumer than Judas Iscariot cared for the poor. Mr. La Follette cares for nothing but his own ambitions, and when he says that the Reciprocity bill must be hitched to a complete measure of tariff revision he is asking intentionally for what he knows he can not have. In fact he is doing the same as Mr. Root tried to do, only with another formula, and he is doing it with the same motive. Does any one suppose that the President could win Mr. La Follette's approbation or support even by the whole wholesale surrender? Does any one imagine that Mr. La Follette would welcome a presidential message advising a general tariff revision before the commission has rendered its report on the individual schedules? If such an impossibility should occur Mr. La Follette would be seriously disappointed. He would have no grievance. There would be no one to denounce. Mr. La Follette is not one of those politicians who want to see something done. His rôle is to prevent anything from being done, and then to call heaven and earth to witness what would have been done if only he had been the dictator. Such were ever the ways of the mountebank. Mr. La Follette made his very shallow reputation as an insurgent, and what would become of him if there were no one to insurge against? Being naturally of small calibre and low velocity, he gets his political living by a persistent assault on big men. No one knows better than he that he would be overshadowed and lost by a moment's agreement with an important adversary.

Fortunately Mr. Taft knows the game. Still more fortunately he is pursuing a principle and not popularity. If Mr. La Follette should be successful in persuading the Senate to embark on some general tariff crusade and to tack the result to the Reciprocity bill, Mr. Taft will be perfectly free to veto the whole stew. He can do so consistently and with the assurance that reformers of Mr. La Follette's type are now fairly well understood as enemies of reform and that the public will lay the responsibility where it belongs. It is indeed easy enough to do so. The Reciprocity bill is a clear-cut measure, a device of statesmanship to cement commercial relations with Canada and to lower the cost of living at home. We are at perfect liberty to regard it as an installment of other reforms if we wish to do so. It is open either to insurgents or Democrats to pass any tariff measure for which they have the necessary votes and to send them to the President for his approval. There is no reason why they should be tacked to the Reciprocity or any other bill, but to resist the Reciprocity bill because it is not also some other bill would be an act of insanity or malignancy and impossible to any one deserving the name of reformer. In the case of Mr. La Follette and of his confederate, Mr. Bailey of Texas, there is no need to hesitate in the selection of motive.

Anatole France on Peace.

The cause of peace has been invigorated by Anatole France, whose plea for disarmament will awaken a response from the literary circles of the world. Every such strong voice is a summons to international sanity, a protest not so much against war itself as against preparations and precautions that in their aggregate are worse than many wars. If the leaders of the world's finer thought would but speak in unison and with the vigor displayed by M. France they could create an insistent public opinion that would be irresistible.

The distinguished Frenchman did right when he emphasized the evil of war preparations rather than the evil of war itself. War is by far the lesser of the two. It is now many years since there has been war in Europe. Indeed since the Franco-Prussian struggle there has been unbroken peace with the exception of the small fight between Greece and Turkey. War is viewed with greater abhorrence today than it has ever been before, and yet the mad competition of armaments continues as though wanton aggression were an imminent and unceasing peril. In the year 1909 the war expenses of the eight principal powers of the world were $1,676,800,000. This is an increase over the year 1901 of $405,000,000, and in this increase every one of the eight powers participated with the exception of England, whose budget shows a slight decrease. In 1901 the United States spent $62,200,000 on her army alone. In

1905 she spent $121,600,000, and in 1909 she spent $122,200,000. Germany and Russia also show enormous increases. France has been economical and her increase is small. Japan, Italy, and Austria spend comparatively little, but their war budgets have risen heavily in proportion. What is there to show for these unthinkable sums of money? There is indeed a good deal to show. There is pauperism to show, and smoldering revolution, depleted commercial treasuries, and a waning birth rate. There are some fatuous persons who will tell us that we gain in a sense of security and in a recognition that we are insured against loss. It may be said that the sense of security is not very apparent. The householder who sits up all, and every, night with a revolver in each hand to guard against his neighbor and who keeps himself in poverty that he may buy firearms can hardly be congratulated on a reposeful sense of security, and as for the insurance against loss it may be said that the premiums are inordinately high and quite out of keeping with risks that are artificial and avoidable.

There was a time, as M. France points out, when war was necessary, that is to say when it resulted in material advantages. There were large and unpeopled lands and competitive migrations from overstocked countries. There were slave communities that must be recruited by raids. There were weaker peoples that might be forced into vassalage or into revenue service. And nowhere was there the inter-relationship, the sensitiveness of the whole to a change in any of its parts, that has now given rise to what we call the balance of power. Moreover, there was no considerable trade, no system of international credits, none of that delicate and all-pervasive fabric of mutual interests that now makes of any war a world concern. All these conditions have now been reversed. There are no migrations into unpeopled lands. There are no slave raids. The small and weak countries are in no danger of vassalage. There is no longer anything to gain by fighting, and there is everything to lose. Who but a maniac would contend that if France and Germany should fight over Morocco there could be any other result than the destruction of both countries? And yet the very fact that both nations are armed to the teeth makes war over Morocco a possibility. Obviously it is the armaments that are to blame, and not competing interests. The whole of Morocco would be a poor exchange for a week of war.

Armaments alone are responsible for the decline in the birth rate. It is only the uninformed that prate hysterically about luxury and the selfishness of parents or who suppose that the malady is a local one. In England, Germany, France, Italy, and Austria the decline from 1881 to 1907 averages 16 per cent. In England the fall was 21.5, in Germany 12.8, in France 20.2, in Italy 17.1, and in Austria 11.5. Armaments mean poverty, and consequently late marriages and restricted families. The twin devil of conscription means the same things and also the withdrawal from domestic life of millions of men during their best reproductive periods. It means other evils that need not be specified, the whole brood of debaucheries that are born of poverty and the absence of domesticity.

Humanity has outgrown the need of war. It hates war as it never hated it before, and it needs nothing more than an insistent public demand to abolish the armaments that are now anomalous and absurd. Let us hope that M. France's protest will presage such a demand.

Editorial Notes.

Two news paragraphs, curiously related to each other, appear in suitable juxtaposition in a morning newspaper. The first is a record of Professor Jordan's admirable appeal to the teachers of the National Educational Association on behalf of international peace and for the exercise of their influence upon pupils for the eradication of the war spirit. The other paragraph is a dispatch from Vallejo to the effect that dock-yard exigencies prevent the attendance of the two cruisers originally ordered to proceed to San Francisco and to remain there as a mark of honor to the association. Had Dr. Jordan been aware of the proposed movements of the warships he would have found the best of texts ready to his hand. In addition to pointing out that $73 out of every $100 raised by taxation are paid away for war preparations he might have emphasized the incongruity of using warships as a compliment to schoolteachers. The two ideas of war and of childhood are as wide apart as the frontiers of the universe. There is, or there ought to be, no points of contact between them. And yet when the authorities wish to pay honor to a body of educationists, to men and women whose duty it is to teach to children the arts of peaceful citizenship, they can think of no better way than an exhibition of warships. If these two cruisers had been available for the intended purpose we may suppose that the teachers would have spent the morning in listening to Dr. Jordan's startling statistics on the evils of war and the afternoon might have been employed in an inspection of the vast machines built and designed for the destruction of life and property. We need hardly ask which would have made the deeper impression.

The Merchants' Association has recently called attention to an evil that is municipal as well as national, and that is among the first of the anomalies of our system to strike the intelligent European with a sense of amazed perplexity. The Merchants' Association demanded the installation of some financial system that would enable the citizen to ascertain how his money is spent. San Francisco is now paying more money to the tax collector than she ever paid before, and she pays it not because its need has been demonstrated, but because she is asked for it. And there is practically no way to ascertain if the need is a real one or in what way the money is to be spent. No doubt a trained accountant could ferret his way to the facts through the obstructions of a bland officialism, but that is not enough. The city accounts to the last cent and to the smallest detail ought to be as immediately available and as easily understood as a railroad time-table. Secrecy, even obscurity, in public finance means dishonesty somewhere and at some time. It must be so, and it always has been so. It may be doubted if a merchant could secure a conviction against a dishonest clerk if it could be shown that he had furnished the temptation of such reckless carelessness as to his affairs that the average citizen displays toward the ultimate disposition of his taxes. Financial secrecy is fast becoming an official prerogative, a sort of vested right. It has already become so with the national money at Washington, but there is still time to correct the evil in local affairs.

Life is too short to read all the details of what is described as the "greatest police shakeup in the history of San Francisco." But the motive of it all is clear enough. Mr. McCarthy and Chief White have been in consultation. Between them they know the political record of every officer on the force. With the record of efficiency they are, of course, in no way concerned. Political fidelity is the one essential, and to this most vital of all considerations Chief Seymour had paid no attention. His plan was to bring the thief-catcher and the thief into effective contact by the quickest road, even though the thief-catcher had shown a lack of enthusiasm in blacking the administrative boots, or had failed to knock his head upon the ground three times when referring to the Los Angeles dynamitards. Chief Seymour, full as he was of old-fashioned and obsolete ideas, had said that "the policemen are to take precedence of the politicians." Henceforth the politicians are to take precedence of the policemen, much to the joy of the burglars, thugs, and law-breakers in general, who are the chief hope and comfort of the administration and whom Mr. McCarthy calls "the people."

It seems likely that the "glorious Fourth" will soon cease to be the dreaded anniversary of hideous domestic tragedy in countless homes throughout the land. This year the fatalities are few and far between. They are to be found where there where no restrictions or where the restrictions were lax. Where a sane observance was enforced there were no fatalities and practically no accidents. And yet the enjoyment was just as great, and it is safe to predict that there will be no waning of the sacred fires of patriotism, whatever waning there may be in the not at all sacred fires of the old-time celebration. The success of the movement in favor of a sane Fourth should be a rebuke to those who say that public opinion is too apathetic to be moved to reform. There has been no apathy here. A few years ago the Fourth of July was many degrees worse than a small war. This year the casualty list of killed and wounded has nearly disappeared.

So death in exile is the end of that frivolous, irresponsible, and yet delightful woman known as Queen Maria Pia of Portugal. The sins of the royal family of Portugal were many, but Maria Pia probably occupied a larger space in the books of the recording angel than all other members of that unfortunate family combined. And yet her misdeeds were not of the grievous kind. She was constitutionally incapable of understanding the value of money or of appreciating the fact that her extravagances must be paid for by the poorest people in Europe. Her many visits to Paris were veritable saturnalias of expenditure. She did not merely haunt the dressmaking establishments of the French capital; she positively wallowed in them. Upon one occasion a vast cargo of hats on its way to Portugal was allowed to fall into the water, but the royal soul of Maria Pia was far above the natural annoyances of such a disaster. She merely telegraphed to duplicate the order, and Portugal paid. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the revolution was produced by Maria Pia and probably she died under the conviction that Italy would presently send an army to avenge her exile. Let us hope that she is the last of the European queens to be afflicted with that myth of royal rights that sent Marie Antoinette to the scaffold and herself into banishment.

The women of the Pacific Coast are said to be planning for the erection of a colossal statue of peace at the entrance of the Panama Canal. They have even gone so far as seriously to consider a model prepared by a woman sculptor of San Francisco, who has designed a figure surrounded with the usual emblems of peace, such as lambs and lions, doves and olive branches. It is a fine idea, and it should be carried out. It is true that the canal will bristle with artillery, but that is all the more reason for such counteracting influences as may be diffused by an imposing statue. Perhaps an alternative scheme may be suggested by the devotees of the now waning Rooseveltian cult, who are fond of pointing to the canal and its fortifications as evidences of the patriotic services of the ex-President. How would it do to erect a statue of Mr. Roosevelt himself in some symbolic attitude and bearing on a scroll the inspiring words "I took it"?

St. Deroin, one of the oldest settlements in Nebraska and once an important landing for Missouri River boats, is meeting the fate of many of the older settlements along the river. Slowly day by day the river is gnawing its way into the heart of the town and in a few weeks little of the original site will be left. Some of the buildings already have gone into the river, while it has been necessary to move others back to keep them from falling into the water. A brick schoolhouse built more than forty years ago is now within a few feet of the bank, but has been blocked up and will be moved back out of danger. St. Deroin was founded in the early 'fifties by J. A. Ritter, a "squaw man," and he was one of the first commissioners of Nemaha County. Ritter established a woodyard and for many years supplied steamers with fuel until coal began to be used. For years St. Deroin was the shipping point for a large section of southeastern Nebraska, which had no outlet for its produce except the river.

Chemulpo is a treaty port on the west coast of Korea, about twenty-five miles southwest of Seul. The work of making much-needed improvements in the harbor was inaugurated last month with a celebration in which representatives of all the different nations residing there took part. Lieutenant-General Count Terauchi, the Japanese resident-general of Korea, officially opened the operations. The present plans involve the expenditure of $2,500,000 and the employment of thousands of Korean laborers for several years.

The manufacture and sale of tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes in Spain has been rented to the Compañia Arrendataria de Tabacos by the Spanish government. A contract was signed in August, 1896, giving the company the exclusive right to manufacture and sell tobacco for a period of twenty-five years. No one in the peninsula has the right to grow tobacco for his private use nor can the plant be grown for ornamental purposes.

On the occasion of the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, June 18, a representative of the Duke of Wellington traveled to Windsor Castle to present a small banner in accordance with the terms on which the duke holds the estate voted by Parliament. The banner was hung in the guard room over the bust of the first Duke of Wellington and that presented last year was taken down.

About 75 per cent of the American travelers who passed through Singapore this season on trips around the world did not include the Philippine Islands in their itinerary, though almost without exception they went to Java.

An American Chamber of Commerce for the Turkish empire has been established at Constantinople by Consul-General Rayndal.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The ninety-sixth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo has stirred certain patriotic British souls to protest against the neglect of the scene of the famous struggle. Seventy-five years ago the Netherlands government built a monument in memory of the Dutch and Belgian soldiers. The Iron Cross of Prussia commemorates the spot where Blücher met the Young Guard, and the French have recently erected the famous Wounded Eagle to mark the place where the Old Guard died but did not surrender. But there is no English memorial. Nothing marks the place of the British squares or the graves of the British dead. Mr. Demetrius Boulger, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, makes the surprising statement that an American millionaire is arranging to purchase the Chateau of Hougoument, with its walls battered by French cannon and pierced by the loopholes of the British musketeers. The millionaire in question is credited with the intention to remove the chateau and reërect it in America as a gift to the nation, and so Mr. Boulger warns his government that if it wishes to be spared such a disgrace it must move in the matter speedily. But is there such a millionaire, and if so who is he?

It seems that the conciliation of Ireland has not yet reached a point where Irish members of Parliament permit themselves to drink the health of the king. On June 1 the Nationalists gave a dinner to the premiers of the colonies assembled for the coronation. Not only were the Irish members present in force, but also the secretary of state for the colonies, the home secretary, and the under secretary of state for war. The king's health was not proposed, but as the company separated Mr. Thomas Condon, M. P., sang "God Save Ireland" and was enthusiastically cheered. This song was written by Mr. T. D. Sullivan in commemoration of the "Manchester martyrs," the text of the refrain being as follows:

> "God save Ireland!" said the heroes,
> "God save Ireland!" said they all;
> Whether on the scaffold high or the battlefield we die,
> Oh, what matter when for Erin dear we fall.

The *Hibernian Journal* recently stated clearly the Irish attitude toward the loyal toast. The toast to the king, said the *Journal*, "in Ireland is a party toast, one only honored by the Protestant or Unionist elements in the community, and never found on the menu card of a Catholic or National dinner."

The recent census of Southern Rhodesia shows that the color question is a vital one in South Africa. The returns show that there are 23,582 white people as against 745,889 native and colored inhabitants. And it is to be remembered that very many of these natives are far removed in intelligence from the abject negro types. The South African color question relates not only to negroes, but to Zulus, Bechuanas, Mashonas, and Kaffirs, some of them of considerable intelligence, great powers of organization and discipline, and of a fierce and warlike temperament. But Mr. Botha, the premier, is reassuring. He has a good word to say for the native, who is as law abiding as his turbulent nature will permit. He sees no immediate danger "if the two white races stand firmly together." This remark of Mr. Botha is peculiarly significant of a new order in South Africa, seeing that a few years ago he himself was the military leader in the protracted struggle of one of these white races against the other.

They have their little scandals in Russia just as elsewhere, and just now there is a good deal of effort to bring them to light. For example, M. Medem, a senator, has just discovered the fate of one of the hospital trains sent to the front during the Russo-Japanese War. The train met with a slight accident near Krasnojarsk, and in order to save trouble it was thrown bodily down an embankment and then burned in order to wipe out the tell-tale traces. Now this particular train had been named after the Grand Duchess Olga Nikolævna, the little daughter of the emperor. Naturally the young lady was interested in its mission of benevolence, and now the senator proposes to ascertain the authorship of the reports from Manchuria describing the good work that it had done and how it had brought comfort and relief to the wounded soldiers of the Little Father. Evidently there is trouble in store for some one.

Comparatively few Americans are aware that the radical measures of which they complain in their own country have been commonplaces of legislation throughout Europe for these many years past. Although it has not yet become a law, the Italian Parliament is considering a ministerial proposal to make life insurance a government monopoly, the profits to be applied to a workmen's pension scheme. Switzerland, Prussia, Denmark, Austria, Belgium, and France have government ownership of railways. Nearly every country in Europe controls its own railway rates. Everywhere we find workmen's compensation acts and insurance. The income tax is universal, and Great Britain now taxes the unearned increment in land values. Public service corporations are now either municipally owned or controlled throughout Europe. And these changes have been brought about almost without opposition, or at least they have been so rapidly achieved that opposition has been ineffective. America seems now the most conservative country in the world, the country where resistance to change is the most uniformly triumphant.

The East, if it is only the east of Europe, can always furnish us with some incident to fire the imagination. Every one knows in a vague sort of way that the Sultan of Turkey is now on a tour of pacification among his disaffected subjects in Macedonia and Albania. A few days ago he opened the great religious ceremony of the Selamlik at the tomb of the Sultan Mourad on the Plain of Kossovo. The occasion brought together a concourse of eighty thousand dark-skinned mountain warriors. Gorgeous in their racial dress, animated by religious zeal, and hesitating between their grievances and the awe inspired by the presence of the man who was not only their Sultan, but the head of their mighty church, loyalty and religion swept all other sentiments away. First of all the swarthy multitude knelt in silent prayer and then broke into wild acclaim as the Sultan blessed his children and pardoned their political offenses. That the practice of the vendetta might be discouraged among them he further promised that the government itself would henceforth pay the blood money for all unavenged murders. The religion of the Mohammedan is just as obvious and just as spontaneous as the color of his skin. It is the expression of his manhood and the avowed inspiration of his courage.

The French old-age pension law seems to be a failure. Only about 5 per cent of those eligible have registered their names, and the neglect is due not to ignorance or indifference, but to reasoned hostility. The workers of France do not wish to be labeled as a caste that is to receive benefits from other castes that are not so labeled. The application of the law means the official division of the nation into two classes, those whose incomes are over a certain amount and those whose incomes are under that amount. The latter are to be enumerated, docketed, listed, supervised, and regulated. They are to make returns of their wages and to be classified as beneficiaries. And they do not like it. To be relieved of anxiety for old age is a great thing, but individual dignity is something greater. The economist who supposes that all human values may be reduced to money terms has yet to learn that actual human values are the only things that can not be so reduced.

The sale in England of the Huth collection of autographs has been unproductive of surprises, and we must somewhat revise our ideas of the relative values of such things. The sum of £1015 was paid for two documents signed by Fielding in relation to the writing of "Tom Jones," the first being a receipt for £600 received in payment for the work. Three pages of Burns's manuscript fetched £490, one of the pages containing the "Sodger Laddie" with the chorus:

> I once was a maid, tho' I can not tell when,
> And still my delight is in proper young men.
> Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie;
> No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.
> Fal, lal, etc.

A letter from Goldsmith to Sir Joshua Reynolds was valued at £280, and £200 was given for a letter from Dryden to Mrs. Steward in which he says:

> Old men are not . . . insensible of beauty, . . . for my own part I must needs acknowledge that your fair eyes had made me your slave before I received your fine presents. . . . I pass my time sometimes with Ovid, sometimes with our old English poet Chaucer.

Royalty failed to command any sensational prices, although £365 was paid for a long letter in French from Queen Elizabeth to Henry IV of France, beginning "mon très cher frère." The signature of Anne of Cleves—"Anna the dowghter of Cleves"—fetched £101, and £130 was paid for a letter in Latin from Edward IV and his brother Edmund in 1460. A letter from Sir Francis Drake to the Earl of Essex relating to an expedition against Spain brought only £100. Evidently Fielding is the prime favorite among autograph buyers. But why?

Mr. Frank Harris, formerly editor of the *Saturday Review* and of the *Fortnightly Review*, has the following somewhat caustic comment on the coronation ceremony. "At first," he writes, "when the rulers were rulers the crown was a simple thin circlet of gold with three French fleurs-de-lys on it, but gradually, as the wearer has grown smaller the crown has grown larger, until it is now an immense thing worth a million and weighing pounds and pounds."

A report from the German Oriental Society tells us that the Palace of Nebuchadnezzar is gradually emerging from the débris of thousands of years and that it is now possible to understand something of the inner economy of the immense place as well as of the lines of fortifications that defended it. The streets and private houses that surrounded the palace are also visible, as well as a temple practically uninjured by the passing centuries and preserving the wonderful color effects characteristic of Assyrian civilization. The discoveries give us a new sense of Assyrian greatness, and perhaps help to furnish a new scale of values upon which to build our ideas of "human progress." Human movement would perhaps be a better expression.

Some day there will be a much-needed synthesis of archæological discovery, a work to be commended to some ambitious litterateur anxious for a career. Archæological knowledge comes to us plentifully from all over the world, notably from North and South America, from Crete, from Judea, and from South Africa. We want to know the relation that these various discoveries bear to one another and whether it is not now possible to construct some sort of a history of "pre-historic" humanity, a history that will not be based on the placid assumption that the present age is the crown and the coping-stone of human achievement. The material should now be sufficient for a much-needed synthetic work that would show the curves of human evolution and that possibly might even throw some light upon its intent.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Dr. Nathaniel G. Keirle, in charge of the Baltimore Pasteur Institute, the third to be established in the United States, has treated 1500 patients since 1897, when the institute opened. Of this number only three died because the treatment was ineffective. He has made a study of rabies for over twenty years. Treatment is given by hyperdermic injections into the abdomen, causing little pain.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Peace Message.

At the door of his hut sat Massasoit,
And his face was lined with care,
For the Yellow Pest had stalked from the West
And swept his wigwams bare;
Mother and child had it stricken down,
And the warrior in his pride,
Till for one that lived when the plague was past,
A full half-score had died.

Now from the Eastern shore there came
Word of a white-skinned race
Who had risen from out the mighty deep
In search of a dwelling-place.
Houses they fashioned of tree and stone,
Turkey and deer they slew
With a breath of flame like the lightning-flash
Of the great god, Manitu.

Was it war or peace? The Chief looked round
On the wreck of his mighty hand.
His heart was sad as he rose from the ground
And held on high his hand.
"We must treat with the stranger, my children," he said,
And he called to him Samoset:
"You will go to the men on the Eastern Shore
With wampum and calumet."

Warm was the welcome he received
For the Pilgrims' hearts did thrill
At the message he brought from Massasoit,
With its earnest of good will.
They bade him eat and they bade him drink,
Gave bracelet, knife, and ring,
And sent him again to Monhegan
To lay them before his king.

So the treaty was made, and the treaty was kept
For fifty years and four;
The white man wrought, and waked, and slept,
Secure on the Eastern Shore:
From the door of his hut, old Massasoit
Noted their swift increase,
And blessed the day he had sent that way
His messenger of peace.—*Burton Egbert Stevenson.*

The Treaty Elm.

I see the Treaty Elm and hear the rustle
Of autumn leaves, where come the dusty troops
In painted robes and plumes, to crowd and jostle,
A savage scene, save that the peace apostle
Stands central and controls the untamed groups.

These are the boughs the forest eagle lit on
Long ere he perched upon our nation's banner;
Beneath that shade I see the gentle Briton,
And hear the contract binding, though unwritten,
And worded in the plain old scriptural manner.

Across the Delaware the sound comes faintly,
And fainter still across the tide of time,
Though history yet repeats the language quaintly
That fell from lips of Penn, the calm and saintly,
Speaking of love, the only true sublime.

This is his mission, and his sole vocation.
To hear of this, the savage round him presses,
How sweetly falls the beautiful oration,
Which bids them bear the marvelous revelation
Of Christian peace through all their wildernesses!

Not to defraud them of their broad possessions,
He comes, or to control their eagle pinions,
But to pledge friendship and its sweet relations,
Truth and forbearance, gentleness and patience,
To all the people of their wild dominions.

"We meet," he said, "upon the open highway
Of broad good will, and honest faith and duty.
Let love fraternal brighten every byway,
And peace inviolate be thy way as my way,
Till all the forest blossoms with new beauty."

So spake their friend, and they revered his teaching.
They said, "We will be true to thee and thine."
And through long seasons toward their future reaching,
No act was shown their plighted faith impeaching,
Marring the compact, loving and divine.

O thou, like noble Penn, who truth adorest,
A priest at her great shrine in Freedom's temple,
While o'er this gift in thoughtful mood thou porest,
Point to the faithful children of the forest,
And bid the nations learn from their example.
—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

Archæology and enterprise are clashing at Seville (remarks the New York *Sun*). The town draws much of its water supply through the Caños de Carmona, a Roman aqueduct still in good order, though many of the arches have been filled up in order to strengthen it. The aqueduct with the closed arches blocks a suburban district which Sevillan speculators wish to develop, and the town authorities have decreed that it shall be torn down and the water conveyed through iron pipes instead. This has aroused a storm of indignation among antiquarians and art lovers throughout Spain, and the Academies of History and Art at Madrid have petitioned the ministry of fine arts to check the vandalism. The destruction has been forbidden for a time at least. More interest in the matter would be felt, undoubtedly, if visitors to Seville were aware of the existence of a Roman edifice through which water had flowed for over 2000 years, but even Baedeker seems to have overlooked it.

There is talk, as there has been talk for years, of leveling the fortifications of Paris, which are perfectly useless now in the improved conditions of modern warfare, and of building houses on the large tract of ground which would be set free right round Paris. At present the fortifications are not only useless as a protection to the city in time of war, but they are absolutely dangerous to the citizens in time of peace. According to the law a large space around the fortifications is kept free of all stone buildings. This military zone, as it is called, has no houses upon it, but little one-story huts are allowed to be built there and are rented at tiny rentals by the military authorities. Their cheapness and discomfort attract undesirable tenants, and the Paris apache has for years made this a hunting ground.

SOME NEW YORK HOMES.

Light and Air Are Expensive Luxuries in the Metropolis.

As far as I can discover, there is no place in New York for the poor and proud. The poor and humble are looked after, that is the supposedly poor and humble, though I don't think that humility is the characteristic of the majority of those who, in a general way, are described as citizens of the East Side. I think that these people, as far as one can observe from their manner and appearance on the street, are pretty well satisfied with themselves. While their clothes may not cost as much as those of the ladies of the four hundred, they look as much like them as they can look, considering the material. Their skirts are just as short and just as hobble, they wear just as high military heels on their low shoes; their stockings may not be of spun silk, but they are of spun cotton or lisle, and show the flesh through the threads just as plainly; their hats are not made of as fine straw, but their rims are as wide, where they have rims, and where they haven't they are just as eccentric in their shapes and come just as far down over their faces. As for feathers, I don't see how they get them. "Willow plumes" are the fashion. They are not made of one plume, though they give that effect; it must take several ostrich feathers to make one of the proper size. These are fastened at one point in a hat, so that when the wind blows, as it usually does in New York, they look as though they were coming off. They are not, for they are apparently secured firmly. I have seen these plumes displayed in cheap millinery shops on unfashionable avenues, which shows that there is a demand for them among the clients of these small millinerys. No matter where they come from, these plumes cost money. I was told, recently, that they are bought on the installment plan. On this plan, at a dollar a week it would take a girl from twenty to thirty weeks to pay for her plumage. You'd think that she would be more careful with it, as the weekly payment in many cases represents a fifth of her weekly earnings, but she wears them at all times and in all weathers, and the more they are blown about by the winds the better the wearers like it. Of course all these girls wear Dutch necks and bare arms, which, of course, the young women whom they are trying to imitate do not.

This discourse on dress, which has taken me away from my subject, is only to prove that the East Side poor—that is, the sweat-shop workers—are, in their way, as proud as many of those who are in a very different social class. What I was thinking of particularly, when I began this letter, was the housing of the poor and proud. Rents, like buildings, are getting higher and higher in New York. You can get an apartment with every modern convenience for comparatively little money; you may have to live in it if you are poor, but you don't want to live in it if you are proud. There are possibly two rooms in this apartment that are light; the others, ten to one, open on a well hole, and no direct light from the outside world enters in at their windows. New Yorkers don't seem to mind this. I suppose because they have discovered that light and air in New York are the most expensive things they can want. Some friends of mine looked at an apartment recently in a very nice house, in one of the most attractive quarters of the city, lured to see it by the comparatively low rent. It was a seven-room apartment. There was a good-sized drawing-room lighted from the outside, and there was one good-sized dining-room lighted from the drawing-room, and there was one other room that had direct light. The kitchen, the bathroom, and the other bedrooms were so dark that you had to strike a light before you knew which one you were in. And yet the rent of this apartment was $800, and it has always had tenants. I would have not sent a favorite dog there to live. Perhaps I might have sent a cat, for cats can see in the dark. Any apartment in this house that had light and air was rented for $1500 and $1800 a year.

There have been and still are dwelling houses and apartment houses below Twenty-Third Street in New York that have big rooms and light and air, and all for fairly low rents—that is, from $1200 to $2000—but they can only be leased from year to year, as the march of improvement, so called, is invading every avenue and every side street except a few very far uptown, but their time will come, it is only a question of a few years.

Mr. Phipps has done a lot for the housing of the working classes; he has built several apartment houses on the East Side that are conspicuous for their decencies. There is one on East Thirty-First Street that might be an Italian palace if it was anywhere else. It has a beautiful façade, a tiled roof planted with trees and shrubs where a fountain plays, and where children may also play unless they prefer the street. This house is so very nice that a great many people who do not belong to the class for whom it was built live in it. Mr. Horace Fletcher, the inventor of continuous chewing, had his abode there for a time, and as far as I know lives there still when he is in this country. The editor of a Socialist paper lives there, and so do a number of journalists and other writers. This is all very well, but there is another class who need looking after, and this other class Mrs. Russell Sage hopes to provide for in a scheme that has about been completed on Long Island, called Forest Hills Gardens. This estate covers 141 acres, and is just fifteen minutes from the Great White Way; in other words, when you enter the train at the Pennsylvania Station, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-Second Street, you are whisked under the river by a light running electric engine, and in fifteen minutes you are at your door in Forest Hills Gardens. There will be some houses on this estate that with the grounds will probably cost no more than three or four thousand dollars to buy, but they will be built in rows as city houses, and of fireproof material; but the majority of the houses at Forest Hills Gardens will be fairly expensive, the lots, which are not more than 20x100, sometimes less in depth, varying in price from $1250 to $1700 each. Not less than two lots will be sold to any one person for one house. Most persons would want four lots, and even that gives them comparatively little land. A house would cost in the neighborhood of $9000 or $10,000, which would make the total cost somewhere between $15,000 and $16,000. Forest Hills Gardens is in the city of New York, but you get fresh air there, and you get restrictions, such as property-owners like, and you get everything in the way of streets and sidewalks, sewers, and all the important things of the very best. The settlement is laid out so that there will be plenty of breathing spaces, little parks and "crescents" with green in front, and there will be no tall buildings in the residential part, and all the buildings, if not absolutely fireproof will be partially so. Mr. Grosvenor Atterbury is the architect of the village, and Mr. Frederic Law Olmstead is the landscape gardener. This is sufficient guaranty for the architecture and the landscape. At the station there is the hotel built around the square, which square is the business centre. The shops will all be uniform in appearance and there will be a fountain in the centre of the square. From this steps lead up to the station, and the embankment is already planted in grass and shrubs. It looks as though Mrs. Sage had solved the problem of the housing of the poor and proud. At Forest Hills Gardens there will be plenty of light and air and everything that makes for decency. It is not a charity on the part of Mrs. Sage and her advisers; it is a business proposition; and her idea, and theirs, is to give people more for their money than they can get in other places. It is much easier to reach Forest Hills Gardens than it is to go far uptown. The man whose business is in Wall Street can get to Forest Hills Gardens quicker than he can get to Ninetieth Street, and he will not have the hot and deadly subway to travel in.

By the way, the indecent play of which I spoke last week is now in the courts; it has been complained of, and that fact has had the effect of toning down the performance so that those who have gone to it recently in the hope of being shocked have only been bored.

Jeannette L. Gilder.

New York, June 29, 1911.

Melrose Abbey was burned by the English soldiery of Henry VIII in 1544. Even after this event the ruins still presented much of the original wealth of statuary and stained glass. Yet the mere shell of the abbey was not allowed to remain unmolested, for in 1569 an iconoclastic mob destroyed the priceless remnants of the past, and for long years afterward the walls were left to do duty as a quarry of ready-made building stone. Melrose was the earliest Cistercian monastery in Scotland and was established by King David I in 1136, dedicated to St. Mary, and in less than ten years completed. In its roll of abbots are listed many names of great distinction in the civil and ecclesiastical annals of the northern kingdom. The collegiate foundation had an endowment for 200 monks, and as late as twenty years before the Reformation 130 were in residence, yet so swift was the work of dispersion that no more than eleven received pensions at the dissolution. After the forfeiture to the crown the abbey and its domain underwent many vicissitudes, but eventually came into possession of the ducal house of Buccleuch.

Sir William Willcocks, who, in the interest of the Turkish government, has spent about three years surveying in Mesopotamia, has discovered, he thinks, the locality of the Garden of Eden in the district between Babylon and Bagdad. In the time of our first parents this region must have been a fertile paradise, but now it is almost a desert. Arthur Whitley has been engaged to build a big dam to hold water for irrigating the land. He will put the spade in at Hindia, the Assuan of the Euphrates; but that will only be one of three great barrages in this ancient river. At first a district of 600,000 acres will be irrigated, at a cost of £1,500,000, after which the value of the land, now practically nil, will be at least £10,000,000. When entirely irrigated, Sir William Willcocks estimates that this resuscitated Garden of Eden will have £38,000,000 value.

Palaces lacked what are now ordinary comforts even in modern times, and especially for a period prior to the reign of Louis XIV in France. They were magnificently decorated, but the windows were small and not well placed, and the rooms were filled with magnificent but not particularly comfortable furniture. Fires were seldom lighted in the immense, beautifully sculptured marble fireplaces. Usually the only fire was to be found in the bedchamber at the end of a suite of rooms. At Versailles, in 1695, it is reported, the water and wine froze in the king's glasses at table.

American advertisements are beginning to appear in the newspapers of Salonica, stamping that city as the most progressive in Turkey.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Mostyn, who bore the standard of Wales during the coronation, by royal appointment, is descended from a Welsh king who reigned in the ninth century. He is well known in the United States, having frequently visited this country.

Hermann Hatzfeldt, who once served for a time as chargé d'affaires of the German embassy at Washington, recently fell heir to valuable estates and titles by the death of Prince Alfred Hatzfeldt-Wildenburg, an uncle far advanced in years. The former chargé d'affaires, among his other inheritances, gains a seat in the Prussian House of Lords.

Princess Maria of Sweden, wife of Prince Wilhelm, the king's son, is endearing herself to the Swedish people by her democratic ways and her patriotism. Recently she entered a class in the Stockholm technical school, where she is studying painting. She would not have any concessions made because of her rank, and associated freely with her classmates.

John Boyce, an Englishman who became the white king of the Ki-ku-yus, a powerful tribe in East Africa, has left the Dark Continent for the first time in years to visit in London. He landed on the coast about ten years ago and won the good graces of the blacks, though he was only a soldier of fortune. The tribe made him a blood brother and then admitted him into the innermost circle.

Sir Rubert Boyce, professor of pathology of the University of Liverpool and dean of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, has stirred up bitter controversy in England by his new book, "Yellow Fever and Its Prevention," in which he holds that many of the fevers of the west coast of Africa are really yellow fever. Sir Rubert is a prominent figure in the scientific world and has published several books and numerous papers.

Mme. Claessens, mezzo-soprano of the Boston Opera Company, is founding a homestead in Massachusetts, where she will live after quitting the stage. Her house was a little country school building, to which she has added several rooms. She is a perfect exponent of the simple life, and already has a well-stocked farm. Mme. Claessens is a native of Belgium, has visited every corner of the world, and dislikes the crowded cities.

Charles G. Gates, only son of "Bet-You-a-Million" John W. Gates, possesses much of his father's business ability, and has, since the brokerage firm of John W. Gates & Co. was dissolved, devoted his time largely to his interests at Port Arthur, Texas. He was born in Chicago in 1876, and after various business ventures, beginning as a clerk in 1893, he organized a national bank, a rice milling company, and an electric light and power company at Port Arthur.

Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee, one of the central figures in the recent Roman Catholic Educational Congress in Chicago, condemned Socialism as a heresy and an evil during his address. He warned all Roman Catholics against it, saying in part: "The immorality which Socialism breeds, and the dangers which it leads to can be averted only by the influence of religion and religious teachings." Bishop Messmer was born in Goldach, Switzerland, in 1847. He was ordained a Roman Catholic priest in 1871. The archbishop is well known as an editor and author.

Ernest Thompson-Seton, the faunal naturalist, had a hard time to make both ends meet before fortune smiled on him. He was born in England, but went to Canada when a mere boy. After a time he sailed home to England and attended the public schools. Returning to Canada, he drifted to Manitoba, working as a day laborer. Later he went to New York, and, because he could draw a little, was given a job in a lithographer's office at $15 a week. He hated the big city, went West in a year or two and wrote two volumes on the birds and mammals of Manitoba, which won him recognition and paved the way for his success.

Charles A. Hanna, just named as chief examiner of the Clearing House Association, will enact the rôle of watchdog over $102,000,000,000 represented by the New York bankers. His salary is to be $20,000 a year, and he will direct a corps of trained accountants. By his appointment the association hopes to make a repetition of the Morse, Walsh, and Heinze banking scandals impossible. Practically Mr. Hanna's position will be similar to the one he recently resigned as national bank examiner in the New York district. He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, in 1863, did not have time to go to college, and has been in the banking business more or less all his life. He is a slender, square-shouldered man, and if he has a fad it is automobiling.

Professor Edward Hull, world-famous for his work in connection with the geological survey of the British Isles, recently celebrated his eighty-second birthday at his home in London. He enjoys robust health and is devoted to the studies which have occupied the greater part of his life. Sir Roderick Murchison and Sir Charles Lyell, who practically founded the modern science of geology, were among his personal acquaintances years ago. Professor Hull was born in Antrim, Ireland, graduating from Trinity College. He was appointed to the geological survey of the United Kingdom in 1850, and has held many distinguished positions. He has written much, one of his best-known [illegible] being a book on "The Coal Fields of Great Britain."

COUNT "MAY I."

How He Planned His Ride.

The townspeople called the old count Mr. "May I" The name was indeed very expressive, for like a timid question-mark the old count walked through the streets of the little town. Cautiously, stepping lightly, he found his way along the houses, giving a wide berth to whomever he met. The reason of this was not, as was first thought, haughtiness, but mere diffidence. This is not the way in which German counts ordinarily distinguish themselves. However, he was an exception to the rule, although no one thanked him for it. It's always so, the greatest merit goes unrewarded. The old count himself would have been much surprised to meet with recognition, for never in his life had he been praised or rewarded.

It was rumored that in his youth he had with great difficulty barely learned enough to enable him to fill a small position at court, and his acquirements remained ever after within modest bounds. There were those who maintained that he was on very bad terms with German orthography, and that he did not know French, which is a capital offense in a count. At any rate, he failed to render his conversation graceful by intermingling it with little French phrases, and surely it was but just to demand this of a late courtier. When he did by any chance use foreign words, he applied them incorrectly. This was decidedly a mark of ill-breeding.

All the counts and barons who rested on their laurels in this little town said they could have nothing to do with Count "May I," and the other people repeated this after them. As a result the poor count was practically without friends, and his great unobtrusiveness, which had earned him his nickname, profited him nothing. Yet he liked chatting, and would have enjoyed sitting with other gentlemen in the wine-room to discuss the questions of the day: if the King of Denmark would come to Holstein or not: if Countess Danner would accompany him or stay at home. On these subjects our count could have conversed as well as his compeers. Since not one cared for his opinion, he comprehended that he would have to look elsewhere for friends, if he wanted any.

And then arose his friendship with Chris. No one could pretend that Chris belonged to the aristocracy of the little town. He was in his private capacity coachman to the postmaster, and smelled strongly of horses. The use of pocket-handkerchiefs had remained foreign to him. But he had a kind heart and felt pity for the lonely old count.

The acquaintance of these two men, so different in their respective stations, had been brought about by the count's consort, the countess. For after all "May I" had managed to get a wife—much to his own great surprise, for even to the present day he was unaware of just how he had obtained this tall, thin, very haughty, and energetic companion of his life, who looked after his small property and occasionally gave him some pocket-money. However, his amazement mattered little, the fact that the countess had become his natural guide remained; yet, as she bothered herself about him only on very rare occasions, the union might be called a happy one.

But how came it that the countess procured for her husband a friend in the shape of Chris? Well, it happened thus: The countess, going now and then for a drive, on such occasions made use of the postmaster's second-best carriage. The best coach, which was said to be only twenty years old, the postmaster used himself. Over the second one, the age of which was not mentioned, Chris held sway, and when he was enthroned on the box he thought himself very grand indeed. He wore on such occasions his best brown great-coat, a fur cap (also in summer), and a red handkerchief around his neck. He deemed himself magnificent in this outfit, and when he stopped in front of the house of Count and Countess "May I" the count would step out to look at him admiringly.

When Chris drove up for the first time the count was satisfied just to sit on the bench in front of the house and stare uninterruptedly at the coach and its driver, until his wife came forth, ready to enter the carriage. Then "May I" had to pull open the carriage door, which often proved very difficult; this feat successfully accomplished, he helped his wife get in. The step was high, the door narrow, and so it was quite a while before the countess, wrapped in her robe and a scent bottle in her hand, got settled. At length everything was in order, and after the count had managed to slam the door in such a way that it did not immediately open again Chris was allowed to crack his whip and call out "Get up." Little by little the horses started and the coach rolled leisurely along, while the count stood a long while yet at the front door gazing after it. That's the way it was the first time.

By degrees the count mastered his inborn timidity and commenced to talk with Chris when he drove up. "Chris," he said one day, when they had to wait a long while; "Chris, do you know if I may go along?"

The coachman shook his head. "Don't think so, count. She who is your wife doesn't like it."

The count sighed. "But I do so like to go riding, and there is room!"

"That's so." Chris's naturally serious face puckered up as he tried hard to recollect the scraps of high German lore somewhere within his brain. "That's so, but if I were you, I should prefer to remain at home!"

"Why?" asked the count.

Chris did not answer, and busied himself with his whip. After awhile he said: "It's hard to get her out of the carriage because the door is rather narrow. It has to be done backwards and she keeps missing the steps because she can't see from behind. The footmen of the country-seats where we go calling have lots of trouble with her."

"But I dearly love to take a drive," said the count sorrowfully. "Long ago, when I was a boy and lived on my father's estate——"

"Monsieur le Comte," came suddenly a shrill voice behind him, and the count jumped.

The countess stood in the doorway, and her maid behind her, nearly buried in traveling robes. Both looked at poor "May I" with such scornful indignation that he rushed forward to open the carriage door with the strength of despair, while breathless with terror he answered, "Oui, madame!"

That was the only French phrase he could utter, but then no more was required of him.

The countess entered the carriage with all the aforementioned difficulties. By the time Chris finally carried her away she had quite forgotten her husband and did not turn once to look at him. He, on the contrary, stood long gazing after the vehicle.

Gradually Chris and the count became friends. "Do you know if I may go along?" was a question which many a time called forth the coachman's answer, "I don't think so!" but proved to be the beginning of conversations longer or shorter, according to the time they had to wait for the countess. Soon the unconcerned composure of Chris seemed to imbue the count with a little more self-assertion. He turned up one day in the postmaster's coach-house and sat a long time on a shaft while Chris was cleaning the vehicles. He looked on with such evident enjoyment that the man felt his heart warming towards the fine gentleman, and he grew somewhat more communicative.

"He hasn't anything to keep him busy and has a horrid wife," he said afterwards to his master. "He is a little off, but I feel sorry for him."

"Well, talk to him and let him sit wherever he wants to," replied the postmaster.

From that time on the count knew where to go for comfort. In the darkest corner of the shed stood a bench where he was wont to sit by the hour, watching the various doings of his friend. Chris was not one of the quick kind, and often it lasted hours before all vehicles were cleaned. The count only left when the work was done. Now and then he ventured timidly to assist, saying regularly, "May I?" But he might not.

"Oh, my!" Chris would exclaim, good-naturedly shocked. "That won't do, count! You are too fine for that. I can not bear to see a count holding a pail."

Then the count would sigh and put it down. "No, I suppose I may not; it is altogether unpermissible, I know!" And he dropped into his seat in the dark corner, regarding his well-cared for hands. "Nothing was ever permitted me!" he added, and Chris nodded in sympathy.

"Well, well, that can't be helped. Whoever wants to be a gentleman has to pay for it! A count isn't a common mortal who may do as he likes! Oh, no! What he has to do is to look smart, to put his nose up in the air, and be mightily proud, else he is no proper count! Now, if you would get up a minute, you would oblige me, for I ought to sweep your corner!"

During the first months of his acquaintance with Chris the count spoke little and was satisfied just to be looking on. Gradually, however, he gained confidence, and though it grieved him never to be permitted to do anything, he became reconciled to playing the rôle of idle spectator, for to be sure it was only what he had been accustomed to all his days. Chris, for his part, had a soft spot for the quiet, friendly gentleman and would watch him in the coach-house. He was glad when he could stop with his coach in front of the count's door, even though the latter's constant question, "Do you know if I may go along?" by this time moved his heart to pity.

"I'll tell you something, count," he said to him one day confidingly, when the latter was again watching the cleaning of the coaches; "you can rest assured there's not a particle of pleasure in driving about with the countess. I don't like her one bit, if you'll excuse my saying so, and I know that most people can't bear her. As for tips, she doesn't know the very meaning of the word, and as for the coaches, she has not paid for them once, and that's wrong, and if the postmaster did not like you so well your countess might wait a long while for another ride. Don't be offended, count, I just wanted to tell you."

It was not plain whether the count entirely understood this surprisingly long discourse; he merely said "May I?" and sat down. But then Chris expected no answer. He had just discovered a deserted mouse nest in the third-best coach, and eyed pensively the remaining evidences of peaceful domestic felicity. So he paid no attention to the count, who, encouraged by this unconcern, cleared his throat and commenced to talk.

"I really did not mean to marry her," he said, "but my mother wished it; she was an eligible party. On my oldest brother's estate there was a little maid——" he faltered, and looked down.

Chris merely caught the last word and nodded absentmindedly. "Maid! Oh, yes; sometimes they are dears."

"I wanted to marry her," recommenced the count, and Chris nearly dropped the big brush he had in his hand.

"Good Lord! How could you dream of such a thing, count? You and a maid! Surely you could not be permitted to do that!"

"No, I was not permitted," said the count with an expression of complete hopelessness. "No matter what I wanted to do, I was never permitted to do it. I had set my heart on becoming a farmer, but mother said I could not be permitted to be an overseer or inspector, and I hadn't money to buy myself a small estate of my own."

"She who was your mother was a sensible woman," observed Chris. He was now eagerly brushing the damaged cushions of the third-best coach and a cloud of dust surrounded him.

The count coughed involuntarily, then he continued: "Mother said the king would have to take care of me because I am of such noble family, and thus I came to court."

"Is that where the king dwells?" asked Chris, and when the count nodded assent Chris smiled approvingly. "That's right; a high-born man like you belongs in the king's castle."

"Yet their highnesses did not care for me very much," replied the count hesitatingly. "I can not make conversation and they said I hadn't sense enough to fill my office any longer."

"Well now, that beats anything," cried Chris indignantly. "Not sense enough? What on earth don't people demand nowadays of one and the same person? When you are a count you surely don't need sense also. By Jove, that is not necessary!"

The count smiled indulgently a little at his friend's anger, and yet it seemed to please him too. He sat down, you might say, more firmly on the bench and looked around with greater ease. "Oh, how comfortable it is here," he said; "may I come every day?"

This question marked the end of every one of his conversations with Chris. After that he would lapse into silence for many hours. Today, also, he said no more.

Later, after he had left, Chris spoke thus to the postmaster: "Master, the old count told me something today; he certainly is simple, but as for his wife, that isn't his fault; they saddled her upon him."

"I thought so," murmured the postmaster. He was just filling his pipe, and performed this act with great seriousness. Then, raising his head, he said: "Listen, Chris! Let the old man sit in the coach-house as much as he likes, and don't bother him, and if he looks thirsty get him a glass of beer."

"I mentioned to him that the countess does not pay for her carriages," observed Chris, self-satisfied.

This caused the postmaster to take the pipe out of his mouth and to exclaim: "What business had you to say that? Surely he can't help it! Leave him alone, and when the countess sends again get the third-best coach ready for her."

"And that one shakes powerfully," laughed Chris. Then he kept silence for the rest of the day.

Thus it happened that Count "May I," who all his life long had never been granted anything, had after all found a place where he was received kindly. Those of his class forgot him and his nickname, and even the townspeople hardly recognized him when he stole down the street, winding his way towards the coach-house. It is indeed possible that his wife occasionally exchanged a few words with him, but her intercourse with some relatives living in the country was so all absorbing that she forgot her husband almost entirely. At least that was the opinion of those who still occasionally observed the strange couple. After a few years the count became so completely part and parcel of the coach-house that, as much as it was in him to do so, he took the greatest interest in all that happened there.

Today was a great day, for the postmaster had decided to buy a new conveyance. To be sure, it was not a coach, but a black-varnished hearse that occupied the place of honor. But it was just what had been needed in the little town, and the postmaster expected to do a good business with it. His pipe in his mouth, his hands in his pockets, he stood benignly smiling in front of his new acquisition. Near him stood his friends. For in this little town even the purchase of a hearse was a pleasant occurrence. There was the responsible editor, publisher, and printer of the weekly paper, who mentally wrote an article on this "attainment of modern times"; there was an elderly doctor, who also seemed to rejoice in the more rapid removal of his patients to the graveyard; and there was, in his dark corner of course, the count. His eyes were riveted with devout delight upon the coal-black vehicle which spread such penetrating odors of varnish.

The postmaster slapped his shoulder good-naturedly and said: "Well, count, when I send this to call for your wife you won't say to Chris, 'Do you know if I may go along?'"

The others laughed, but the count looked uncertainly at the speaker. It always took him a long while to grasp the simplest joke, and the one just uttered was entirely beyond his comprehension. "I wonder if I may ever go in this beautiful carriage," he said timidly.

"Well, of course," responded the postmaster, and "Most assuredly," proclaimed the doctor.

The count sat down again on his little bench, his eyes shining with joy. The others looked at one another derisively, all but Chris, who stood a little to one side and did not laugh. He knew his friend through and through; he knew that the count's happiness was due

to the fact only that for the first time in his life his request was granted.

During the following months the count showed little interest in the coaches. He was solely occupied with the excursions of the hearse. Chris, who had charge of this conveyance, had to report to him minutely whom he had carried in it. It happened to be a period of sickness, and the postmaster did a fine business. Orders came from the surrounding country, from manors and villages, and Chris was very busy. Being a man of few words, he made his account as short as possible: where he had been, and whom he had taken, and the count listened attentively. In conclusion he asked regularly, "Surely I may be taken in it also?" a question which was just as regularly answered by a prompt "Yes" by both Chris and his master. And because it came with such frequent recurrence, and grew ridiculous with them in spite of their good nature, they jokingly named the bearse "the count's carriage."

The following spring brought a few cold days, during which the physicians had much work to do. One rainy morning, when the postmaster stood in his door, the owner and printer of the weekly paper came by. He carried a package under his arm and looked exceedingly pleased. "I had to print no less than two hundred death notices," he said to the postmaster, who after having continued to smoke awhile asked sleepily:

"Whose turn is it now?"

"Why, don't you know? The old count, who was in the habit of sitting around here with you and Chris, died yesterday. 'Suddenly and unexpectedly,' it says in the announcement, and the 'deeply afflicted widow' has signed it. You want one?"

The postmaster had removed the pipe from his mouth and looked fixedly up into the gray sky. "No," he said, and turned quickly.

Chris was hosing the carriages in the shed when his master approached him. "Chris," he said, "our old count is dead." The man ceased working abruptly. "Oh, master!" he cried. Involuntarily he pulled off his cap and stared into the dark corner where his friend was wont to sit. The postmaster, too, turned his eyes in that direction and neither spoke.

An hour later the postmaster stood in front of the "deeply afflicted widow," arrayed in his best black suit. Wrapped in robes of mourning, she sat in a room filled with old bric-à-brac and paintings, and glanced icily at the intruder. "Your wish, sir?" she asked, drawing her spare body up to its full height.

The postmaster, however, knew no fear. "I merely came for instructions with regard to the funeral. My new hearse will be here promptly, and I myself shall drive it. Ordinarily I don't do it, but in this case I purpose to do so, and as I don't like to rob Chris of the pleasure, he is to sit with me on the box—as footman!"

The countess had slowly risen. "My cousin, Baron Schlieffen, will attend to the obsequies of my never-to-be-forgotten consort," she said haughtily. "I thank you for your offer, postmaster; however, a carriage is to come from the baron's country-seat which will convey the mortal remains of the count to the hereditary vault. So you need not trouble yourself." She waved her hand to dismiss him.

The postmaster did not stir. "Chris was right; he said to me, 'You mark my word, when our old count is dead he won't be permitted to ride in our hearse: no matter what he wished for all his life long he was never allowed to have it.' Thus says my Chris, and I see that he sized you up correctly. As for the family vault, it's all the same to me. For aught I care, he may be put into such an old musty chapel—for when a man is dead it's all the same to him where he is laid. Still, if I were you, countess, I should put him here in the churchyard among all the other people. There the sun is shining and the birds are singing, and Chris and I shall be there also some day. And I firmly believe that during his earthly life he liked better than anything else to be with us in the coach-house. However, as I mentioned before, if you have a place for him in such an old vault, I have nothing to say in the matter; but Chris and I are going to take him there, no matter how far it is, for we have promised too often, too often, and we can't do otherwise. If you raise objections, countess, I shall see what can be done about the bills for all your many drives which you never once paid for, pretending, in your high and mighty way, that that is as it ought to be. Baron Schlieffer I know also; he knows better than to pay your debts; he prefers putting money into his own pocket rather than into other people's. And now, this afternoon I expect you to let me know!"

The countess lay unconscious for a while after this speech. She came to, however, and the postmaster and Chris had their way. They were not only permitted to convey the count to his last resting-place, but this latter was after all decided to be in the churchyard of the little town. The fact was that only space for one relative was left in the Schlieffen's mausoleum and the countess decided to keep that place for herself rather, and to leave her husband in the mixed company in which he had felt so much at home during the last years of his life.

So it has come to pass that the same birds sing around the count's and Chris's graves. They are close to one another and much overgrown, for the postmaster, who cared for both, has also passed beyond, into the land where even a count may do as he likes.—*Translated from the German of Ch. Niese, for the Argonaut, by Miss J. Martens.*

JUDGE MOORE'S OLYMPIA.

How the "Rockmarge" Won the Coaching Marathon in London.

Were England a republic and a presidential election imminent, the ideal candidate of the hour would be, not any mere politician such as Lloyd George or Arthur Balfour, but William H. Moore of New York. He has ridden and driven his way into the heart of the English crowd.

That, for all the ponderous motor 'busses and dashing taxicabs and resplendent automobiles which throng the streets of London, the sons and daughters of John Bull have not lost their love for horseflesh has been proved daily for a week past by the vast and enthusiastic crowds gathered at Olympia to witness the multifarious events of the International Horse Show. Never has that equine festival attracted so many competitors or offered a richer list of prizes. The entries totaled 5500, and the prize-money has swelled to over thirteen thousand pounds, both figures being in excess of any previous record. Never before, too, have so many nationalities been represented in the spacious arena. France and Germany, Russia and Belgium, America and Canada, Norway and Sweden, Italy and Holland—the list indeed, sums up the world's geography.

And the setting of the show was worthy of the occasion. The vast spaces of Olympia lend themselves to broad decorative effects, which, however, have never been more tellingly utilized than by this year's scheme of Tudor architecture. That section of the ring where the competitors enter was transformed into a picturesque Tudor village with a quaint coaching inn and antique signboard all complete; at the opposite side stood an Elizabethan cottage and other half-timbered houses, each with their latticed windows and old-world gardens. The Tudor style was repeated in many of the stables, notably in "Ye Olde Stable" for J. H. Dunn's horses, the stalls of which were of black oak and the gateway of whitewashed plaster.

Whether under the streaming sunshine of the daytime or the refulgent artificial light of the evening sessions, the scene was one of rare animation and color. Perhaps the effect was most striking when the illumination was that which came from the sixty arc lights in the roof, each encompassed with a latticed hexagonal shade after the maner of an old English lamp in Tudor days. That added the last consistent touch to the picture, giving a setting in which any horseman might be proud to achieve victory.

And the chief victor of this year's Olympia has been Judge Moore. He was already a strong favorite with the annual Olympians; today he is Cæsar without a rival. It is not merely that he takes every pains to stock his stables with a splendid array of show animals; that he matches his teams with rare judgment; that his vehicles are faultlessly appointed; but that he himself is the life and soul of all his bids for success. Unlike the hulk of other wealthy horse-lovers, who employ professional coachmen to handle their teams before the critics, Judge Moore is sufficient of a democrat to enter the ring himself and put his animals through their paces.

No wonder, then, he was a first favorite for the chief event of the show—the coaching Marathon from Hampton Court to the arena at Olympia. That contest is a genuine test of horsemanship; it calls upon the competitors to show how far they are capable of piloting an actual four-in-hand coach over a long stage of a trying run. The distance is full eleven miles, and the route is in many stretches a ticklish one to manipulate. The streets are often narrow, there are treacherous and curving bends to negotiate, steepish ascents are not infrequent, and, to cap all, in addition to the ordinary traffic of the roads, the coachmen have to thread their way with care through dense crowds of onlookers at many points.

Twelve coaches entered for the contest, Judge Moore having a rival fellow-countryman in Alfred G. Vanderbilt in addition to several other formidable competitors. In the drawing for starting position Judge Moore got fifth place, and consequently four coaches were ahead of him when, with an impassive look that seemed accentuated by the copious yellow bouquet in his buttonhole, he gathered up the reins of his team and set off in pursuit. He drove his "Rockmarge" coach, so entitled, of course, from the name of his American home on the verge of the Atlantic. On the box-seat he had for companion E. T. Stotesbury, of the firm of Pierpont Morgan, while other favored passengers included Robert A. Fairbairn, of Westfield, New Jersey, and Walter D. Denègre, of New Orleans. For his team he relied upon three bays and a gray ignoring the nonmatching of color for the more important matter of matching in pace. The team was perfectly bitted and coupled, for the animals dropped into a splendid stride at the start, swinging down the famous chestnut avenue of Bushey Park in superb style.

Two or three miles on Judge Moore had the satisfaction of passing one of his rivals; a little later the second was overtaken, and long ere his goal was near he had worn down the others and held the lead for Olympia.

In Olympia itself a vast crowd awaited the Marathon drivers. Every ticket had been sold early in the day; all the encircling tiers of seats were packed to their utmost capacity. That there might be no spoiling of the effect at the arrival of the coaches, the programme of events for the afternoon was exceedingly light, and at twenty minutes past three the vast area was cleared and the iron-studded doors thrown open for the first-comers. Seven minutes later the hum of conversation was broken upon by the cheery notes of a coach-horn, and in another moment Judge Moore's noble team trotted briskly through the archway to the accompaniment of a superb ovation. The bays and the gray had covered the eleven full miles in forty-four minutes, had "made it hot" for all their rivals, and, while showing no signs of distress, had won for their now smiling owner the blue ribbon of Olympia.

No incident of the entire show was so spectacular or exciting as the victory of "the judge"; none, certainly, was so popular. But there have been episodes of lighter interest. The Russian turnouts were responsible for much wonder and some merriment. The droshky is so unfamiliar to cockney eyes that its appearance was regarded as one of the jokes of the festival, while the Russian coachman in his national garb—an inflated, padded costume which would qualify the wearer to act Falstaff without any further preparation—was as welcome as the clown in the circus. An unrehearsed comic interlude was provided by the horse of a British officer, which stuck fast in the entrance to the ring and refused to budge further even when the doors were closed on its haunches. When he did deign to move, it was not in obedience to his rider's touch, but in fulfillment of a secret desire to stalk the policeman on duty, whom he chased among the bushes and flowerbeds of the Tudor gardens.

But the session of sessions for fun was "Donkey Night." Some sixty costers of the East End entered for that event, driving their barrows in state and each having his "donah" for proud companion in the procession. But the donkeys, as usual, declined to conform to human desires. When they were required to trot, they crawled at snail pace; when walking would have been in order, they broke into jerky gallops. And by and by they fell so much at odds that they became wedged into a solid mass in the arena, to the unrestrained merriment of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Alfred Vanderbilt, who had undertaken the heavy task of making the awards. Much pushing and shoving and coaxing brought order out of chaos at last, but when the official coach-guard of the ring blew a "hee-haw" blast on his born as token that the competition was over, most of the "mokes" regarded the sound as another challenge and burst into a chorus of deafening brays. Yet even that volume of sound could not compete with the cheers which saluted the Marathon victory of Judge Moore.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

London, June 20, 1911.

Kauri gum, that curious fossil production of New Zealand, is becoming scarce. It is used in making varnish, and lower grades in the manufacture of lineoleum. The gum, which is the solidified turpentine of the kauri tree, mostly fossilized, is all obtained from the peninsula north of the city of Auckland, and it varies widely in quality in different districts, the best gum being found in the more elevated country, while the lowest grades are obtained largely from swamps. Some gum is even found on the beach under salt water. All of the peninsula north of Auckland is volcanic in its character, and it is probable that various eruptions are responsible for the destruction and burial of ancient forests from which most of the gum is now obtainable, they being embedded in land, some hilly and much of it swampy. The ground has been roughly dug up wherever gum was suspected to exist, and the thin layer of top soil largely buried under earth excavated from the holes. There are stretches of gum land many thousands of acres in extent where almost every vestige of soil has disappeared and there is nothing left but bare white pipe clay. Forests of kauri are still standing, but are being rapidly depleted. Gum is obtainable from standing timber by bleeding it of the resin, but it is illegal to obtain it in this way, unless the timber is just about to be felled. Moreover, while gum obtained from bleeding the trees is in appearance much like well-scraped good fossilized gum obtained by digging underground from the sites of ancient forests, yet this fresh gum contains certain chemical ingredients that make it less desirable for use. In the fossil state kauri gum occurs in larger or smaller lumps, from the size of a walnut up to that of a man's head, while some extraordinarily large pieces have been found, weighing upward of 100 pounds. When scraped the best specimens are of a rich brown color, varying greatly in depth of tint. Sometimes translucent, or even transparent, specimens are found with leaves, seeds, or small insects inclosed. Transparent or semi-transparent specimens are often used as a substitute for amber in the manufacture of mouthpieces for cigar holders and pipes.

Expelled from Ohio Wesleyan University forty-one years ago for refusing to disclose the name of a friend involved in a prank, DeWitt Clinton Jones was recently granted his degree by the college. As a further indication of its past narrowness, the university has granted degrees to five men of the class of 1886, who were expelled for going to the theatre.

In accordance with a special act of the legislature of North Carolina eighty-eight veterans of the Civil War recently received the degree of Bachelor of Art at Durham. When the war broke out they left school to serve their flag.

A TOUR IN THE BALKANS.

Roy Trevor Describes an Automobile Journey Through Eastern Europe.

Perhaps it is not strange that comparatively so few tourists feel themselves attracted by the far east of Europe. Mr. Roy Trevor, who has just issued a bulky record of his second journey, tells us that on his first visit he and his wife were caught by the declaration of annexation by Austria of Bosnia and Herzegovina. As the district flew at once to arms, they were compelled to travel 500 miles in four days by automobile, and perhaps it is the same proneness to fly to arms on the part of the Balkan populations that deters the less venturesome of travelers from an exploration of what is certainly a most fascinating district and a district wherein the ancient world is still so richly to be found. But Mr. Trevor was undeterred by his former experiences. He has returned to the country, traversed it leisurely by automobile, and the present substantial work is the result. He visited Bosnia and Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, and Montenegro, and he gives us their history and describes their present conditions with a vivid imagery and a wealth of graphic detail beyond praise. Well-nigh every one of his 461 pages contains some incident or piece of descriptive writing worth quoting, for the author's eye for the picturesque, for tragedy, and for humor is unfailing. For example, who ever heard of the little church near Jajce—surely the only church of its kind where Mussulman and Christian flock to have their diseases cured by the intercession of St. John:

I met an Austrian officer upon our last tour who told me strange tales of this little church, where he was lucky enough to witness a special "throwing out of devils" that took place upon St. John's day some years ago. The chapel was filled to overflowing with Moslems and Christians, men and women, who rolled upon the ground gnashing their teeth, tearing their hair, and rending their clothes. Two white-robed Christian priests walked amongst them, exhorting, preaching, and praying, working the seething mass into a state of wild hysteria. Many went temporarily mad, and their murderous instincts had to be restrained, while women sat crushed in corners wailing dismally. When the excitement had reached its highest pitch one of the priests produced a great crucifix, which he commanded all present to kiss irrespective of religion. It is incredible what a change was wrought by this act: directly some half-mad fanatic had saluted the emblem he or she became at once quiet; but one Moslem, a great-boned fellow, refused to allow the crucifix to approach his face. Four men seized the poor wretch, who was frothing at the mouth, and whose eyes, blood-red, were staring out of his head, and held him, screaming and struggling, while the priest forced the crucifix to his lips. Strange to say, directly it touched him the man became quiet and was instantly released. The officer said it was one of the most curious incidents he had ever witnessed, and that he felt rather glad when it was over, for the sight was not only revolting, but at times positively uncanny.

Evidently St. John is a specialist in the casting out of devils, and we can only deplore that the whole population of the Balkans does not seek his ministrations. There must be many devils in that country.

Religion is all pervasive in the Balkans. Even the simplest custom marks in some way the division of faith. No Moslem will eat pork or veal. Consequently the Christians will eat nothing else. Here is a restaurant incident at Jajce:

"It's à la carte only," I said, as a menu was handed to me. "But I see nothing but veal and pork marked here. Have you no beef?" I questioned, in an aggrieved tone. Had I asked the waiter to seize, trim, and cook a small child upon the spot he could not have regarded me with more horror.

"You ask—you ask for what?" he faltered.

"A mutton chop, steak, shoulder, leg, lamb, ribs, or sweetbread," Ken interrupted, his deep voice swelling forth the German equivalents like a miniature cannonade.

I am still doubtful whether that speech did not cost us the respect instilled by Mercedes. To say the waiter was shocked would be to describe his feelings too mildly; he was distressed to his very marrow, and for a moment could only gasp faintly. With a noble effort he recovered himself, and swallowing the lump in his throat managed to ejaculate, "Did the Herr ask for beef or mutton?"

"The Herr is in a fit state to devour either, or both," Ken took up. "Why not?"

"But the Herren and the Frauen must not touch beef or mutton," the waiter broke in, horror depicted upon every line of his face. "Only the Moslems, the people of no degree, eat such dirt; but pork or veal is eaten by those of quality," and he leant against the table to recover from the shock.

Simultaneously we burst out laughing. Sheila and Dorothy had been observing Ken's hungry glances till they could bear it no longer; the absurdity of the thing had struck us all, the tender young lamb only fit for dogs, according to the waiter; the greasy chunks of veal and pork set before the other guests alone fit for the upper ten!

"Perhaps," Sheila wisely interrupted, "a chicken might be permitted, or some fish from the river."

At Jajce is the monument erected to twenty-eight Christian strangers who were instantly massacred, presumably on general principles, when in 1878 the news arrived that the Austrians were about to march into Bosnia. And there are catacombs where reprehensible things seem to have happened, and may again:

Gradually we see we are in a kind of combined early Christian chapel and mediæval torture chamber. At the farther end stands a rough altar, hewn, like the hole place, out of the living rock; here and there are long narrow niches in the walls of graves not unlike those in the Catacombs outside Rome: against the rock stand altar-shaped stones, and cut in the wall are several stone ledges about two feet above the floor. These were used for criminals, and our guide detailed with much gusto how a prisoner's hand used to be thrust through a small circular hole in the rock just beside the seat and a heavy object fastened to it; he then points to the vaulted roof and again to the seat, and we hear a loud splash and perceive that there is a cup-like hole in the seat filled with water. This is the torture of "death by water," which falls in slow regular drops—drip, drip—on to the prisoner's head, soon driving the poor wretch into merciful insanity. Listening to the excited whisperings of our guide, we were able to appreciate his remarks, especially as he extinguished the torches at the critical moment, and we listened in darkness to the slow splash—drip—splash of water on to stone.

At Sarajevo a visit was paid to the market place, and we are introduced to a certain democratic characteristic of the Turk that will be new to most people and which illustrates one of the many ways in which we are inferior to the said Turk:

The front is open, and inside you may see a Moslem, seated cross-legged, and surrounded by the implements of his trade, working with feverish energy. Sometimes they are divided into four tiny compartments, not unlike packing-cases; in one you will find a shoemaker literally buried in shoes, another makes pots from clay, another is beating metal, and a fourth busily engaged in weaving garters, using his bare feet as a loom. Imagine a British shopkeeper working in a shop three feet square, contented and happy, and considering one shilling to be excellent pay for twelve hours of continuous labor!

As we gaze in wonder at the industrious workers it is hard to realize that each dusky, be-turbaned figure is in all probability a wealthy individual. The Moslem may be a workman during the day, but once the sun has set he is transformed into a Mahommedan equivalent to a country gentleman.

He shuts up his shop at sunset and, lighting a cigarette, passes solemnly, and with much dignity, out of the bazaar to his estate upon the surrounding hills. His little wooden flat-roofed house is surrounded by a cool courtyard enclosed with wicker walls, its windows are latticed so that his wife may enjoy the air unseen; upon entering the wide doorway he becomes lord of all he surveys.

Though employed all day upon what one might call menial labor, he regards himself as a useful servant of Allah, and thereby never loses his natural dignity. It is a lesson that we Christians might well take to heart.

The status of women seems to vary considerably in the different parts of eastern Europe, but the Mohammedan woman of Bosnia seems to be a model for her kind, and so one more superstition of Christendom disappears before the facts:

The Mahommedan woman is generally believed, by Europe, to be a mindless, soulless slave, who exists only for her lord's pleasure, and who is at best but little removed from an animal. This is by no means the case in Bosnia. Polygamy is almost unknown; though the woman is practically cut off from the outside world, she nevertheless leads a happy existence; her whole life is wrapped up in her home; she devotes every minute she can spare from her housework to her children, who are, to her, "gifts from Allah." She is a healthy-minded creature, free from sickness; she knows no attractions other than her home; she delights in needlework, in embroidery; her world, in fact, is her husband, and her one desire is to make him happy, to bring peace and joy into his life. "The honest women are obedient, careful in the absence of their husbands for that God preserved them, by committing them to the care and protection of men," says the Koran. Unfaithfulness is unheard of, indeed such a thing evokes a universal horror, and the guilty participants are cast out forever by the relatives and friends.

A Serbish friend of ours, who spoke Bosniac at our request, asked one of the small maidens, in pretty baggy trousers of colored print, with dyed red hair, and holding a colored shawl over her head, if she could read or write. "No, no," she lisped, rather indignantly. "I am a Turkish girl." This illustrates best the ideas of the Moslem: the women, though honored and cared for, have not the slightest education, a few words of the Koran being considered all sufficient; indeed, anything further would not be looked upon as quite the thing. The Moslem woman is first a mother, and secondly a housewife; she seldom even sees her future husband before marriage, which state she often enters upon before she is thirteen. She makes herself indispensable in her home, has no outside attractions or interests, is wrapped up entirely in her family; and they say that the Moslem home-life in Bosnia is purer and more genuine today than in many a Christian land.

In the Balkans a frontier is a frontier, and it has grim significances not to be found elsewhere. The nationalities watch each other like wild beasts, and a rifle bullet may be the instant reward of an indiscretion:

A peaceful green valley lay at our feet some 2300 feet below, and down to it the road crawled through quiet pastures. We were now within sixteen miles of where we calculated Prihoj should be, and once in the valley we made better progress, the road improving somewhat. Where the road first comes into view of the boundary river we reach an interesting spot, interesting mostly from a geographical rather than a picturesque standpoint, for here, separated only by a narrow stream, Serbia, Turkey, and Bosnia meet. One can almost throw a stone on to the other bank, and can see the lonely patrols riding upon either shore. On horseback they trot along, with loaded rifle carelessly resting in the bend of the left arm, keeping a sharp lookout for any one foolish enough to try and slip unnoticed across the stream. Upon the Moslem shore the vigilance is equally keen, and Turks in dark green uniforms and smart fezzes, gun and heavy cartridge belts are no less watchful.

At Jablanitza we are introduced to another local peculiarity, surely unique. The women, although Mahommedan, do not wear veils. The people were originally Bogomiles, a peculiar form of Christianity, but they were so horribly persecuted by the Catholics that they became Mahommedans, but they have never compelled their women to veil:

In 1868, during the awful atrocities perpetrated by Christian and Moslem alike, Jablanitza and its surroundings were to all intents and purposes cut off from communication with the outside world. No Turkish official or troop dare enter the Narenta defile, for every peasant who dwelt within this somber region was filled with an inherent hatred that resented the rule of the Osmanli with a fierceness bequeathed by their Bogomile forefathers. Terrible tales are told of unlucky Moslem patrols that had ventured to follow the eddying stream and had never returned: sometimes the angry waters tossed back a distorted corpse, slashed and mutilated beyond recognition, that bore a fearful message of the horrors enacted by the "devil's children," as they were styled.

Near Mostar is a mediæval castle and with the usual kind of record that attaches to such structures. Near by is the River Buna, which emerges from some underground cavern. The peasants say that corpses used frequently to appear in this river, having been hurled into some stream twenty miles away:

There is a legend connected with this spot that is typical of the Herzegovina: it is to the effect that once an ancient inhabitant of Blaga was astounded to see a walking-staff suddenly appear in the Buna, and still more astonished to recognize it as belonging to his son, who was a shepherd somewhere upon the other side of the mountains. The old man, with commendable foresight, sent for his son and instructed him to kill a sheep and throw its body into the river he had lost his staff in. This was done, and lo! the wise father gleefully recovered a dead sheep from the Buna. Day by day the same thing occurred, and the old gentleman waxed joyful over the success of his strategy. But his joy was of short duration; the owner of the sheep, finding his flock diminishing at an alarming rate, and feeling that it was time for himself to take a hand in the game, soon discovered the artifice, with the result that next day the old father, waiting expectantly for a dead sheep to appear, was terrified by the sudden appearance instead of the decapitated body of his own son, the shepherd. I believe he died straightway. This is but one of the many strange legends told by the folk of this "the accursed" spot.

Leaving Trebinge, the travelers entered Montenegro and found themselves at once reminded of the ferocious struggle between the Montenegrans and the Turks. The author quotes Mr. Stillman, who passed over the road a few days after the great fight and found the road still red with blood. Mr. Stillman says:

The number of Turkish dead left on the road, according to the tale of the noses brought to Peko, was 250. . . . The wind, which was very light, blew from us, and we could see every flash of the rifles on our side of the slope and on the ridge. . . . The fire of the garrison was incessant; but as both parties were fighting from cover we could not distinguish individuals. . . . The line of assault had moved up to the lower breastwork, and there was a hand-to-hand fight across it, and then the fire of the assailants and defenders could be distinguished again. Here was killed one of the bravest of the brave, Maxime Bacevics, shot through the breast. . . . One man came along walking slowly but alone, with both hands cut across the back, a gash in the neck, and a ball through the thigh, just clearing the hip joint. He showed us, with a grim satisfaction, the nose of the Turk who had given him the cuts, as did several others of the wounded. . . . Peko was still on the battlefield. . . . The firing ceased at sunset, and the body of Maxime was brought in before dark, amid general and evidently heartfelt lamentations. His own men wept like children. . . . "A thousand Turks dead would not pay us for Maxime," was the wail, and old Peko and his men swore a bloody vengeance on the morrow.

The Turkish woman under Mahommedan rule seems to be much better off and to enjoy a higher status than the Montenegran woman under Christian rules. The woman in Montenegro is little more than a beast of burden, although her lot is gradually improving, thanks to the influence of the king:

We see, then, from time immemorable the inferior position held by the women; today it is often used almost as a term of reproach, a man who, for punishment, has been deprived of his weapons being called by his comrades a "woman." I know of a case where a merchant of Montenegro, a personal friend of the king, and who often dines at the royal table, is the possessor of a wife whose occupation would be grumbled at by a charwoman at home, and who lives only at her lord's will, so to speak. Before marriage the girls are permitted to wear a little round cap, similar to the men, only without the prince's initials, "H. I.," surrounded by the five golden circles; after marriage a black handkerchief is worn draped from the hair on to the shoulders. It is curious to watch a group of young girls; their faces might be cast from the same mould, so alike are they, feature for feature.

The visitor to Montenegro generally works up a great indignation at the treatment of women in the land, but there is a fact that is known to few and one I have never heard boasted of. It is that during the fierce wars between the Montenegrans and the Turks, when many of the Christian inhabitants of the Herzegovina were wont to seek shelter in Montenegro, there are instances of Turkish women actually seeking and finding protection and nourishment among the brave Montenegrans, while their own fathers and brothers were fighting their hosts. Imagine, if you can, what this means. We have but to remember the Bulgarian horrors or the Armenian atrocities to understand the inherent difference between the two races.

King Nikolas has been a sort of lesser Providence to Montenegro. The author says that he knows every thrill that passes through the mind of his people. It is even said that he knows each of them by name, which, of course, is an exaggeration, but which goes to prove how dearly he loves his land and his "children":

Let us look at the state of Montenegro today. She has an excellent army, for which Russia is said to provide the "necessary"; it is a body of men splendidly trained and capable of maintaining the highest traditions of the land. Whereas ten years ago government officials received their pay six months or more behind time, it is now sent to them within fifty hours; schools are provided and, as I said, hospitals and even newspapers. King Nikolas does all in his power to foster the national feeling of patriotism, and insists that so long as his subjects retain their revolvers they shall be trained in their use, and that their weapons shall be spick and span and loaded in five chambers. It is no uncommon thing for the king to stop a man in the street and inspect his gun; should it not be perfect in every respect the unlucky owner has his immediate future gratuitously provided for. It is a great pity that the Montenegran has taken to carrying the effeminate and unwieldly umbrella. It is related how not so long ago the king came upon one of his subjects carrying one and that he broke it over the man's back; but the custom has become very common, though it is doubtful if a man could be found who would let one accompany him into his king's presence.

And here we must leave a very fascinating book, and with its charms not half exhausted. Mr. Trevor is indeed an ideal traveler and with a fine sense of discrimination. There is not a tiresome page in his book nor a paragraph that we wish to skip.

My Balkan Tour. By Roy Trevor. With a photogravure frontispiece, a map, and 104 other illustrations. New York: John Lane Company; $4.50.

Buying up all the money in a country and shinping it across seas to be smelted is the feat now under accomplishment by a syndicate of Americans, who have purchased all the discarded Korean currency, amounting to 22,000 tons. When Japan annexed Korea the Japanese government decided to replace Korean money with Japanese coin. The 22,000 tons includes all the money Korea formerly had. As fast as it arrives in this country the money will be taken to smelting mills, at Chrome, New Jersey, and melted up. The various metals extracted from the coins will be remolded into bars and sold in commerce. Considerable copper and silver will be taken from the coins, which are mostly alloys of these metals.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Humbler Poets.

The title is an unfortunate one for such a collection of verse as this. Almost any book title is unfortunate that needs an elaborate introductory explanation, and in this case there are half a dozen preferable titles that occur at once to the mind. But the title is not the only fault. The volume contains nearly six hundred selections, but a hasty examination of the contents—there is no index of authors, a large omission—fails to disclose such names as McKinsey, Charles Wharton Stork, or George Sterling. Perhaps these gentlemen are not humble enough. There are other names, too, that we fail to find. But the inclusions are as startling as the omissions. Probably Tennyson and Kipling would have no objection to be found in such intelligent company, but why not Shakespeare, Byron, Homer, and Milton. The classification, too, is another banality. Fifteen selections appear under "The World Singers," a title nebulous enough to embrace them all. "Under God's Heavens" is fairly comprehensive, and it might have been merged in "Between Dark and Daylight." But what shall we say to such classifications as "The Gentler Emotions," "Drawing-Room and Boudoir," "Man's Brotherhood," "Encouragement, Sister of Hope," and "In the Midst of Life." The poets may tolerate the title of the book, but they may well pray to be spared the classifications.

Fortunately the editors can not tamper with the verse itself—at least it is to be hoped not—and so we shall value a very large collection of verse with much that is exquisite and memorable. This will compensate for errors of omission and commission for which the poets themselves are not to blame.

The Humbler Poets. By Wallace and Frances Rice. Chicago and San Francisco: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.50.

The Unknown Lady.

Kipling once wrote a love story in which the characters first met in dream, a dream that became a sort of sentimental obsession. It is a fine theme, but it needs a master hand who can create atmosphere as well as character. Mr. Forman has created character and a particularly clever weaving of incident and brilliant dialogue. And yet the story seems to lack an appropriate atmosphere and to suffer for it.

His hero is a young artist who as a child had one of those invisible girl playmates that sometimes figure in experimental psychology. As he grows up he learns the value of reticence, but the vision also grows up and the face of his dream becomes a kind of obsession that forces him to a life search for the original and that blinds him to the more material seductions that need no search. At last he finds the lady of his abiding vision, and here Mr. Forman's felicity of treatment seems to desert him. Until now he has been pathetic, dainty, and brilliant in turn, or all together, and we can only deplore a sudden and unnecessary descent into the morbid and the unwholesome.

But the story does not depend wholly upon its plot. The character drawing is always well and vividly done. The picture of student life in Paris is nearly as good as Du Maurier's and there is always a vivacity and a vitality that compensate us for the one grievous and unaccountable lapse already referred to. On the whole "The Unknown Lady" must be counted among the successful novels.

The Unknown Lady. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Sovereign Power.

The combination of the "Zenda" story and the aeroplane was sure to come, and here it is. We have the East European prince deprived of his heritage by the unspeakable Turk and who proposes to dazzle his feudal followers by a descent from the air like one of the fabled gods. Of course the diplomats of Europe are hot on the trail of Prince Rodoslav and fearful lest he shall disturb the balance of power, and so he throws them off the scent by persuading a rich and beautiful American girl to act the part of his fiancée. Who will suspect that a prince who is obviously amusing himself with aeroplanes and philandering with a young woman is at the same time maturing a desperate plan to wrench his patrimony from the slavering jaws of the Turk? Certainly no one would.

The story is readable enough, but it has the defect common enough to this kind of story. The author selects his idea—and it is quite a good one—but he pursues it recklessly and without the smallest regard for probabilities or even possibilities.

The Sovereign Power. By Mark Lee Luther. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.30.

Success in Literature.

The authors of this volume make no pretense to indicate a royal road to success in literature. Their aim is the more modest one of collecting such counsels of writers of renown as may be serviceable to men of letters. Their book is not for the beginner, although the beginner also may benefit from it, especially if he be persuaded thereby not to begin at all. It is indeed to the authors' credit that they magnify rather than minimize the difficulties that lie in front of the literary aspirant and that their stress is laid upon the gravity of the task, its toil, and its responsibility rather than upon its pleasures and its rewards. How many less books there would be if writers would ask themselves seriously as to the importance of their message and their ability to deliver it successfully and acceptably.

This volume contains ten chapters apportioned among the essentials of the literary craft. They are all pleasantly written and from a wealth of collected facts that speaks creditably of the authors' industry. The chapters on Equipment, Reading, and Style seem particularly good. In the last of these there is a warning to authors not to overrate the intelligence of their readers, an error commonly made "by the authors of all classes." The average standard of attainment, we are told, is only of the most modest description. Much that an educated man supposes to be known by every one is known only to a very few, while words that are not quite common and sentences that are not of the simplest kind are a puzzle to the vast majority of ordinary readers.

Success in Literature. By William Morris Colles and Henry Creswell. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25.

The King's Customs.

Just at the present time it must be a little difficult to write a history of the British custom-house without showing a tendency toward or away from free trade. But Messrs. Atton & Holland have been fairly successful in confining themselves to history, although here and there they show the cloven hoof of party, as in the implied doubt that free trade is "completely suited" to the needs of a nation. But they have no regret for the corn laws, and they frankly admit the popular misery that existed during their imposition.

The work is in two volumes. The first pictures a protected England when "the consumer was in a way at the mercy of the producer, the laborer defenseless against the employer. The consumer's only remedy lay in smuggling, the laborer's in riot. Almost every article of import was dutiable."

In the second volume we have a sketch of the gradual change toward free trade. We see the gradual crumbling away of the old system under the weight of crime incidental to its application and under the fierce assault of its enemies. Labor unionism came into being and labor unionism in England has always been an aggressive and often a valuable participant in imperial politics of all kinds. The labor leaders were unanimously free trade. All these forces are portrayed by the authors with considerable skill. They show us the incredibly intricate machinery and the vast expenditures needed to collect the import taxes. And they show us also the network of crime created and which ranged from the desperate deeds of the smuggler to the subtle forms of corruption that filtered upward to the highest places. The authors do not seem to be entirely free trade in their convictions, but they have described a situation in a way that can hardly tempt to its reproduction.

The King's Customs. By Henry Atton and Henry Hurst Holland. Imported by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; $3.50.

The Patrician.

Mr. Galsworthy is always readable when he deals with aristocratic life in England. Himself an aristocrat, he is independent of the Court Guide or of the ubiquitous society column which paints the doings of "high life" for the curious in such things. Mr. Galsworthy writes from the inside.

The plot of his latest novel hardly counts. In fact there is no plot to speak of. Evidently he intends to show the inner meaning and significance of English caste, and he seems to arraign it, not so much because it is bad for the nation as for the individual, because it places a boundary upon human passions not intended to be bounded and separates classes of men otherwise identical in culture, wealth, and character.

"The Patrician" concerns itself with the family of Lord Valleys, who is a member of the government and with blood of an almost unimaginable blueness. But two of his children show a disposition to stray from the social flock. Lord Miltourn is prone to curious ideas of the modern type and at last falls in love with a lady of irreproachable culture and character, but who is living apart from her unbearable husband and who, socially, is somewhat beyond the shadowy pale. And his daughter, Lady Barbara, is nearly as bad. She allows herself to fall in love with a man who is a gentleman and a distinguished traveler, but who, once more, is just a little on the wrong side of the salt. There is no reason why these affairs should not have a happy issue, but they do not. The impalpable but irresistible influences of caste gather around them, a sort of misty fate, rigid and inexorable.

But it must not be supposed that Lord Valleys and his people are arrogant or insolent. Their bearing to Barbara's lover, to Miltourn's lady, in fact to every one who happens to be on the other side of the fence, is exquisite. There is no assumption of superiority. There is even an admission of intellectual or æsthetic inferiority. Their caste is simply a fact in nature like red hair, and as such insurmountable. Mr. Galsworthy gives us a fine and a faultless picture, and he paints it like the artist that he is.

The Patrician. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

War and Peace.

The little volume by G. H. Perris entitled "A Short History of War and Peace" appears in the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, already numbering ten volumes, with many others ready for immediate issue.

Mr. Perris has chosen a large title and one that seems to cover all human history. His object, however, is not so much to enumerate facts as to trace the changes in human nature and in human development which have produced wars in the past and a world-wide organization of war, and that may produce peace in the future and a calculated organization of peace. Without venturing on the domain of prediction he seems to think that civilization has now reached a moment of choice. The birth rate, which he believes to be governed by militarism, is now stationary in many countries and will soon be stationary in all. Geographical expansion has reached its limit, while war itself has become so mechanically destructive as almost to dispense with human skill and to be at the point of a breakdown by its own weight. Coincident with these phenomena we see an organization for peace already appearing not only in the form of arbitration movements, but also in the growing unity of international finance, commerce, and labor. As migrations and the occupation of virgin lands become more difficult, so commerce gradually becomes supreme, and commerce can not flourish except in an assured peace. War itself is already on the wane, and has been for a long time. The task of the twentieth century is to remove the fear of war which is engendered by armaments.

A Short History of War and Peace. By G. H. Perris. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents.

The Casement.

This story centres around the meeting in after life of a man and a woman who were almost engaged five years before. The man was poor and the girl bewildered, and so the man went his way and the girl married the rich suitor, and yet lived happily if somewhat contemptuously. Now the two men become partners, and the ensuing intimacies seem likely to breed trouble. And trouble would certainly have come but for the wife's younger sister, who effectively intervenes by taking honorably the position into which we fear the wife may dishonorably fall. The plot is not a startling one, but almost any plot will do if the telling be distinctive. And it is distinctive in this case. Mr. Swinnerton writes of nice people and he writes delicately and with that kind of restraint that multiplies force.

The Casement. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.20.

Briefer Reviews.

Mary Dale has written a little volume entitled "Thoughts for Flirts" (Hermann Lechner; 75 cents), which is not quite so silly as its title would suggest. But do flirts think?

"The Little Gingerbread Man," by G. H. P. (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is an attractive volume for small children both for its letterpress and the brightly colored illustrations by Robert Gaston Herbert.

From Mitchell Kennerley comes a four-act dramatic poem entitled "Dante," by Héloise Durant Rose. The scenes are laid in Florence, Verona, and Ravenna, and there are twenty-five characters. The author is a member of the Dante Society of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and her work is marked by felicity of expression and dramatic vigor. The price is $2.

Two new volumes in the Eclectic English Classics have been published by the American Book Company, New York. The first is Carlyle's "Essay on Burns," edited with an introduction and suggestions for study by Edwin L. Miller, A. M., and the second is "Washington's Farewell Address and Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration," with notes and suggestions for study by W. D. Lewis.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Prejudices.

Mr. Flandrau has written fourteen satisfactory little essays and compressed them into 264 pages. They are worth reading not only for their humor, but for a certain shrewd and direct vision into the smaller significances of life that our literature has a way of overlooking. For example, why does a man become an undertaker? Mr. Flandrau has inquired, and he finds that no one deliberately chooses that hilarious occupation, but that he drifts into it, as it were, through a careless choice of acquaintances and so finds himself an undertaker before he knows it. Then again Mr. Flandrau has some sensible things to say about children. Having none of his own, he is able to approach the subject impartially and judicially, and he wants to know why children are allowed to eat what they like, dress as they please, read whatever comes their way, and go to the matinée whenever opportunity presents itself. It says much for the assertive beauty of human nature that our children do somehow "muddle through" into decent human beings in spite of the insanity of their training. Take, for example, "The Merry Widow." The author has often visited Maxim's, "but I have never seen there anything so common, so indecent, so beastly as the sort of debauch that took place on the stage." And yet next to him was a girl of fourteen who thought it was "awfully good," having, of course, not the remotest idea of what it all meant. Why did her mother let her go? Why do all the mothers of these "dreadful. tiresome, trashy little creatures" allow them to do the things that they do?

There is another essay on the "Ann Veronica" of Mr. H. G. Wells. There, says the author, is a real novel with a real meaning. We can read Mrs. Ward, or Robert Chambers, or Richard Harding Davis, or Hamlin Garland and get no mental reaction. We watch them as we watch the lady at the vaudeville show who bops along an invisible wire on one leg. It is a difficult thing to do, and it is well done, but when the curtain falls we are ready for the performing seals or the ventriloquist. But Mr. Wells has a meaning that penetrates. He makes us understand the impassable gulf between a clever girl and her parents. They can not live in her age and she can not live in theirs, and so there is mutual exasperation and the perplexities of misunderstanding.

Mr. Flandrau has some good things to say about education, but he is not dogmatic. Let children be taught to love the beautiful things of life and to discriminate in favor of what is worth while. But all the technicalities of education be leaves willingly to the expert, and has done so ever since he read of the dead body that had been taken to the morgue. "All means of identification had been removed," said the report, "but the body was evidently that of a man of education."

PREJUDICES. By Charles Macomb Flandrau. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Down Our Street.

This is a sketch of life as it is to be found in the suburban streets of an English country town. It is rather a mean life, full of petty cares, social jealousies, bickerings, and scandals, just such a life as springs inevitably from a poverty that must be genteel at all costs and from a mental outlook that is pitifully bounded by all the material considerations that are of no importance. And yet what virtues grow in that unpromising soil. Mr. Buckrose is artist enough to emphasize the virtues, and he always knows the values of contrast. Perhaps this "provincial comedy" would be just as interesting if it were not put into the form of a novel, for the narrative, as such, makes but little impression. The heroine, Sophia, is rather a flaccid young woman and leaves but little impression, perhaps because of her name, which would handicap any heroine, but evidently the author knows what he is writing of and is drawing from memory rather than from imagination.

DOWN OUR STREET. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.35.

I Will Maintain.

Marjorie Bowen writes an historical novel that is not likely soon to be surpassed either in the interest of the narrative, the skillful force of the telling, or historical accuracy. As may be judged from the title her hero is the Prince of Orange. We see him as a pupil under John de Witt and we watch him through the long struggle that he wages for national independence up to the tremendous episode of the cutting of the dykes and the murder of the De Witts. It is a thoroughly well-told story wherein the results of an elaborate historical research are reinforced by marked literary power, a careful arrangement of climaxes, and a dramatic sense that never falters.

I WILL MAINTAIN. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

John Muir, whose new book "My First Summer in the Sierra" has just been published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, received the honorary degree of Litt. D. at Yale University a few days ago, in recognition of his distinguished work as author and naturalist. Mr. Muir is just leaving for an extended trip through South America, with the especial object of seeing a tree which has never yet come under his observation.

The question of how to pronounce the surname of Samuel Pepys, the immortal diarist, has long vexed readers of that engaging and ingenuous writer's work. Edward Frank Allen, editor of "The Red Letter Days of Samuel Pepys" (Sturgis & Walton Company), calls it "Peeps," following the authority of Henry B. Wheatley, the English editor of the definitive edition. "Peps" is no doubt the most frequently used pronunciation, but "Peppis" and even "Pips" are often heard. Mr. Walter Pepys, one of the living descendants of the family, says that the diarist undoubtedly pronounced it "Peeps." The name has been spelled, however, in seventeen different ways.

Among the books soon to be brought out by A. C. McClurg & Co. is "The Blood of the Arena," by Señor Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, translated from the Spanish by Frances Douglas (Mrs. Lummis). It is said to be a powerful story of bull-fighting by the greatest writer Spain has produced since the Isabellan age. In it an intimate picture of Spain is painted. The translation is made by the authority of Señor Ibáñez, and the illustrations have been painted in Spain, under his supervision.

Although Rossetti wrote "The Blessed Damozel" at the age of eighteen, this was far from being his first published poem. Ford Maddox Hueffer, the author of "Memories and Impressions," is authority for the statement that a poem of Rossetti's was printed by his grandfather when the poet himself was seven or eight.

A journey across Siberia, full of adventurous ascents and descents and exciting incidents among the glaciers and snow peaks, is described in the volume by S. Turner, F. R. G. S., just brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons with the title "Siberia: Travel and Exploration."

Some reviewers, in giving praise to "Phrynette," by Marthe Troly-Curtin, have taken for granted that the author is an Englishwoman. The novel is a record of the impressions and adventures of a young French girl in London. It is written in witty English, and Phrynette's criticisms of English ways have led some to conclude the book is the work of a much older person than Phrynette is pictured to be. It is now said that the author is a Frenchwoman and of age slightly older than her heroine. She arrived in England but a few years ago and recently married into an English family.

Henry Holt & Co. will issue this fall three books by Filson Young, the London musical critic and novelist. The three books are "The Wagner Stories" (already in its sixth English edition), "Mastersingers" (already in its fourth), and "More Mastersingers," just brought out in London.

Forty-seven of the 128 pages of the July number of the *Forum* are devoted to fiction—a Cornish story by Mrs. Havelock Ellis and the opening chapters of a serial by E. Temple Thurston. It is good fiction, too, and it justifies its third and more of the magazine.

The Century Company has in preparation, for issue in the early autumn, a new and thoroughly revised edition of the "Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia, and Atlas," on which editors and publishers have been engaged for more than three years. The new edition will contain a number of additional features, including insets of illustrations, many of them in color, and the "Atlas and Cyclopedia of Names" will contain the figures of the United States census of 1910.

In the *North American Review* for July much space is given to the discussion of the Supreme Court decisions, in which Judge Grosscup, W. J. Bryan, John Larkin, Frederic R. Coudert, James M. Beck, and Samuel Untermyer participate.

In the same ancient vine-covered little house in Hempstead, Long Island, the rectory of St. George's Church, in which the late E. H. Harriman was born, lives Caroline Dale Snedeker, author of "The Coward of Thermopylæ," recently published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Mrs. Snedeker's husband, the Rev. Charles H. Snedeker, is rector of St. George's, as was Harriman's father. Her grandfather was the first head of the United States Geological Survey and made the first comprehensive description of the mineral resources and geological formation of the country from Ohio to the Rocky Mountains. With his brother, Robert Dale Owen, David Dale Owen established the Smithsonian Institution upon its present lines of scientific research. Mrs. Snedeker's great grandfather was Robert Owen, of New Lanark, Scotland, founder of the New Harmony, Indiana, colony of Socialists. This was practically the first experiment in communal living ever tried in the United States.

New Books Received.

PHILOSOPHY. By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Columbia University Press; $1.

This lecture was delivered as one of a series, the purpose of which was to present in summary and compact form a view of each of several sciences and of philosophy as these exist at the present day.

MASTER CHRISTOPHER. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.35.

A new novel by the author of "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square."

THE NEW SCHAFF-HERZOG ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D. D., LL. D. Volume X: Reusch-Son of God. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; $5 per volume, $60 per set.

To be complete in twelve volumes.

THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND IN THE NORTHERN COUNTIES. Edited by Charles Holme. New York: John Lane Company; $3.

With 126 plates in color and half-tone.

THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION. By Henry Edward Crampton, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University Press; $1.50.

A series of eight addresses delivered as the Hewitt Lectures of Columbia University at Cooper Union, New York, in 1907.

THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE. By Albert Boissière. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.25.

Authorized English version by Florence Crewe-Jones.

THE FIRST LAW. By Gilson Willets. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.50.

A new novel by the author of "The Double Cross."

THE GAMBLERS. By Charles Klein and Arthur Hornblow. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

A modern novel by the authors of "The Third Degree," etc.

MISS BILLY. By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $1.25.

A novel.

GEORGE THORNE. By Norval Richardson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $1.25.

A new novel by the author of "The Lead of Honor."

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH and THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH. Edited with notes, introduction, glossary, lists of variorum readings, and selected criticism by Charlotte Porter. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

This edition goes back to and reproduces the famous first folio text of 1623, the one which gives Shakespeare in the original spelling and punctuation.

WORLD ORGANIZATION AS AFFECTED BY THE NATURE OF THE MODERN STATE. By David Jayne Hill. New York: Columbia University Press; $1.50.

Eight lectures delivered before the Columbia University on the Carpentier Foundation, March, 1911.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY. By Captain George R. Clark, U. S. N., Professor William O. Stevens, Ph. D., Instructor Carroll S. Alden, Ph. D., and Instructor Herman F. Krafft, LL. B. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $3.

Primarily intended as a text-book for midshipmen of the United States Naval Academy.

SOCIALISM AND INDIVIDUALISM. By Sidney Webb, Bernard Shaw, Sidney Ball, and Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: John Lane Company; 75 cents.

Being No. 3 of the Fabian Socialist series.

OTHER LAWS. By John Parkinson. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25.

A new novel by the author of "A Reformer by Proxy."

JUANA OF CASTILE. By May Earle. New York: John Lane Company; $1.50.

The story in verse of the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella.

THE LIFE OF SIR JOSEPH BANKS, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, WITH SOME NOTICES OF HIS FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES. By Edward Smith, F. R. H. S. New York: John Lane Company; $4.

With a photogravure frontispiece and sixteen other illustrations.

UNCLE POLPERRO. By Alphonse Courlander. New York: Brentano's; $1.25.

"How do you make fun?" asked Romance languidly. "I make fun of everything," answered the Jester, slapping her with his bladder.

THE BIG LEAGUE. By Charles E. Van Loan. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.

A story for baseball players.

THE CROSS OF HONOR. By Mary Openshaw. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.20.

The love story of Napoleon.

THE GAROEN OF THE SUN. By Captain T. J. Powers. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.25.

A novel of army life in the Philippines, by an officer of the United States army.

PERPETUA. By Dion Clayton Caltbrop. New York: John Lane Company; $1.30.

A novel with the suggestive and even provocative title "The Way to Treat a Woman."

THORPE'S WAY. By Morley Roberts. New York: The Century Company; $1.20.

The story of Thorpe, whose radical views of marriage, religion, and morals suggest George Bernard Shaw—at least so say the advance notes.

MASKS AND MINSTRELS OF NEW GERMANY. By Percival Pollard. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.; $1.50.

Literary, dramatic, and philosophical sketches in which many of the great names of modern times find a place.

THE ARAN ISLANDS. By J. M. Synge. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.; $1.25.

Sketches of island life, with drawings by Jack B. Yeats and an introduction by Edward J. O'Brien.

THE TINKER'S WEDDING. By J. M. Synge. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.; 75 cents.

A comedy in two acts.

The Rush-Hour and Progress

Long before San Francisco began to think of the rush hour in connection with street-car traffic the large cities of the world were already grappling with the problem. It is still a problem with them, and is likely to continue to be so, despite every effort to solve it by increasing the number of cars and adding subways and overhead lines.

Increase of population and increase in the number of people who travel more than keep pace with the best efforts of the street-car companies to provide seats for and immediate transportation for the millions who daily make use of street-cars in the United States.

Only those who have not visited other large cities can imagine that the transportation question, morning and evening, is unique in San Francisco. New York, despite her great subways, built to relieve traffic congestion during the busy hours of the day, finds the problem only partially solved. Crowded cars and other discomforts continue. Pay-as-you-enter cars, of the same type now in use here, have been in use some time, with a view to still further lending aid, and their adaptability to congested conditions is generally recognized. The cars meet with the approval of the New York municipal board, which has full power to regulate such matters.

The rush hour is the natural outcome of progress and growth. It is the penalty every enterprising, growing city must pay, and should be glad to pay. It is only in the non-progressive places that it is absent, and in such towns it would be an easy matter to provide a seat for every passenger.

San Francisco, however, has not only a rapidly growing population of her own to consider, but must keep in mind the fact that a large per cent of the 300,000 people who live in transbay cities and suburban districts transact their daily business in the metropolis. This outside population is also increasing very rapidly, and that the street-car company is bending its energies to meet existing conditions is manifest by the addition of eighty new cars of the most approved modern type since early spring.

Of all this the proposed "no-seat, no-fare" ordinance has taken little account. Market Street, the main artery of travel of the city, may be likened to a great depot. From all points of the city the cars pour their thousands into it, causing congestion. This the street railway company has to meet as best it can. Cars are operated on this street at less than thirty-second headway. Even with this headway in the hours specified by the proposed law there are times when, if passengers were compelled to wait for a seat, they would be kept waiting for an hour or more. Even if a solid train of cars were run on Market Street from Valencia to the Ferry there would be times when a passenger would be delayed longer than ten minutes, if the "no-seat, no-fare" ordinance became effective. It is a measure vitally affecting the traveling public, striking at public rights, and is meeting with strong protest. It is unjust, unwarrantable, impossible, and warrants the protest of every person who refuses to have his or her personal rights abridged.

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MRS. FISKE IN HOOSIER HUMOR.

Mrs. Fiske is theatrical dogma personified. What Mrs. Fiske offers in the dramatic world is accepted as the last word. It may not always be taken with feverish enthusiasm, but there is a general belief that it is wholesome, even when it is mystic as in "Rosmersholm," or reckingly realistic as in "Salvation Nell," or delightfully, devilishly individualistic as in "Becky Sharp." Since the days of the great ones, Booth, McCullough, Charlotte Cushman, there has been no cult just like that her genius has fostered. And it is genius in her. There have been few women of the stage who have possessed her intellectual grasp, her versatility of impersonation. Tragedy as well as comedy is easily within the range of her powers; not the grand rhetorical tragedy of the classic style, perhaps, but that of modern thought and feeling, as in "Tess." It is worth while to look back over the striking events of her career, and to realize how wide the field she has traversed, how firm her determination, how uncompromissing her methods. A careful survey of the American stage reveals no fact more encouraging than the loyalty of the theatre-going public to Mrs. Fiske. Her audience is always large, and its desires and motives are always on the upward slant.

Even the present diversion, "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," will not drive away her admirers. They can put up with it, as they have put up with other rather depressing productions at her hands. But they do not like it, and for good reasons. It is not a good picture. As an attempt at satire it is false, crude, vulgar. Most of its figures are caricatures, its situations are neither plausible nor possible. There is some wit in its lines, some humor in its complications, unquestionable opportunities for theatrical effectiveness, but the sum of its qualities is unworthiness. It is peanut brittle made with unbaked nuts.

So much for the alleged "comedy in three acts, by Harry James Smith." As for the production, that is just what a Fiske production is expected to be. There is not an actor in the cast who is not fully competent, and the one scene of the play is perfect in detail. Were it possible to reconcile the cheapness of the vehicle with its pleasing freight there would be few points for the carping critic's purpose. There would be one, however, and that must not be passed. Many times in recent years have references been made to Mrs. Fiske's impetuous unintelligibility. It seemed an affectation. When she came as Becky Sharp last season, there were few traces of its effects in her speech. But it has returned. She is tumultuously confidential very often. Of all the members of her company she is the only one who fails to make every word distinct. There is no lack of attention when Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh speaks, but there is often a lack of comprehension that is not the listener's fault.

Mrs. Fiske wears three hats in the play, one for each act. The first is very wide of brim, and bears a big encircling plume, but it sets squarely upon her head and does not hide her features, though it shadows them. Hat number two, second act, is a bit smaller, but quite becoming. Hat number three, last act, is of the inverted bucket pattern, and decidedly unattractive, from the masculine point of view, at least. Not once is that beautiful Minnie Maddern auburn crown displayed without those disconcerting millinery achievements. But there are compensations. Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh knows—that is, Mrs. Fiske knows—that the footlights alone are not sufficient for illuminating facial expressions on the stage, and that they cast their shadows upward. The border lights, in default of the calcium, must be taken into consideration. So she raises her chin to tilt the shadowing, level hat-brim, and we see her eyes better that way, and the profile that has been a delight since the days of "Caprice." Nobody ever remembers Mrs. Fiske in that dearest of ingénue poses—the chin drawn in and down, the forget-me-not eyes looking soulfully up through charmingly disheveled tresses.

Peculiar, if not inexplicable, is the English atmosphere pervading the scene of the play, for the bill says it is the "Rawsons' Long Island country house." An indubitably English butler, who hectors the bewitching and recklessly flirtatious housemaid, is only one of the foreign elements. The elder Rawsons, brother and sister, are as indubitably English in accent, in dignity, in attitudes of ancestral reverence, in stress upon the superior claims of the first-born of the two sons of the house. Miss Rawson declares to her visitor, a neighbor, that the only newspaper that has come into the house for twenty-five years is the New York *Evening Post*, because that publication is safe. And the visitor rejoins, "Yes, there is never anything in the *Post*." This equivocal commendation is a fair measure of the satire of the comedy.

Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh, her younger sister, and her mother are the guests of the Rawsons. They have recently returned to America from Europe, where they are supposed to have acquired society airs and graces of the aristocratic sort, as they are really natives of Missionary Loop, Indiana, and the daughters of a patent-medicine inventor, old Jim Sales, though the name has now been made over into De Salle. As stage presentations of varnished Hoosiers the De Salles live up to the traditions. They, or rather Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh and her mother, are languid, supercilious, and constrained in the presence of others, but the instant they are left unattended—and, strangely enough, this is very frequently done—they break out in the raucous tones that are indigenous to Indiana, and converse unamiably in native idioms. It takes more than the art of Mrs. Fiske and one of her ablest associates to make this better than crude farce; no art could make it convincingly real in this situation.

Violet, the younger sister, has captured Anthony Rawson, with the aid of Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh, but she is already tired of her bargain, as the younger brother, Geoffrey Rawson, an honest rancher from New Mexico, has come home and he is much more to her taste. Anthony is an unspeakable villain and hypocrite, as is made plain in two minutes after the curtain rises by his amorous advances to the housemaid. Still the arrangement might go through, did not Peter Swallow, formerly a resident of Missionary Loop, now a tombstone agent of Hoboken, appear on the scene and attempt to renew his acquaintance with his former love, Miss Sales, now Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh.

Nearly all the second act is given up to an exposition of the tombstone agent's Indiana impudence and vociferous good humor. He slaps the Rawson family on the back, individually, figuratively and physically. There is no curbing his ponderous playfulness until Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh comes in, refuses to recognize him, and calmly faces and confronts him in her new rôle. This is the big scene in the play, if there is a big scene, but there is too much of the tombstone agent, and his conceit and density make Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh's victory a cheap one after all.

Then comes the insufficiently provoked catastrophe. Violet suddenly decides to quit the campaign of deception, and coolly confesses to the assembled Rawsons. In spite of the remonstrances, commands, and attempted smotherings of her mother and sister, she tells the disgraceful truth. The Rawsons, father, elder son, and aunt, are shocked and humiliated, and metaphorically throw the patent-medicine family out. But the honest rancher son folds the converted Violet in his strong embrace, with the declaration that she is the bravest girl he knows. Before this she has expressed her great interest in the fascinations of an agricultural career, and the mating was foreseen and inevitable. This is surely better than living in Missionary Loop, marrying the leading grocer, and eating apple pie with him at nine o'clock in the evening, as he sits in his stocking-feet before the base-burner. What a gust of laughter this later picture evokes, as it is drawn with scornful depreciation by Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh in the play!

Of course there had to be a third act. Another scene is required to display Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh's Indiana cleverness, and demonstrate that she is her father's daughter. The butler, out of gratitude for sufferings allayed by old Jim Sales's medicine, informs Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh that Anthony Rawson is a whited sepulchre; for proof one need merely cite his affair with Mamie Tanner. So Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh cites the Mamie Tanner episode, and Anthony quails, and under threat and coercion reconciles the Rawson family to the union of Geoffrey and Violet.

It is very fortunate for Mr. Smith, the author, that Mrs. Fiske saw opportunities in this burlesque comedy; particularly fortunate that all that theatrical finesse could do for the work is done under her direction. But neither playwright nor actress can be congratulated on adding to dramatic history a figure of lasting remembrance. Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh is too clever to be so weak. Mrs. Fiske makes her as nearly true as is possible.

Henry Stephenson is too accomplished an actor to be wasted on Justin Rawson. There were echoes of Rawdon Crawley in his work, and they were sadly reminiscent. As the tombstone agent, formerly from Indiana, Malcolm Duncan carries an impossibly bumptious part with assurance. It is a character sketch in red clay on wrapping paper. But that is not the actor's fault. The most humorous things he is called on to do are to call the dignified butler a waiter, and to wipe the supposititious dust from his dropped fork with his fancy-bordered silk handkerchief. When he tells of having held Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh in her youthful days on his knee, night after night, with her arms around his neck, he makes the recital more melancholy than amusing.

Florine Arnold is point and letter perfect as Mrs. De Salle. Her sudden lapses from cosmopolitan art to provincial nature are most skillfully done, and there is not a touch too much or too little in her make-up.

Undoubtedly Mrs. Fiske is indefatigable in her search for original, forceful plays. May she have better success! And in default of promising experiments a revival of any one or all of her great successes would be heartily welcomed. A year ago she gave San Francisco a two weeks' season. This year she remains but six nights. Even Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh could not wear out her welcome in a week.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

CURRENT VERSE.

To This Complexion.

Coming up the lovelit way,
Morning soaring to midday,
I sang all my heart would say
Of love and laughter and delight.
Blue the sky burned height o'er height,
Music made the echoes gay,
All hands locked, the young folk flocked,
Joined the singing no one mocked,
The wild bird warbled in his flight,
The wild rose reached an eager spray,
Bee and bloom made roundelay,
Coming up the lovelit way.

Day draws down to dusky eve,
Shadows half the sunshine thieve,
Clouds in gauzy showers grieve.
Slow the song forsakes the lip,
Hushed the frolic and the quip,
No swift feet their dances weave.
Who that's gay would come this way?
Noontide calls to holiday
Where brooks bubble, sunbeams dip,
And hills a purple shoulder heave.
Heigho—— No one will believe
Day draws down to dusky eve.

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Gipsy Girl.

"Come, try your skill, kind gentlemen,
A penny for three tries."
Some threw and lost, some threw and won
A ten-a-penny prize.

She was a tawny gipsy girl,
A girl of twenty years.
I liked her for the lumps of gold
That jingled from her ears.

I liked the flaring yellow scarf
Bound loose about her throat;
I liked her showy purple gown
And flashy velvet coat.

A man came up, too loose of tongue.
And said no good to her;
She did not blush as Saxons do,
Or turn upon the cur;

She fawned and whined, "Sweet gentleman,
A penny for three tries,"—
But oh, the den of wild things in
The darkness of her eyes.

The tameless savage of her soul
Was like a wolf to see,
And more than all her pretty rags
And riches humored me.

—*Ralph Hodgson, in London Saturday Review.*

Kiss Love Good-Night.

The day falls dead. Faint stars, like ghosts in white,
Kiss Love good-night.
Brief was the journey down the golden years;
Why give the roses, that are dead, thy tears?
Kiss Love good-night.

The hills of heaven, or the depths in sight;
Kiss Love good-night.
Regret is vain, and all life's sorrows seem
Like formless shadows in a dying dream—
Kiss Love good-night.

Is not the Darkness sweeter than the light?
Kiss Love good-night.
Leave me with lilies leaning to his breast;
Sleep comes with healing hand and whispers "Rest!"
Kiss Love good-night.

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

The Little Pines.

Dear, once in a clearing, high in the snowy wood,
The bearded lumbermen, filing with axe and cart,
Wherever the saplings shot up straight and good,
Hacked at the holes and crashed them down and apart;
And long, O lover of little pines, you stood
Mute on the hillock, watching, and sick at heart.

And when on the pitiful hurdles, death's poor dower,
The innocent felons lay under cords unblest,
And oxen, wedding in one their deep-breathed power,
Upheaved the burden grandly, with no arrest—
For the ended beauty of little pines that hour
Tears in your eyes, and anger in your sweet breast.

But now a wondrous sight in the Bay below,
A grove of masts, all winged aerially!
'Twixt wave and cloud so thrillingly fair they go,
So busy, so spirit-bright, who would not be
Glad for your little pines? That overthrow
Is life, is laughter, along the illumined sea.

—*Louise Imogen Guiney, in Atlantic Monthly.*

California's finest red wines are the Italian-Swiss Colony's Tipo, Claret, Zinfandel, Cabernet, and Burgundy. For sale everywhere.

Sir William Gilbert's Home.

In his own beautiful home at Grimsdyke Sir William was the most perfect of hosts, courteous, and thinking always of the comfort of his guests, and how best they might be amused (says a writer in London *Sketch*). He was a lover of animals and birds. There are two pigeon-houses in the garden at Grimsdyke, the pigeons from which used to walk about the croquet lawn picking up the ash which fell from the cigars that Sir William and his friends smoked; and there was generally some wild thing or another, usually considered untameable, but become quite tame by kindly treatment, as well as a dog or two, amongst the pets of the house. The lake which was the immediate cause of Sir William's death was made by him when he bought the house from the late Mr. Goodall, the R. A. A windmill pumps the water into this lake, forming a miniature Niagara. A little bathing-house had been built at one end, and the bed of the lake had been cemented opposite it, forming a capital bathing-place. Sir William bathed there every morning, when the temperature of the water had not fallen too low, and in the summer often bathed a second time in the afternoon.

I fancy that even after his death the world will not hear of Sir William's kindness to the manifold charities to which he gave, for he was a man who believed thoroughly in the precept that in charitable matters his left hand should not know what his right hand did, and often a rattle of sarcastic wit would cover a kindly deed which only a man with a heart of gold would have done. He had a great sympathy for the lame dogs of humanity, though he himself was always strong and always self-confident; and his last playlet, "The Hooligan," was, he told me, written to point out to the authorities that the punishment of a man who had never been given a chance to rise out of the gutter should not be the same as the punishment of a man who had thrown away his chances. He was at one time a captain in the Aberdeenshire Highlanders, a militia regiment, and his military training had left such a mark upon him that he always looked like a colonel. He despised the comfort of an overcoat, and no matter how bleak the weather was, never wore one. A tie of the colors of his old regiment often put a touch of brilliant hues into the severe color of his clothing scheme. One of the many interesting mementoes of his plays and his partnership with Sir Arthur Sullivan, kept in his house at Grimsdyke, was a large model of an old sailing-ship man-o'-war, from which the deck scene of "H. M. S. Pinafore" was copied.

Edith Bradford, formerly of the Princess Theatre opera company, and later in the original cast of "The Chocolate Soldier" in New York, recently sang the name-part in "Carmen" at the Terrace Garden in Manhattan and was praised by the critics.

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Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
Augustus Pitou presents
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
In his new play
MACUSHLA
(Pulse of My Heart)
Hear Olcott's Four New Songs
Prices—$1.50, $1, 75c, 50c.

VANITY FAIR.

The coronation festivities would not have been complete without Mr. Jack Johnson. The great man seems to have felt this himself, for he was on hand in good time, and at the cost of a $1500 a week engagement in New York. What is money to Mr. Johnson in comparison with duty? A London morning newspaper devoted a whole column to the event, and very few of the other potentates were honored to this extent. Mr. Johnson was modestly uncertain if he would be accorded an interview with the king, but he allowed it to be understood that a pressing invitation to visit Buckingham Palace would find him in a receptive mood. He was delighted with his reception and graciously stood up in his automohile for five minutes so that his classical features might be preserved by the small army of photographers who had assemhled for the occasion. Mr. Johnson's party is enumerated as follows:

Mrs. Johnson, a very pretty white woman who wore some wonderful diamonds.

Mr. Johnson's valet.

Mrs. Johnson's maid.

A diminutive chauffeur, chocolate colored, answers to the name of Brownie.

One ninety horsepower motor-car.

One fifty horsepower motor-car.

Fifteen trunks.

Two white pugilists answering to the names of Cutler and Monahan.

Quite an important party evidently, and worthy of tbe occasion.

And now comes Olive Schreiner on the great maternity question. She has joined the army of counsellors who tell us exactly how many children we ought to have. It was hound to come, and now we are only waiting to hear from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has unaccountahly neglected to give us his advice on this particular question. But Olive is on the wrong side here. She stands in danger of reproof from the German emperor and Mr. Roosevelt, and what would she do then, poor thing. She tells us that one child is quite enough for the twentieth-century family and that when a woman has spent six years over her one child she must get busy at some other kind of productive work or else he a parasite. Several people lately have been referring to women as parasites, and to the untrained mind this seems rather an offensive word. A parasite, says Olive, is "the woman who, relieved of manual lahor hy the prosperity of her class or nation, or hy the intervention of labor-saving machinery, will trade on her unused potentialities of motherhood for her support." That is rather neatly put, come to look at it. Trading on the unused potentialities of motherhood might be expressed more tersely, hut it would lose in elegance. A literary woman can always put these things so gracefully.

But is a woman a parasite merely hecause she does not enter the industrial field or produce children? We suspect that Olive has heen reading John Stuart Mill or some other dealer in airy trifles of political economy. If we remember Mr. Mill correctly, he says that we must all do some directly productive work or some work that enahles others to produce directly. The doctor, for example, does not produce, hut he enables us to produce by restoring us to health. The minister does not produce, hut he teaches morality, which is necessary to equitable production. And does not the woman who is ordinarily described as idle produce in a similar way? If she gives pleasure or contentment to the merchant or the manufacturer is she not contributing something that is essential to his productivity in very much the same way as the doctor or the minister? May he not legitimately wish that a beautiful idle woman shall receive his guests, ornament his tahle, and spend his money, thus giving visihle proof of his wealth? What a disgustingly utilitarian idea it is that we must all make tables or chairs or be labeled as parasites. Grace and leisurely refinement and well-kept hands and reasonahle fashions are just as necessary to a social system as bricklayers or authors. Heaven postpone the day when women will add one more misread duty to an already long list and feel it incumhent upon them to engage in some industrial occupation. Personally we rather like parasites, pretty ones and clever ones.

It is hardly a recommendation of a coronation festivity to say that it has novel features. Antiquity and hoary precedent are more usually the keynotes, but Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton is to he congratulated upon an idea that combined the ancient and the modern in a very charming way. It consisted of a representation of the court of Queen Elizaheth, and this was presented as a feature of the great Shakespeare ball at the Albert Hall. Forty-three persons participated, and twenty-seven of these were the direct lineal descendants of the persons they portrayed. Thus the part of Lord Burghley was taken hy Mr. Victor Cecil, that of Francis Bacon hy Mr. Bacon, the Earl of Northampton hy Mr. Compton, the Earl of Northumherland hy the Hon. Mrs. Wyndham, the Countess of Shrewsbury hy Mrs. John Talhot, and so on. The costumes correctly represented those of the court of 1558, and the effect is said to have heen of striking interest.

It is just as well that our enthusiasm for Oriental curiosities should he tempered hy discretion. Eastern antiquities may he picturesque and with all the charm of mystery, hut at the same time they may have a history that, if known, would consign them to the stove without benefit of clergy. Here is a story bearing upon the point and with its ohvious moral. A young and extremely pretty girl went to a fancy dress ball in Cbinese costume. The triumph of her make-up was a real Oriental rig, and she wore it proudly. Some time after a strange mark appeared on her forehead and this was treated as a trifling skin affection. But it refused to disappear; in fact it grew larger, and then the specialist was consulted. It was leprosy.

Causes of international ill-feeling are usually far more simple than we suppose. We may talk learnedly ahout tariffs, and frontiers, and trade competitions, hut when we come down to the hed-rock of fact we shall usually find that national dislikes are due to plain rudeness and to the small matters of personal bearing that are actually the biggest things in the world.

Mr. Stone of the Associated Press makes this plain enough hy his recent article in the *American Associated Magazine*. He says there is no mystery about the Japanese dislike for foreigners. They dislike the foreigners because the foreigners are personally rude to them, and not only rude, but insolent and arrogant. The lease of the cricket ground at Yokohama is a case in point. When the lease expired it could not be renewed, as it was needed for puhlic purposes. But the foreigners refused to accept the decision and appealed noisily to the amhassadors, evidently thinking it a case for the immediate appearance of a gunhoat. The amhassador refused to interfere and snubbed his countrymen, who were thus forced to suhmit, hut the incident left bad feeling behind it and the Japanese were confirmed in their very correct opinion that foreigners are uncouth harbarians.

Now appears a letter in the New York *Evening Post* describing the behavior of the foreigners at the Japanese racecourse at Narita. The authorities had forbidden the sale of alcoholic drinks at the racecourse and had displayed notices to that effect. The foreigners tore the notices down and insisted on producing the prohihited liquors. Moreover, they encouraged their women to gamhle, although the law forhids this. A foreign clergyman who was disgusted hy this savagery entered a protest, and for doing this be was practically kicked out of town, after suffering weeks of hlackmail and persecution. Many such instances have heen recorded by travelers, who unite in saying that the foreigners look upon the Japanese as an inferior race and upon themselves as having rights that are superior to reasonahle laws that in some cases are actually in force in their own countries. The foreigners have a perfect right to their opinion, hut when they express that opinion hy their speech and hehavior they show that they themselves are not superior, but inferior. It is this sort of thing that lays a groundwork of ill-will that sooner or later may take the form of hostility. The immediate and ostensihle causes will be tariffs or something of that sort. The actual cause will he common, every-day had manners.

Who shall say that the stage still suffers under a social disadvantage when we learn that fifty German nohlemen are now appearing as actors and that six memhers of reigning families have taken their wives from behind the footlights. Among the aristocratic players are Baron Emil von Kleydorff, Baron von Wagenheim, Count von Lerchenthal, and a son of Prince Sayn-Wittgenstein. It is not necessity but histrionic ambition that governs these people. Presumahly they can act, and at least some of them can act well and are popular favorites.

Ex Oriente Lux! How shall we ever measure our debt to the East, which has given us a large assortment of religions, an elegant choice of philosophies, nearly all of our really business-like diseases, and most of the games that are worth playing. Chess, of course, is of unquestioned Eastern origin, but who knows that basehall, golf, hockey, and cricket have the same source. They are all derived from polo, and polo was played in Persia 6000 years hefore Christ. When the white man went to India he found the natives playing polo, and so he played it, too. When the officers of the Tenth Hussars came home they described the game and showed the old folk how to play it. They used hockey sticks and hilliard halls until Mr. John Watson of the Thirteenth Hussars hent his mighty intellect to the task, drew up proper rules and regulations, and civilized the game that has been with us ever since.

The extreme folly, not to say vulgarity, of giving intrinsically valuable presents to royalty, or indeed to any wealthy person, is exemplified hy a London newspaper which recalls that King Edward once kept a record of tbe contents of his mailhag during the space of twenty days. Begging letters, of course, came hy the thousand with the usual demands for autographs and lock of hair. But in addition to these there were 300 presents, many of them of great value, including gold watches and jewelry, cigars and cigarettes, gloves, ties, walking-sticks, candy, and soap. Imagine the idiocy of presenting a king with a gold watch or a piece of soap, presumably under the impression that he needs these articles and has progressed so far through this vale of tears without them. Of course all these things are returned to the senders, as it is a rule that the sovereign accepts no presents without special arrangement. And yet there are always husyhodies ready to fuss about and extract nickels and dimes from people who can not afford them in order to present a king with something that is of no conceivable value to him, in fact that is a nuisance to him, and that is either stored away in some splendid lumher room or given to a valet. These people seem unable to understand that the average king has no ungratified wishes so far as mere material possessions are concerned and that to give presents that are not wanted is a vulgarity.

The ladies of New Jersey are urging the legislature to pass a law compelling all married men to wear a ring on the thumh of the left hand. But why this diffidence. Why this hesitation to demand a complete and satisfying reform. A man may keep his left hand in his trousers pocket and so excite pursuit that should he directed elsewhere. Or he may take off the ring and temporarily conceal it and so arouse hopes, or even provoke a chase that will he fruitless. No, let us have no half measures. Compel the wretch to wear a ring in his nose, not the shadowy and metaphorical ring that he now wears, but a substantial metallic circlet, properly inserted and so riveted into position that there can he none of those concealments and evasions in which the deceiving sex is well known to rejoice. Such a ring would not only serve as a danger signal to unmarried and predatory ladies, but think of its value in the family circle as an aid to domestic discipline, in fact as a sort of mother's help. Attach a snaffle to the ring, drive a staple into the scullery door, and there you are. Once used, always used. No family should he without one.

It costs a good deal of money to win the English Derby. An authority tells us that a horse with the least chance to win will cost anywhere from $25,000 up, which will prevent the average clerk or newspaper man from owning more than half a dozen or so at the outside. Then there is the training, which is a thing not to he done on Sunday afternoons in the back yard. An experienced trainer must be employed, and his charges for the necessary period will amount to about $1000 for each horse. The jockey has to be paid and a good jockey would scorn the pay of an archhishop or the profits of even a senator. And if he wins he will expect a present. King Edward used to give his jockeys $2500 for a win, which makes one wish to be a jockey. But of course it takes brain.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw says, "The fad for washing is not a natural thing. I have not really washed myself—except the ohvious portions of my hands and face—almost since the time somehody else did it for me." Thus are we gradually introduced to the mysteries of the unseen Shaw.

Sonatas are a drug on the market, from the publisher's standpoint. Over four hundred for violin and piano hy living composers are at the disposal of concert givers. Inasmuch as of the great numher not as many as twenty-five copies have been sold, puhlishers do not care to print sonatas. In all prohahility tbree-fourths of thc composers pay the expenses of putting their works into type.

DIVIDEND NOTICES.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 783 Market Street, near Fourtb.—For tbe half-year ending June 30, 1911, a dividend bas been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1911. Dividends not called for are added to the principal and bear the same rate of interest from July 1, 1911. H. C. KLEVESAHL, Casbier.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay. Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The visitor to the Sunday-school had been asked to talk to the scholars. His theme was the possibility of youth. He dwelt at some length upon the attainments of men of obscure childhood, and to point his remark turned to a little child near at hand and said: "Tell us your name, little man." In a voice heard throughout the room, the little man piped up: "Sarah Watkins, sir."

The freckle-faced boy who was about to be emancipated from high-school thraldom was writing his graduating essay. "I suppose I ought to wind it up," he reflected, "with something touching and sentimental about the leather-headed, snuh-nosed, squeaky-voiced, conceited old snoozer that runs the shehang." Thereupon he wrote: "And now, our dear and honored principal, we turn to you," etc.

James Wilson, the Secretary of Agriculture, ended a recent address in Washington on the autumn crops with a crop story. "A commission agent," he said, "looked carefully at a handful of wheat that had been brought him by a farmer's boy, and then inquired: 'How much more has your master got of this, my lad?' 'He aint got no more of it,' said the boy. 'It took bim all the mornin' to pick that out.'"

The year the Chicago Cubs won their first world's championship a crazy moh of enthusiasts pursued Frank Chance, trying to raised him on their shoulders. Chance struggled to free himself. A big, red-faced man, purple from rooting, heat the manager on tbe back and yelled: "Don't you know me, Frank?" "Yep," replied Chance coolly. "You're tbe fellow who hit me on tbe head with a lemon last fall when the Sox heat us."

There is a monument in Hempstead, Long Island, erected to the memhers of a shipwrecked crew, who were drowned off Far Rockaway one stormy night. On three sides of the monument are ordinary inscriptions. On the fourth appears the best bit of humor ever found on a gravestone. It reads as follows: "This monument was erected hy the humane people of Queens County to the memory of the shipwrecked crew—out of the money found on the hodies of the deceased."

Thomas A. Edison was explaining to a reporter the part played by M. Branly, the new French academician, in the discovery of wireless telegraphy. The poor reporter, a little hewildered by all the talk ahout Hertzian waves, transmitters, volts, ohms, and so forth, ventured on a question that made Mr. Edison smile. "That question," he said, "reminds me of the city father who rose and said: 'Mr. Chairman, I'd like to know, for my constituents' benefit, whether this bere proposed hydraulic pump is to be run hy steam or electricity.'"

In daylight little Thomas gloated over his book of Indian stories, and longed to prowl in prairie grasses, and spring upon white men, smashing their heads in with tomabawks. But when darkness fell, he sent frightened glances at all the shadows, and felt the shivers run down his tiny spine. "Mother," he whispered, one night, as he stared at his old father hending over his hook, "was daddy ever in the Indians' country?" "No," replied bis mother. "Why do you ask?" "Because, if he wasn't," said Thomas, in an awed voice, "whoever scalped him?"

While in Chattanooga a few weeks ago a visitor noticed an old colored man who carried his right arm in a sling. "What is the matter, uncle?" he asked. "Is your arm hroken?" "No, sah," grinned the old man, "it's jest gun sore." "Been hunting." "No, sah. Ah been shootin' trees." "Oh, I see, target practice." "No, sah." "Then you'll have to elucidate." "Well, sah, it's like dis," the old man explained. "We goes out into de woods an shoots bullets into de trees. After a while de trees grows around de hullets a little hit, then we cuts dem down to sell to people fum de Norf as relics ob de battle oh Lookout Mountain."

During a revival meeting in a Methodist church near Cincinnati a number of converts were secured, and several of them requested that instead of sprinkling they he baptized hy immersion. The Methodist church was provided with a haptismal font, hut not with a pool, immersions being infrequent among its accessions to membership. So one of tbe deacons, anxious that the new memhers should not he disappointed in their wholly laudahle desire to he immersed, constituted himself a committee to call upon the ruling spirit of the Baptist church—not the pastor, hut a rather haughty gentleman who held the Methodists in small favor, and who was slightly jealous of the success of their revival. The deacon explained the circumstances to this pillar and asked as a favor that the Methodist converts might he immersed in the Baptist pool. "What? Immerse Methodists in our pool?" ejaculated the Baptist leader. "Certainly. We would appreciate the kindness very much, and——" "Well, you go back and tell your church that our church isn't taking in washing!"

He was a man of convivial habits, well known by his Christian name, Jamie. One dark night an acquaintance found Jamie lying at the foot of an outside stair. "Is that you, Jamie?" he asked in a voice of the greatest astonishment. "Aye, it's me," replied Jamie, in a resigned tone. "Have you fa'en doon the stair?" "Aye!" said Jamie. "I fell doon; but I was comin' doon, whether or noo."

A negro, having won a dollar at a crap game, decided to spend it on having his fortune told. The fortune teller led him into a gloomy room with dirty hangings and misty red lights. She took his palm, traced it with a dollar, spread out her cards, and tben said: "You are very fond of music; you like chicken; you have won money at craps; and you have been in jail." The negro looked at her with hulging eyes and finally ejaculated: "Mah goodness, lady; why you jest read mah inmost thoughts!"

Being outside the fire limits, tbe villagers had petitioned and received an appropriation for the purchase of a hand-tub. This was installed in a disused hlacksmith shop, where it remained for two years, used only in Fourth of July parades. Finally a stroke of lightning started a small fire in a farm-house near hy, but when the volunteer firemen arrived at the temporary engine-house the foreman stood at the door with uplifted hand. "Don't tech her boys, fer Heaven's sake!" he shouted. "I've got two hens a-settin' in th' tub!"

A man who had been brought up in a country village, but who had moved to the city, was visiting the scenes of his childhood. He happened to meet a hoy who was considered to he a little "off," and thought that there was a good chance to find out from him ahout the people he used to know. Among others, he chanced to mention the name of an old schoolmate. "Why," said the boy, "he has been married seven years and has twelve children!" "Twelve children!" exclaimed the man. "How does that come?" "Oh," said the hoy, "they had three to oncet, two to twicet, and one a good many times."

Dr. Simpson had been ahsent from his class of Scotch youths for some time, and on his return be announced that a great professional honor had heen conferred upon him. "I am very happy to inform you young gentlemen that a very great honor has come to me since last we met here," said Professor Simpson, his face heaming with bonest pride. "I have just received notification that I have heen appointed physician-in-ordinary to her majesty Queen Victoria." The great discoverer of chloroform looked over his glasses as if he expected his class to be quite taken away by the great news. Instead he was shocked to hear those Scotch boys burst into the national anthem, "God Save the Queen!"

W. S. Gilbert and F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, were once guests at the same dinner-tahle, where a wise host placed the rival humorists at opposite ends of the room in the hope of distributing equally the witty tahle talk. Continual shouts of laughter rose from Gilhert's corner, until Burnand, after ineffectual attempts to rouse a similar jocularity in his immediate circle and unahle to conceal his chagrin, leaned forward and said in his most sarcastic manner: "I suppose Mr. Gilbert is telling some of those funny stories which he occasionally sends to *Punch*, but which don't appear." To which Gilbert drily replied: "I don't know who sends the funny stories to *Punch*, hut it's very true they don't appear."

A "regular" from a Western army post came home the other day on an extended furlough. Of course, he was the lion of the hour to his former East Side companions. "Yes," he remarked, cocking his foot comfortably on the rail in front of a Second Avenue har, "the way them Indians loves whisky heats anythin' you ever saw. I once met a Cheyenne on his pony. 'Give me a drink of whisky; I'll give you my bridle for it,' says he. 'No,' says I. 'I'll give you my pony,' says be. 'No,' says I. Finally, if you believe it, he offered his bridle and saddle and pony all in a bunch for a drink!" "Well, and wouldn't you give it to him for all that?" asked one of the crowd. "Not much. I only had one drink left."

The Chinese empire is the greatest hluff in the world, to the minds of many experts on the East. It is like the donkey in a humorous, very ancient Chinese fable, suggests Ian C. Hannah in his new "Eastern Asia: A History." A monkey was captured by a tiger. He whined that he was thin, and his flesh of a poor taste; hut he knew of a fine fat donkey for the tiger. The tiger consented to he led to where the donkey was tied. When the donkey saw them coming he was frightened, hut recovered his composure and hawled in his masterful donkey voice, "Monkey, you used to hring me two tigers. Why only one today?" The tiger did a record hustle hack to the jungle. China, says Professor Hannah, has shown much of that donkey's resourcefulness in her history.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Economy.

I used to get my dinners
At restaurants and such;
The check the waiter brought me
Was usually this much—
$2.80.

But now, since I've discovered
The joys of wedded bliss,
My Mary gets the dinners—
The cost for two is this—
$0.63.

However, there's a gas range
That ornaments our flat;
The way my Mary runs it
Brings monthly bills like that—
$43.20.

—*Milwaukee Daily News.*

Summing the "Isms."

I have dabbled with the "isms" in an amateurish way,
I've been every sort of faddist that's extant;
I have delved, without apology,
In every type of 'ology
From Fletcher back to Schopenhauer and Kant:
I've read volumes anarchistic,
Commu-, Nihil-, Social-istic,
I've been Buddhist, Karmist, Druid, without awe:
I've kept pace with zeal ecstatic,
With each new and strange fanatic,
From Elbertus down to Maeterlinck and Shaw.

I've a freak vocabulary built of phrases quite unique,
I have pamphlets that would startle the police;
My beliefs are apt to vary
From the revolutionary
To the Carnegie idea of armored peace;
I have plunged in dietetics,
And in popular æsthetics,
I've been dreamer, mystic, outlaw—each in turn;
And the sum of all my labor
Is this gem of wisdom, neighbor,
That the things you get are chiefly those you earn!

—*Irving Dillon, in Life.*

She Giggled.

I went out to walk with Miss Nellie one day,
And as we two strolled through the park
I noticed she seemed quite contented and gay,
More happy by far than a lark;
And whenever I made a remark even plain
She would always a giggle outpour;
And then when I asked her to kindly explain,
She giggled—then giggled some more.

Then in the evening we went to the play,
And although 't was a tragedy deep
She did not the slightest emotion display,
But giggled while others would weep.
She giggled a bit when the hero was killed,
And as the bride came through the door
To marry the villain whose conduct had thrilled
She giggled—then giggled some more.

So I asked the young lady to tell me just why
Her system contained so much mirth,
And how she could giggle when others would cry,
And when happiness seemed at a dearth.
So she said her new hat had the latest-shaped frame,
The only one like it in store,
And that no other lady could get the same.
Then she giggled—and giggled some more.

—*John L. Hobble, in Puck.*

Twisted.

I know the ills of a smoker's heart and oft have I sensed its pain,
I've turned my hand to a lobster, canned, and courted the dread ptomaine—
'Neath ladders I've walked, and I've scorned the folks who promised ill luck to me—
I hate self-praise, but in all my days I'm brave as a man can be;
There's one thing only, in all the world, invariably seems to seize
My courage here with a dreadsome fear, and weakens my shaking knees;
I count it worst of the terrors found in all of this world of His—
It's a pain southwest of my ample vest, where my appendix is.

—*Buffalo News.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will he found in the following department:

Mrs. Robert Bottoms has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Ura Bottoms, to Lieutenant Christopher Dudley Pierce, U. S. A., of the Coast Artillery.

The wedding of Miss Estelle Fay and Lieutenant Kirby Crittenden, U. S. N., will take place in August. Miss Fay is in Ross with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Fay.

Miss Natalie Hunt, daughter of Mrs. Randell Hunt, will be married in St. Luke's Church August 9 to Mr. Herbert Baker, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker. Miss Floride Hunt will he her sister's maid of honor, and the chosen bridesmaids are Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Doris Wilshire, Miss Elena Brewer, and Miss Marian Marvin. Mr. Baker will be attended by his brother, Mr. Philip Baker, as best man, and the ushers will he Mr. Ralston Curtiss, Mr. Melvin Jeffress, Mr. J. N. Patterson, and Mr. Alexander Fulton.

The wedding of Miss Marian Lally and Mr. Louis Durkee took place last Saturday at the home in Pacific Avenue of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Lally. Miss Ona Rogers of Santa Barhara and Miss Sallie Fox were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Frank Stimson and Mr. Arthur Dodworth atteuded the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Durkee will reside in this city upon their return from a brief wedding trip.

Miss Ruth Godfrey, daughter of Mrs. C. E. Godfrey, was married Wednesday to Dr. Warren B. Gill of Kansas City. Mrs. Godfrey and her daughter left here last week for Minneapolis, where the marriage took place.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin entertained at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Carl Jungen of New York, who has recently heen her house guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean gave a lunch eon at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill, who are visiting here from New York.

Miss Frances Brooks gave a dinuer last week at the Presidio and with her guests attended the hop which was given complimentary to the officers and ladies of the First Field Artillery and the Fifth Field Artillery.

General Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bliss were the guests of honor at a dinner given last Friday evening by Colonel John P. Wisser, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wisser.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alston Williams and their daughters, Miss Florence and Miss Muriel, entertained a number of their friends at a Fourth of July party at their home in Berkeley.

Miss Helen Mary Carlisle gave a luncheon last week at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Geraldine Bonner.

Mr. William C. Bohrman was the guest of honor at a dinner given by his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Miller. Mr. Bohrman left the following day for Nevada, where he will remain indefinitely.

Mrs. Charles M. Ray gave a dinner last week at her home in Mare Island in honor of Miss Marie Yearley of Baltimore, who is visiting Lieutenant Mark St. Clair Ellis, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ellis at the navy yard.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin last week celebrated the tenth anniversary of their wedding at their home in Burlingame, and entertained a number of friends, who presented them with many useful and original gifts in tin.

Mrs. Silas Palmer was hostess at a luncheon last week in honor of Mrs. Robert McMillan.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon gave a house party over the week-end in honor of Miss Henriette Blanding and Miss Dorothy Chapman.

Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison was hostess at a luncheon recently at the Town and Country Club complimentary to Miss Geraldine Bonner, the author, who is here from New York. Among the guests were Mrs. Horace Hill, Mrs. Andrew Rowan, Mrs. Richard Bayne, and Miss Helen Mary Carlisle, who has recently returned from an extended visit in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett entertained a numher of friends at a luncheon last Friday at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott was hostess at a luncheon and card party last week at her home in Burlingame. Among Mrs. Scott's guests were Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Russell Lukens, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. James Athearn Folger, Mrs. Edwin H. Dimond, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins, and Mrs. George T. Marye.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond entertained at a dinner July 3 in the Burdett-Coutts house in London. Among their guests were Lady Henry, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the Honorable John Ward and Mrs. Ward, Lady Sarah Wilson, Lady Meyer, Mrs. Reginald de Koven, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. Isaac Untermeyer, Mrs. Cornwallis-West, and Mrs. Walter Farwell.

Mrs. Guy W. Brown was hostess at a bridge tea in Mare Island on hoard the *Independence*. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Frank McCommon of San Diego.

Mrs. Day, wife of Captain F. R. Day, U. S. A., gave a tea at her home in the Presidio complimentary to four brides who have recently married officers of the Thirteenth Infantry. The guests of honor were Mrs. Bruce Butler, Mrs. Allyne von Schrader, Mrs. Sharrar, and Mrs. Elliott.

Among those who entertained house parties during the holidays were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. James A. Robinson.

"Dancers" and Russian Dancers.

From the Russian-American Art League in New York, "an association for the encouragement of Russian national artistry in the New World," comes the following letter, which seems especially pertinent. The New York correspondent of the *Argonaut* has already spoken of the theatrical performance alluded to in this circular, and its character is sufficiently demonstrated. Its advertising methods have heen cunningly devised, and even the police revision has heen a matter of profit to the enterprise. With the memory of Pavlowa and Mordkin still fresh here, it seems necessary to make thoroughly understood this unhlushing attempt to trade upon their well-earned fame:

Several months ago we took occasion to sound a warning against performances that would he foisted upon the American puhlic as Russian dancing, stating as our reason a desire to protect the name of Russian artistry from heing dragged into the mire. Now that it has come to pass that the police have felt called upon to regulate a performance in this city termed "Russian," it is only just to call your attention to the facts in fairness to the many genuine, clean, uplifting, and artistic Russian performances and performers—choreographic, instrumental, and vocal—that will suffer in consequence of this incident.

Primarily, the star of this so-called Russian performance never saw Russia. She was an American vaudeville performer who has not heen without previous experience of a similar character over questions of propriety. It is universally conceded that it was the part of the programme contributed hy this performer mere than any other circumstance that caused the police to act. Secondarily, while it can not he denied that there were Russians employed, they were outnumhered prohably ten to one hy performers of other nationalities—Americans, French, Germans, Italians, etc. The preponderance was so great that the use of the title "Russian" aroused those most vitally interested in the preservation of the prestige and dignity of Russian artistry, and the action of the police came as no surprise or shock to them.

Russian artistry requires no vulgarity, lewdness, or questionable methods to gain or sustain popularity—a fact eloquently attested hy the success of Mlle. Anna Pavlowa, M. Mikail Mordkin, M. W. W. Andreeff and his Balalaika Orchestra, M. Dmitri Smirnoff, the Metropolitan tenor, M. Alhert Gregorowich Janpolski, the Russian haritone, Mme. Lydia Lypkowska, and other prominent Russian artists with whom American concert-goers are familiar. None would resent recourse to the hase and low in the name of Russian artistry quicker than they. All friends of Russian art hope the impression will not ohtain that the police were compelled to act against "Russian dancing" as such, hecause there is no relation hetween Russian dancing and indecency.

Ludwig Hess, the German liedersinger, took part in the national saengerfest recently in Milwaukee. His appearance on the concert platform in Milwaukee was his first in America. He is a democratic hachelor, thirty-four years of age, and an artist of recognized ahility in the fatherland. The emperor hestowed on him the order of the Red Eagle and the prince regent of Bavaria conferred on him the golden Luitpold medal for arts and sciences. He usually spends the summer in the Tyrolean Alps, hut to participate in the saengerfest he changed his plans and he will spend the winter musical season in this country, appearing with the Thomas orchestra in Chicago in Novemher.

The home in Honolulu of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dillingham (formerly Miss Louise Gaylord of Chicago) has heen hrightened hy the advent of a son.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Chauncey Olcott will present his new play, "Macushla" (Pulse of My Heart), for the first time on any stage at the Columbia Theatre Sunday night next, July 9. The Irishman of a hundred years ago was of a lovahle nature, the red hlood of youth coursed madly through his veins; he was as ready to jump his horse over a six-foot wall, to fight a duel, or to wield a hlackthorn as he was to kiss a pretty girl or tread a measure. Such an Irishman is the one Mr. Olcott portrays in "Macushla," and as Sir Brian Fitzgerald, in Mrs. Rida Johnson's new play, he has heen fitted with prohahly the hest character he has assumed in many years. Of course the great feature of an Olcott performance is the star's songs. He has a way of delivering the folk songs of the Emerald Isle that no other singer has ever heen ahle to rival. His four new songs this year, "Macushla," "With the Twinkle in Her Eye," "The Girl I Call My Sweetheart Must Look Like You," and "Goodbye, My Emerald Land," are among the hest he has ever turned out. Mr. Olcott will he supported hy a good company.

Al Jolson, the famous hlack-face monologist and comedian, is playing his farewell season in vaudeville and will entertain the Orpheum audiences next week only with his inimitable song and chatter. Next season Mr. Jolson is to he the star of an important musical comedy production. Emma Dunn, who starred successfully in "Mother" for some time, and also played the mother with the late Richard Mansfield in his production of "Peer Gynt," will he a special feature of the new programme. She will appear in John Stokes's playlet, "The Bahy." Her rôle is that of a German immigrant whose hushand has left her. She takes her hahy to a foundling asylum in New York and afterwards tries in vain to reclaim it. The finale is happily and dramatically hrought ahout. The character is one of the hest Miss Dunn has ever had. Her supporting company is good. Another great attraction will he Willa Holt Wakefield, who has not appeared at the Orpheum for several years. To her own accompaniment she talks several smart little songs in a delightful fashion. Her numhers are jolly hits of humor with occasional touches of sentiment. The Charles Ahearn Cycling Comedians will appear in skillful wheeling and genuine comedy. Next week will he the last of Gene Green. the Marcel and Boris Trio, the Bergere Players in "Room 44," and Jesse L. Lasky's "The Photo Shop."

Henry Miller's approaching engagement at the Columhia Theatre will present the actor-manager in a hig, dominant rôle of the type which playgoers have learned to associate with his name. His remarkahle play, "The Havoc," which was one of last season's emphatic hits on Broadway, is huilt upon the story of a duel of wits hetween an injured hushand and a treacherous guest in his home. Mr. Miller's San Francisco engagement is for two weeks, heginning July 24. His supporting company has remained ahsolutely unchanged since "The Havoc" was produced in New York on Decemher 19.

John Cort will present "Bahy Mine" at his new theatre in Septemher. This is the notahly successful farce hy Margaret Mayo, and it will he given by the New York cast.

Centreville is a small town in the southern part of Iowa of ahout 8000 population. It can hoast of having turned out more successful theatrical people, it is said, than any town of its size in the world. No less than seventy-five actors and actresses (according to the *Dramatic Mirror)* now active in the profession claim Centreville as their hirthplace or home.

Jan Kuhelik is announced for a farewell tour of America to include eighty concerts. The young violinist is heginning to say goodhye early in the evening.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will he found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereahouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Clinton E. Worden returned a few days ago from Bakersfield. Mrs. Worden and her mother, Mrs. A. N. Towne, are established for the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith spent the holidays in Napa County as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fuller.

Mrs. S. L. Braverman and her daughter, Miss Florence, have returned from Honolulu.

General and Mrs. John McLellan and their family are in Coronado, where they will remain for an indefinite stay.

Dr. A. W. Bryant, Mrs. Bryant, and Miss Marie Louise Bryant have gone to Mill Valley to spend the summer.

Mrs. Stetson-Winslow and her daughters, Miss Ruth and Miss Marie Louise, are at Castle Crag, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings, Miss Catherine, and Mr. Coleman Jennings, of Washington, D. C., will spend a part of the summer at Lake Tahoe, where they have been joined hy Mrs. Jennings's sister, Miss Janet Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., and Miss Lillie O'Connor left last Friday evening for Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss have given up their town house and will go abroad for an indefinite visit.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and her sons, Mr. Gordon and Mr. Lansing Tevis, spent the Fourth at their Lake Tahoe home, and left Wednesday for New York, en route to Europe, where they will spend the summer. Mr. Tevis, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. William Tevis, Jr., will remain at Lake Tahoe during the season.

Mr. Harry Sears Bates has returned from New York and is at the Hotel Peninsula with his family.

Mrs. Gerberding and her daughter, Miss Beatrice, left last Saturday for Panama to attend the wedding of Mr. Albert Bates and Miss Katherine Devol, daughter of Major Devol, U. S. A., and Mrs. Devol.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Laura McKinstry have gone to Paso Robles for a visit of several weeks.

Mrs. M. H. de Young and her daughters, Miss Kathleen and Miss Phyllis, left Thursday for the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Daniel Callahan and Mr. Harry Hill have returned home after graduation from the Naval Academy at Annapolis. They have been assigned to the U. S. S. *Maryland*. Miss Rose Marie Callahan accompanied her brother West, after having spent several months in Washington, D. C., with her uncle, Lieutenant-Commander J. J. Raby.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reding, Miss Lillian Whitney, and Miss Louise Reding spent the holidays at Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Chauncey Thomas and Miss Thomas arrived last week from the South to meet Admiral Thomas, U. S. N.

Mr. Joseph Manuel Masten and his son, Mr. Stewart Masten, have gone to San Diego for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., arrived recently from Mexico and are at the residence of Mrs. Kruttschnitt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickering, who, with their daughter, Miss Rhoda, returned Thursday from the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, Miss Innes Keeney, and Mrs. Robert McMillan are in Sonoma County at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman.

Mrs. Louis Aldrich and her daughter, Mrs. Virginia Aldrich Beede, have gone to Napa Soda Springs to visit Mrs. Chauncey Taylor of Oakland.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor is at present in Portland, where she is the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lewis.

Mrs. Jessie Bowie Detrick and her son Bowie are established in the Santa Cruz Mountains for the summer.

Mr. Livingston Baker and Mr. Wakefield Baker have returned from the East, where the former has been attending Harvard College and the latter a preparatory school in Exeter. They will spend the summer at Castle Crag with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hellman and their sons bave gone to Lake Tahoe.

Miss Hazel Pierce and Miss Franc Pierce have returned from the East.

Dr. P. L. Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler have closed their home in Broadway and are spending the summer in Applegate.

Miss Maud O'Connor bas been spending a few days in San Rafael with Mrs. F. S. Johnson.

Dr. H. G. Richards and Mrs. Richards are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Decring and their little daughter are in Santa Barbara, where they expect to remain until the first of August.

Miss Grace Ewing has arrived from New York to visit her sisters, Miss Florence and Miss Jessie Ewing.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Bain, Miss Beatrice Miller, and their guest Miss Lucy Page-Brown, left last week for Santa Barbara, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bocqueraz have returned from an extended trip abroad.

Miss Agnes Tillmann has recently been the guest of Miss Frances Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Athole McBean and Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone returned Wednesday to Burlingame, after spending the holidays at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mr. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough left last Friday for Santa Barhara, where they joined Mr. Newhall and Miss Marian. Mr. and Mrs. Cbesebrough remained over the Fourtb and are expected home tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mrs. A. N. Towne left last Saturday for Lake Tahoe, where they will spend the summer. Mr. Worden will return to town for brief visits.

Mrs. Samuel Dunlap has returned to her home in Los Angeles. Mrs. Dunlap has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. D. C. Farnham, in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carrigan (formerly Miss Jessie Foley) have arrived from Chicago, where they were married a few weeks ago, and will be guests at the Palace Hotel until they decide upon their plans for the summer.

Dr. John Rodgers Clark, Mrs. Clark, and their children have gone to Weber Lake for a few weeks' stay.

Mrs. Miles, wife of Colonel Edward Miles, U. S. A., who has been visiting friends in town, has returned to her country home and has as her guest Mrs. B. J. Brady (formerly Miss Ethel Miles), who will visit her mother during the absence of Mr. Brady, who has gone East.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg and their daughter, Miss Enid Gregg, have returned from Napa, where they spent the holidays with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Camphell and their little daughter Elizabeth are here from Chicago, and are guests of Judge J. C. Camphell and Mrs. Campbell at their home in Palo Alto.

Mrs. Samuel Blair has returned from a visit in Rutherford, Napa County, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Delatour.

Miss Jennie Blair and Mr. William Blair are established at Bartlett Springs for a month's stay.

Mr. Jack Carrigan has returned from the Philippines, where he has been living for several years, and is visiting his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan.

Miss Jeanne Gallois has returned from Menlo, where she was the guest of Miss Florence Hopkins.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson returned to town Wednesday from Burlingame, after a few days' visit with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr. (formerly Miss Marie Pickering) have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin at Meadowlands in San Rafael.

Mr. Allan Van Fleet has returned from Harvard Law College and will spend the summer with his parents, Judge W. C. Van Fleet and Mrs. Van Fleet.

Mrs. J. W. Bothin and her daughter, Miss Genevieve, have returned from the Orient.

Lieutenant William A. Glassford of the U. S. S. *Dakota* and Mrs. Glassford will spend the summer in Vallejo.

Lieutenant Harold Naylor, U. S. A., and Mrs. Naylor (formerly Miss Peggy Simpson) sailed Wednesday with the First Artillery for Honolulu.

Colonel Ira Haynes, U. S. A., adjutant-general, Department of California, is established in the new headquarters at Fort Miley.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton S. Wallace, U. S. A., deputy paymaster-general, will arrive from Denver July 20, and will he stationed at the Presidio, where he will assume his duties as assistant chief paymaster of the Western Division.

Captain S. F. Bottoms, U. S. A., Coast Artillery Corps, will arrive sbortly from Fort Monroe, where he has been for the past year.

Captain Gilbert C. Smith, U. S. A., wbo has been ill at the General Hospital, will leave shortly on a four months' leave of absence.

Captain William A. Carlton, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Eighth to the Thirtieth Infantry.

First Lieutenant Harry L. Morse, Coast Artillery Corps, of the Presidio, has been ordered to Fort Monroe, Virginia, for temporary duty.

Colonel Alexander O. Brodie, U. S. A., who has been assigned to duty as adjutant-general of the Western Division, has arrived from St. Paul, Minnesota, where he has been stationed as adjutant-general of the Department of Dakota.

Colonel Frederick Marsh, U. S. A., arrived a few days ago from Vancouver Barracks, and is to be coast defense officer of the Western Division.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pissis and their daughter, Miss Dorothy, have returned from Europe and are guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson and their children spent the holidays in Santa Cruz.

Mr. Arthur Fennimore is in New York awaiting the arrival of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, who have been traveling in Europe for the past four months.

Dr. George Herman Powers and Mrs. Powers have returned from a visit with relatives in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moulton, who recently sold their country place in Fair Oaks to Mr. and Mrs. Talbot C. Walker, are established in the Bassett home in Menlo.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dunphy have leased a house in San Mateo for the summer.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne is visiting relatives in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mrs. William M. Pierson, and Miss Effie Brown are spending a few days in Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren and their family spent the holidays in their bungalow at Lagunitas.

Mrs. Payne, wife of Lieutenant Payne, U. S. A., has returned from a visit with relatives in Virginia.

Mrs. Lane-Leonard and her little daughter are the guests of Mrs. Hearst at her home in Pleasanton.

Mr. Willard Drown has returned from the East.

Rear-Admiral C. B. T. Moore, U. S. N., and his daughter, Mrs. John Sisson Graham, bave arrived from Wasbington, D. C., and are at the family residence in Yerba Buena, where Mrs. Graham will remain a month with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent have returned to town, after a brief visit in San Mateo with Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker.

Miss Ethel Cooper bas been spending a few days in Redwood as the guest of Miss Elena Robinson.

Miss Julie Heyneman, who has recently returned from London, is visiting at Lake Tahoe, en route to this city.

Mr. George Willcutt and Mr. Otto Grau are spending a few weeks in Alpine County. Mr. Willcutt will join his family at Lake Tahoe.

Commander H. M. Stevenson, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Stevenson have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall sailed today from England, after a visit of four months in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern and their family have returned from a visit to the Yosemite Valley and are established in their country home at Fair Oaks.

Mr. Richard Burke, who arrived recently from Ireland, is visiting his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Burke, at their home in San Mateo. Mr. Burke will return home in time to attend the wedding of his daughter, Miss Alice Burke, who will be married in August to Captain Arthur Newlands of the Royal Field Artillery.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter and their son, Hugh, bave gone to Santa Barbara.

Miss Marian Zeile and Miss Ruth Zeile are at Menlo, where they will spend the month of July with Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins.

Mrs. Stanley Rammage and her little daughter are the guests of Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick at her cottage in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. Henry Butters has sailed for Australia and will visit India, China, and Japan before returning, home.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker sailed Tuesday for Europe, and expect to return home in November.

Judge and Mrs. F. W. Henshaw are visiting the W. G. Henshaws at their villa in Montecito.

Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten, Mr. J. Kendall Masten, Miss Eugénie Masten, and Miss Kathryn Masten are spending the month of July at Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers and Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White have returned to Mill Valley, after a week's motor trip to Castle Crag.

Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Miss McCormick, with Mr. Henderson and Mr. Henry, of England, are at Del Monte.

Mr. Benjamin S. Foss has returned from a brief visit to his home in Massachusetts, and will remain here until after his marriage to Miss Dorothy Chapman. The wedding will take place at Grace Episcopal Cathedral August 23.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee and Mr. Samuel Buckbee enjoyed the golf tournament at Del Monte.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, California, for the week included Mrs. Wallace Bertholf, Mr. G. W. Hislop, Mrs. Kirk Harris, Miss Mae L. Casey, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Sultan, Miss K. C. Radford, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mr. D. G. Milne, Dr. and Mrs. Rothschild, Lieutenant and Mrs. E. W. Crosse, Mr. and Mrs Edw. L. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Illig, Mr. W. C. Fane, Dr. and Mrs. M. M. Taggart, and Lieutenant H. A. Badt.

Charles Frohman's Plays and Players.

Among the plays which will he produced next season hy Charles Frohman will he new comedies which are being written hy Augustus Thomas, A. E. Thomas, Thompson Buchanan, Wincbell Smith, William Gillette, and Martha Morton. He has also contracted for new plays hy J. M. Barrie, R. C. Carton, Hall Caine, Henri Bernstein, and Sir Arthur W. Pinero, while a new comedy hy Caillavet and De Flers, called "What Woman Wills," will he seen in New York before it is played in Paris. John Drew will open the Empire Theatre early in Septemher with "A Single Man," hy Huhert Henry Davis, author of "The Mollusc"; Maude Adams will hegin her season in "Chantecler," and will give special matinées in which she will appear in three short plays. Ethel Barrymore will follow John Drew at the Empire in "The Witness for tbe Defense," hy A. E. Mason. Billie Burke will he seen in Septemher in a comedy hy Pierre Veher, called "The Runaway," which bas heen adapted hy Michael Morton. Mme. Nazimova will have a large repertory during the season, including two plays hy a new American writer. The Criterion Theatre will open in September with Haddon Chamhers's "Passers By," and will be followed hy Marie Doro in "A Butterfly on the Wheel," Otis Skinner in a new play by A. E. Thomas, Kyrle Bellew, Francis Wilson, and William H. Crane. A new musical play hy the authors of "A Dollar Princess," with Donald Brian, Julia Sanderson, Frank Moulan, and Will West in the cast, will he seen at the Knickerbocker Theatre in August. It is called "The Siren." Mr. Frohman has also secured "The Doll Girl," hy the same composer. "Preserving Mr. Panmure," hy Pinero, will be seen in New York in October.

England's regalia of crown jewels, which may he seen in the tower of London, are as follows: St. Edward's crown, made after tbe pattern of that crown broken up and sold during tbe civil war, although far more richly emhellished; the new state crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria; the Prince of Wales's crown, the queen consort's crown, the queen's diadem, a circlet of gold made for the coronation of Mary d'Este, consort of James II; St. Edward's staff of beaten gold, the royal sceptre, a sceptre with the cross, the rod of equity or sceptre with the dove, the queen's sceptre with tbe cross, the queen's ivory sceptre made for Queen Mary, consort of William of Orange (III of Great Britain); the orh, the queen's orh, the Kohinoor diamond, the sword of justice, the armulee or coronation hracelets, the royal spurs, the ampulla for the holy oil, the gold coronation spoon—tbe only piece of the ancient regalia remaining; the golden saltcellar, the baptismal font, and the silver fountain presented to Charles II by Plymouth town.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS

"He appears to love his wife very much?" "Yes." "She must be a charming talker?" "No, she is a charming keep-stiller."—*Houston Post.*

He (during the spat)—Well, if you want to know it, I married you for your money. *She*—I wish I could tell as easily what I married you for.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I'd give anything, almost, if I had Mrs. Toner's savoir-faire." "I think it much more patriotic to own an American-made car."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Goadman (sententiously)—It is the little things that trouble us. *Rounder*—Sure! It's always easier to find the house than to locate the keyhole.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Prison reform is gaining ground every day." "Yes; I hear one of our penal institutions is going to have graduating exercises this year."—*Washington Herald.*

She (weary of waiting)—If you sell t' dog, John, we could get married. *He*—An' wouldn't Oi look silly to sell a dog loike that to be married!—*Landan Opinion.*

"Grace is having a grand time at the seashore." "Met a millionaire, perhaps?" "No; she met a young fellow who went down with $300 saved up."—*Washington Herald.*

"My girl wants me to teach her to swim." "Well, why don't you?" "I don't know how to swim." "She won't care about that if you are the right fellow."—*Houston Post.*

The Landlady—At our table, Mr. Bjinks, it is customary to return thanks at each meal. *The New Boarder*—That's fine! I like it lots better than paying cash."—*Toledo Blade.*

"Papa," whispered Johnny, who was in attendance at the Sunday morning services, "why do the people look so sad when they drop their money in that plate?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Antharess (in search of "copy")—And I suppose visitors are not common in this out-of-the-way place *Superiar Waiter*—Hindeed they har—painfully so, most hof 'em!—*Landan Opinian.*

Customer—The poison may be excellent, but the rats won't take it; you'll have to make it more tasty! *Druggist*—I've tried that already, but the apprentice boys eat it.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Laborer—And have they tall buildings in America, Pat? *Pat*—Tall buildings have they—faith, Mike, the last one I worked on we had to lay on our stomachs to let the moon pass.—*Life.*

Wife—What a darling you are to admit that you are in the wrong! *Hubby*—Yes; my mother taught me that it was easier in the long run to give in to a woman than to argue.—*Taleda Blade.*

"I'm afraid my wife picked out the wrong hotel." "Too expensive?" "Oh, no; but it's going to be hard to make expenses. There's a lot of other bridge sharps there besides herself."—*Washington Herald.*

"Then you don't want to be rescued?" "No," replied the man on the tropical isle. "I have already accumulated over 2,000,000 clam shells. What's the use of going back to civilization and having to start afresh?"—*Pittsburg Past.*

"Are you going to send the Sparkler girl a wedding present?" "No, old Sparkler and I had a squabble yesterday." "That's too bad. What was the cause?" "I can't afford his friendship. He has five marriageable daughters."—*Cleveland Ploin Dealer.*

"What's the matter? Made an election bet to let your whiskers grow?" "No; but I dassn't cut 'em till fall. It would be a big disappointment to the summer boarders not to have some whiskers on the place to make jokes about."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"On your way," shouted the lady of the house. "I aint got no wood to chop. There aint nothing you could do around here." "But, madam, there is," retorted the wayfarer with dignity. "I could give you a few lessons in grammar."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"What has become of that man who used to say he was a servant of the people?" "The people had to let him go," replied Farmer Corntossel. "He got to be one o' these hired men who stand around talkin' when they ought to be at work."—*Washington Star.*

"Yes, that's one of the leading lawyers for the reform movement." "He looks like a man who would put his whole heart and soul into anything he undertook." "You bet he does. Why, his bill for reform services during the last six months is $53,000."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Curious episode, this. Seems a young fellow got excited at the ball game and hugged the young lady next to him, a perfect stranger. She had him arrested, but he told the judge that any man might do the same thing, and his claim was upheld by expert testimony." "And what was the sequel?" "Well, the sequel is rather interesting. The next day there were 5000 girls at the ball game."—*Washington Herald.*

Chivalrous Mr. Jones purposely dropped a 50-cent piece at the foot of a poorly dressed woman who passed through the subway turnstile loudly lamenting that the ticket agent had cheated her out of half a dollar, then he picked the money up and gave it to her. "Excuse me, madam," said Mr. Jones, "I think you dropped this." "Oh, no," she said, "it can't be mine. Perhaps you dropped it yourself." "Oh, no," said Mr. Jones. "It is yours, I am sure. I picked it up just as you passed." She took the money, and hurried after another man who had passed at the time the money dropped. "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I think you lost this." "Thanks," said the other man, and jumped aboard a train that was ready to start. "—— —— —— ——!" said chivalrous Mr. Jones.

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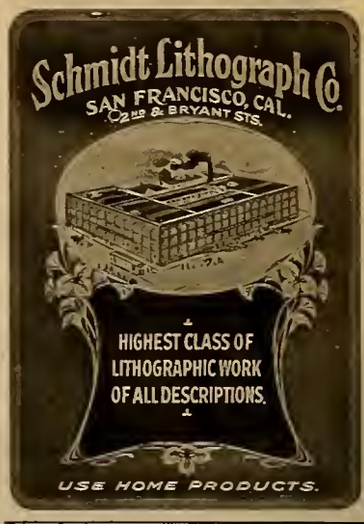
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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The "Santa Rosa."

The Federal inquiry into the loss of the *Santa Rosa* has already begun, and we shall soon know why this fine ship was lost in comparatively safe weather and after a long record of successful voyages.

But there are other things that the public wants to know, and it is to be feared that they may lie beyond the punitive reach of the law. A liability to carelessness in navigation as in everything else is a part of human nature, and it will never be eradicated. As long as ships sail upon the sea there will be tragedies due to negligence, over-confidence, and ignorance. All that we can do is to supply improved safeguards and to stimulate prudence by punishing the lack of it. But the tragedies will continue to occur at intervals.

But this particular wreck seems to have some features that heat the blood and that reduce mere carelessness to insignificance. There was a time when a captain was supreme upon his own vessel, but it seems that wireless telegraphy has changed all that. Now the captain is expected to consult some head clerk in a city shipping office and to take his orders as to the best measures with a stranded ship scores of miles away. And the head clerk brings his financial mind to bear upon the situation and to determine whether his company can or can not afford to save the lives of the passengers, or whether "business" does not make it more economical to drown them. As a result we find the captain of the *Santa Rosa*, acting under orders from the office and asking a relief ship for the price "per head" for saving his passengers. The reply not being satisfactory, there is nothing done until it is too late and so passengers and crew are drowned. If the *Santa Rosa* had been laden with cattle there would be a moment's sympathy for poor brutes whose lives depended upon a price "per head." But she was laden with human beings, and the uncertainty of the market price "per head" for saving them was their sentence of death. Business is business with the Pacific Coast Steamship Company and their canny accountants.

It is to be feared that there are forms of heartlessness that the law can not punish. As to that we shall see. But the story as it is now known, as it is now admitted, is among the most sordid, the most calculating, and the most cruel in the annals of the sea.

The Alaskan Coal Fields.

A sensational statement with regard to Alaska is credited to Mr. B. B. Vanderlip, a mining engineer resident in and intimately acquainted with the territory. Mr. Vanderlip says that before the snows come again "Alaska either will have gone over to Canadian rule or will have hoisted the flag of a new republic."

Mr. Vanderlip is evidently an alarmist, and we need not yet make a choice between two alternatives equally beyond the range of discussion. But that such a statement should be made, that it should be based upon crying grievances with which the whole nation is now familiar, is indeed significant enough. Almost every day brings some report of the exasperation prevailing throughout Alaska because the people are not allowed to use the coal lying ready to their hands in inexhaustible quantities. A few weeks ago a cargo of imported coal was thrown into the water by a body of men justly indignant because their territory, so enormously rich in fuel, should yet be compelled to purchase its supplies from another country. Every enterprise that needs cheap coal is practically at a standstill. There can be no development of railroads, smelters, or anything else, without fuel. There is an immeasurable supply of that fuel almost within sight, but it must not be touched. Coal must be bought from a foreign country and at a ruinous expense. Doubtless the politician of the reformer brand can advance many reasons that appear to him excellent why the Alaskan deposits should remain untouched, but to every one else the proceedings seem to be an outrage upon national sanity.

Alaska is, of course, the chief sufferer, but the rest of the country, and especially the Pacific Coast, suffers with her. Cheaper coal is needed in San Francisco and in all the other cities to the north and to the south. The Alaskan fields can supply that coal, but they are forbidden to do so, and this in a country that prides itself upon its natural resources and that imposes a restrictive tariff in order to exclude the produce of other countries. No one can say when this humiliating deadlock is to end. If we may judge from the vociferous ignorance of radical politicians we might assume that any attempt to burn the coal of Alaska is necessarily fraudulent and that a new and enlightened policy demands that it remain in the ground untouched and forever.

There is no other national resource that is thus senselessly restricted. How would California receive a mandate from Washington to the effect that her oil wells must be left untouched and that she must purchase her supplies from China, or go without, until some quite indefinite and intricate points of law had been settled in the leisurely and somnolent way peculiar to governments? The cases are exactly parallel. But they are not parallel in the respective influence of the people affected. The interests of California could not be flouted in such a way as this, but Alaska is a long way off, sparsely peopled, and comparatively inarticulate. And yet it seems that her people are throwing the Canadian coal into the water and talking irascibly about desperate means for self-protection.

It is safe to assume that there have been attempted frauds in the disposition of the Alaska coal patents, but that is no reason why the coal must not be mined at all. Every source of natural wealth ever disclosed has attracted the greedy and the unscrupulous. Like the poor, they are always with us. We might suppose from the tenor of public discussion that the one paramount question was whether certain specified claims are or are not fraudulent. Certainly the question is important. All criminal questions are important. But they should not be allowed to hide the one fact of transcending gravity, that Alaska, incalculably rich in coal, is yet compelled to buy her fuel from a foreign country and that there is no relief in sight for her.

Religion in the Schools.

It is to be hoped that the National Educational Association will not allow itself to be beguiled into any action favorable to the teaching of religion in the public schools of the country. A recommendation from such a source would necessarily have weight. It would be something more than the pious opinion that may be safely uttered by those without responsibility or authority. The natural and even the proper tendency is to adopt a benevolent attitude toward religious demands and to be easily persuaded into their support. But this is not a question that separates the religious from the irreligious. Our present school system of religious exclusion was framed and adopted by those to whom religion was as dear as it is to any of the present day. It was so framed and adopted because it was believed to be in the interests of the children and of religion itself. It may be said to be a policy that was religiously chosen, and it ought not to be discarded in obedience to those well-intentioned impulses that sometimes assert themselves without the guidance of the more cautious critical faculties.

To introduce religion into the schools would be to sin against the experience of the whole of civilization. It is probably true that there is not today a country in the world that does not bitterly deplore the error of introducing into the schools a system of instruction that has never ceased to be the cause of bitter jealousies, of an incessant wrangling, as discreditable and hurtful to religion itself as to the educational interests of the children. Whenever reform has been undertaken, as in France, it has been in the direction of expelling this source of intolerable bickering and scandal, and even of national danger. In England the religious teaching in the schools is recognized as one of the ugliest problems confronting the educational world. Everywhere else we find the same recognition of the evil, the same anxiety for its abatement.

Our own educators may think themselves wise enough to devise some scheme that will obviate the persistent nuisance that has been created elsewhere. They can not do it. There will be no disposition to question their wisdom, but this is a task beyond human skill. There is no conceivable plan that will be equally acceptable to the thousand forms of religious belief that flourish in our midst. And even if we suppose that some common agreement could be reached, some plan of religious instruction that would be generally accepted by the various creeds, how long can we suppose that such unanimity would last? It would not last a month. Before its provisions were in the hands of the printers the pulling of the theological wires would begin, and a dozen different creeds would be in conflict [illegible]

schoolhouse. Some slight change would be demanded here, some trifling alteration there, and the struggle for insidious advantage would be in our midst. It is the duty of the school to impart knowledge. It is the glory of religion that it inspires faith, a faith that is beyond the realm of intellect. The moment the school departs from the domain of intellectual knowledge, humanized by ethical influence, it will lose its status because it has exceeded its prerogatives. Its value will have met its death blow.

It is for jurists to determine how far the introduction of religion into the schools would be a violation of the Constitution. In some States the Constitution has been invoked in defense of religious liberty, and successfully invoked, and any authoritative action by the association would be the signal for an outbreak of heated clamor that would not react favorably upon the cause of religion. But the question is primarily one of justice rather than of law. No system could be devised that would meet with the unanimous approval of the parents of the nation or that would satisfy the large number of parents who look with grave censure upon any attempt to interfere with their own most absolute prerogative. There would be no remedy for such parents except to withdraw their children during the scheduled hours for religious instruction, and so at once there would be the introduction into school life of religious classifications and barriers, of all classifications and barriers the most hateful and the most noxious to the mind of the child.

This agitation for the introduction of religion into the schools is now making its appearance with a regularity that indicates organization, and always with a clever assumption that its advocates and its opponents represent respectively the friends and the enemies of religion. The assumption is unwarranted and false. Now, as always, the cause of religion is best served by those who would divorce it absolutely and perpetually from legal and governmental support.

Turkey and Europe.

We may yet live to see the day when the Turks will be invited to evacuate Europe, "bag and baggage," and even assisted over the frontier by the united and propulsive boots of the most Christian nations. At the present time these nations are in a state of agreement as rare as it is ominous for the Turk. Fighting is going on in various parts of the empire. The Christian peoples complain of a discrimination against their religion. The Mohammedans complain that there is not discrimination enough. The various nationalities that hate each other for the love of God are preparing to cut each other's pious throats for the same motive, while the semi-independent principalities across the border are scenting the battle from afar and good-humoredly doing what they can to hasten it. The Turk has many enemies and his friends hate him, so that it really seems that something may be done in the way of his assisted emigration from Europe. Russia, whose benevolence for the oppressed is well known, has sent unpleasant messages to her southern neighbor. Austria, who ran off with the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, has said intensely unpleasant things on the benefits of the simple life, and England, Germany, and France were distinctly heard to applaud. Sultan Abdul Hamid might have been able to sow some tares in the field of European concord, but Abdul Hamid is in prison and his successor specializes in benevolence rather than intelligence. Unfortunately, Turkey has no statesmen—only reformers, and she is likely to suffer both for the lack of the one and the superfluity of the other.

Europe is, of course, actuated by the noblest sentiments in her admonitions to Turkey to keep the peace, but her piety may be said to run parallel to her self-interest. It happens that way sometimes. She is sincerely anxious that there shall be peace in Turkey, but there were times when Abdul Hamid imposed the peace of death upon his restive subjects and Europe looked another way and murmured something about peace at any price. It is true that the Young Turk reformers are a disappointment, inasmuch as they can be both young and Turks at the same time. It is to be feared that such virtues as they have are now to be counted against them. The various European powers have rather got into a habit of exclaiming against Turkish misrule and benevolently annexing her provinces as a remedy. Now if Turkey is actually going to amend her ways the policy of annexing and protecting her property must cease. There might be talk of restitution. The Young Turks are patriots first, last, and all the time. Patriotism is their long suit. They have raised a cry of "Turkey for the Turks," have asserted themselves in regard to Crete, and are likely at any moment to say something inopportune about Egypt. There are large numbers of Bulgarians living in Turkey, and the Bulgarian government is interested in her wandering sons and resents the disabilities under which the Turkish patriots have placed them. In fact Europe recognizes that while an impenitent Turkey was bad enough, a penitent Turkey may have its drawbacks. A Turkey that existed only upon sufferance and that could always be bullied was at least endurable, but a Turkey full of the strength of self-righteousness and that can not even then keep the peace is quite another matter. As a result we have this unanimous warning to the empire from the concerted powers of Europe.

The Eight-Hour Law.

The Modesto *News* is troubled in its mind because the *Argonaut* described the eight-hour law for women as a piece of mischievous and meddling legislation, productive of danger to the interests of the women themselves, and an interference with the elementary rights of citzenship. The *News* translates the criticism of the *Argonaut* into a personal attack upon Assemblyman Griffin, who was immediately responsible for the act. No such attack was made or contemplated. Mr. Griffin is probably all that the *News* says he is, and it is quite easy to believe that he was actuated by a "conscientious desire to aid in the work now being done for humanity and in the interests of a higher civilization." It still remains unfortunately true that most of the mischief done in the world is the work of the well-intentioned, whose activities are peculiarly noxious when they are able to give to them the weight of legislation. If we had only bad people to deal with the task of reform would be easy. Stupidity is the real enemy of human progress, not ill-will; and it is because this act is a piece of well-intentioned stupidity that the *Argonaut* attacked it.

The *News* itself seems to have nothing to say in its defense except a eulogy of Mr. Griffin and those vague generalities about "the future of our nation" to which we are so well used. The future of the nation will be best assured by a preservation of the principles of liberty, of freedom of contract, and of personal initiative and self-help, and not by the petty and harassing legislation which is already the curse of the country and the menace of the future. The *News* admits that "it is to be deplored that through the operation of this law certain women, holding positions of responsibility and trust, where their labors are light and their accommodations enviable, are forced to cease work abruptly at the end of eight hours." It certainly is to be deplored, and there are other things also to be deplored. It is to be deplored that hundreds of deserving women have lost their occupation, if we may trust the current reports, not because their employers wished to overwork them, not because they were in any way ill-used, but because their continued occupation has become impossible through the harassing restrictions imposed by the legislature. It is to be deplored that the employment of women at all is now on the way to become so hazardous, so impracticable, that it will be more profitable to employ men, and especially Asiatics. It is to be deplored that at a time when the power of self-support is becoming more and more essential to the status of women the legislature should thus obstruct their path to a needed independence. These are some of the things that are certainly to be deplored, and it is gratifying to find that the *News* selects a phrase with regard to this act that describes it so clearly. It is also gratifying to find an admission that "this is certainly not what Mr. Griffin and the State legislature desired should result from the passage of the bill." Why, then, did they pass a bill which has thus confessedly miscarried and which must obviously be followed by results which the *News* admits to be mischievous?

There are some other questions that may be asked appropriately in this connection. Why was an exemption granted to women employed in the canneries, seeing that their work is infinitely harder than that of waitresses in restaurants? Are we to understand that "the future of our nation" depends mainly upon waitresses and stenographers, or that cannery women are in any way exempt from the weaknesses of women?

Why are there any exemptions at all? The "future of our nation," physically speaking, depends far more upon the fathers than upon the mothers. Why, then, are women alone, and only a few women at that, selected for the purposes of this pettifogging legislation? Why are married women exempt from the law? The "future of our nation" surely rests far more upon the married than upon the unmarried women, but we have yet to hear of any legislative relief for them. We have yet to hear of a single labor unionist anywhere who applies an eight-hour rule to his own wife, who does not even receive wages for her toil. If Mr. Griffin is so solicitous for "the future physical strength of our great commonwealth" there are many ways in which he can employ his energies without making it increasingly difficult for women to get their living at all.

Therefore it may be said that the *Argonaut* is in no way penitent under the admonitions directed against it. It still regards the eight-hour law for women as a piece of mischievous and dangerous legislation and a gross injury to the women of the State. It still classes it among those pernicious laws that by their interference in all the affairs of life are slowly sapping the virility and the powers of self-help inherent in the nation and that are the only real possessions that carry with them a guaranty for the future.

New York and Tammany.

New York State is paying a heavy price for the inestimable privilege of having Mr. Dix for its governor and Mr. Murphy for its boss. Before the election, and when Mr. Dix was bashfully urging his claims upon the electorate, it was confidently asserted that a Democratic governor and a Tammany boss were not necessarily inseparable, and that Mr. Dix could be safely trusted to kick over the ladder by which he mounted. There are, of course, New York Democrats who could defy Tammany, but Mr. Dix very quickly showed that he was not among them. Almost before the inauguration ceremony was over Mr. Murphy was not only on deck, but he was obviously steering the ship. Establishing his offices at Albany, he proceeded to ladle out the patronage, to issue the nominations, and to make laws in the good old way. The legislature became a mere rubber stamp for the promulgation of his will and the governor himself withdrew tremulously into the background and allowed Mr. Murphy to take his place. The boss did indeed suffer a partial defeat in the matter of the senatorship, and it seemed for the moment that a small body of insurgents might be able to hold him in check. But this particular insurgency went the way of its parent in Washington and was heard of no more. Mr. Murphy sulked in his tent for a few days and then came out stronger than ever.

The scandal of the Murphy dictatorship has now become so great that an appeal is being made to the up-State Democrats to save the situation. They are being asked if they know what is going on in the city, if they are aware of the abominable election bill that is being forced through the legislature, if they approve of the Tammany attack upon the Clearing House or sanction the open jeer that the governor must sign all Tammany bills whether he approve them or not. And it is not only the New York Democrats who are exercised in their minds about the situation. The national organization is uneasy lest the party lose New York at the presidential election, as it certainly will unless the scandal is abated. It is to be remembered that Governor Dix won the election not so much through Democratic fervor as through a determination to beat a Roosevelt candidate, and it is said that there are 100,000 votes that would go the other way if there were an election tomorrow. No one ever supposed that Mr. Dix was a strong man, but then neither did any one believe him to be quite so weak as he is. He seems to be obsessed with the idea that subservience to Murphy is the one essential of his career, whereas Murphy and Tammany together are simply chasing him and his party down a steep place into the sea.

But good citizenship is more concerned with the disgrace of the situation than with its effect upon votes. New York State is acting as though there were no such thing as representative government in the world and as though the whole machinery of popular control were a figment. If Murphy were a man of shining qualities, of magnetic personality, or with oratorical powers, the case would at least be understandable. But he has no attractive characteristics of any kind. Almost wholly uneducated, mean, narrow, and arrogant, he has not a single quality from which a cultured good citizenship does not instinctively shrink. He reeks of everything hateful in municipal life, and yet this unsavory figure is able to dominate the affairs of the metropolitan State and to exercise unchallenged powers that no European king has possessed for a century.

Of course there will be a reaction, but the supine-

ness of the electorate, its dull and stupid welcome of an immoral tyranny, are not encouraging. That New York State should be lost to the Democratic party is a prospect that we shall try to bear with fortitude, but that it should be lost for such a reason is a national reproach.

The N. E. A. and Its Work.

The warmth of San Francisco's welcome to the National Educational Association will be in no way marred by the faint rumors of domestic disord that percolate from the conference halls. The public has been reminded somewhat pointedly that if there is indeed a ripple upon the usually placid sea of educational harmony it is a matter that concerns only the members of the association, whose desire to conduct their laundry operations in secluded privacy must be obvious to every one. Heaven forbid that there should be any curiosity as to the meaning of the new Insurgency or its adversaries of the Old Guard. These are ill-omened terms, and we have troubles of our own.

But, if it may be said without impertinence, there is a certain public interest in those broad educational problems that are still upon the higher levels where sex and sect are not. If the time should come for the Educational Association to touch lightly upon the matter of education their conclusions will be received with attention and respect. There are indications that time may be near. Mrs. Young, for example, has foreshadowed a discussion on the over crowding of school schedules, and some authoritative pronouncement might do much to curb the eccentric and the crank whose deplorable energies are an educational danger. On the other hand, there seem to be experts in our midst who are resolved that the schedules shall be crowded even more than they are now, and who are satisfied that the inclusion of their pet hobbies will save the nation from an otherwise inevitable destruction. For example, there are teachers who are convinced that instruction in sex hygiene would add yet one more grace to our coeducational system. There are others who are persuaded that original sin can be eradicated by forty-five minutes of "religious instruction" on Tuesdays and Fridays. There are all grades of opinion from the now recognized heresy that parents have either rights or duties, to the other extreme that demands the total abolition of parents. These are some of the questions upon which a patient and even abject public is awaiting guidance and may perhaps get it when the matter of supremacy has been momentarily settled in the gladiatorial lists whence some echoes of the fray are reaching a respectful but perplexed community.

The Insurgent Record.

Senator Williams did a clever and effective piece of business when he played the part of resurrection man to some of Senator Cummins's old speeches on Canadian reciprocity. Senator Cummins seems to have walked into the trap with a bland unconsciousness of its powerful spring. He remembered making an inaugural address as governor of Iowa in 1904, but the precise phraseology used by him upon that occasion was recalled relentlessly by Senator Williams. Upon that occasion the Iowa statesman had made a powerful plea for Canadian reciprocity, for the very proposal that he is now opposing with all the political arts at his command. "I assert positively," he said, "that in the sharp struggle with Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri you would never be able to discern the influence of Canada in corn, oats, hay, barley, cattle, horses, hogs, butter, and eggs." It was a damaging reminder, and even Mr. Cummins was disconcerted as he replied somewhat feebly that the situation has now changed. Mr. Burton has since performed a similar ministration of past speeches upon Mr. La Follette and Mr. Nelson, and with like results.

This is all very effective as rapier work and it serves the purposes of debate quite admirably. But the electorate has its own way of applying the deadly parallel, and it does so on a larger scale. There was a time when it allowed itself to be deceived by the little body of men who loudly announced that they were Daniels in a den of lions and that the combined iniquities were about to be cowed into subjection by their brave and dauntless bearing. All that the public need do to be saved was to keep on cheering. Mr. La Follette and Mr. Nelson would do the rest, and they would do it by the simple devices of a straightforward bearing and an adherence to the simple dictates of honesty. The tears of a simple patriotism stood in their eyes as they arranged themselves for the photographer and made a provisional arrangement for the Cabinet offices in 1912.

And now the public can hardly believe its eyes as it sees these same enlightened statesmen, the last hopes of an expiring democracy, transforming themselves, or rather displaying themselves, as pettifogging politicians of the lowest type. No trick too hollow, no device too pretentious, no manœuvre too transparent to defeat the very measure that they vociferously advocated, to sustain the interests that they venomously assailed, to destroy the reform upon which they built their shallow reputations. Amendments are crowded upon amendments, not with the slightest expectation or hope that they will be passed, but for purposes of naked obstruction. Every amendment must be put separately, debated, and the roll called. Mr. La Follette, it is announced, will speak for "several days," and when he is exhausted Mr. Bailey will take up the same parable.

And yet even the chicanery of the insurgents will serve a purpose. Mr. La Follette and his henchmen have politically damned themselves past all hope of redemption. That they are conscious of a disgusted and contemptuous public is the cause of their desperation. They know that they are thoroughly discredited and that Mr. Taft himself has ousted them and is occupying the position of leadership that they have neither the brains nor the consciences to fill. The process of disillusionment is always a painful one, but upon this occasion it has come in time to prevent a disaster.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Arbitration and Honor.

Stanford University, June 18, 1911.

Editor Argonaut: Among the many declarations good and true which the world owes to Mr. Roosevelt, there is one of recent date which seems to the writer a bit of reactionary heresy. Mr. Roosevelt traverses the fundamental principle of sound jurisprudence in declaring that "the United States ought never specifically to bind itself to arbitrate questions respecting its honor, independence, and integrity." In this sentence, I take it the essential word is "honor." The "independence" of the United States can not be a question, and the word "integrity" has no evident meaning in this connection. But the word "honor" has the duelist's suggestion and it tends to cover lines of action defensible on no other plea. It is not evident what a question of honor can be. Mr. Roosevelt remarks that with Great Britain and the United States the fine relations now developed would preclude in each case any impeachment of the other's "honor." But if so, why not with France or Germany or Denmark as well? Who, in fact, are "the lesser tribes without the law" who might take advantage of our honor? And for that matter who is the keeper of our honor? Is it the American people, or their Senate, or their President, or their Supreme Court who is to be the judge?

It may be that Mr. Roosevelt means that some nation other than England might ask for a definition or a justification of our Monroe Doctrine, and that this doctrine would not stand the verdict of a jury of our peers. If this is the fact, it is a specific case, our special matter of honor, our pet weakness if you please. If we do not settle it for ourselves what the Monroe Doctrine means, the world may define it for us. But otherwise it is not clear that any other nation can have designs on our honor. Individuals may insult individuals, and individuals may poke fun at nations, but nations are unconcerned. "Twisting the lion's tail" is recognized as a phase of local politics, for which the lion does not care. The other beasts and birds which symbolize our neighbors are not more sensitive. Nations in our day are bound together by ties of blood and commerce. They do not want to fight. They have no interest in making faces. Their worst act is to rush into armament rivalries which injure mainly themselves.

Mr. Roosevelt illustrates the question of honor in this way: "Among private individuals, the man who if his wife is assaulted and has her face slapped will go to law about it instead of forthwith punishing the offender would be justly rewarded with derision." But we can not easily follow this analogy into the field of world-politics. It would appear that the wife in question was a helpless innocent, incapable of offense on the one hand and of retort on the other. Her husband was her natural defender and his glory was that he did not wait for the law.

But the wife in this sense is an individual possession, implying individual duties. A nation has no wife, nor any interest which stands in parallel relations. When nations punish "forthwith," they are often forced to repent at leisure. Moreover, even in private life it may happen that "forthwith punishing the offender" may neither protect the wife nor bring about justice. In fifty per cent of the cases the irate husband gets the worst of it. In extreme cases it is the offender who has the gun. Even to go to law may be less likely to be regarded with derision than to provoke a street brawl. It depends on circumstances which is the better play. The analogy is a bad one. There is no case in international affairs which is parallel to this supposed insult. There is no case in which patience and mutual consideration do not point out a better way. The absurd affair of the Dogger Banks comes near being a case of "honor"; but that is just the kind of case arbitration can most easily manage, once the idea of summary vengeance is disposed of.

Again, if our strict brawl or "forthwith punishment" or "summary vengeance" is to involve millions of other people, the destruction of cities, the unspeakable outrages which mark the most considerate of wars, we may well leave the insult to the adjustment of friends.

Diplomacy, adjustment, arbitration, judicial determination all these are to be preferred at any time to wholesale killing which in the end settles nothing. The slapped face is forgotten in the monstrosities of international anarchy.

Mr. Roosevelt further implies his assent to arbitration so long as its results are just, but not otherwise.

It has happened that mistakes have been made in arbitration as in administration or in legislation or in other functions of statesmanship. The error is less important than the confusion it replaces. The development of international tribunals insures greater and greater perfection in their machinery. Each case successfully adjusted gives greater confidence for the future and each case weakens the likelihood of appeal to arms. Through the development of international law lies the sole way of escape from the burdens of war debt and from the exactions of the armament syndicates which have so successfully swayed the councils of the nations.

Mr. Roosevelt's attitude in this regard is somewhat like that of the baseball player who respects the decisions of the umpire so long as they are right, but who kicks vigorously at a wrong decision. With such players the game dissolves into the strenuous activity of a free fight, which occupies the same place in baseball that war does in civilization. The fact is that baseball is impossible without the umpire. The umpire is not infallible, but "the umpire right or wrong" is the only condition on which the game can continue. No mistake of the umpire is so harmful as the mistake of disputing the umpire. For this error strenuous players, insisting on justice and honor, are every day sent from the field.

In the world of today, no nation can gain by victorious war, and every battle in its degree is a world-wide calamity. In actual cost, no matter under arbitration has a money value of a thousandth part the cost of even the briefest international war. No nation can have a higher honor than this that it has involved the aid of its fellows in event of international misunderstandings, and that the case once set forth it has accepted the decision of the umpire.

In all these matters, it is easy to be deceived by analogies, and in science all analogies are worthless. Only a homology, a fundamental identity of cause and relation, counts in science. A nation is not an individual, giving and taking insults, working out secret schemes and plans for advancement. War is not exercise which strengthens muscles otherwise weak. War is waste, which destroys wealth and manhood, impeaching the virility of the future as it uses up the virile men of today. But in the settlement of disputes we must disregard analogies and illustrations to get down to fundamental facts. War is anarchy. Civilization rests on order, and the progress of the future, as of the past, is from disorder to law, from the rule of wrath and plunder toward the square deal among men and among nations. And our progress toward the square deal is measured by our respect for the decision of the umpire.

David Starr Jordan.

Translators and Translations.

San Francisco, July 8, 1911.

Editor Argonaut: I know you are interested in translations, for you publish such off and on. It seems to me there must be a great fascination in trying to render some one's words adequately in another language. I have often wished to be able to do so and often wonder, when reading translations, if a thoroughly sympathetic one is best made from or into one's native tongue.

Last week I picked up "Klaus Hinrich Baas," by Frenssen, translated by E. E. Lape and E. F. Read, and brought out by the Macmillan Company. I commenced to compare it with its original, and would you believe that before I had read three pages of the translation I had run across as many blunders? Page 3 of the German edition introduces us to the hero of the story on a windy *"autumn day,"* which reads in the translation "on a windy day *in April,"* and thus runs counter to the sense of the facts mentioned in connection with it. On page 4 we are told that little Klaus did not dare to report a girl's ill-treatment of him because the teacher was wont to *"take her part"* anyhow, she being, so to speak, his watchdog. This is rendered in English: Since she was the teacher's assistant the little fellow did not dare to report his ill-treatment to the teacher, *"although he was standing beside her."* Little Klaus, however, tells his mother, who waylays the girl and upbraids her; according to the original the girl looked at the angry woman and *"gave her a wide berth,"* according to the translation she *"made a bow"* and strode rapidly on.

Evidently the translators are not Germans or they would have recognized the idioms and tried to render them as best they could in English.

Lack of time prevents me from continuing my comparisons. The hook may read well enough, but it can not be an altogether sympathetic rendering of the original.

A Reader.

Congratulations.

55 Nightingale Lane,
Clapham Common, London, S. W., June 14, 1911.

Editor Argonaut: I am a busy man, but I must spare you a moment to write and say how much I appreciate each week the excellent paper you edit. In my editorial capacity I receive publications from every part of the world; but I do not know of one which I can open with more certainty of being thoroughly entertained from cover to cover. It is a really capital production and one which seems to be issued, contrary to modern journalistic practice, from the editorial department, and not the advertisement rooms.

Once more let me congratulate you heartily, and believe me to be, Yours sincerely, F Fowell.

The Latest Blow to Outdoor Art.

San Francisco, July 8, 1911.

Editor Argonaut: In regard for appearances we lag considerably behind most other cities, but I supposed had reached a point where using our most prominent landmarks for advertisements would not be tolerated. There is certainly a strong sentiment against this performance, which if a trifle aroused may cast many votes against the aspiring statesmen whose modest signs adorn Twin Peaks and Bernal Heights.

Were the Outdoor Art League to serve notice on the candidates to have these signs removed forthwith would not the present and future effect be very salutary?

Very truly, John Chetwood.

The mint in New Orleans is now a thing of the past, and the old building in future will be utilized as a government assay office, principally for the handling of bullion from Nicaragua and other Central American countries.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Professor Flinders Petrie is about to exhibit in London the remarkable color portraits which he discovered in an Egyptian cemetery at Fayum. The face of each mummified body was covered by a portrait painted on a thin piece of cedar wood. The basic material of the paint was beeswax, which must have been melted to receive the pigment and then melted again immediately before use. The colors themselves are mineral, ochre, and hæmatite, the blacks are charcoal, and the pinks and purples are madder. The cemetery dates from about the first century and its occupants were probably Romans. Professor Petrie says that these are probably the earliest paintings known, but he may be in error here, as similar paintings have been found in Rome itself, and perhaps of a still earlier date. The professor goes on to say that many of these portraits are of such individuality and strength as to challenge comparison with the technique and imagination of modern artists. Moreover, it is to be remembered that they were executed at a time when the race was already decadent, and the still more ancient color work was probably far superior. The use of wax must have been attended with many difficulties, through its tendency to harden either too slowly, which would cause the colors to run, or too quickly, which would clog the brush. Some modern artists have attempted to use wax by way of experiment, but the results were not very satisfactory.

Occasional reports from Spain are eloquent of a popular discontent that must either be assuaged or that will become dangerous. For example, the Senate has just passed a law completely removing the tax upon food, or at least arranging for its gradual removal in the course of a term of years. The opponents of the new law maintain that the government will have to face a deficit of over $150,000,000 a year, which seems a colossal amount for such a country as Spain. But the authorities are undeterred. They do not dispute the estimate, but they say that they will recoup themselves by a special tax on houses and rents. To this the reply is obvious. The tax on hunger, it is said, is only removed in order that shelter may be taxed, and the right of a family to a roof over its head. The exchange, say the Liberals, is for the better. The change, say the Conservatives, is for the worse. Probably the movement is a real reform. The food taxes were maintained not only for revenue, but in deference to selfish interests which will not find it so easy to profit from the house tax. It would be interesting to know how much Spain spends on her army and navy. At the present moment she is fighting for what she calls her honor in Morocco, and wars in defense of honor are costly and fruitless.

Another burning grievance is the robbery of students. All official communications written by students must be on stamped paper, and the stamps are expensive. A heavy fee is exacted for a degree, and moreover every professor has the right to force his own text-books upon his classes and to write as many text-books as he wishes. Mr. S. L. Bensuean in his "Home Life in Spain" says, "If it were not for the fact that nearly every student and every professor has in his brain a fully matured scheme for the regeneration of national education against the time when he becomes *el Excelentisimo Señor Ministro de Instruccion Publico*, the trouble could hardly be endured without occasional appeal to barricades and bloodshed."

The publication of the vital statistics for 1910 has given France another attack of nerves. The excess of births over deaths is only 70,581, as against 84,061 in the previous year. In England the excess is about 500,000. The death rate also has considerably diminished, and while this in itself is satisfactory it still further accentuates the gravity of the main figures. But even the lower death rate is largely due to a decrease in the number of births, since the chief mortality is always among the newly born. Thanks to the progress of hygiene the infant mortality has fallen from 14 per cent in 1906 to 12 per cent at the present time.

The birth rate is, of course, falling fast all over civilization. It must do so while the cost of living increases and while armaments absorb the treasures of the nations. Such trifling remedies as premiums upon large families can have no effect so long as the average man feels that he can not afford to marry, or that, being married, he can not afford to have children. European governments deplore a waning population because it depletes the army. But it is the army that depletes the population.

Mr. W. R. Smith, general solicitor of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, has strong opinions on the folly of disturbing the balance of nature by the present popular crusades against certain forms of animal life. The fly, he says, is an invaluable scavenger, and "ten years from now people will be running incubators to hatch flies and the state will be appropriating money to pay for it." In this connection it may be remembered that the British agricultural authorities have just issued a warning against the destruction of hawks and owls, which have earned unpopularity by their depredations on the chicken yard. The owls and hawks having nearly disappeared, the rat has everything his own way, and so a very real plague of rats has taken the place of the comparatively harmless raids of the predatory birds. Unfortunately, it is always easy to instigate a crusade of killing.

We are still a long way from understanding the German theatre, and this is simply because it is the German theatre and the expression of a certain national trait that is not found elsewhere. To say that the German theatre is state endowed is only partially correct. Some German theatres are state or municipally endowed, but not all of them. The German genius is inclined to look upon the theatre very much as we look upon a public park or recreation ground, as something that tends to the public good and that should be fostered upon public grounds. But there are other theatres that are endowed, but not municipally endowed. In America and in England we hear of privately endowed hospitals and universities, but whoever heard of a privately endowed theatre? The benevolent capitalist who spent his money in such a way as this would be considered as almost insane. It is the lingering taint of Puritanism in the Anglo-Saxon blood that causes wealth—and wealth is usually conventional—to look upon the stage as a popular amusement, higher in grade but of the same essence as bull-fighting. It has never yet attracted the money of the benevolent or the public-spirited, which goes always into the more "regular" channels of care for the body, mind, and morals. But in Germany they have a different point of view. The theatre may make money, but it is not one of the recognized ways to make money. Its place is in the national departments of ethics, and not of commerce, and so we find many theatres, lavishly conducted and with no signs of parsimony in their conduct and that can not possibly pay their expenses. No one wonders how it is done, because every one knows. They are endowed by wealthy and benevolently inclined people who gratify their instincts by helping the drama just as the corresponding class in America helps the hospital or the university. Perhaps America will never possess such a class. Perhaps it is on its way to some more admirable method, but in the meantime the theatre must continue to get its living by the methods of the public market.

Dr. Orville Ward Owen, who is now excavating in the bed of the River Wye for the elusive Baconian manuscripts, has the most astonishing success in finding what he is not looking for. First of all his cipher, which seems to work by machinery, directed him to a particular spot under the bed of the river. There were no manuscripts there. Not a manuscript. But there was a most interesting pontoon, the only remains of the Roman bridge that once spanned the stream. The archæologists of England thanked Dr. Owen and urged him to further efforts. Every one knew what he would not find, but no one knew what he would find. So Dr. Owen took heart of grace, geared up his calculating machine a hole or two, and found that the manuscripts were not in the bed of the Wye at all, but in the walls of Chepstow Castle. And now he has found something more in the shape of a subterranean crypt, also of much archæological interest, but of course wholly innocent of manuscripts. Let us hope that Dr. Owen will not be discouraged. He is doing a great and worthy work, and if he will only speed up his cipher machine some more or throw in a clutch and regulate its spark plug there is no knowing what will be the result. He ought to be subsidized by the archæological societies.

And speaking of archæology it is a pity that there is no way to reach the alleged intelligence of the town council of Seville in Spain. These local magnates are anxious to make their city more attractive to the tourist, and they have set about their task in a way characteristic of local magnates, who seem all to have the same sort of microbe. What, they ask, must tourists think of Seville when they find that the town is supplied with water by an ancient Roman aqueduct built before the birth of Christ and still allowed to function in defiance of modern invention? It is true that the Roman aqueduct is still effective. It brings good and pure water in sufficient quantities, and it brings it well. But think of the discreditable age of it, and the indignation that must be felt by the well-regulated tourist who comes to Seville in search of amusement and finds himself confronted with this old-fashioned piece of antiquity. Away with it, say the city fathers, who are now busy consulting price lists and catalogues of iron piping in order that the susceptibilities of the tourist may not be affronted by this relic of Julius Cæsar and Almohades.

The Italian government has resolved to adopt a system of practically universal suffrage, a "reform" sufficiently curious for a country possessing so high a percentage of illiterates. Some time ago the premier spoke contemptuously of the proposal as "a defense of ignorance," but he seems to have been converted, and as a majority of the chamber is known to favor it there is no doubt that it will pass. But now the ministry is confronted with the indignant but not speechless suffragette. If it is necessary to the safety of the country that even illiterate men shall pronounce their opinion on intricate matters of government why should it not be equally salutary, even more salutary, to invite opinions and votes from women who are not illiterate and who, in fact, hold university diplomas? The ministry has been severely questioned on this point, but took refuge in an eloquent and dignified silence.

The list of honors granted in connection with the coronation may usefully be studied by those curious to understand the gradation of national values. Fortunately we are spared a wearisome classification by the summaries published in English newspapers. Thus the London *Spectator* finds cause for congratulation in the fact that the claims of literature have been recognized by the distinctions conferred on Professor Raleigh and Mr. Sidney Lee. That, of course, is all very nice and proper, and English literature arches its back and purrs. But the *Spectator* goes on to apologize for the brevity of its notice. It has no space adequate to such a purpose, for "the army and navy list, if we gave it even without comment, would fill many pages." But let the *Spectator* be comforted. No comment is necessary. In imagination we see those "many pages" of military names and we make our own comment. At last Professor Raleigh and Mr. Sidney Lee have been raised to company worthy of them, but will they not feel lonely among those cohorts of warriors? And so the *Spectator* folds its hands and bestows an apostolic benediction on the whole business. In spite of all the difficulties "we are convinced that our system of honors is a useful one and works for the public benefit." What a relief it must be to think that the coronation is now over, that the two "literary gents" and the many pages of soldiers have been suitably rewarded, and that the *Spectator* can now resume its plea for international peace and arbitration and the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

OLD FAVORITES FROM THE FRENCH.

The Soldier's Reception (Bon Gite).

"Good dame, pile not your logs so high,
Keep them for winter store.
My soaked habiliments are dry,
I quake with cold no more."
She shook her head, and for my sake
The bellows lusty plied,
"Hush, soldier, hush, and comfort take,"
She said, "my hearth beside."

"Good dame, such lavishness forbear,
Let shelf and cellar be.
Yon snowy cloth, yon Sunday fare,
Are all too good for me."
Heedless she set out bread and meat,
Uncorked the long-stored wine,
Murmuring the while, "Eat, soldier, eat,
Refresh that frame of thine."

"Good dame, what means that new-made bed,
Those sheets so finely spun?
On heaped-up straw in cattle shed
I'd snore till rise of sun."
The kind soul hearkened not a word,
Careful the pillows laid,
Smoothing the soft sheets lavendered,
"Rest, soldier, rest," she said.

At dawn I find my haversack
Fall laden at my feet.
"Good dame, your largesses take back,
Why thus a stranger treat?"
But smiling even mum she kept
Until I turned to go.
"Why, soldier, why?" she said, and wept,
"My boy is soldier too!" —*Paul Déroulède.*

Two Ways Hath Life (Les Deux Routes).

Two ways hath Life. One as a stream
With flowers environed quits the source,
The even tenor of its course,
Hardly betrayed by transient gleam.
No echo marks the onward roll
Of waves that without plaint or sigh,
Winning scant glance from passer-by,
Unhasting reach the appointed goal.

One as a torrent unconfined
Bursts forth headlong with frenzied will,
No agency its rage can still
Nor barriers curb, nor forces bind.
The first achieves, the second aims,
One limits hath, the other none
With every day its task begun—
Patience, Ambition, are their names.
—*Alfred de Musset.*

Criticism Appraised (La Fauvette and Le Rossignol).

From noon till eve the Warbler sang.
"Twas all the happiness he knew;
At last the chaffinch came one day
To prattle of the envious crew.
"The sparrow, jay, and crow," said he,
"Birds great and small, both old and young,
Even the stupid goose, declare,
It's getting time you held your tongue.

"Yet you sing on and pay no heed,
Throughout the livelong summer day;
I fain such patience would learn too,
The secret of it tell, I pray."
"Brother," the Warbler said, and smiled,
"The Nightingale once praised my song;
When mighty masters thus approve,
Why should we heed the vulgar throng?"
—*Lachambeaudie.*

The Cid (Le Cid).

Through the Sierra rode at eve the Cid.
Campéador, his golden arms a-glow,
Splendor redoubled as the sun sank low.
All gold and gems he seemed, but though half hid
By rubied casque, still shot a fierier ray
His eyes than dazzling armor as it shone.
His foes subdued, he now subdued the sun
As proud and peerless he pursued his way.
Wondering from heights afar, the shepherds saw
That flaming form, that warrior clad in gold.
"Saint James, Campéador," they cried; "Bchold!"
Hero and patron-saint confused in awe.
Slowly the radiant horseman rode alone,
When from a darksome hollow came a sound
Sad and sepulchral; as he glanced around
His eyes fell on a figure lying prone,
Human but horrible, so dread a sight
That when the scarecrow rose mouthing a prayer,
As if the dust thus blown befouled the air
Backing, the charger caracoled with fright.
Calm sat Campéador, his plumes a-flame;
Then as archangel from his lofty seat,
Bending towards the outcast at his feet,
Lordly, he gave alms asked for in Christ's name.
Now happed a thing most moving to relate.
Upon his knees, incredulous, surprised,
That he, a leper, shrunk from and despised,
Plague-stricken, castaway and reprobate,
Should thus meet looks of pity and of love,
Stirred by an impulse, overmastering fear,
Unto that form majestic drawing near,
The suppliant dared to kiss the knightly glove,
No human form touched by him till today!
And knowing that contagion could not pierce
Such envelope, with gratulation fierce
He let his brow upon the metal stay.
Unhorrified, unangered, suave and grand
Looked on the Cid. What sudden thought now flashed
His mind across? His gauntlet off he dashed
And to the kneeling leper gave his hand!
—*Barbey d'Aurévilly.*

A recent wind-storm in Washington, D. C., became so violent that senators could not make themselves heard in the Senate chamber. The incident has been widely remarked.

HOTTEST NEW YORK.

A Wave of Heat Synchronizes with a Wave of Crime in Manhattan.

The burning question of the day in New York, at this writing, is the heat. Not since the establishment of the Weather Bureau, not since we have known by scientific process just how hot and just how cold we are has there been such a scorching Fourth of July. Four hundred thousand people rushed madly down to Coney Island for a plunge in the ocean, but their relief was only temporary. If they could have spent the day and the night in the salt water it would have helped the situation, but a few dips, a few "nips," and back to the sizzling town was hardly worth while. Thirty-two people are known to have died directly from the effects of the heat on the Fourth, and many hundreds suffered acutely from it, a number going insane from its effects. and can you blame them?

When New York is hot it is HOT. There is no compromise, and yet if we had only nature to contend with our city would not be such a dreadful place in the good old summer time. Its situation is unique—between two rivers and on the bay. Dr. O. W. Holmes once described the island of Manhattan as "that tongue of land running out into the ocean to lap up the cream of commerce of the world." I quote from memory, but that is the idea. And it is just because it is a tongue of land that it has every natural advantage as a summer resort. It is the unnatural advantages that kill it for that purpose. The soft fiery asphalt of the streets burn your feet as they sink into it, while the sidewalks offer no relief because of the steaming furnaces beneath them. Where there are not boiler-rooms below the ground there are subways belching up hot smoke, and the wind that rushes down between the sky-scrapers is hot and dust-laden. Your eyes are blinded and scorched at the same time. This is not a pretty picture, but it is New York in midsummer.

Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, with pleasant recollections of the cool summer nights of San Francisco, thought that they could run in a season of three weeks in the dog days and pick up some of the good money that strangers bring to this town when the mercury is at its highest. But, alas for classic drama, they struck the hottest three weeks outside of fiction. Miss Marlowe was prostrated by the heat and Mr. Sothern had just enough energy left to pack his bag and sail by the first steamer. Miss Marlowe took the coolest room at the Plaza Hotel and turned on the electric fans, and by the middle of the month she hopes to be sufficiently recovered to seek a cooler climate than ours.

How these two very sane actors could have expected to make a season of Shakespeare pay at this time of the year is a mystery to me. The very thought of "Macbeth," with its heavy costumes, and the thermometer at 100 in the shade, is enough to drive one to death by drowning. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe have played here in June, and to big business, but June is not July, though it may be only a few days away from that month. Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt may drive in furs at Newport on July Fourth, but she can not make us believe she so arrayed herself because of the cold. I have sat around a fire on the Fourth of July more than once, and while I felt as though I was doing the same thing last Tuesday it was a different kind of fire, and a hotter.

Hot as it was, the undaunted suffragettes paraded the streets on the Fourth and made speeches and read poems. Fortunately for them, they paraded in taxicabs and touring cars. At stated intervals the procession, which was a small one, most of the party being composed of women of wealth and fashion, stopped along the curb and received the homage of perspiring patriots.

The most active thing in New York in the dog days is crime. That stalks boldly through the streets and numbers its victims by the score. The police do their best, but they can't keep up with it. It is thought that the heat is responsible, perhaps, but there are other things that are responsible, as I have written you before. The heat was at its worst on the Fourth, and so was crime. The record of that day is three killed and thirteen wounded! A janitor, heretofore a peaceable man—that is for a janitor—shot and killed one of his tenants, the tenant's son, and a stranger who came to the rescue. This record is ascribed entirely to the heat. A boy shot and killed his playmate, a gang of roughs mortally wounded a bystander, a burglar was mortally wounded by his companion, who was killed in trying to escape. And this was a "sane Fourth"!

The indecent performance to which I have alluded in veiled language was that of the Russian dancers at the Winter Garden. It is under the management of Miss Gertrude Hoffmann, who announces it as "a new religion in art." Judging this performance by the disclosures of the police courts, I should say that Miss Hoffmann's idea of religion was not altogether orthodox. As for the Russian dancers, they are cut to the quick that their performance should be so misunderstood. They have written to the newspapers that for the first time in two hundred years has this beautiful religious dance of Russia been accused of being immoral. It is art, it is religion, it is milk for babes, it is everything that is pure and innocent, and yet the wicked police of New York are trying to destroy it and to make the public believe that the dancers and Miss Hoffmann are not inspired by a high and holy purpose. We are a nation of hypocrites and philistines and we don't know art when we see it. Perhaps we are hypocrites and philistines, but we prefer art, when it is nude, in museums and galleries, and not on the stage. We can admire the masterpieces of painting and statuary in their proper places, but we would not like it if they stepped out of their frames or down from their pedestals and walked about the galleries.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

New York, July 6, 1911.

Joseph Thiry, formerly a New York bookseller, died a few days ago in Long Island City, aged eighty-nine. He was born in Belgium and came to America in 1859, and though devoted to his calling he took much interest in sociology. The school savings-bank system grew from his initial effort in New York. Mr. Thiry always said he had three separate existences. His first period was from birth to his retirement from business because of ill-health. His second period was when health was restored by living close to nature and digging in his garden. This period closed when his wife died and he became old and feeble, but in 1900, when he was seventy-eight years old, he married Miss Margaret O'Connor, twenty years old, and as a family of five children came to him he took a third lease on life.

Under the direction of its biological station at Copenhagen, the Danish government has begun an interesting effort to aid the fishermen of the Baltic by preventing the migration of eels from that sea into the ocean. The means employed is a "barrier of light," formed by placing fifty electric lamps along a submerged cable between the island of Fano and the coast of Funen. The effectiveness of such a barrier depends upon the fact that the eels migrate only during the dark hours. Accordingly, as soon as darkeness begins in the season of migration, the lamps are illuminated, and thus a wall of light is interposed from which the eels recoil.

Over 300 years ago one of the most unusual strikes ever recorded took place in Paris, when all the lawyers walked out, so to speak. A law or *ordonnance* was issued and promulgated by the French king, Henry III., ordering all lawyers to sign their pleadings and to state the amount they were charging their clients for their services. This was done so that the lawyers could be properly and sufficiently taxed on their income. The lawyers objected, and the strike, causing an entire stay of judicial proceedings, followed. Peace was restored by the non-enforcement of the *ordonnance,* though it was not repealed.

One of the soldiers who volunteered to allow himself to be bitten by an infected yellow fever mosquito in Cuba is now working on the Panama Canal. He is John J. Moran of Ohio. After Drs. Carroll and Lazear had permitted themselves to be bitten, and Carroll had recovered and Lazear had died, General Leonard Wood offered a purse of $200 for each private who would volunteer to submit himself to the test. The first volunteers were Moran and another Ohio man, John R. Kissinger.

So familiar have electric bells become to most of us that even their sound at unexpected times or in unusual places rarely startles us. Not so with birds, to whom the sudden ringing of a bell on a tree or a post means something far more uncanny than any scarecrow flapping in the wind. Knowing this, the head master of an Austrian school has patented an electric scarecrow system in which a clock makes the connections at irregular intervals to electric bells scattered over the orchard.

Ambergris, the valuable substance used so extensively in the manufacture of perfumes, is the product of the sperm whale, and is found only in "sick" whales—that is, its presence is not normal, but is caused by a pathological condition of the intestines. It has been found floating upon the water, and is also taken from the intestines themselves after the whale has died or has been killed. It is used as a vehicle for perfumes and not as an odor itself.

Wrecking on the Florida keys is a profitable avocation—it is always ostensibly an avocation—and is prosecuted with fervor. A certain wrecking-master of Key West has had as much as $16,000 for his attentions to a wreck through a period of sixteen days. Followed with daring and skill and a merciless lack of sympathy for skippers in trouble, wrecking has yielded fortunes to the islanders; and it is thus that it has been followed for generations.

In lower California a large number of the smaller desert mammals never drink water, according to American scientists who have recently visited the peninsula. They live and thrive on dry seeds and scraps of vegetation in places where the heat and aridity are excessive without ever touching their lips to water, and it has even been found impossible to teach some of them to take water in captivity.

At a recent meeting of the council of the London Chamber of Commerce, Lord Avebury moved "that, in the opinion of this chamber, private property at sea should be declared free of capture and seizure." The motion was carefully discussed and then adopted by a unanimous vote.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Thomas W. Lamont, who recently became associated with the banking house of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., was formerly a financial reporter on a New York daily paper. His first business opportunity was thrust upon him when he assumed control of an insolvent concern to save a friend's entire earnings. Succeeding, he at once took his place in the business world.

Princess Patricia of Connaught is fluent with pencil and brush, and does not hesitate to record wittily her impressions of the highest in the land. In a more serious style she is a painter of more than average ability, and some specimens of her art are to be seen in the drawing-room of Queen Alexandra's villa at Klampenbourg, on the outskirts of Copenhagen.

Her Highness, the Nawab Sultan Jahan Begum of Bhopal, was the only Indian princess in her own right to be present at the coronation exercises. She succeeded Nawab Shah Jahan in 1901, and has followed closely in the enlightened footsteps of her predecessor. The princess takes an active interest in directing the work of her officers and attends to all grievances in person.

Mme. Kudasheff, widow of a Cossack officer, recently arrived at Moscow, after riding a pony from Harbin, a distance of 6666 miles, to prove the endurance of Russian women, and Cossacks in particular. She was attired in masculine dress. The journey was full of adventures, and, as may be supposed, she was an unpopular figure, owing to the prejudice of the people. At Moscow she was received by the Grand Duchess Elizabeth.

Dr. Charles H. Townsend, acting director of the American Museum of Natural History, has added to the cause of science by his recent deep-sea dredging expedition off southern and Lower California and in the Gulf of California. He has returned to New York with a carload of rare specimens for the museum, the aquarium, and the zoölogical park. In some instances the dredging extended to a depth of over two miles and a half.

Joseph M. Dixon, junior senator from Montana, who has been fighting against Canadian reciprocity with such zeal, served his State as a legislator before going to Congress. He was born at Snow Camp, North Carolina, in 1867, graduated from Guilford College in 1889, and was admitted to the bar in 1892. Then he moved to Montana, where he was elected prosecuting attorney of Missoula County, after acting as assistant for two years.

George S. Rice, chief coal-mining engineer of the Federal Bureau of Mines, will head a group of noted mining engineers in a tour abroad for the next two months, making an exhaustive study of European safeguards against underground accidents, as well as investigating the methods of working thick coal-beds. He believes the results of this investigation will tend materially to reduce the number of accidents and deaths in American coal mines.

John Gregory, the cobbler-poet of Bristol, England, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, is a dreamer of the practical sort, who works on committees, trades councils, and the platform. He wrote verse as a child, but not until he was forty did his first volume, "Idyls of Labor," appear, and then at his own expense. His gift has not been without its financial reward, however, as a state pension granted him several years ago contributes its share to the poet's present well-being and happiness.

The Rev. Father Sydney G. Jeffords, senior priest in active parochial service in the diocese of Quincy, Illinois, expects, with the income derived from the sale of a cure for drunkenness and alcoholic craving recently discovered by him, to build a magnificent church in Quincy. He is rector of St. Stephen's parish, and through his efforts two churches in the city stand as memorials to his ambition in spreading the gospel. His method of handling the liquor question in a city which manufactures more liquor than any other city in the world is as unique as his humanitarianism is large.

John Howard Hale, the largest peach-grower in the world and the first man to make Georgia famous for this fruit, worked as a day laborer in Connecticut when a boy. He managed to save a few hundred dollars which he invested in peach-trees, planting them on the mortgaged home farm. The first crop paid off the mortgage and opened Hale's eyes to the possibilities of his native State as a fruit producer. He increased his holding and others quickly took the hint. Later he went to Georgia and planted an immense acreage. He is a native of Glastonbury, Connecticut, aged fifty-seven years, and has written much on horticultural subjects.

Joseph Fielding Smith, head of the Mormon church, who was recently summoned to Washington to tell what he knew about the sugar trust in its Utah connection, is a nephew of Joseph Smith, the Mormon "prophet," and has had an interesting career. He was born in Missouri seventy-three years ago, and in 1848 drove an ox team from Missouri to Salt Lake. After working for six years as a laborer he went to the Sandwich Islands as a missionary. Returning to Utah, he got into politics and became a light in his church. Then followed a proselyting trip to England. Since [illegible] he has been at the head of the Mormon church [illegible] reputed to be a millionaire many times over.

THE SHACKLES OF HOPE.

A Wearer Willing and Unwilling.

In the aura of the midnight sun a small white boat nosed around the point at a turn in the river immediately below the camp. In its stern stood a shrunken little scarecrow of a man. He threw his weight on a poling-stick and maintained position in the stream while he gazed, apparently for the moment dumbfounded, on the sleeping city of tents. And to his eyes, for long accustomed to the wilderness, it was a city. Taking a new grip on the pikepole, he swung his shovel-nosed craft over toward the opposite bank where the current was less swift, and with weary strokes worked up to a gravel bar where were encamped other stampeders whose tardy arrival had lost them the privilege of staking lots within the boundaries of the roughly surveyed townsite across the river. Fifteen minutes later Malamute Jack was sleeping the sleep of the tired prospector, and his not ungentle snores, unhindered by the gauze walls of his mosquito tent, passed without and became a part of the noise then characteristic of this suburb of Alaska's brand new city of Twinkletown.

Malamute was moderately busy during the next three days mending his tent, caulking his boat and drying out his rain-soaked belongings—matters he had neglected while on the move. Plying the needle, hanging out his washing, at all times there was something about this silent little man at once ludicrous and pathetic. He was shy, inordinately so, even when regarded as a representative of a class of men marked by their timidity and reserve, and his most emphatic assertions were usually expressed in terms of apology. Yet, alone, he could meet—and had met, unflinching—the perils of rushing torrent and breaking ice, of treacherous morass where ill-luck or error of judgment might place him forever beyond the need of gold. These things were a part of the life he had selected, and he accepted them as a matter of course, though not always uncomplainingly.

The work of overhauling his outfit done, he sat around his camp and smoked, keeping mostly to himself. He put forth no sincere effort as did those bent on acquiring a grubstake; nor did he make pretenses at activity as did others with no more plans than he. When questioned, he said: "Oh, I'm only just waiting for my pardner; it'll be time enough when he gets here. Caribou's gone over to Caltag, where we left some dogs last fall."

Caribou Jack came. When finances demanded and conditions allowed he had been a successful market-hunter, and through his contributions to the meat supply of Fairbanks and other camps in bygone winters he had earned his sobriquet. Though slightly stooped he was over six feet, swarthy, big-boned, and gaunt, and in appearance and character the antithesis of his partner. He had all the aggressiveness and energy that Malamute had not. Even on the day of his arrival he set out a gill net and began putting up salmon for winter dog-feed. As soon as they were well into the work he transferred the task to Malamute, and went up the river to cut a raft of logs. Tents were rapidly being replaced by cabins in Twinkletown and six-inch logs were bringing three dollars apiece. If the price and the timber held out Caribou was in a fair way to secure his winter's grubstake with dispatch.

Malamute seemed utterly helpless when bereft of the bolstering influence of his partner. The latter had been gone but a day when Malamute took in the net and relapsed into idleness. To the questions of the curious he smiled apologetically and explained that he was not worrying over the coming winter. Soon it came to be generally believed by other prospectors camped on the gravel bar that Malamute Jack was "fixed," that already he had that the lack of which necessitates energy and distasteful effort among the Alaskan wanderers during the summer months.

It was the time of day following supper. The proprietors of Twinkletown's pleasure halls were making strenuous efforts, with rather disheartening results, to promote gayety and night life where darkness was not. On the gravel bar, huddled close up to his smudge fire, Malamute sat with bowed head, puffing disconsolately on his pipe. During a moment's lull in the howling chorus of the camp dogs a faint, prolonged sound from across the river roused the prospector from his lethargy. He removed his pipe from his mouth and listened.

What Malamute heard was "canned music" from the Miners' Rest. Hidden deep down in the heart most Alaskan prospectors have ties that antedate the quest for gold. Sacred memories they are, yet they grow dim as the winters roll by, at times are wholly forgot, until roused by sight or sound that instantly spans the gulf of years and distance to the outside world. The wail of a Siwash babe, a sunbonnet, or the label on a can of tomatoes might take the exile's thoughts back to where he left off. Then the brain's cogs are set whirling and with a rush comes the torrent of thought overwhelming, the bitterness, the pull on the heartstrings, the wavering, the almost unconquerable impulse to forego it all and fly back to definite associations in the civilization left behind.

Once or twice each year in new camps Malamute Jack saw white women, children, even babies, and they were less of a mental stimulant than the sight of a lone spruce tree. But now, the fragment of song caught by the breeze and carried across the river spanned the gulf for him, and he listened with closed eyes and aching heart.

"Only a Pansy Blossom, Only a Faded Flower," in a squeaky tenor voice, with an accompaniment of metallic, scraping noises, is all they heard over in the Miners' Rest, and a cheechaka of retentive memory murmured something concerning "chestnuts" as he snorted in disdain. But across the river by his smudge on the gravel bar a lonely little wanderer buried his face in his hands. He heard a girl's fresh young voice—saw her, dressed in white. Her hair, heavy and dark, hung in two loose braids down her back. She swung round from a melodeon and looked at him with laughing eyes, spoke to him in gentle voice. The illusion faded, but the mischief was done; for to Malamute Jack the saloon phonograph in grinding out its superannuated melody had sounded the call to the Outside. And with its coming the chief joy of his life went from him; hope, that great trust in the future, which had sustained him through more than a dozen years of fruitless endeavor, was gone, and Malamute Jack, whose gameness had long been a byword in Alaska, was as sick at heart as the rawest cheechaka just in from the States. He cursed that he might not cry as he rushed down to his boat, and before many minutes had passed Malamute was in the Miners' Rest rapidly getting rid of the very light "poke" he had brought with him from the Kuskokwim.

"This is beginnig to look like a real live camp," remarked the saloon man with genuine enthusiasm. "Little old Malamute is sure doing his share to ginger things up."

And he was.

Malamute had not fully recovered from the effects of his spree two days later when Caribou came back to Twinkletown. He had run out of sugar. Sugar was his weakness. He could do without bacon for weeks, but if sugar was to be had for a trip under thirty miles he never denied himself that food for long. Caribou's beetle brows were knitted and his face took on a much worried expression as he looked across the river to the gravel bar camp. He saw that the gill net was not out. No smudge fire burned beneath the racks where the salmon were drying. The large tent which he had brought up the river was set; but there was no evidence that his partner had been otherwise active. It was apparent that something was wrong with Malamute, and Caribou borrowed a boat and made haste to find out what the trouble was.

He entered the tent to see Malamute stretched out on his blankets, smoking. After usual greetings Caribou explained his unexpected return. Then he asked, casually: "Did trapping pick up over on the Kuskokwim, Jack, after I left?"

Malamute shook his head. "Nope; the Indians had that country most cleaned out."

Before speaking again Caribou revolved the situation in his mind, hoping for another lead into the delicate matter before him. None came, so he cast diplomacy to the winds: "I was wondering how you have come by money for the winter's outfit already, that's all," he said.

Malamute sat up. Perspiration was gathered in beads on his forehead. "I ain't got a grubstake," he finally admitted.

"Of course it's none of my business," continued Caribou, "but why have you been telling every one 'round here, cheechakas included, that you have?"

"No, Jack, I never did," Malamute protested. "I only said I ain't worrying 'bout a grubstake and I ain't."

The statement was beyond the comprehension of Caribou. In a dazed, bewildered way he looked about, muttering: "Ain't got no grubstake, and ain't worrying?" He repeated the statement, then threw out: "That ain't sense, Jack!"

"It's only just what is," answered Malamute; "I ain't worrying because I won't need no grubstake." Unable to meet the questioning gaze of his partner, his eyes shifted to the ground as he said: "I'm figgering to go Outside."

Caribou's pipe fell from his mouth. "You—figgering—Outside. What the——" In amazement and rage he stepped twice to the entrance of the tent and back, then whirled about, jerked back the fly and rushed from the presence of his partner.

Malamute had not looked up when Caribou went out, and when the big fellow returned ten minutes later his position was unchanged.

"I sure am plumb disgusted," said Caribou, and now there was almost a pleading in his voice; "an old sourdough like you talking of going Outside when he ain't hit it yet!"

The lesser man's head snapped up angrily. For once his apologetic air was gone. His pale blue eyes shone with aggressiveness—the aggressiveness born of desperation. "An old sourdough," he repeated ironically. "I've heard say a sourdough ain't nothing but a chechaka with his brains knocked out, and I'm thinking it's about right. Us fellows stay in here winter after winter, eyes getting closer together, till we're seeing through a little round hole with a picture of paydirt at the other end—and it ain't there. I tell you, Caribou, it ain't there! If you don't strike it in ten years you ain't going to. I don't want no more of this God-forsaken country, and it ain't going to have no more of me!"

"This is a damn fine country!" hotly retorted Caribou. "And I know my pardner ain't one of those measly, low-down cusses that goes outside and knocks. It's the only country for a poor man; there's a chance here to get rich—besides there ain't no other place, Jack, where a man can put in three months' pick an' shovel, and live the rest of the year. Tell me, where else can you get twelve to fifteen dollars a day?"

"I didn't come up here to be no shovel stiff," Malamute answered. "When I think how I've tore myself to pieces down in a cut following the pace set by some human derrick of a Swede, worrying every minute that the driver would give me my time—pick an' shovel in the cut, Caribou, it's hell and you know it! I ain't built for it!"

"Why you're a pretty skookum little man, Malamute," said Caribou.

"No I ain't," Malamute answered in mournful tone. Then he was seized with a fresh outbreak of passion. Rising to his feet he attempted to straighten out his five feet, two of shrunken twisted frame. "Look at me, Caribou, look at me!" he cried bitterly. "Thirteen years, seventy below in the winters, sleeping, eating, living in rain summers, sourdough, beans and sow-belly—this is what it's got me!"

"That's no argument, Jack," answered Caribou. "If you'd a'been Outside it might have been worse; like as not one of them automobiles would 'a run you down and killed you altogether."

Malamute shook his head. "I'll give 'em a chance. Caribou," he said, running his fingers through his thin, gray hair. "I want it where there's good women folks that ain't hanging round to get your poke, where there's youngsters, where it's light in the daytime and the moon shines at night, where——"

"What foolishness you're talking, Jack," interrupted Caribou, "you get all of that here."

"Yes, but it's all muddled up," Malamute answered. "No more of this God-forsaken country for me. I'm going Outside and live again—like a white man!"

Malamute had become hysterical, and his last words were almost screamed.

When Caribou spoke again it was after a full minute's silence, and his voice was steady and low; at all times there was about him an air of earnestness, but never was it more marked than now. "Jack," he said, "I won't tell you of the chances you're talking of throwing up, after all these years. Luck is about to turn—I know it, but it ain't no use trying to tell it to a fellow that won't see. But, pardner, when you talk of going Outside without a stake, you ain't talking sense; you've been too long in Alaska to do it; it's too late. You can't go out broke to take up that life again. The folks you used to know is changed—married, maybe—maybe dead. Nobody would know you at first, and like as not, when you told 'em who you was, some wouldn't want to know you. What could you do for a living? Be a handy man 'round some rich man's home? Work laboring on a farm? Be a tramp? No, Jack, I know you're too proud for them things. Now, I'm going back to get my logs down. It'll take three days more. I won't tell you good-by, of course, because I know you ain't going Outside. I know you won't pull out just when we are about to get in the money. I know luck is going to change—change quick; I can feel it coming."

"It ain't no use talking like that, Caribou," Malamute answered. "My mind is made up, and I'm going Outside; I want to see it once more before I die."

Caribou looked at him curiously. "I've heard sick natives talk like that, Malamute," he said, "but it don't sound right coming from a white man. It don't seem like my pardner talking. I see it ain't no use arguing with you; if you're going, why, you're going—and that's all there is to it, eh?"

"Yep," Malamute murmured.

"Then we won't talk about it any more, just now," said Caribou, and he rose and stepped out of doors. He had been gone but a moment when, on the ground close by the grub-box where he had been seated, Malamute caught sight of Caribou's handkerchief tied up into a bag-shaped package. He reached out and picked it up, squeezing it as he felt its weight. Apparently, it contained sand. He untied the handkerchief. It was sand, fine sand, and much of it black. His curiosity gave way to interest, and he stepped to the entrance of the tent. Caribou was near by mending the salmon net. "Say, Caribou," Malamute called, "what's this sand?"

"What sand?"

"This—in your bandana."

"Oh, that—that's some I scraped up from a little bar near where I been cutting logs. I didn't have no pan, so I just brought the sand along."

"Do you want the pan, now?" asked Malamute.

Caribou stood up and looked over to his partner. "Jack," he said, "I'm so plumb disgusted after what we've been talking, that I ain't interested in nothing, it seems like." Then he stooped over and resumed disentaugling the net.

"You won't mind if I run it down?" Malamute asked.

Caribou only grunted. If it was meant to be a negative answer, Malamute did not take it so. He emptied the sand into the gold pan and started for the river. Then, nothing but a positive denial of the privilege would have caused him to set that pan of "dirt" aside, for he was a prospector. Squatting at the water's edge, he shoved the pan down until the water ran over it, and commenced a wrist and arm exercise that to him, through years of experience, had come to be almost as instinctive a movement as the carrying of food to his mouth. From time to time he ran the water out of the pan and, tilting it, stared into the diminishing sand. It was during one of these examinations that he suddenly looked up and shouted, joyously: "Caribou, come here, quick—there's colors! It's lousy with colors, Caribou!"

Caribou dropped the net and ran over to him.

"I guess I ought to let you take it, Caribou," said Malamute, and with evident reluctance he placed the pan in the trembling hands of his partner. But Caribou did not continue the panning. He stood undecided for an instant, and then turned toward the tent. "Come on, Jack!" he said, speaking in repressed voice. "Don't make a fuss. We're acting like a couple of eheechakas; first thing we know the whole dog-goned camp will be on!"

"That's right," Malamute responded, and he trailed after his partner into the tent.

Leaning over Caribou's shoulder Malamute dripped water into the pan and together they saw the last of the black sand move forward and expose the golden dust.

"There's all of six bits there. You must have taken it out of a pothole, Caribou?"

"I guess I did—I didn't notice particular where I took it; I didn't know—I never counted it would pan out like this!" Then he set the pan down, and looked at Malamute, his face wearing a most woebegone expression.

His partner was puzzled. "What's the matter, Caribou?" he asked.

"Well," answered Caribou, "it won't be no fun for me working it alone."

"You ain't figgering to work it alone, Caribou?" ejaculated Malamute in alarm.

"You know, Jack, I won't have no other pardner—and you going Outside—of course you'll have your share——"

"I ain't going Outside, Caribou!" cried Malamute. "You go and stake the ground, and I'll ketch salmon till you get back."

"Yes, and I'm going to get my logs down, too, before we start in on it; we want to be safe for the winter."

"That's right, Caribou, and I'll get to freighting as soon as the fish quit running—or I'll do whatever you say."

"Put her here, pardner!" said Caribou, extending his big right hand. His left was deep down in his pocket and, unseen, his fingers toyed with a buckskin pouch—empty, for even in its seams was not left a color.

John Alfred Galpin.

San Francisco, July, 1911.

Before the military and naval authorities give their approval to Rear-Admiral Alfred T. Mahan's plan for the creation of a great national fortress on the island of Guam they should consider seriously the desirability of transforming into an impregnable stronghold another gem of the Pacific. Wake Island (says the New York *Sun*). Wake Island possesses all the advantages of distance from other places that are urged in behalf of Guam. It has no harbor, but this deficiency the army engineers could undoubtedly overcome. Nobody will attempt to deny that Wake Island commands as broad an expanse of the Pacific as does Guam. It has a cable station, and by means of a Mercator's chart and a ruler it can be demonstrated that straight lines drawn with it as a base will pass through every other spot on the earth's surface, inhabited and uninhabited. Thus it fulfills every strategic requirement as well as does Guam. But in addition to these qualifications, which are shared with Guam, Wake Island boasts one quality in such a superior degree as to make it pre-eminently better fitted as a site for a Gibraltar of the Pacific than the island suggested by Admiral Mahan. Its superficial area is much smaller than that of Guam, thus imposing a smaller limitation on the amount of the taxpayers' money that could be expended on it. We submit this to the consideration of the experts who are now studying the admiral's suggestion as something that is not without importance when the subject of a mid-Pacific Gibraltar is under discussion.

Until recently there was an aged elevator man who operated one of the lifts in the House wing of the Capitol (says the Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn *Eagle*). Most of his passengers were either representatives or newspaper correspondents. The old man got to know all of the correspondents very well and always had a cheerful greeting for them. It was often noticed, too, that he seemed to be greatly interested in their conversation. One afternoon, as three of them stepped out of the elevator, Sereno Payne of New York stepped in. As the car went down the old elevator man turned and said: "Mr. Payne, I can't understand about those newspaper men. They puzzle me." "What's the trouble with them?" asked Mr. Payne. "Well, Mr. Payne, every day they ride in this car one feller will turn to another and say, 'What do you know today?' And the other feller will answer, 'Not a ——— thing. What do you know?' Then the first feller will answer, 'Nothing.' And yet, Mr. Payne, the papers are just full of news every day. It beats me where they get it." "It beats me, too," said Mr. Payne.

Quebec is a city without pawnbrokers, the last person in that business having died about thirty years ago. Since that time, it is said, no person has applied for a license. The high license fee is held responsible to a considerable extent for this unusual state of affairs.

Spain now occupies first place as an olive-growing country and the world's greatest producer of olive oil. During the last fifteen years a complete revolution in the industry has taken place, with the result that Spanish growers are now heavy exporters.

THE DUALITY OF PARIS.

Always Changing, the French Capital Is Ever the Same.

Paris is not one and indivisible; it has a duality which often escapes the observation of the hasty visitor who judges the city from the rippling life of the boulevards. There is the Paris of ideas, which is ever new; and the Paris of custom, which is immemorially old. The first is hospitable and pliant; the second self-centred and adamant.

Most visitors come into contact only with the Paris of ideas. They make their home at the hotels in the neighborhood of the Place Vendôme, or those between the Place de la Concorde and the Madeleine on the west and the Palais-Royal and Boul. Montmartre on the east, and so leave the French capital having seen nothing more than the mobility of Parisian life. Hence they carry away with them an impression as of a kaleidoscope, of a life which is ever shifting its point of view. This is the Paris of ferment, the Paris which is ever on the alert for something new. No experiment in art, letters, the drama, or fashion is too daring for trial. From that Paris has come the Post-Impressionist, the Jeunes, and the harem skirt. It is the caldron for Europe and America, out of which what will next arise no prophet can foretell.

In that Paris nothing lasts long. Even "Les Jeunes" have become old men in less than twenty years. The last of their "revues" is dead. They have forsaken Emerson; they no longer pluck leaves of grass with Walt Whitman. Serious periodicals have ceased to hurden the Odéon bookstalls; the outward adornment of the Jeunes has disappeared as completely as Gautier's red waistcoat. In place of the Jeunes are the young realists of "Arrivism," who are impatient of mystery in art and life; they are boulevardiers, and Camelots, and Arrivists. And as for the harem skirt—it has joined Villon's snows of yester-year. These things constitute the fascination of the city for the bulk of its visitors; they are typical of that mobility of thought which lends so piquant an interest to French life and is the warrant for the hope that springs eternal in the royalist breast.

But there is another Paris of an utterly alien type—the unchanging Paris which is still more fascinating. In stones and mortar that Paris is typified by such localities as the Rue de Venise or the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, with their gloomy or picturesque buildings reminiscent of the feudal ages; in living and breathing humanity it finds its unchanging representatives in the multitudinous street hawkers and their centuries-old cries. These, in such districts of Paris as are residential rather than the headquarters of transients, fill the day from dawn to dusk with such heraldings of their wares as have known no variation for countless generations.

Some of these vendors proclaim their advent by weird musical instruments, better calculated to advertise than minister melody. If an exception is possible, the drowsy sleeper may be inclined to make it in favor of the Pied-Piper-like sound which rouses him with the dawn—a drone which rises and falls with regular rhythm and may offer the will-less brain such strains from which it may picture a vision of an Italian peasant toiling in some sunny vineyard. But the reality is something different. It is the goat-herd of Paris, driving his little flock to the doors of lowly customers and urging it forward by the time-honored pipe of his craft.

Another itinerant merchant with musical ambitions is the mender of broken china, who announces his approach by a tiny trumpet from which he extorts an undulating melody, the strains of which are supplemented by an equally sing-song cry of:

Je raccommode la faïence, la porcelaine, le verre, le cristal, le mabre!
Voilà le réparateur, raccommodeur de porcelaine!
Faites réparer vos plats, vos vases et vos cuvettes!
Voilà le réparateur, le raccommodeur de porcelaine!
Voilà le fontainier!

Near cousin to this wizard of shattered china is the renovator of chairs, who also prepares his way by blasts on a tin trumpet, leading, the while, his stolid donkey and ramshackle cart piled high with derelict chairs. Another street artisan diffident of his unaided vocal powers is the knife-grinder, whose near presence is known by his persistent hand-bell. The "remouleur" has a monopoly of that clamorous instrument; if the goat-herd or the chair-mender should attempt to abandon their pipe and trumpet in favor of a bell the resulting insurrection would make the champagne riots of the Aube seem like a child's frolic.

Another monopoly is that of the "marchand de mouron." This modest industry is mostly in the hands of men, old, bent, and dim-sighted. Their sole equipment is an old canvas bag filled with chickweed, plus a thin, trembling voice which cries:

Du mouron pour les p'tits oiseaux!
Voici pour les chiens, pour les chats,
Du plantin nouveau!
Regalez vos petits oiseaux!

Small are the coins demanded by the "marchand de mouron," but their number makes amends, for the back-street Parisian is a lover of his little birds and would sooner deprive himself of his morning roll and coffee than fail to supply them with a fresh bunch of weed.

Specialists among the street hawkers are not exhausted by the foregoing: there is the window-mender who, laden with his pack of glass, cries "Vitrier oh! vitrier!" while his eyes are busy searching for broken panes; the dealer in empty barrels who with a single hand trundles a sample of his wares in the roadway shouting, "Tonneaux, tonneaux, avez-vous des tonneaux?"; or the numerous "old clo'" purchasers with their call of "Marchand d'habits—habits—habits!"

All these are vendors who cater for what may be called the accidents of life; there are others whose trade is seasonable; and yet others who know neither accident nor season. The itinerants who are regulated by the calendar include the "Marchand de mimosa" who leaves a trail of fragrance behind him, or the oyster-woman who trundles her barrow to the cry of "A la barque! A la barque! A la barque! Mangez donc des huitres, fraiches et bonnes!" And at least on Fridays the home-streets of Paris are invaded by fish-vendors, mostly women, who, as they wheel their barrows along chant:

Tout' en vie, la raie, tout' en vie!
Limande à frire, à frire!
Hareng qui glace, hareng nouveau!
Un sou le tout blanc laité!

But the most constant of all is "la marchande des quatre-saisons," who, in rain or snow or sunshine, makes her daily round throughout all the seasons with the shout of

Quatre sous le kilo de Hollande!
Quatre sous!

The only variation of the cry is when prices fluctuate, for potatoes are not always four cents a kilo. The vegetable-seller, "la marchande de legumes," is nearly as persistent as the potato-vendor with her "Salade, choux, chicorée, mache, harbe, choux pommés!"

As the unchanging street cries of Paris begin with the pipe of the goat-herd, so do they end with the shouts of the newsboys. But it is hardly accurate to catalogue the latter among the unaltering things of the French capital. They belong to the newer age, the age of the steam-press and the telegraph-wire and the telephone. Consequently they are not so picturesque as the calls of those street merchants who have an ancestry dating back for centuries. They, too, are under modern law, for the newspaper hawkers are forbidden to cry more than the titles of their papers. So the menders of china and chairs, the vendors of chickweed and potatoes need fear no rivalry from the outer fringe of the fourth estate. Henry C. Shelley.

Paris, June 27, 1911.

There was an appreciable lack of tact in the aviation exhibition of Harry Atwood over the Thames course of the Yale-Harvard boat race (says the Chicago *Tribune*). That show rightfully belonged to two crews of young men who had put in many hours in many weeks for the honor of occupying the eyes of thousands of spectators for a matter of a little over twenty-two minutes. When their moment of supreme test arrived a man who had come by air from Squantum, 133 miles away, was cuttting capers in the air over their heads with the mayor of New London as a passenger. A dog fight around the corner from a meeting of an ethical society could not have had more disastrous consequences. It is reported that even the Harvard oarsmen half forgot about the race and were looking overhead at the exhibition. It may be a consoling reflection to the Yale men that this also was the trouble with their crew. The thing was an invasion of ancient rights.

Chocolate was regarded as an invention of the devil by a considerable class in England during the seventeenth century. A formidable treatise was written in order to denounce the use of the beverage by monks. The treatise appeared in 1624, but the monks saw to it, by destroying every copy that came their way, that its circulation was small and brief. Chocolate houses succeeded coffee houses in London as centres of a supposed greater refinement, although Roger North described them as centres for the benefit of "rooks and cullies of quality, where gaming is added to all the rest," and where plots against the state were hatched by idle fellows.

Measures were taken to ascertain whether the passenger pigeon had been completely exterminated (according to a government report). Under the stimulus of rewards offered aggregating altogether several thousand dollars many reports were received of nesting passenger pigeons. The information, however, proved incorrect on investigation, and it is practically established that of the vast hordes of wild pigeons that formerly inhabited the eastern United States there is now but one survivor, a female bird eighteen years old in captivity in the zoölogical garden of Cincinnati.

The President of the United States has no official flag, but as commander-in-chief of the army and navy his presence is noticed by distinct standards. The army flag is red and bears in the centre the official coat of arms of the United States. Bearing the same coat of arms and somewhat similar, save its color, blue, is the navy flag.

At Niagara Falls graphite is now made artificially by electric power, several thousand tons being produced there last year. Anthracite coal that carries a small amount of finely distributed ash is used in making the ordinary grades; the better grades are made from petroleum coke.

A JOURNEY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Dr. H. J. Mozans Writes a Voluminous Account of His Travels in the Track of the Conquistadores.

Dr. H. J. Mozans, author of "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon," wonders that so little is known of the people and history of Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador. Indeed these countries are less known today than they were two and three centuries ago, as can be proved by a reference to the work of the early missionaries, some of which, Dr. Mozans says, are still in manuscript and would amply repay historical research besides yielding vast stores of material to the novelist and the poet. Dr. Mozans, before writing the present volume, had already done a great work of research and recorded it in his "Following the Conquistadores Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena." He now gives a further picture of the country and of the people, as well as discussing the many topics that present themselves to every traveler in the land of the Incas. Indeed it is hard to find any omissions in his 527 pages, which for their fullness of detail and graphic descriptions are likely to attain a unique and undisputed place among works of the kind.

Ecuador is described by the author as a land of volcanoes, and it seems to deserve the appellation. El Altar and Tunguragua are hardly known to civilization, but the former is described as "the masterpiece of volcanic creations," while the latter has been noted for its "terrific eruptions from time immemorial." Then there is the terrible volcano of Sangai:

Thirty miles southwest of El Altar is the active volcano of Sangai, pronounced hy Villavicencio to be "the most frightful volcano in the world"—"el mas horroroso del globo." Its eruptions, according to the natives, alternate with those of Cotopaxi. When one is in action the other is in response, each in turn becoming a safety valve to the common focus of disturbance. At one time its explosions resemble the discharge of musketry, at another it is like the report of a broadside from a man-of-war, while occasionally large masses of incandescent rock are exploded in the air, producing a terrific sound like that of the largest bombs. So loud, indeed, are the detonations that they are audible as far as the coast, and the ashes are carried to the waters of the Pacific.

So great is the mass of ash and cinders ejected from this volcano that it would, Reclus assures us, equal that of several mountains. "The surrounding country is covered to a great depth with a grayish dust, and moving dunes of volcano sand, more than a hundred meters in thickness, are carried along by the action of the wind. At times the tempest, sweeping over the rock, reveals the escarpements of mica-schist which form the primitive skeleton of the Cordillera."

For years at a time, Dr. Reiss informs us, it pours forth immense streams of lava towards the east, and their onward course is not arrested until they reach the virgin forests that incline towards the hasin of the Amazon. And during several years in succession the Mayas Indians are witnesses of the illumination due to the reflection of light from the rivers of molten lava.

While in eruption, Villavicencio tells us, Sangai presents the aspect of an enormous pharos, more sublime than that which surmounts the environs of Naples, hut it is a beacon that serves no purpose, for while the one illumines the civilization and commerce of old and lovely Italy, the other wastes its heams on solitude and harharism.

The author disposes summarily of the stories told of these and of other volcanoes that they eject water and even fishes, fables that have received constant credence from those who might easily have learned the facts:

While traveling in Eucador, one is sure to hear strange stories and legends ahout certain volcanoes, especially Cotopaxi, Sangai, Tunguragua and Imbahura. These, we are assured, eject not only ashes, cinders, scoria and lava, hut also water. This water, we are informed, exists in immense subterranean reservoirs connected with the funnel of the crater, and when the volcanoes are in eruption, gives rise to the devastating floods and mud avalanches to which reference has just heen made.

But a more marvelous story is that these volcanoes frequently eject vast numbers of fish with the water, which, on decaying, so infect the atmosphere as to cause widespread disease.

The historian Velasco seems to he the one who first gave currency to these stories, which were accepted without contradiction for several generations. Even Humholdt was misled hy Velasco's statements, for he relates that Imhahura, during the great eruption of 1691, ejected mud containing so many prenadillas—a species of fish which he calls Pimelodus cyclopum—that the surrounding atmosphere was so poisoned that it gave rise to malignant fevers among many of the inhahitants in the neighborhood of the volcano. In the first volume devoted to the zoological work of his South American journey, Humholdt gives us a figure and description of this extraordinary fish—more remarkahle hy far than any salamander of fable—and devotes several pages to an account of it under the caption of "Memoire sur une nouvelle espèce de Pemelode, jetée par les volcans du Royaume de Quito."

The explanation is simple enough. The water comes from the melting of the snow and ice upon the summit. The resulting floods cause an overflow of the adjacent rivers and streams, which, on receding, leave their fish upon the banks.

The journey to Panama gave occasion for the venerable discussion on the relative positions of Panama and Colon. There was an Italian engineer on board whose convictions that the American government had accepted a hopeless task were so noisy that the successful attempt at his eclipse was received with gratification:

A quiet old professor from New York, seeing that the Italian's disquisition was assuming an unreasonahle length, asked him if he was not surprised to find Panama east of Colon. The effect produced was as instantaneous as that of a percussion cap. The lecture on the canal was dropped at once, and the engineer forthwith proceeded to show the absurdity of the professor's question. "I did not," he said. "find Panama east of Colon. I found it west, as everyhody else does. Panama is on the Pacific, isn't it?" addressing himself to the professor. Receiving an affirmative answer, he continued: "And Colon is on the Atlantic, isn't it?" The professor conceded that it was. "Well, then, everybody knows that the Pacific is west of the Atlantic. Ergo, Panama is west of Colon." The professor, however, insisted and maintained that Panama was not only east of Colon, hut fully [illegible] miles east of that Atlantic port, as could be seen hy consulting the map in the captain's chart room. The Italian got excited. Violently striking the table with clenched fist, and eyeing the imperturhable New Yorker, he vociferated. "I will bet the champagne for all the passengers ahoard that Panama is west of Colon, and will leave the decision of the question to the captain."

Nothing more was said ahout the matter until the next evening at dinner, when the professor quietly asked the captain what hrand of champagne he preferred. The captain replied that he thought Pommery Sec was ahout as good as any. The other passengers concurred with the captain, and the Italian, seeing that there was no escape—for he had consulted the map and found that he had been mistaken ahout the relative position of Panama and Colon—called the steward and ordered Pommery Sec. for all hands. "It's all right!" interposed the Italian. "I'll soon get my money hack from some one on this same question hy hetting differently the next time."

The author takes occasion to emphasize the honesty of the Indians. At Guagui he watched a band of Indian workmen engaged in transferring from the steamer to the wharf several hundred boxes of specie for the national treasury of Bolivia. They were working practically without any supervision:

This valuable consignment was handled like so much ordinary freight, and, although the Indians knew very well the nature of the precious cargo, which for the time being was in their keeping, the agent who was responsihle for its safe delivery to La Paz, did not exhihit the slightest apprehension regarding the security of the vast fortune entrusted to his care. When I asked him if he was not afraid of the Indians stealing some of the coin he replied at once: "Not in the least. There is not the slightest danger of that. They are poor, very poor, hut thievery is not one of their vices. If one of them saw a hright rihhon tied around one of the hoxes he might be tempted to appropriate it for his wife or sweetheart, or, if he came across a bottle of aguardiente, he would very likely take a dram, hut that would he the limit of his purloining. I would not fear to trust them with all I possess, for they are the most honest men I have ever met."

A few moments after this he showed his imolicit confidence in these humhle lahorers by going some distance from the wharf to his hreakfast and leaving all the treasure in question entirely in their custody. There were no guards or secret-service men, for none were necessary.

The archæology of South America naturally claims much of the attention of the intelligent traveler. Dr. Mozans was careful to visit the ruins of Tiahuanaco that are supposed to be the solitary remains of a civilization that disappeared before that of the Incas began and that was contemporaneous with that of Egypt. The ruins consist of five stone structures occupying about a square mile:

It is these wonderful megaliths, rivaling anything found in Italy, Greece, or Asia Minor, that have excited the astonishment of travelers since the time of the conquest. The platform, for instance, of the hall of justice is oaved with immense slahs, some of which are twenty-five feet long, fourteen feet hroad and nearly seven feet thick. But the most remarkahle feature in these cyclopean structures is the great monolithic gateway of very hard trachyte, ornamented with numerous well-executed sculptures, apparently of a symholical character. This is more than thirteen feet long, seven feet above ground and eighteen inches thick.

Some of the stones are in a rough and unhewn condition, hut most of them are cut and fashioned in the most remarkable manner. Squier, in referring to this feature of these extraordinary ruins, writes as follows: "Remove the superstructures of the hest built edifices of our cities, and few, if any, would expose foundations laid with equal care, and none of them with stones cut with such accuracy. And I may say, once for all, carefully weighing my words, that in no part of the world have I seen stones cut with such mathematical precision and admirahle skill as in Peru, and in no part of Peru are there any to surpass those which are scattered over the plain of Tiahuanaco."

Indian tradition has nothing valuable to say about these ruins except that they represent the beginning of all things. Nor, in the present state of our knowledge, is the science of today able to say anything much more to the point:

The ruins of Tiahuanaco made a deep impression on the early Spanish writers, especially Acosta, Cieza de Leon and Garcilaso de la Vega. Acosta says he measured one of the great stones and found it to be thirty-eight feet long, eighteen broad and six deep. Its weight, therefore, must have been ahout seven hundred tons. What most impressed Cieza was the fact that "in all this district there are no quarries whence the numerous stones can have heen brought, the carrying of which must have required many people."

This same fact has equally impressed all subsequent investigators. So far as is known, there is no sandstone similar to that occurring in the ruins to he found nearer than fifteen miles, while the nearest place at which trachyte and basalt can he procured is Copocabana, which, in a straight line across the lake, is forty miles distant.

How were the immense monoliths used in these structures transported such distances? A similar question has for centuries heen awaiting an answer regarding the megalithic monuments of Egypt. How were the immense sarcophagi of the pyramids, and the giant ohelisks of Luxor and Heliopolis transported from the quarries of the Upper Nile to the positions they now occupy?

Cieza expressed it as his belief that the ruins of Tiahuanaco are "the most ancient in all Peru." He also anticipated the conclusions of modern research hy recording the opinion that "these edifices, from what now appears, were not completed." They are not, therefore, strictly speaking, ruins at all, but the remains of vast structures on which, for some reason or other, work was abandoned hefore they were half finished, as were some of the edifices at Baalhec.

The work on the Bolivian railroads is done by Indians whose labor is forced. They receive 50 cents a day in silver and provide their own food, of which coca leaves form an important part:

The mention of coca leaves as an aliment led me to ask my host, who was a man of unusual intelligence and information, how he explained the trepanning as performed hy the ancient Peruvians, who were ignorant of the use of iron and steel, and who, consequently, must have employed the most primitive instruments for this delicate and painful operation, when the use of anæsthetics was unknown.

"I am not so sure," replied my host, "that the Children of the Sun were ignorant of anæsthetics. And assuming that they used an anesthetic of some kind, which to me seems beyond doubt, a sharp piece of flint or ohsidian might have sufficed for their rude attempts at surgery. "A remarkahle case, hearing on this subject, came under my ohservation only a few days ago. It is, indeed, so remarkahle that it seems incredible, and, had I not been myself an eyewitness of the case, I should hesitate to helieve it.

"One of our peons was run over by a car and had his foot amputated. He was immediately taken to the depot to await the company's surgeon, who came without delay. But when he arrived the Indian was gone. After searching for him, he was found in the plaza near hy, apparently as apathetic, so far as pain was concerned, as if nothing had happened. He had tied a rag around his ankle to staunch the flow of blood, and had made his way unaided and alone from the depot to the plaza of the town, near which we were then working. He declared that he experienced no pain whatever, a statement that astonished all of us heyond measure.

"On investigation we learned that he was a coquero—a habitual user of coca—and we then inferred that, in consequence of this habitual, if not excessive use of this anæsthetic, his sensory nerves had become insensihle to pain. If our conclusion, and it seems justified, was correct, it serves to explain how trepanning might have heen performed in the time of the Incas with a total ahsence of pain on the part of the patient. I can vouch for the truth of the incident I have narrated. I leave it to specialists in surgery to draw their own conclusions. As for myself, I am convinced that the coca leaf among the ancient Peruvians served the same purpose as the various anæsthetics which are now employed in modern surgery."

The author comments on the curious fact that in the whole of Peru there is no statue to the memory of Pizarro. There are monuments to Bolivar, Columbus, San Martin, Grau, and Bolognesi, but not a single block of marble to record the exploits of the first ruler of Peru:

"Why is it?" I asked a distinguished government official in Lima, "that you have no statue or monument of any kind to the memory of Pizarro? You have erected them in honor of others less known and less distinguished for their achievements?"

"It is difficult to answer that question," was the reply. "The only reason I can assign is that the viceroys and grandees of Spain were unwilling to honor in any signal manner one of such low hirth as Pizarro. An ignorant swineherd, born out of wedlock, a soldier of fortune unable to write his own name, did not appeal to them as one worthy of special distinction. Then again, his cruelty towards the Indians, greatly exaggerated, I think, and his judicial murder of Atahualpa may have made them hesitate to glorify him as a hero or as a benefactor of his race. Personally," continued my informant, "I should like to see a monument to Pizarro in one of the plazas of the capital he founded, and I know there are many of my opinion."

The fact that the author was addressed as "doctor" was always sufficient to bring the lame, the halt, and the blind to his door. At Celendin there was no regular doctor for many miles, and so the little store of medicines was hardly sufficient for the many applicants:

When I arose the following morning, I found a crowd of sick people at my door waiting to see "The Doctor." They had heard some one address me as Señor Doctor, and concluded at once that I was a physician or surgeon, or hoth. All the lame and halt and afflicted in the town had gathered in front of my lodging and patiently awaited my appearance. As there was no doctor nearer than Cajamarca, the poor people looked upon my arrival as providential, and flocked around me in the firm hope of receiving relief from their divers infirmities.

When I was apprised of the peculiar condition of things, I had not the heart to undeceive the poor sufferers who had flocked to me for assistance. I accordingly brought my medicine case into requisition and wrote out prescriptions according to the needs of my unexpected patients. I was glad there were no laws in force against practicing without a license, and glad, too, that I happened to have just the medicines that were required hy the ailments I was called upon to treat. If all did not find relief from my prescriptions, I am sure none of them suffered any harm. Among my patients was a nonagenarian, who was slowly dying of old age, without apparently being aware of the fact. The poor man hegged for a prescription for some imaginary trouhle, and, as I did not wish to tell him that his case was hopeless, and that I could do nothing for him, I gave him a half-pint hottle of salt water, slightly colored with a little claret, and labeled R|Sodii Chloridi 3i. Vini Rubri 3i. Aq. qs. dd. 3iii.. The viejecito—the dear old man—as his neighhors called him, went away rejoicing, and if imagination and suggestion availed anything, I am sure he felt a temporary relief from his fancied disorder.

Dr. Mozans loses no opportunity to express his high opinion of the human traits of the people with whom he was brought into contact. He tells us that he can never recall his experiences "without seeing before me the beaming faces of my loyal, whole-souled companions, who, during all the time we were together, had no thought but that of my comfort and pleasure":

But in justice to all, I must here state that these members of my escort were not the only ones to whom I owe undying gratitude for their loyalty and self-sacrificing spirit. All those who had accompanied me on the long journey across the Andes were of the same type. Whether Spaniards, mestizos, or Indians, they were ever ready, day and night, to render me any service in their power, and this they always did with such promptness and unfeigned cheerfulness that I was often struck with astonishment. "Es nuestro deber"—"it is our duty"—they said, when I expostulated with them for doing more than was necessary, especially when they were fatigued after a long day's journey. I can truly say that I have never met more unselfish, more honest, or more faithful people than those devoted, noble young fellows who composed my escort from Trujillo on the Pacific to the capital of Loreto on the Amazon. May heaven's choicest blessings always be theirs!

Dr. Mazans has indeed written a delightful book, and one that is likely to remain as a standard authority for years to come. He is able to approach his subject with the sympathy that comes from a large erudition and with the enthusiasm of the experienced traveler and of the scholar. The illustrations are numerous and good, and in addition to an index there is a valuable bibliography.

ALONG THE ANDES AND DOWN THE AMAZON. By H. J. Mozans, A. M., Ph. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Concerning summer climate, it may be remarked that Chicago has not recently reprinted the story of the Arizona arrival below who went back for his blankets.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Long Roll.

There have been scores of war novels, but the ideal balance between history and romance has yet to be reached. In many respects Miss Johnston's latest work is the best story of the war that has ever been written, but upon the critical mind it leaves the impression that the historical aspects appealed to the author more strongly than the romantic, and that she was more concerned with the incidents of the struggle than with the personal vicissitudes of her characters. Indeed her war story is so tremendous, so dramatic in its detail, so overwhelming in its totality, that we are sometimes inclined to be a little impatient when the thread of pure romance is encountered and demands attention. It seems almost irrelevant.

"The Long Roll" might be fairly described as a war history of Stonewall Jackson. There is nothing like it in literature for an intensity of hero worship that has left no corner unsearched for even the smallest facts that can help in the portrayal. Miss Johnston admits her inability to acknowledge the sources of her information. The list would be too long, but we may believe that verbal reminiscences would form a large part of it. Certainly she could have obtained her amazing equipment of detail from nothing yet published. She is, of course, a Southerner, and she tells her story as a partisan, and is well within her rights in so doing. But no touch of rancor or resentment is anywhere to be found. There is neither exaggeration nor suppression.

The story opens with the Botetort resolutions, and we are introduced at once to the characters who will remain upon the stage throughout. Richard Cleave and Maury Stafford are both in love with the beautiful Shirley Carey, but Richard marches away under the conviction that his rival is already successful. Then comes the act of treachery that causes Cleave to be dismissed from the army by General Jackson, and we know at once by the premonition that always guides the good novel reader that the innocent will be rehabilitated and that it is actually he who has won the heart of Shirley. If he had put his fortune to the test he would have known it himself, but we should not have liked him quite so well had he been less credulous and less chivalrous. It will be seen therefore that the romance, as a romance, contains no novel features, and there is no reason why it should. Just such misunderstandings and betrayals must have occurred over and over again under the rule of the maxim that all is fair in love and war, and here we have both love and war.

The story ends at Chancellorsville with the wounding of Stonewall Jackson, and it is a tribute to the author's skill that we recognize in the dying leader a very different man from the narrow and bitter pietist to whom we are first introduced and whose sanity we were justified in doubting. Miss Johnston calls us to witness the making of a great soldier, and we see the process of development not by a succession of momentary glimpses, but day by day and hour by hour. We follow Jackson's force to Winchester, to Fort Royal, to the Shenandoah, to the Chickahominy. Hardly a detail of the awful march is omitted, and although the element of the horrible is large enough in all conscience it is never exaggerated and never selected. The calculated secrecy of Jackson's tactics is well described, and no one but the literary artist could have so well pictured the gradual change of attitude on the part of the troops whose initial attitude of an almost incipient mutiny is gradually changed to one of boundless confidence in their leader.

"The Long Roll" will probably rank as the greatest of all stories of the Civil War, and this in spite of a photographic minuteness of historical detail which perhaps is out of place in the novel. But if it is indeed assigned to so high a place it may not be for long. Miss Johnston may surpass her own work. There are internal evidences that "The Long Roll" will receive a sequel in which some other military hero of the South will be pictured as Jackson is pictured in this one. And it will not be surprising if the same characters should make their reappearance.

THE LONG ROLL. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.40.

Demeter's Daughter.

This is a story of Dartmoor, and it would seem that Dartmoor is more prolific in tragedy than in anything else. It is not easy to understand the author's motive in picturing such a catalogue of disaster. The chief sufferer is heroic and innocent. She could have done no more than she did to ward off catastrophe, and so we are left, somehow, with a dreary feeling that nature is inexorable and unjust.

Alison is the chief character. Her husband met with a trivial accident long ago which has left him incapable of nothing except work. There are two grown sons, a daughter, and two young children, one of them deformed. All this cargo of worthless humanity rests upon the shoulders of the mother. One son is a rascal and the other is killed in the Boer War. The girl is vain and silly, and at last the husband becomes both drunken and immoral. Finally he drowns his wife by persisting in fording the river where there is no ford.

It is probably a true record of a Dartmoor family. It is more or less the record of a thousand families all over the world wherein the mother alone stands out like a lamp and makes the darkness visible. But it is hard to see a justifying motive for the story unless it be in the following words of Nietzsche, which the author uses as a sort of text: "Everything is so absolutely bound and related to everything else in the real world that to condemn, or to *think away* anything, means to condemn and think away the whole."

DEMETER'S DAUGHTER. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Company; $1.35.

In the Sierra.

Mr. John Muir gives us the benefit of the note-book sketches that he made in the Sierra forty-two years ago during his first summer residence. Perhaps the diary form is the best of all for such a purpose. Nothing could better illustrate the dawning of an enthusiasm that has lasted ever since and that leaves the author as devout a nature worshiper as he was when he accepted the work of a sheep-herder in order that he might continue the studies that he loved. Sheep-tending is not an exacting toil, and there was plenty of time for observation and for the daily record of discovery that we now read so delightedly. Mr. Muir knew how to sketch, too, in those early days, and his volume would not be overweighted had he given us many more of these little pictures that have an individual character of their own.

It is not easy to summarize a diary such as this, whose chief charm is a sort of rambling incoherence well adapted to the purpose. But the book is worth reading by those who appreciate the services of the author and who have a sympathetic eye for the beauties that he pictures. It is enriched not only by the drawings already mentioned, but by a number of exceptionally good photographs by Herbert W. Gleason.

MY FIRST SUMMER IN THE SIERRA. By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.50.

Irish Nationality.

Mrs. J. R. Green has contributed to the Home University Library a singularly able treatise on Irish nationality. It was not an easy task to perform in the brief scope afforded by 250 pages. The author's mission is necessarily historical, but she concerns herself more with the story of the Irish genius than with the events that make up the thread of Irish national life. She shows us Ireland as a nation, separate and apart from all other nations, cherishing her own traditions, influencing the thought and fortunes of Europe and of the world, but never merging herself or losing her national individuality. And yet perhaps the author may be questioned when she says that England has always consulted her own interests in the government of Ireland. To a great extent the charge is certainly true, and yet England's chief and most exasperating sin is that of stupidity. Without imagination herself, she has tried to govern an imaginative and idealistic people, and the inevitable conflict between stupidity and sentiment has ensued. And now we have to see if the wider democracy which is animating England and her colonies will be able to recognize and respect "the tradition of national life" which sums up the whole of Ireland's ambitions and hopes.

THE IRISH NATIONALITY. By Mrs. J. R. Green. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents.

Siren-Land.

Only a classicist could write so charmingly of Sorrento and Capri. Mr. Norman Douglas knows every legend and every myth and fable clustering around this magic strip of Italy, and it would seem as though he would like to believe them all. Probably he does in his heart of hearts, but wisdom always hides its creeds. In addition to scholarship Mr. Douglas has humor and acceptable philosophy, and he can say as much in as few words as any writer of the day. Those who have visited Sorrento and Capri with perhaps but a dim understanding of their sanctities would do well to read this charming book and so pay a belated homage to the sirens whose propitiation is always worth while. The illustrations are numerous and apt.

SIREN-LAND. By Norman Douglas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.

The Job Secretary.

Mrs. Wilfrid Ward calls her story "an impression," but it is a good deal more than this. It has an intricate plot, but it is so clearly elaborated that we forget its impossibility and are charmed by the ingenuity of the narrative and the delicately deft way in which it is unfolded. Frank Norbury, a dilettante author, loses his stenographer and secures a substitute from one of the local agencies. When the lady arrives he finds that she can not read her shorthand notes and that the typewriter is a mechanical mystery to her. In fact we fear that she is rather a silly young woman until she displays a surprising faculty of literary criticism and so makes herself valuable to her employer, whose story she practically rewrites. Mrs. Ward weaves her narrative around the identity of the "job secretary," who eventually turns out to be some one of importance and intimately connected with the other characters of the story. But she does not exactly win our hearts.

THE JOB SECRETARY. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; $1.20.

Philosophy.

President Nicholas Murray Butler's admirable lecture on philosophy, now issued in volume form, ought not to be overlooked by those who would approach the greatest of all studies with a right comprehension of their task. Dr. Butler has that fine conservatism that is the best of all safeguards against the puerile and popular systems of the day. He speaks of "the clever intellectual posing and attitudinizing of Nietzsche." He warns us against "the curiously barren efforts of Haeckel" as soon as he leaves his proper field of science, and he advises the student to postpone even Pragmatism, which causes the man in the street "to howl with delight because he at last understands things," or thinks he does.

PHILOSOPHY. By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: The Columbia University Press; $1.

Briefer Reviews.

"Parting Friends" is the title of an amusing farce by W. D. Howells published in tiny form by Harper & Brothers. Price, 50 cents.

Under the title of "Be of Good Cheer" (Sherman, French & Co.) Dr. Joseph S. Van Dyke has written a little volume of optimistic thought founded upon the Christian religion. It is marked by sincerity and conviction.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have added "The First Part of Henry the Fourth" and "The Second Part of Henry the Fourth" to the First Folio Shakespeare now in process of issue, the only edition that gives Shakespeare in the original spelling and punctuation, and that will go into the pocket without complaint.

Those who are interested in the socialism of the Fabian Society—guaranteed even by its enemies to be harmless—will do well to procure the little volume just issued by the John Lane Company (75 cents) entitled "Socialism and Individualism," by Sidney Webb, Bernard Shaw, Sidney Ball, and Sir Oliver Lodge.

A genial mood on the part of the reader will aid him in his desire to laugh at "Jack and the Check-Book," by John Kendrick Bangs (Harper & Brothers). The idea of Mr. Bangs is to modernize some of the ancient fairy stories, such as "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "Puss in Boots," and it must be confessed that the result is often lugubrious. Even the old fairy stories are entitled to a certain amount of reverence.

"Cost-Keeping for Manufacturing Plants," by Sterling H. Bunnell, Ph. B., M. E. (D. Appleton & Co.; $3), is intended to supply the most approved methods of cost-keeping and to suggest time and labor-saving methods not only to the trained accountant, but to manufacturers who may be yet unconvinced of the profits that will result from the proper and economical operations of cost-finding. The work is a substantial one, fully illustrated and supplied with a competent index.

Life on a British sailing ship in the olden days is well described by David W. Bone in the series of sketches originally contributed to the Glasgow *News* and now making their appearance in volume form under the title of "The Brasshounder" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.25). Many different parts of the world are visited, including San Francisco, and the incidents are related strictly from the apprentice's point of view. The illustrations are by the author.

T. N. Foulis, Edinburgh, has published a little volume containing "The Case of Wagner," "Nietzsche *contra* Wagner," and "Selected Aphorisms," by Friedrich Nietzsche, translated by Anthony M. Ludovici. The translator explains that the Nietzsche-Wagner controversy is nothing more than the time-honored dispute between Classicism and Romanticism, but we may believe that some personal animus was imported into a discussion that should have been kept upon a higher plane. The price is one shilling.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Colonel's Story.

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor is well qualified to write of the Old Dominion and to draw a Southern character sketch with all the rich and delicate lines of an engraving. The Colonel is not a man easily to be forgotten. He has every known virtue of the heart, every fine and chivalrous trait, and if he believes every word that is said to him and never does today what can be put off until tomorrow we like him all the more for these defects and even recognize them as essential. When we make the Colonel's acquaintance he is on a visit to a friend, a visit that began some years before, but that has been extended on a daily renewed invitation. He loves his host's daughter, but she knows nothing of a devotion that is too fine for words, and so when her younger lover loses his wealth and goes to California it is the Colonel himself who follows him to bring him back. And it is the Colonel who decides to endow the young couple with the wealth that would naturally follow the production of a book from his pen. He never doubts his literary success. It is simply a matter of producing the book.

There are other characters that show a distinct power to create on the part of the author, whose touch is always firm and dainty.

THE COLONEL'S STORY. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.20.

The Chasm.

This story opens weakly, but it gathers strength as it goes on and finishes creditably. Marion Moulton and her mother have been on a European tour and are returning to their home in Moline, Mississippi. Marion has fallen in love with a glittering Russian aristocrat, but her sensible, although wealthy, father has interfered somewhat forcibly by cable, and consequently Marion is full of resentment. But her determination to marry the Russian is somewhat modified by her ensuing acquaintance with a remarkable young gardener who is a Socialist, an author, an orator, and a profound student of economics and philosophy. What would have happened we can only conjecture, for she falls violently in love with the gardener, but just in the nick of time the resplendent Russian turns up in pursuit of his lost love, satisfies her father of his disinterestedness and marries her. The young couple go to Russia, and here we find the real strength of the story. Marion becomes a revolutionist, warns a body of rebels of the approach of troops, and to such good effect that the soldiers are routed. Her husband disowns and divorces her, she is hunted by the secret police, and we have a really admirable account of the revolutionary movement with its subterranean ramifications and the fiendish atrocities perpetrated by the police. We know all the time that the Socialist gardener will turn up again somewhere, and as Marion is now maritally free we need no power of divination to guess the ultimate result. The author seems to know Russia well. At least he writes convincingly, and not until the Russian episodes does his story really grip the reader. But after that it grips to good purpose.

THE CHASM. By George Cram Cook. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Book of Genesis.

The Rev. F. P. Ramsay presents us with a picture of the book of Genesis from a standpoint of ultra-orthodoxy. Indeed there is something almost valorous in his sturdy defense of creeds that are hardly now in the land of the living. And yet Dr. Ramsay's scholarship is unquestionable, so unquestionable indeed as to cause us to wonder how he can say that "this unity of God lies at the basis of all the teachings of Genesis," and, further, how he can translate the first verse in Genesis as "Originally God created the heavens and the earth." The Hebrew original uses the word "Elohim," and this is a plural substantive meaning "gods." Surely accuracy should not be sacrificed to theological creeds and in a work that claims precision among its virtues.

AN INTERPRETATION OF GENESIS. INCLUDING A TRANSLATION INTO PRESENT-DAY ENGLISH. By Rev. F. P. Ramsay, Ph. D. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; $2.

To Love and to Cherish.

Eliza Calvert Hall has written a pathetic little story of a young Southern politician who finds himself within sight of the governorship of his State only to discover the dread of his wife to meet social responsibilities for which she feels her unfitness. It is a sketch of mutual self-sacrifice rare enough in actual life and therefore to be the more welcomed in fiction.

TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH. By Eliza Calvert Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Gertude Atherton's "A Daughter of the Vine" is appearing serially in the *Figaro* of Paris under the title "L'Esclave de la Vigne."

About twelve years ago Pierre de Coulevain, now one of the most popular of French writers, published her first novel, "Noblesse Americaine." It attracted the attention of some eminent French critics and won for its author, who was absolutely unknown in literary circles, an Academy prize. Three volumes have followed her early success—"Eve Victorieuse," "Sur la Branche," and "The Unknown Isle." Of these the second is now in its 140th edition in France and the third in its 112th. "The Unknown Isle" has just been brought out in America and England by Cassell & Co. The author still discourages interviewers and shuns personal popularity.

Henry Holt & Co. are issuing the fifth volume of Franklin Bowditch Dexter's "Biographical Sketches of the Graduates of Yale College, with Annals of the College History," from June, 1792, to September, 1805.

G. P. Putnam's Sons are about to publish a volume by Arthur Christopher Benson, entitled "Ruskin: A Study in Personality." Ruskin's views about art, about economics, about reform, have all been sharply challenged, and to a large extent with justice. But destructive criticism can not take away from the very positive qualities which Ruskin possessed. Mr. Benson points out that Ruskin was first and last a moralist, a lofty soul "in search of a certain transforming and uplifting power, something which may stand up 'above the howling senses' ebb and flow,' some force which may bring mankind tranquillity and inner happness—not a listless and indolent happiness, but the happiness which comes of having an aim and a goal, a cause to fight for, a secret to interpret, a message to announce, a dream which is to be brighter and purer than material dreams, a vision which is to outlast life and to help on the regeneration of the world."

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin has just returned from her visit to England and is at her country place in Hollis, Maine, for the summer. Her new book, "Mother Carey's Chickens," will be published by Houghton Mifflin Company next September.

"The Annual Library Index" for 1910 is now issued by the *Publishers' Weekly*. The general editorship still remains with W. I. Fletcher. For those who wish to follow the activity of any writer or the discussion of any topic through the year, the volume is invaluable. A new department gives a list, arranged geographically, of the principal private collectors of books throughout the country.

An English edition of Percival Pollard's new book of literary and dramatic criticism. "Masks and Minstrels of New Germany," is being brought out in London by William Heinemanu.

How golf was successfully played on shipboard with the aid of surveyors who measured the drives is told by William Edmund Cooke in the issuc of *Harper's Weekly* for July 8. As the ship was more than five hundred feet long, it was easy to establish a base line for the observers four hundred and thirty-eight feet apart. Each observer was provided with a record on which to note the angle formed from its point of observation to the point where the ball struck the water, and 180 degree scales, fifteen inches in diameter, with a movable pointer pivoted from the centre. The speed of the ship did uot affect the result.

Returning to the characters of "Robert Elsmere," one of the early novels on which her fame is founded, Mrs. Humphry Ward has written a new book, to be brought out in the fall by Doubleday, Page & Co., entitled "The Case of Richard Meynell."

Myrtle Reed still holds the record as the most popular woman novelist. Her "Lavender and Old Lace," according to the latest report from the Putnams, has sold almost 300,000 copies. "The Master of the Vineyard" is in its eightieth thousand. "Old Rose and Silver" has reached 100,000.

New Books Received.

THE SUFFRAGETTE. By E. Sylvia Pankburst. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; $1.50.

A comprehensive history of the women's militant suffrage movement—of its aims and its methods, of the dramatic experiences of its leaders, of its present accomplishment, and its hopes for the near future.

TOM L. JOHNSON. By Carl Lorenz. New York: The A. S. Barnes Company; $1.

A biography of the late mayor of Cleveland, with an account of his political battles.

THE STORY OF QUAMIN. By May Harvey Drummond. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A tale of the tropics.

ASTORIA. By Washington Irving. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 60 cents.

Issued in the Astor Library of Prose.

THE PRICE. By Gertie De S. Wentworth-James. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.35.

A new novel by the author of "The Lesson."

THE STORY GIRL. By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $1.50.

A new novel by the author of "Anne of Green Gables."

JOHN RUSKIN. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Benson describes his book as "written with a sincere love and admiration, and with a strong belief that Ruskin's message and example have a very real truth and strength of their own, urgently needed in these hasty and impulsive days."

MY LIFE. By Richard Wagner. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; 2 vols.; $8.50.

"Written by one of the most striking personalities of modern times; kept secret, for urgent reasons, during the twenty-eight years since the author's death; this great work has at last been published in Germany, England, the United States, and many other countries. Wagner wrote this autobiography from memoranda that he had kept for thirty-five years; a king transcribed part of it at his dictation; some eminent literary critics who have seen the manuscript say that this is one of the most remarkable books of recent times, and will stand among the world's most famous auto biographies."

STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

—OF—

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

(A CORPORATION)

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

DATED JUNE 30, 1911

ASSETS

1—BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES ($8,620,000.00), of the State of California and Municipalities thereof ($3,684,812.50), of the State of New York ($250,000.00), the actual value of which is..	$14,734,436.89
2—CASH in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks.....	1,533,467.11
3—MISCELLANEOUS BONDS, the actual value of which is.....	6,559,825.61
	$22,827,729.61

They are:
"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" ($297,000.00), "Western Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($250,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($120,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($83,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" ($50,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($29,000.00), "San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($5000.00), "Southern Pacific Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($1000.00), "Market Street Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($758,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" ($753,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" ($400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" ($334,000.00), "Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($185,000.00), "The Omnihus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($20,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" ($6000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" ($1,465,000.00), "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" ($563,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" ($100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" ($50,000.00).

4—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	32,415,149.67

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	223,151.68

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) REAL ESTATE situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($808.863.12), and in the Counties of Santa Clara ($16,925.49), and Alameda ($2825.97), in this State, the actual value of which is	828.614.58
(b)—The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is.....	1,002,301.96

The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

TOTAL ASSETS $57,296,947.50

LIABILITIES

1—SAID CORPORATION OWES DEPOSITS amounting to and the actual value of which is.....	$53,296,947.50

(Number of Depositors, 81,452; Average Amount of Deposits, $654.00)

2—RESERVE FUND, Actual Value.....	4,000,000.00
TOTAL LIABILITIES	$57,296,947.50

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

JAMES R. KELLY and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of July, 1911.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Deposits made on or before July 10, 1911, will draw interest from July 1, 1911.

R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.



CHAUNCEY OLCOTT'S "MACUSHLA."

There will be singing of Irish songs and dancing to Irish music as long as there are voices and legs, praise be. And there will be Boucicaults, and Scanlans, and Olcotts to keep Irish melody and mirth on the stage as long as there are theatres. Without promise of royal subsidies the future of Irish music and drama is as secure as the lasting favor of the violet, the rose, and the hawthorn.

The songs Chauncey Olcott sings in "Macushla" are new, but three of them are distinctively Irish. "The Girl I'll Call My Sweetheart Must Look Like You" is the best, though "With the Twinkle in Her Eye" and the one hearing the same title as the play are worthy of their place. Mr. Olcott sings them well, in a clear, soft Irish tenor, and with a sympathetic appreciation of their charm. They win for him the applause that comes like a volley from a rifle corps.

Mrs. Rida Johnson's play, first offered to the public this week at the Columbia Theatre, is mostly whipped cream, but there is now and then a fruity flavor of humor in it. A ruined estate, Irish, of course; a gallant young Irish lord, with a fine disregard for his unexpected acquisition of the title; an Irish colleen, frank and free; a race-winning mare, "Macushla," the best in the country—and there you are. The ingredients do not matter, the mixing and the serving make a feast or a failure. In this instance the serving is the higher art.

Mr. Olcott makes a romantic figure, and he has by right the best place in every act. Sir Brian Fitzgerald fits the pink riding-coat of the hunting scene as bravely as he does the jockey suit for the steeple-chase, or the Irish gentleman's home costume of 1824 in the final tableau. He confounds the plotters against him with the quick wit of the playwright's hero, but he is true to the girl who has grown up beside him at Duncannon with his own sparkling eye and winning tones. More true than tender, though, for he sings to the audience from the geographical centre of the stage while his song is addressed to his sweetheart, away off to the left.

Mr. Olcott has chosen his leading lady with discretion. Patricia Boyer, the heroine, is played by Gaii Kane, a young actress still in her novitiate, but she has beauty and grace, and will succeed. Her humorous hits are done with more confidence than the sentimental passages, but she has repose as well as freedom of movement, and is too earnest to be self-conscious. She is the most attractive part of every picture on the stage.

Robert V. Ferguson, the experienced character actor, has a little part that he makes much of in Sandy McNabb, the farm overseer. His Scotch is full of humor if it is not broad. The character is far enough in some particulars from his Sir Pitt Crawley of last season in Mrs. Fiske's company, but it stirs memories of that forceful delineation nevertheless.

Jennie Lamont is more than capable as Mrs. Boyer. She sustains the dignity of the Fitzgeralds with unflinching loyalty, and ready wit. E. H. Reardon as Thomas Wiggins and George Brennan as Dinny O'Mara, the weak and would-be wicked stable-boys, are excellent.

A good word may be said for the stage settings of the play. The opening scene, a thatched cottage and a garden, is very pretty, and the second, the interior of the Fitzgerald stable, is correct and substantial. For the race scene a tent covers the stage, with an opening at the back in which the spectators gather to view the course. In the last act the big room at the Fitzgerald house changes in a moment of darkness to the outside wall, framing an open window in which stand Sir Brian and Patricia, while the hero speaks a farewell to his people below.

"Macushla" as a play surrounds Mr. Olcott's songs and personality agreeably, but it is not strong. The plays in which the actor has won his fame in the East, since the days of "A Romance of Athlone," have not been seen here, and it is merely a matter for speculation whether this production marks an advance. It is easy to see that the fourth act of "Macushla" is superfluous, except as something to fill up the time between 10:20 and 10:55. Sir Brian is said to have won something like £50,000 on the race which he rode himself, to foil the treachery of his jockey, and that should have been sufficient to pay off his debts and give him a start, making it unnecessary for him to emigrate to America. In the novels the hero and heroine are frequently described on the last page as figures on the deck of a ship, sailing out toward a new country, but this is not so appropriate in a play. Why might not Sir Brian and Lady Pat have remained at home, among the people that loved them? And what becomes of Macushla?

The play is so old-fashioned in plot and situation that it suggests other questions. Why might not some of the earlier Irish plays be revived by Mr. Olcott? He need not go so far back as "The Shaughraun," if that does not appeal to him, for there are others. Whatever he does, his songs will always be a great feature, and, fortunately, they will fit any Irish setting. It is somewhat surprising to discover, on reflection, how large a part Irish comedies have had in the history of the American stage, especially in the popular aspects of the subject. Mr. Olcott is only one of the many actors of good presence who have made reputations and fortunes in this line, and all have deserved what they secured. GEORGE L. SHOALS.

Vaudeville is now the sport of producers, real novelties being in such demand. At the Fifth Avenue Theatre (says a New York paper), Sumiko—billed as "The Mary Garden of Japan," all of which she is not—was featured in English songs. Sumiko made her entrance in a 'ricksha piloted by a coolie, while real Japanese girls passed orangeade among the orchestra chairs. The singer lacked the grace that one likes to associate with the ladies of Nippon, but she had a really good mezzo contralto, with a purity of tone and a fairly flexible range that spoke well for her teacher. It was funny, but a bit of a pity, to let her struggle with the words of English ditties, however. Why not have Sumiko confine her programme exclusively to Japanesey things? What the audience liked best was the comical way she sang that latest successor to the late lamented "Casey Jones" of railroad wreck fame, "Steamboat Bill." One sat and waited for Sumiko to pronounce "Mississippi," and then one roared—which, after all, is what the vaudeville manager likes to hear. Sumiko is a "headliner" with real merit.

The New York *Dramatic Mirror*, on May 3, published a full-page article by Miss Blanche Bates on "The Stage and Stage Children." Curiously enough, this article by one of America's most talented actresses has not been reprinted, nor given out to the press, nor has its publicity been stimulated in any way. On the other hand, a letter from the general secretary of the national child labor committee to the publisher asking the privilege of reprinting the article with proper credit brought a flat refusal, on the ground that article was at variance with the views of the magazine. The reason for this silence on the part of those who clamor to exempt theatrical interests from the operation of child-labor laws is not far to seek. Miss Bates challenges every argument that has been advanced in favor of child labor on the stage. She maintains that such exploitation is injurious to the child and to the theatre.

This is a record of local concerts in various European cities as put into a statistical form by mathematically controlled minds in each (says the editor of the *Musical Courier*): Berlin—In 213 days, 1096 concerts. Vienna—In 182 days, 439 concerts. Munich—In 199 days, 374 concerts. The average is for Berlin five a day; for Vienna about two and a half a day; for Munich, less than two a day. The Paris average, during a season of about eight and a half to nine months—say 250 days, is more than ten concerts a day. Many of the Berlin concerts are débutant concerts; many in Paris are also débutant concerts but for a Paris début, not as débutant for the first time; for the first time in Paris.

James K. Hackett has been selected to impersonate that inexplicable harrister, the hero of "The Grain of Dust," when Louis Evan Shipman's dramatization of the story reaches the footlights. The play will be produced in Chicago next September. It is made from David Graham Phillips's story of the same name.

Franklyn Fyles, the widely known dramatic critic, died at his home in New York on July 4. In the San Francisco *Chronicle* of July 9, there is a letter under his name, dated "New York, July 8." Probably the news editor had not heard of Mr. Fyles's death.

The Lady Godiva of the coronation-day procession in Coventry was a music-hall singer, who had learned to ride at Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Her costume is said to have been "more traditional" than that of certain of her predecessors.

Felix Mottl, director of the Royal Opera in Munich, is dead. Mottl, who was one of the great musical directors of the world, was conductor of Wagnerian operas at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York for one year.

THE LONDON DICKENS FESTIVAL.

"Dombey and Son," the first play in the Dickens Centenary Festival, was not liked by the London critics. Says one: "Perhaps it was a mistake to begin with 'Domhey.' No one would choose it as an example of what is best worth showing in Dickens. That seems a considerable argument against making the first play of a Charles Dickens Centenary Festival out of it. Of course, as the quarry for a play it offers more temptations than some of the other novels. The queer triangle story of Edith and Carker and Mr. Domhey can be excavated from the rest without much effort, and when you have it out, there is your practicable plot decorated in the most moving style of melodrama. Such is Metcalfe Wood's adaptation of 'Domhey and Son,' which Robert Arthur produced at the Savoy Theatre last night.

"It should be made clear at once, and emphasized, that you may get a good deal of amusement out of the play. It may not be disguised that you will have many interludes of boredom. You will never be deluded into thinking that it is, like Mr. Gigadibs, 'almost the true Dickens,' or even the true 'Domhey and Son,' a much less thing. What you have is a procession of illustrations to Dickens, with interludes of melodramatic thunder. The one scene which came nearest to creating the atmosphere of the master was the reception at which a pageant of minor oddities of the book marched and countermarched across the stage. Watching them was as pleasant as watching a good set of Phiz's pictures. But this, you may complain, is not the proper business of a play. After all, the work of an illustrator is best done in illustrations. When you come to its dramatic parts, the play creates yawns. It is not in the main the fault of the playwright. Edith was a bore in the book, and Carker a bore raised to the highest power. The preposterous relations between them win no more of your attention when you have them put into violent action than when you read one line in ten. Unfortunately, the play is nearly all Edith, and of this we do complain. A play on 'Domhey and Son' which omits Captain Cuttle and Jack Bunshy, which diminishes Toots to insignificance, and reduces the Nipper to the lowest terms is only the shadow of a name.

"In the work of most authors, and probably of all novelists, you can discover a period of waning energy and forced invention. Characteristics become mannerisms, individuality grows into eccentricity, all the faults are magnified, all the virtues lose their vigor. Some men soon fall upon these evil days, soon exhaust all the genius they have. Some, after a great mass of masterly achievement, only show signs of flagging power, like Scott, as they pass into the Valley of the Shadow. Some begin to flag and stumble early, but afterwards recover nearly all their first fine careless rapture of creation. Of these was Dickens. No discerning worshipper could deny that signs of decadence are plain in 'Domhey.' But after 'Dombey' came 'David Copperfield.'

"When the Philistines seek occasion to blaspheme, it is odds that they turn to 'Dombey and Son.' They are wise. There may be a more appalling child in fiction than Little Paul, but let us be grateful that we know him not. He is the classic example of the deplorable results of a man of genius sitting down to be pathetic at all costs. You hear the invention creak and groan and strain, you see the novelist's sympathies contorting themselves dreadfully in the struggle to feel ineffable things, and you turn drearily away from the indecent exhibition. Of course 'Dombey' is not all Little Paul. We are preserved from him altogether in Mr. Metcalfe Wood's play; but of the straining and striving and contortion which went to his creation there is abundance in other characters. Mrs. Dombey the first, you remember, was adjured to 'make an effort.' That phrase might be the motto of the book. Effort is writ large all over it. It is all struggling for effect with tricks of phrase, with violent pieces of character, with preposterous turns of plot. Who ever believed in Carker or Joey B.? Who ever cared a fartbing for the ridiculous turn of the preposterous elopement?

"You may say, if you please, that the plot in Dickens never was of the least importance. No one, perhaps, ever cared what Monks was about, or Ralph Nickleby. But their awful schemes were only the stage floor on which moved and had their being a delightful company. You must attend to the plot in 'Dombey,' because for great tracts there is nothing to distract your attention. You may complain that it is folly to object to Carker as unreal, because the best of Dickens's people, Mrs. Gamp or Mr. Micawber, are outside realism. But Micawber and Mrs. Gamp are more real than reality, glorious creatures of humorous imagination incarnate. Carker and Joey B. are preposterous figures labeled by a phrase or two, like a 5th of November monster inscribed, 'This is a Guy.' Of course, there are better things in 'Dombey.' The Nipper would go far to redeem a worse book. Captain Cuttle and Bunsby are altogether excellent. The admirable Toots is Dickens at his best. But the long interstices between them are 'cinders, ashes, dust.'

"And the play is chiefly composed of these interstices. In its first act Edith is being shown round the Domhey house, and Carker leers and her mother simpers, and everybody is like an adjective in clothes. In the second act Edith is being haughty to Mr. Domhey's guests, and he conducts his melodramatic quarrel with her through the impossible Carker. In the third Edith has that preposterous explanation with Carker at Dijon and runs away from him. In the fourth she comes with Cousin Feenix to explain herself to Florence. So much exposition of what never begins to be credible is a dreary business. Where in all this is the admirable Toots? He flits an uneasy phantom to and fro across the stage, his visits few and brief as angels'. Whenever he is there, if only for a moment, you can be sure of enjoying yourself, but you will spend more time regretting him. The Nipper made us one or two gay moments in the first act, but she was never allowed to shine her brightest. Mrs. Pipchin, Captain Cuttle, Jack Bunshy—where were they? Even the Blimbers were only allowed to walk in procession with the Feeders. Old Joey B., like the poor, we had nearly always with us, and Mr. Metcalfe Wood made him a more genial fellow than the tough old ruffian Dickens designed, and, thanks to Mr. Louis Calvert, he persuaded us that he was flesh and blood. Cousin Feenix and Mrs. Skewton we were also given in abundance, though the finest part of the lady, her death, was of necessity banished."

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, $1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C1570.

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CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
In his new play
MACUSHLA
Prices: $1.50, $1, 75c, 50c, and 25c
Coming—HENRY MILLER in "The Havoc."

VANITY FAIR.

People are laughing at Mrs. Levi Leiter of Chicago because that lady has used her wealth in an eminently sensible way and greatly to the increase of her own comfort. Mrs. Leiter is fond of sunshine, and being a woman with unusual powers of observation she has noticed that the sun appears to move and that her sitting-room gets the rays of the sun for a certain number of hours only. Now her wealth, strange to say, gives her no control over the movements of the sun, which is a shame; but it does enable her to regulate the movements of her room. So she has constructed an apartment that will turn upon a sort of pivot, and by following the movements of the sun she can secure a constant supply of his coveted rays. And now all her friends are laughing at her. They say how easy it would be to get the same results by going from one room to another. Perhaps the results would be the same, but consider the labor. The occupation of the moment, peeling the potatoes for dinner or whatever it might be, would have to be interrupted, and moreover every one has a preference for a particular room and hates to move. Probably Mrs. Leiter is ahead of her age, but if her day and generation were worthy of her she would be recognized as a pioneer and a discoverer. Why should not all houses move on a central pivot, so that the inclination of the moment as to wind and sun may always be gratified? Present-day engineering would find no difficulty in such a task and it ought not to be costly. The house could be built on a solid, circular steel turntable, such as is used in engine sheds, and this would be operated by a lever. This is one of the things that will certainly be done at about the time when civilization has learned how to equip its cities with moving sidewalks that can be sheltered from the rain. In the meantime let us pay homage to Mrs. Levi Leiter of Chicago for a bold and practical invention.

Civilization's one idea for the entertainment of distinguished visitors is to show them warships and stuff them with more food than they were constructed by nature to carry. We find practically the same traits in barbarous peoples, although of a coarser kind. When the Shah of Persia visited London many years ago he demanded to be shown a gallows, a form of amusement that had been overlooked by his hosts. When his wish had been gratified he asked to see a man hanged then and there, and some diplomacy was needed to explain the curious reluctance of the Anglo-Saxon to hang a man just for fun, so to speak. But there was nothing small about the Shah. Far be it from him to question the customs or scruples of his host, however whimsical those customs and scruples might be; so he promptly offered one of his own attendants. And then there was more diplomacy. Now the anxiety of the Shah to see the gallows finds its civilized parallel in the instant parade of warships for the amusement of the guest. We assume that nothing can be so entertaining as a display of the machinery of murder, and we may as well admit that nothing is so entertaining.

They have been amusing the Canadian and other deputations to the coronation in just this way. Every moment that could be spared from warships was devoted to eating. Every moment that could be spared from eating was devoted to warships. Now there is a limit to eating. It is not so much a matter of endurance as of cubical capacity, and so at last it was necessary to call a halt. It was the dinner by the London Chamber of Commerce that threatened to break the camel's back. The dinner was duly announced, and then came another announcement that there would be no dinner. Naturally the public wanted to know what this thing meant. Was the empire disintegrating? Was war declared between London and the colonies? Then came the explanation. The colonial premiers had already eaten all that they were constructed to hold. Hatches were full and battened down. The very suggestion of food was abhorrent to them. Barley water and dry toast, and not much of that, nor for a week or two, had become their idea of earthly bliss. And so in their embarrassed misery, the poor premiers had visited the sachems of the colonial office and had implored their intercession. And not in vain, for the colonial office made representations to the chamber of commerce and they called off their caterers, and so gave the premiers an opportunity to lie down for a time and sleep it off.

It is all very well to insist that American ambassadors to foreign countries shall be properly equipped both morally and mentally for their task, but how about their wives? Seeing that the duties of the modern ambassador are almost entirely social it would seem that the wife is not only a partner, but a very predominant partner, and it is her credentials that we ought to examine. Lord Granville once objected to the appointment of a certain high official on the ground of known indiscretions of his wife, and the certainty that she would disclose any state secrets that might be connubially imparted to her. He said that if the appointment were made it would be necessary for the members of the cabinet to take it in turns to sleep with the couple. The woman is always a factor in diplomacy, although we may hear little of her until she commits an indiscretion.

Mrs. Bacon, the wife of the American ambassador to France, seems to have committed the latest indiscretion on the list. It occurred at a London reception and might have had awkward results. Mrs. Bacon took a seat that had been specially reserved for some one else, and when an usher drew her attention to the fact she took exceeding great umbrage, asserted her supposed rights as an ambassador's wife, and prepared to leave the house. Her wrath was assuaged by a special display of tact, but there was some of those present who felt that Mrs. Bacon had placed herself in a painfully false position, and that she would have displayed more dignity had she been less mindful of her supposed rights. Mrs. Hill, the wife of the late German ambassador, seems to have erred in the other direction. It is not of course a crime for an ambassador's wife to go marketing on a bicycle, but it rather shocked the Germans, who are sticklers for the proprieties. No doubt it seemed to be a very properly democratic thing to do, but the essence of true democratic behavior is to be inconspicuous, and the best way to be inconspicuous is to comply with the conventions of the day. To display an aggressive democracy in the presence of an aristocracy is just as rude as to assert one's aristocracy in front of a democracy. The essence of good behavior is to make no one uncomfortable, and the kind of democracy that is not well behaved is not worth having.

Miss Bessie McCoy, the musical comedy actress, is either an original young lady or she has a particularly gifted press agent. She had an appointment recently to dine with a man in Atlantic City, but for some unexplained reason the gallant failed to put in an appearance. But Miss McCoy was undismayed and she had no intention of losing the dinner, so she applied to the district messenger office for some likely looking youth to fill the vacancy. A boy of about sixteen was easily supplied, and his knowledge of Atlantic City and its denizens was like Sam Weller's knowledge of London—extensive and peculiar. Miss McCoy said she got much more amusement out of that messenger boy than she would have got from the defaulting swain, and she probably spoke the truth. The average messenger boy who can draw with discrimination from his stock of experience ought to be very good company, but a very strict discrimination would be necessary.

A report from Italy says that the novelist, Gabrielle d'Annunzio, is in financial straits and that the sale of his property will not produce enough to satisfy his creditors. The story reminds a writer in the *Bookman* that D'Annunzio has a curious gift of extravagance that fully accounts for his present difficulties. Some time ago he made a journey to Cairo, and an Italian newspaper printed the following list of his wardrobe:

Shirts, 72.
Drawers (with various laces and other embellishments), 48.
Socks of all kinds, 12 dozen.
Ditto of quiet tinted silk, 2 dozen.
Hats, evening suits, smoking coats, shooting jackets innumerable.
Gloves for walking, 48 pairs.
Ditto for evening, 24 pairs.
Mufflers of beautiful silk, 3.
Walking sticks, 12.
Umbrellas of violet hue, 8.
Parasols, green, 10.
Handkerchiefs, 20 dozen.
Cravats, resplendent and varied, 150.
Waistcoats, 10.
Shoes for walking, 14 pairs.
Shoes for crocodile hunting, 2 pairs.
Slippers, "soft, silent, and tremulous," 2 pairs.

There certainly seems to be a superfluity here, and yet a large stock of underclothing is not necessarily an extravagance. The only risk is that one may die or go to jail before working through it. But no man ought to wear lace trimmings on the second article of the list, and probably D'Annunzio is the only man who does. And therein lies a difference between man and woman. Every woman loves to have decorated underclothing, even though no one will ever see it but herself, and she herself will see it only during the transition stages of the toilet in the morning and at night. A man likes to have good underclothing, but only because it is comfortable. So long as it is neat and clean he is indifferent to its appearance, but a woman seems to derive a positive solace from the knowledge that she has lots of pretty laced and furbelowed things hidden away and out of sight under the external glories. Why is it? That they do wear these things is evident from the display in the shop windows, which even the most modest of men can not help seeing.

It seems that no one has declined the coronation titles and honors so liberally showered upon the just as well as upon the unjust during the last few weeks. Nominally the king is the fountain of honor and all titles come from him. Actually it is the prime minister who attends at the honors counter, and probably he would rather face a foreign enemy than the swarm of the socially ambitious. But he seems to have been just as good to his political enemies as to his friends, and quite a number of Conservatives figure upon the list. But there have been many cases where titles have been refused. Mr. Gladstone persisted in remaining a commoner. So did Thomas Carlyle, although the old philospher was much touched when the offer reached him from Lord Beaconsfield, whom he had scarified on many occasions. Carlyle's sentiments were probably voiced quite accurately by the Chelsea omnibus conductor who said to Froude: "Very proper of the queen to offer it, and more proper of him to say that he would have nothing to do with it. 'Tisn't they who can do the honor to the likes of he."

It would seem that in some respects women have less influence upon public affairs than they possessed a hundred years ago. It is women who are the chief sufferers at the New York customhouse. It is they who are hullied, insulted, stripped naked, and otherwise maltreated; but they seem to be helpless in the matter and their influence counts for nothing at all. But consider the state of affairs that prevailed during the last war between England and France. Naturally there was no traffic between the two countries, with one exception, and that one exception was in favor of the French dressmaker. She alone might pass unmolested between the two countries, and even in the event of the seizure of the ship and the capture of all her passengers the dressmaker went free and was escorted to her English destination under a safe-conduct that permitted her to come and go as she pleased. It seems strange that American women have never organized against the New York customhouse. Perhaps they work less directly, and it has indeed been said that customhouse victims contributed in no small measure to recent Democratic successes.

The beauty doctor for dogs has become an institution in France, if we may judge from a prospectus containing a regular price list for alterations in the canine architecture. It seems from this prospectus that it costs fifty francs to alter the shape of a dog's muzzle. Wrinkles on the face of a bulldog can be inserted for eighty francs, which is cheap considering that the bulldog might object. A change in the size of the tail costs twenty francs, but this seems dear when we remember the efficacy of the ordinary wood chopper. Superfluous hair is removed for five francs an hour and changing the color of the skin costs thirty francs.

Let us take a leaf out of the *Irontonian's* notebook. The *Irontonian* is the newspaper published in Ironton, Ohio. At the high school commencement in Ironton it was so taken with the "enhancement" of the natural beauty of the girl graduates derived from their clothes that it published a list of the dresses, as if it had been the inauguration ball at Washington or a society wedding. The list is not absolutely novel, or greatly varied, containing such terms as "white mercerized chiffon," "shower bouquet of sweet peas tied with tulle," "French lawn, one piece," "French lawn, with lace and insertion," "white satin, empire effect," "all-over embroidery, with Swiss lace and insertion to match," and "marquisette over white silk." But how intolerably vulgar it all seems.

Anatole France finds a certain satisfaction in the reflection that all men, whatever their status, are equal before the law. The law, he says, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets, and to steal bread.

"I'd rather be a live rabbit than a dead lion," he said, after they had been sitting for a long time where the silence was almost oppressive. "Well," she replied, "you get your wish."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*



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Colorado Springs	$55.00	Houston	$ 60.00
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Leavenworth	60.00	Memphis	70.00
St. Joseph	60.00	New Orleans	70.00
Omaha	60.00	Washington	107.50
Council Bluffs	60.00	Baltimore	107.50
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St. Paul	73.50	Boston	110.50
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July 19, 20, 26, 27, 28.
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30.
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay. Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The lawyer took his wife to court. After she had looked around a minute, she gave a sudden shudder. "My," she whispered, "what an awful creature the prisoner is." "Sh-h-h!" her husband hissed. "The prisoner hasn't come in yet. That's the judge."

Senator Depew, at a dinner in New York, said of Strauss's music: "To hear 'Elektra' or the 'Domestic Symphony' always makes me think of the old Scotch piper who said: 'Ah, there's ane nicht I shall ne'er forget. There were nineteen pipers besides mysel' all in a wee bit parlor, all playin' different tunes. I just thocht I was in heaven.'"

Lack of experience had led Mr. Simkins to a fairly fashionable restaurant. He could not understand a word of French, but, determined that he would not necessarily display his ignorance before the waiter, he pointed to an item and said: "I'll have some of that, please." The waiter looked compassionate. "I'm sorry, sir," he said gently, "but the hand is playing that just at present."

A disheveled citizen rushed into a Boston police station one afternoon and shouted for vengeance. "The automobile that hit me five minutes ago was No. 41,144," he sputtered. "I can prove that he was exceeding the speed limit, and I want—I want——" "You want a warrant for his arrest?" "Warrant nothing! What good would a warrant do me at the rate he was going? I want extradition papers."

In the struggling days at Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington found that he would have to use an old chicken house for a schoolroom. "Uncle," he said to an old colored man, "I want you to come down at nine o'clock tomorrow morning and help me clean out a hen house." "Law now, Mr. Washington," the old man expostulated, "you-all don't want to hegin cleanin' out no hen house roun' yere in de day time."

Sandy and his master drove up to the small station as the train approached. "Here's yer train, sir," said Sandy. "That is not my train," replied the master, who had his own ideas about correct speech, "but it's the train I am going by." But it happened to be a special train and didn't stop at the station, whereupon Sandy exclaimed: "We're haith wrang, for it's neither your train nor the ane ye're gaun by, but it's the ane that's gane by you."

George Ade was talking at a June wedding in Chicago about matrimony. "Matrimony is perhaps a little too much idealized," he said. "These June brides, radiant under their white veils in a glitter of June sunshine, seem capable of changing earth into heaven, but at a matter of fact they are not capable of anything of the sort. I am in hearty sympathy with old Brown, to whom young Black said at a wedding: 'A good wife can make a veritable angel of a man.' 'Yes, that's so,' old Brown agreed. 'My wife came near making one of me with her first batch of doughnuts.'"

An English commercial in a large drapery establishment remarked that he regretted not having left his heavy overcoat at a railway cloak-room, as the day was warm and he did not think that he would need to wear it. "I wudna do that," said a canny friend. "Why not?" said the Englishman. "Because," said the friend, "it wud cost ye a tuppence at the railway station an' the hother o' goin' there and then comin' back. Were ye to put it in the pawnshop for a shillin' the ticket would cost ye a bawhee and the interest a bawhee, that would be one penny. That wud be a great savin' these hard times."

He had the poet's instinct for leaving practical matters to others. But his father-in-law to be did not know this. "Look here, young fellow," he said, "I think it's about time the date of your marriage with my daughter was fixed." "Yes, perhaps," the young man agreed. "But I am leaving that entirely to Ermyntrude." "Ah! Is it to be a quiet or a stylish wedding?" "I think, sir," answered the young man quietly, "I can leave that safely in the hands of Mrs. Bullion." "Yes; quite so!" nodded Mr. Bullion. "But a young fellow generally has some idea with regard to the expense—bridesmaids' gifts, you know. And—by the way, what is your income?" "Well, that, sir," said the young man modestly, "I am leaving entirely to you."

Many years ago McCullough, the tragedian, was giving his splendid impersonations of the two masterpieces of Shakespeare at the national capital. The morning following one of these, Congressmen J. Proctor Knott and Adlai Stevenson, passing along the avenue on their way to the House, were stopped by an exceedingly solemn-visaged individual who, addressing the former, said: "Mr. Knott, I would like to have your judgment as to which is the best play, 'Hamlet' or 'Macheth.'" Gazing earnestly at his inquisitor, and in a tone at once deprecatory and inimitable, Knott replied: "My friend, don't ask me that question. I am a politician, and a candidate for reëlection to Congress; my district is about equally divided; Hamlet has his friends down there, and Macheth his, and I am unwilling to take any part between them!"

Jacob Cash of Chicago, after acquiring a large fortune, decided to set up a library. Accordingly he sent for a bookseller and ordered 10,000 volumes, all to be as fine and handsome as possible. "Very good, sir," said the bookseller, "I'll give you nothing but standard books. I suggest that half of them be bound in russia and half in morocco." "No, no," said Jacob Cash. "I'm an out-and-out protectionist, I am. Let 'em all be bound in America."

Clarence is a darkey who is as proud of piloting Mr. Hillside's costly automobile as Mr. Hillside is of owning it. "Well, Clarence," said a neighbor. "I saw you in the Taft parade, but you didn't have the President in your car, I noticed." "No, sir," the chauffeur answered. "I didn't have the President, but I had a reporter, and I reckon Mr. Taft might have talked up there on the hill all night long and nobody in town would have knowed about it next day if it hadn't been for me and that reporter."

Hamilton Wehster was elected sheriff in a Western town, and on having his duties explained to him was told that the law forbade him to keep a prisoner in solitary confinement. One night he had two men locked up in the jail. One of them escaped and the sheriff was disturbed to find one man in jail when he went down the next morning. He opened the door wide. "Get out of here," he shouted to the prisoner. "Why didn't you go along with the other fellow? I suppose you wanted to get me into trouble about that solitary confinement law."

In a Scottish village where a young doctor had lately started practice a workman had the misfortune to get his finger bruised badly in one of the machines. The doctor was sent for and on properly dressing his finger the man nearly fainted. He was asked if he would take a little spirits to revive him. "Man," he exclaimed with feeling, "that wud just be the very life o' me." The doctor gave him a stiff tumbler full, which he greedily swallowed, and on recovering his breath his first words were: "Weel, doctor, I ken unco little about yer skill, but, man, ye keep grand medicine!"

A clever young woman who is a member of the Washington staff of a Cleveland paper had occasion to call on Mrs. Knox the other day on a matter of important news. Mrs. Knox was not at home, the man servant who answered the bell informed the journaliste. "Well, hasn't she a secretary who can give me the information I am after?" persisted the newspaper woman. "Certainly, madam," answered the footman; "this way please." Leading the way along the hall, he ushered her into the presence of a very important looking person. "Are you Mrs. Knox's secretary?" asked the newspaper girl. The man laughed. "I guess I am," he admitted. "I'm her husband, and I'm the Secretary of State. What can I do for you?"

Dr. Cutler of Washington was making his rounds in his electric runabout one morning when he had the bad luck to bump into and upset a pedestrian. The doctor looked behind, and, seeing the man still supine on the road, he turned his runabout and came back, intending to stop beside the poor fellow and help him. But the car shot a yard or two beyond the mark and hit the man again just as he was getting up. With a groan he fell back, and the horrified doctor turned his runabout once more and this time approached with greater caution. As he very slowly and carefully steered toward his unfortunate victim, an excited spectator shouted from the sidewalk: "Look out, he's coming at you again." Thereupon the man scrambled up and ran away as fast as a painful limp would let him.

This seasonable story appears in an Eastern exchange and appears to justify itself by its thermal timeliness: A New England bishop was on his way to fill an episcopal appointment in the lumber country when he ran into an old-fashioned Maine blizzard. He had a dozen miles before him when it hurst, and he was traveling in an old-fashioned mountain stage drawn by two wiry horses. They fought about six miles bravely, and then it began to look hopeless. The driver and the bishop were wondering how they and the horses would live through the night when there came a whoop! In a few moments six husky lumber jacks mounted on six northern Maine horses came up to them through the swirl. "Well, bishop," said the leader, "we was bound you should get through to that meeting if we could help you." The good bishop was deeply touched at this show of religious zeal and tribute to him and his cause, and so expressed himself. "Yes," replied the man, "we'll get yer through! Yer see, we was paid yesterday, and the boys has made up a thunderin' big pool on whether er not you'd git there! We boys has got a whole month's pay on your end. You'll git there." He did, and he got half the pool for a new schoolhouse.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Sum of Life.

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes,
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus through life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

—*Ben King.*

The Young Man from Pall Mall.

There was a young man from Pall Mall
Who went to a fancy dress hall.
Just for the fun
He dressed up as a bun,
And was eat by a dog in the hall.

—*Anonymous.*

Fame.

When a man becomes a hero all the world is standing round,
In waiting for a chance to share his glory.
From shore to shore innumerable voices will resound,
All eager to add something to the story.
"We used to know him in his youth!"
"We said he was a wonder!"
"He was a genius; that's the truth.
You couldn't keep him under."
"He was the catcher of our nine!"
"His sharpness beat the weasel's."
"That six-foot oldest boy of mine
From him once caught the measles!"

And the anecdotes come rushing, in bewildering array,
From folk of every station and complexion,
For there's always ambition, which no wisdom can allay,
To revel in some brilliant man's reflection.
"His family we've visited!"
"We were his next-door neighbors!"
"Kind words of hope we've often said
To cheer him at his labors!"
"My father told him he might call
On our folks to asist him!"
And (loudest chorus of them all)
"We are the girls who've kissed him."

—*Anonymous.*

No Dyspeptics Need Apply.

It's late, perhaps, for cherry pie,
But just in time for berry pie,
For goose, and rasp, and huckleberry temptingly in reach;
And on the vines now flowing free
Are squash and pumpkins growing free;
And now pan-dowdies are in style, and cobblers made of peach.

The radiant fruits so fair to see,
The flaky crust that's there to see,
Afford a luscious spectacle most fair to mortal eyes;
But better worth the taking there
Than all the pastry baking there
And sweeter far is Mary in the kitchen making pies.

—*Anonymous.*

The Bathing Girl.

I said she looked like Venus, rising from the sea,
But when I told her of it, she was much vexed at me.
Not that she was so modest, as she observed, but, shoot!
It seemed I hadn't noticed her stylish bathing suit!

—*Milwaukee Daily News.*

On a Dull Dog.

This dog was dull. He had so little wit
That other dogs would flour him, nose in air.
But was he therefore wretched? Did he care
How dogdom snarled, or even think of it?
He thought of nothing, but all day would sit
Warm in the sun, with placid, vacant stare,
Content, at ease, oblivious, unaware:
And all because—he had so little wit!

O happy dullness which is dull indeed,
And can not hear the critic-world's "Go hang!"
Small bliss we get from our too conscious breed,
We semi-dullards of the middle gang!
To mark the rose, and know one's self a weed,
And know the others know,—there lies the pang!

—*Edward Cracroft Lefroy.*

Candy for Her Vacation.

It will add to the pleasure of her stay in the country. Can be sent by express from any one of Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

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526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed capital .....$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00
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Employees' Pension Fund..... 113,473.47
Deposits June 30, 1911..... 44,567,705.83
Total assets 47,173,498.51

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), corner Market, McAllister, and Jones Streets.—For the six months ending June 30, 1911, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and three-fourths (3¾) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1911; dividends not drawn will be added to depositors' accounts, become a part thereof, and will earn dividend from July 1, 1911; deposits made on or before July 10, 1911, will draw interest from July 1, 1911. R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement of Mrs. Prudential Curtiss Leavitt and Mr. Frank P. Hooper has been announced. Mrs. Leavitt is a daughter of Mr. A. A. Curtiss of Washiugton and a grandniece of President Hayes. Mr. Hooper is a son of Mr. John A. Hooper and a brother of Miss Jeannette Hooper and Mr. Arthur Hooper.

The engagement of Miss Marian La Tourette of Philadelphia and Paymaster Edwards Stuart Stainaker, U. S. N., of Virginia, was announced last Saturday. Miss La Tourette is a sister of Mrs. Lawrence Fuller, with whom she spent last winter in this city. The wedding will take place next March, when Mrs. Fuller will go East to he her sister's matron of honor.

The engagement of Miss Mary Page Dutton and Mr. Douglas Waterman has been announced. Miss Dutton is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Dutton and a sister of Mrs. Josiah Howell. Mr. Waterman is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Waterman of Alameda, and for several years has been in Panama.

The wedding of Miss Camille Lytton and Mr. Launce S. White will take place Wednesday, July 26, at the home of the bride on Leavenworth Street. There will be no bridal attendants, and only relatives will witness the ceremony. Mr. White will take his bride to England for a prolonged visit before establishiug their home in this city.

The wedding of Miss Lolita Burling and Lieutenant Henry Chalfant Gearing, U. S. N., will take place in Santa Barbara early in September. Mr. Gearing is attached to the U. S. S. *Lawrence* of the flotilla in San Diego Bay.

Mr. Homer Henly was the guest of honor at a musicale which was given last week by Mr. Jules Mersfelder and Mr. Frank B. Keever.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore entertained a number of friends at a house party during the holidays at their country home in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Frederick von Schrader, wife of Colonel von Schrader, U. S. A., was hostess at a luncheon and card party last Friday at her home in the Presidio in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Prentiss Bassett, wife of Lieutenant Bassett, U. S. N.

Miss Harriet and Miss Marian Stone entertained a house party over the week-end at their home on the Russian River.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt, Miss Virginia Joliffe, and Mr. Knox Maddox.

Admiral Chauncey Thomas, U. S. N., and Mrs. Thomas entertained at a tea on board the *California* at Mare Island. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley were the guests of honor.

General Tasker Bliss, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bliss gave a dinner recently at Fort Mason in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley.

Miss Alice Hager was hostess last Monday afternoon, when she entertained the caddies of the various golf clubs around the bay. Miss Hager organized the caddies' tournament several years ago, and each year since they have enjoyed her hospitality at a similar affair.

Mrs. J. T. Rueker was hostess Tuesday at a tea which she gave at her home in Gough Street in honor of Mrs. Louis Bertschmann of New York, who is here visiting her sister, Mrs. Bowditch Morton.

Mrs. Cloman, wife of Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., was hostess at a tea Monday at the Palace Hotel, and at a luncheon Wednesday at which she entertained a large number of friends. Major and Mrs. Cloman have but recently returned from London, where Major Cloman was an attaché at the Court of St. James. They spent a week in this city, and left Friday for their new post at Fort Brady.

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CURRENT VERSE.

From Birth to Battlefield.

A child is born—it gasps and cries,
And claps its wee fists to its eyes;
It stares at those who stand around,
And sleeps, a stranger unto care,
While she that smiles o'er joys new-found,
Prays for him ere he needs for prayer.

A hundred childish ills he worries through,
A thousand times his life hangs hy a thread;
He falls, when there is nothing else to do,
From some high perch and strikes upon his head—
Ah, who shall say God keeps him not in sight,
Nor hears the prayers she offers up at night?

Toil and hope and despair,
Grieving and doubting and joy;
Days that were dark and days that were fair
For those who love the hoy;
Years that have wearily dragged,
Years that have flown and griefs that have lagged
—lagged—
To make him a man at last.

Hark to the summons that comes!
Hear the merciless roll of the drums!
The man for whom plans were made,
He for whom schemes were laid,
Must brush them aside, for somewhere
Somehody has wronged some one—
Let the banners wave high in the air,
There is soul-stirring work to he done!

Down through the valley and over the slope,
A regiment sweeps to the fray!
What of the prayers, the toil, the hope,
And the lofty plans of yesterday?
An angry shot,
A crimson clot,
And the smiles and tears
Of twenty years
End in a lump of lifeless clay.—*Anonymous.*

The Garden-Maker.

An old slat bonnet hid her face;
A faded print that had no grace
Hid sharp shoulders and hroad flat waist;
Weeding the hed where the heets were placed.

The Spring breeze gently stirred the reeds
As she pulled her garden free of weeds,
Then loosened up the good, rich sod
Along the rows of pease in pod.

And where her hrown hands touched the earth
The thrifty, green shoots soon had hirth;
She understood the plants like friends—
On this a garden much depends.

The weatherbeaten paling fence,
The garden's trusty old defense,
Was softened hy a row of flowers,—
They helped her through hard morning hours.

A climbing white rose waved its arm
In hride-like welcome to the farm;
She loved to see it all a-blow
It minded her of the long ago.

She hoed the rows of shooting corn
Till she heard a neighhor's dinner-horn;
With cruel longing she saw the face
Of the dead and gone iu empty space.

And the time when her table had heen well spread
With her own good making of pies and hread,
And her loved ones gathered about the board
Touched not the food till they thanked the Lord.

Tears filled a furrow on her cheek,
The rising sobs made her hend and weep,
But the spring breeze helped to dry her eyes,
And she cut rhubarb for a batch of pies.

She was very weary and sat to rest
Beside the flowers she loved the hest;
The hitter memories would not depart,
So she prayed for halm for a stricken heart.

There was crying need that the work be done
Before the set of the present sun.
Old and lonely, her thoughts were drear,
Her strength had passed with the passing year.

For now the vigor left her stroke
And the poor old hended back seemed hroke;
She paused and rested on her hoe
And saw her garden wreathed aglow.

She hung upon the fence her hoe,
And took within the house her woe,
And soon there was a row of pies
To gladden any urchin's eyes.

And this they did; for down the lane
A truant playing fisher came,
Who traded off a two-pound fish
For one tremendous toothsome dish.

And from the gossip of the lad
She learned that old Mis' Beggs was bad,
And after Master Tommy's lunch
Of her white roses made a hunch;

And sent them down to Widow Beggs
Along with three brand-new-laid eggs;
And then put on fresh calico
And hunted up more seeds to sow.

Tears oft dimmed her fading sight;
Her garden healed her hitter plight,
Inhaled with sighs its sweet perfume,
Renewed her faith in God each June.

For though her heart with pain was racked
She never had for mercies lacked;
Her losses paid with grief and pain
In other ways came back again.

. . . . . .

The flowers looked up and asked for rain
And howed in thanks whene'er it came—
In all her garden the grateful sod
Gave gladly back the smile of God.
—*L. D. Morsbach.*

Prof. De Filippe has removed his languages studio to his commodious residence, 1712 Bush Street.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Every evening so far Chauncey Olcott and his new play, "Macushla," have been greeted by large audiences at the Columbia Theatre, and the applause has been so continuous and insistent that the star has been obliged to make a little speech of thanks. His songs are already hummed in the cafés and their lilting airs whistled by the hoys on the streets. Mr. Olcott may he well pleased with the success of the play, now in the first week of its production on any stage. A review of the play and the company appears on another page. Mr. Olcott's engagement continues through the coming week, and the advance sale of seats is large.

Next week the Orpheum will offer as a headline attraction the Lorch Family, gymnasts, who are under later engagement with one of the big tent shows. There are eleven in the troupe, and the women are as expert as the men in feats of agility and strength. The act is put on with scenic accessories and handsome costuming, and two trained ponies and a donkey are introduced. Gerald Griffin, a well-known Eastern character actor, will appear in a condensed version of the comedy, "Other People's Money." It is a simple but hilarious piece, with rapid changes of funny situations and witty lines. In Mr. Griffin's supporting company are Mary Condon, Beatrice Belmont, and Francis Fay. "General" Edward Lavine, "the man who has soldiered all his life," will perform some remarkahle tricks in juggling, but in such an amusing manner that he elicits laughter instead of applause. Clifford Walker, an English monologist, will also he included in the attractions of next week. His songs and stories are droll, and his delivery of them clever and pointed. He is also a pianist. The Three Vagrants, singers and musicians, attired in the garb of street players, will introduce an entertaining act. Next week will be the last of Willa Holt Wakefield, the Charles Ahearn Cycling Troupe, and also of Emma Dunn in John Stokes's little play, "The Baby."

In "The Havoc," which Henry Miller will present here on Sunday night, July 23, for a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre, the actor-manager is said to have found a stronger and better rôle than his Stephen Ghent in "The Great Divide," or Sidney Carton in "The Only Way." His characterization of Richard Craig, the central character of H. S. Sheldon's play, is a remarkahle hlend of subtle, sardonic comedy and repressed, realistic acting that keeps the truth, depth, and irony of the husband uppermost throughout situations which elicit the laughter of an audience. It is perhaps the finest part Mr. Miller has ever had, and in it he offers a stage portrait which will linger in the memory of theatre-goers. San Francisco saw Mr. Miller last season in a light comedy, "Her Husband's Wife." In "The Havoc" Mr. Miller returns to the field of big, serious drama with which playgoers have learned to identify his name.

The recommendation of the Maine Game Commission for more severe treatment of careless hunters (says the Boston *Globe*) recalls the way an Indian in Washington County once sized up Maine's game laws: "Kill cow moose, pay $100; kill man, too bad."

Richard Strauss has denied the rumor that he intends to write an opera in collaboration with D'Annunzio. His next large work, his friends say, is to be a symphonic poem with chorus.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, Miss Gladys and Mr. Noel Sullivan have returned from Europe, where they have been traveling since September.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown and their children left yesterday for Miramar, where they will spend several weeks. They were accompanied by Miss Virginia Joliffe.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoney and her sister, Miss Sarah McDonald, are at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Caspar N. Brown (formerly Miss Ethel Melone) left last Friday for Worcester, Massachusetts, which is to be their future home.

Miss Jennie Hooker has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Genevieve and Miss Hazel, recently arrived in New York from Europe on the *Amerika*.

Miss Esther Denny, who has been visiting Miss Anna Peters in Stockton, has gone to Applegate, where she has joined her mother, Mrs. Frank Denny.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Durkee (formerly Miss Marian Lally) sailed last Friday for Honolulu, where they will spend their honeymoon.

Miss Christine English of Oakland will spend the next six months in the Philippines as the guest of her brother, Lieutenant S. M. English, U. S. A.

Mrs. Hartigan, wife of Ensign Charles Conway Hartigan, U. S. N., has arrived in New York from Panama, and is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Gilman Norris, who is also entertaining her younger sister, Miss Therese Thompson, who reeently returned from Europe with Miss Julie Heyneman. Mrs. Hartigan and Miss Thompson will visit their uncle, Admiral Lyons, in Maine before returning to San Franeiseo.

Miss Isabelle McCracken, daughter of Mrs. Alexander McCracken, has recently been the guest of Lieutenant Miles Gorgas, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gorgas at their home in Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt returned last week from Alaska, after an absence of three weeks.

Mrs. Prentiss Bassett has returned to the Presidio, after a week's visit at Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Vincent de Laveaga and their children are established for the summer in their home at Menlo.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward de Laveaga are spending the summer on the De Laveaga farm in Contra Costa County.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy and her daughter have returned from St. Louis, where they went to attend the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Murphy.

Mrs. J. J. Briee and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth, are expected home shortly from Europe, where they have been traveling for the past six months.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum will spend the next two months in Ross.

Miss Kathleen Finnegan spent the week-end in Mayfield with Mrs. Edward Barron and her daughters, Miss Marguerite and Miss Evelyn.

Miss Mollie Phelan and Miss Ada Sullivan bave gone to Santa Cruz to spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip M. Lansdale and their children will spend a month at Lake Tahoe. During their absenee their home in San Mateo will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Mills, who are superintending the building of their country home.

Mrs. Frederick Kellond (formeriy Miss Katherine Selfridge) returned on the *Siberia* from the Orient.

Dr. John B. Murphy, Mrs. Murphy, Miss Mildred, Miss Ceeile, and Miss Celesta, of Chieago, have been visiting in Santa Barbara. They will visit San Franeiseo en route to their Eastern home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fennimore and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Holmes are expected home next month from their European travels.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Murphy (formerly Miss Marie Garneau), whose wedding took place last month in St. Louis, are at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will remain until their home in Washington Street is ready for occupancy.

Miss Julia Langhorne has returned from Menlo, where she was the guest of Miss Florence Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Vineent Whitney, Mr. Parker Whitney, and Mrs. F. W. Tallant have returned from a two weeks' stay in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson is established in her home in California Street. Mrs. Maddox and her son, Mr. Scott Maddox, who have been occupying Mrs. Wilson's house for the past two years, are now installed in their home at Broadway and Laguna Street.

Miss Albertine Detrick of Oakland has been visiting in Portland as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, parents of her fianeé, Mr. John Jerome Alexander.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams are occupying their cottage on the McCloud River.

Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt and her children left last Saturday for Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. William Greer Hitchcock of San Mateo has recently been entertaining her cousin, Miss Helen Glenn, of Oakland.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin and her daughter, Mrs. Russell Selfridge, are in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper McDonald have been recent guests of Mrs. Hearst at her home in Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois and their daughter, Miss Jeanne, are spending two weeks in British Columbia.

Mrs. George H. Hellman has returned from a month's visit in Tacoma.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and their daughter, Miss Doris, are among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Peninsula.

Mrs. George W. McIvor, wife of Major McIvor, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio, Monterey, after visiting her parents, Colonel W. R. Smedberg and Mrs. Smedberg, who are spending the summer in San Rafael.

Miss Mary Genevieve Moroney, who is visiting here from New York, has gone to the Yosemite Valley with her brother, Mr. Lee D. Moroney.

Mrs. Augustus Taylor and Mr. Percy Eyre were the fortunate winners of the trophies donated by Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins for the golf competition in Menlo July 4.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall and Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle have returned from Europe.

Mr. Percy Moore has returned from a week-end visit to Santa Barbara, where Mrs. Moore is spending the summer.

Miss Maud O'Connor is visiting Mrs. W. S. Porter in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough have returned from a week's visit in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Charles Yale of Piedmont is entertaining her daughters, Mrs. W. T. Graeey and Mrs. Milton Bailey, who arrived a few days ago from Hong Kong.

Mrs. E. B. Clement returned Monday to Lake County, where she was visiting Miss Dorothy and Miss Sarah Collier, when suddenly called home by the tragic death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Gardner F. Williams.

Miss Ethel Dean has returned from Yokohama, where she has been spending several months with her cousin, Mrs. James Fletcher.

Mr. Melville B. Bowman has returned from a visit to Menlo.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan have returned from San Mateo, where they were the guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett.

Dr. Alfred Baker Spalding and Mrs. Spalding are traveling in Germany, and will make an extended visit in Berlin.

Mrs. Guy L. Edie of Washington, D. C., wife of Major Edie, U. S. A., will spend several weeks here before sailing in October for the Philippines. Mrs. Edie will be the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Kip.

Mrs. McNutt-Potter and her daughter, Marie Louise, are established at Aspen, Colorado, where they have leased a cottage near the home of Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown.

Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Julia Langhorne will join a party of friends in Colorado Springs and spend a few weeks camping in that vicinity.

Miss Gertrude Ballard is visiting Miss Elizabeth Livermore at Montesol, Mendoeino County.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and their family are expected home from Europe the middle of August.

Dr. L. L. Dorr and Mrs. Dorr have returned from New York, where they have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Claude Brigham.

Mrs. William Hinekley Taylor has returned from Portland, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Allen Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mein, Mr. Gardner Williams, Miss Dorothy and Miss Gertrude Williams, have gone to Monterey, and will travel throughout California before returning to their home in Washington, D. C.

Commander H. M. Stevenson, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Stevenson have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Rear-Admiral Richardson Clover, U. S. N. (retired), Mrs. Clover, and their daughters, are spending the summer on the Atlantie coast.

Lieutenant J. W. Fulton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Fulton have arrived and are at the Hotel Jefferson. Lieutenant Fulton has been appointed aide to General D. H. Brush, U. S. A., who succeeds General Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A., as eommandant of the Department of California.

Mrs. James B. Hughes has joined her husband, Major Hughes, U. S. A., of the First Cavalry, who is stationed at Sequoia Park.

Mrs. James L. Kaufman of Coronado (formerly Miss Elsa Draper), wife of Ensign Kaufman, U. S. N., has been visiting Miss Frances Stewart.

Admiral John B. Milton, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Milton are visiting friends in Newport, and will return home to spend the winter.

Captain M. C. Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith, who are en route from Manila, will remain here several weeks before proceeding to Captain Smith's new post in Connecticat. Mrs. Smith is the daughter of Major Abner Pickering, U. S. A., who was for many years eommandant at Alcatraz.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., who will command the Western Division, has arrived from Texas.

Mrs. James Raby, wife of Lieutenant Raby, U. S. N., who has been residing in Washington, D. C., for the past year, will visit relatives here before sailing for the Philippines to join her husband. Mrs. Raby was formerly Miss Jeannette Callaghan and is a sister of Mrs. J. Vincent de Laveaga and the Misses Callaghan.

Captain E. C. Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long (formerly Miss Georgie Shepherd) will sail August 5 for Manila. They have been stationed in Seattle for the past two years.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crothers and the mother of the latter, Mrs. W. H. Mills, are spending a few weeks at Rancho del Monte.

Judge H. M. Wright and Mrs. Wright have returned from a visit to Hotel del Monte.

Miss Lisa Bohrman is at present the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Miller, and will later visit Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore in Belvedere.

Mrs. James W. Keeney and her daugbter, Miss Helen, left Sunday evening for Castle Crag, where they will remain until the first of August.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent have bought a place near Redwood City and will build a country home.

Mrs. Antoinette Burke, accompanied by her daughter and Miss Alberta Touchard, recent visitors from New York, arrived last week from Lake Tahoe, and at present is in the Yosemite Valley. Mrs. Burke is the daughter of the late General Henry M. Naglee of San Jose and a sister of Mrs. Robbins (formerly Miss Marie Naglee), who now resides in Philadelphia. Miss Touchard is also a Californian, being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Touchard, who formerly resided in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Osear Sutro and their children have gone to Ætna Springs for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carrigan (formerly Miss Jessie Foley) are in San Mateo, where they are the guests of Mrs. J. C. O'Connor and Miss Frances O'Connor.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have returned to Burlingame, after having spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant at their ranch near Mt. Hamilton.

Miss Marie Brewer has returned from Carmel-by-the-Sea, where she was the guest of Miss Alyce Warner.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl have been spending the past week at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Mary Joliffe has recovered from her recent illness and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels at Sobra Vista.

Miss Janet von Schroeder and her brother, Baron Henry von Schroeder, are expected home in a few days from Europe, where they have been traveling with Mrs. Richard Sprague and Miss Isabelle Sprague.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro, who are traveling in Europe, are at present in Paris at the Elysée Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have been spending the past ten days motoring through the McCloud River country.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard and their son Henry have returned from the East and are at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. McDonald and family are spending the summer at Del Monte.

Mr. S. G. Murphy is entertaining a party of friends at Del Monte.

Major-General John R. Brooks, U. S. A., the first military governor of Cuba after peace was declared between the United States and Spain, is at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Charles W. Clark of San Mateo, who has been for the past week or two at Del Monte, was joined on Tuesday by Mr. Clark and the other members of the family.

Mr. Ed Tobin is at Del Monte for a visit with some of his friends, who are spending the summer there.

Among recent arrivals at Ætna Springs were Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Follis, Mrs. H. Rosfelt, Miss Tompkins, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton Sawyer, Mrs. A. N. Lewis, Mr. W. S. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Ferd. Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cooke, Miss Luey Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dernham, the Misses Lichtenberg, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. MacKenzie, Mrs. M. H. Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. David F. Selby, Mrs. J. H. Priel and son.

San Franeiseo arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mrs. F. B. Nevin and daughter, Mrs. F. J. Lane and daughter, Judge and Mrs. J. M. Seawell, Miss L. K. Huber, Miss Minnie Huber, Mrs. Emma Sehell, Mr. and Mrs. N. Raphael, Mr. and Mrs. James C. Turner, Miss J. F. Sullivan, Miss May Lawler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Osgood, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Moreland, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Craig and family, Dr. and Mrs. C. von Hofmass, Mrs. W. F. Dohrmann, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Gibson, Mrs. J. F Schnable, Miss Louise Braden, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Sherman and son, Miss Martha Freeman, Mrs. R. Greenfield, Mrs. Wallace Bertrolf.

Eugene F. Ware, pension commissioner under President Roosevelt, died suddenly from heart failure at Caseade, a summer resort near Colorado Springs, a few days ago. Mr. Ware was seventy years old. He was a successful Kansas lawyer, and the dean of its poets. He wrote over the pseudonym of "Ironquill." Born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1841, he was taken to Iowa when a boy. He grew to manhood just in time to enlist for the Civil War in the First Iowa Regiment of Volunteer Infantry. He saw hard service in both infantry and cavalry; and upon the conclusion of the war he took part in quelling the Indians, who had taken advantage of the civil struggle to work havoc on the border. Then, in 1871, he was admitted to the Kansas bar; and rose to the top of his profession in the State. He had won his way by sheer capacity for persistent labor. He began writing poetry as a sort of relaxation, after the heat and burden of the day. His "Rhymes of Ironquill" embraced everything from rollicking humor to the truest pathos.

The practice of running the fountains and conduits with wine on coronation day was abandoned after the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but another old custom was observed up to the coronation of George IV. After the king and the company had departed from the banquet in Westminster Hall the doors were thrown open and the people rushed in and cleared the tables of everything—victuals, cloths, plates, dishes, etc., all vanished in a few minutes. And, as Sir Walter Scott tells us, the nobility were not above taking away the saltcellars and spoons.

The Native Daughters of the Golden West gave a reception in the Colonial ballroom of the St. Francis to the visiting delegates of the National Educational Association on Thursday, and the Women's Franchise League kept open house during the entire week in their rooms, serving tea every afternoon between the hours of four and six.

Eloping Bride—Here's a telegram from pa. *Groom*—What does he say? *Bride*—"If you get as far as South Dakota, stay there, and save a second trip."—*Bangor Bee.*

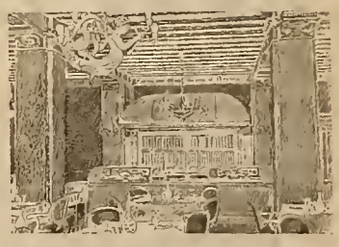
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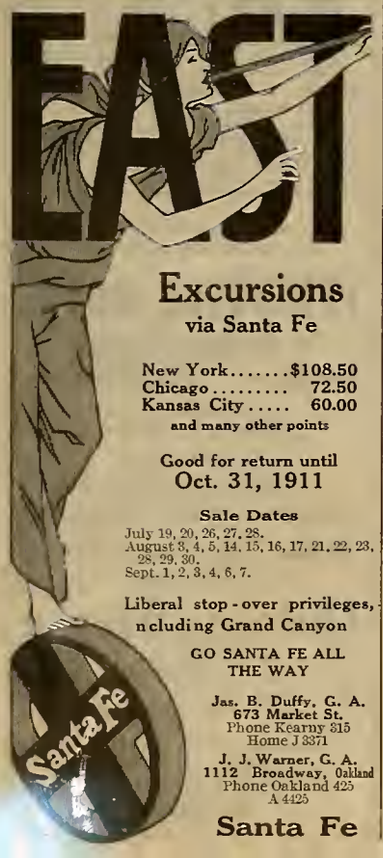
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Has he a wide circle of friends?" "Yes—they all keep clear of him."—*Town Topics.*

He—Moncy doesn't bring happiness. *She*—No—but bow it does chase gloom!—*Sunset.*

Some wake and find themseives famous, but many more find themselves famous and wake.—*Puck.*

"Was her marriage a success?" "Really, I don't know what alimony she got."—*Washingtan Herald.*

Plaintiff (in lawsuit)—So you think I will get the money, do you? *His Counsel*—I tbink we will get it.—*Puck.*

"Well, little boy, did you go to the circus the other day?" "Yes'm. Pa wanted to go, so I had to go with bim."—*Kansas City Jaurnal.*

"That heiress is going to marry a struggling young man." "If she is a sure enough heiress what's he struggling for?"—*Houston Post.*

"Can a married man acquire happiness?" "Sure! You don't think that bachelors are the only ones that die, do you?"—*Toledo Blade.*

"I don't understand Buffkins." "Why not?" "Every time I tell one of my stories be says, 'Pass the hemlock.'"—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Father, what is an anarchist?" "Generally he is a man who has no job and is afraid somebody will find one for him."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Meet any icebergs on your way across?" "No; but several of us tried to flirt with a Boston girl who was on board."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Yes, Charlie is as brave as a stack of lions. Did you hear about his daring a policeman to arrest him?" "No! Gee! What happened?" "He was arrested."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"I had a talk with Best-Seller, and he told me all about the authors who bad helped him." "I'll bet be didn't say a word about the authors from whom he had helped himself."—*Puck.*

Wise Guy—Speculating in stocks is nothing but "fisherman's luck." *Shorn Lamb*—Hardly that. I've sometimes gone fishing and succeeded in saving my bait.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"After I am gone," he complained. "people will begin to notice what I have done." "Well," his wife sadly replied. "if they do it won't take them long."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Bridget," floated downward a voice, "if tbat is Mrs. Wombat, I'm not in." "It is Mrs. Wombat," floated upward a voice, "and she's very glad to hear it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mother—Don't you know, darling, that we are commanded to love our neighbors? *Little One*—Yes; an' I s'pose that's 'cause we can get along with most everybody else.—*Boston Transcript.*

"There seems to be a penalty provided for everything but stealing a man's daughter!" "There's a penalty for that, too." "I'd like to know what it is?" "Hard labor for life."—*Houston Post.*

Rube—Where's yer boy naow? *Josh*—He's in New York. *Rube*—Which side's he on by this time? *Josh*—What d'yer mean? *Rube*—Is he sellin' gold bricks a'ready or buyin' 'em yet?—*Toledo Blade.*

Little Chap—We're getting up a tug-o'-war between the married and single men. You're married, aren't you? *The American*—No, I've just been seasick; that's why I look that way!—*London Opinion.*

"Madam, what ails the child?" asked the stern person in the seat opposite the squalling baby. "Aw, let the woman alone," said one of two 'rah 'rah lads one seat back, "that's its class yell."—*Buffalo Express.*

Boss—There's $10 gone from my cash drawer, Johnny; you and I were the only people who had the keys to that drawer. *Office Boy*—Well, s'pose we each pay $5 and say no more about it?—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Chief Counsel—The first thing to do is to get at the root of tbis trouble. *Associate Counsel*—The root of the trouble is the late Mr. Bigwad's fortune. *Chief Counsel*—Exactly, and we must get at it.—*New York Tribune.*

"The cook says she is going to leave," said Mrs. Crosslots mournfully. "Are you sure she's in earnest," responded her husband. "Yes." "Nothing will change her mind?" "Nothing." "All right. Then I'll go down to the kitchen and discharge her."—*Washington Star.*

Chatty Lodger (to landlord)—You seem to have seen a good deal. What are you? *Landlord*—Well, sir, I was a lion tamer, and I'd be tbere now if I 'adn't married. But you see, my wife were a knife thrower in the same show, and she got to practicing her turn on me. Well, thinks I, life aint too long to run no risks, so I took on a safe job and become a steeplejack.—*Punch.*

"Mamma, is that lady the snake charmer? Why, she's as homely as a mud fence!" "Yes, dear, but snakes are not like men. It takes something more than mere personal beauty to charm a snake."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Tough luck Jipson had." "What happened?" "In order to keep his cook, he told her she might have the use of bis touring car two afternoons a week." "Well?" "Yesterday she eloped with the chauffeur."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Clumsy of you to fall overboard," said the critical friend. "I didn't fall overboard," replied the man who never confesses to a mistake. "The biggest fish I ever saw swam alongside and I couldn't resist the temptation to dive for him."—*Washington Star.*

First Warker—Manner born be blowed! D'joo mean ter say if me an' you come into a bit o' splosh we couldn't keep our ends up with these 'ere dooks and people? *Daubting Friend*—Oh, we should be orlright; but our missuses'd give the gamc away, yer know.—*The Sketch*

Bridget (surveying the cut-glass loving cup recently presented to her master)—Look at thim handles on th' pitcher. They know if Oi break one of thim handles they'll have two left, and if Oi break two they'll have one left, so they'll always have one. They will, will they? I'm not so sure about that.—*Success Magazine.*

Wife—Well, did you find out what it was I said that offended Mrs. Youngbride? *Hub*—Yes, her husband told me. It seems that you remarked: "I see you're installed in your new home," and as they're furnished on tbe installment plan, she thought you were trying to be funny at their expense.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I thought you sold your automobile?" "No," replied Farmer Corntossel, "I traded the macbine off for that horse over there." "But you seem to have both the auto and the horse." "Yes. I made a contract that he was to give me the haulin' the machine out every time he got stuck or hroke down. Finally, he owed me so much that be turned the auto back as part payment."—*Washington Star.*

The Old Story.

The man's coat was cut in the latest style; and bis vest, tbough of a pattern somewhat loud, indicated that it had heen chosen with discriminating taste. No fault could be found with his shirt, which was a striped, open-front affair, with attacbed cuffs.

The woman drew closer.

His collar was a turn-down of medium height, and was stamped 16½. His necktie was a four-in-hand of a dotted design and had cost one dollar at a sale.

The woman moved close enough to lay her cheek upon the lapel of the man's coat, but she made no motion tbat implied she had any desire to do this; and the man certainly was indifferent.

His trousers were peg-topped, 'olue serge, with two pockets huilt in the sides, two in the rear, and one small one, for a watch, in front.

The woman crept still closer. The man did not appear like a cold proposition; nevertheless the nearness of the woman had absolutely no effect upon bim.

His shoes were eights, square-toed, and equipped with buttons; his socks were the kind that are sold witb a six months' guaranty, and were black.

Suddenly the woman with a deft, rudimentary movement plunged her hand into the left-side pocket of the man's trousers and quickly withdrew it, ciutcbing a roll of banknotes. When she had done this her eyes searched the man apprehensively; but there was no need for any alarm on her part. The man was sleeping soundly, more than ten feet away from the chair on wbich he had deposited his garments.

Not until the morning would be know of his loss; and then, because of many former like experiences he would not be surprised. In truth, be would hardly feel provoked, for during the numerous years of his married life he had learned that philosophic calmness on his side was one of the chief factors in the problem of making his matrimonial state peaceful and reasonably satisfactory.—*The Club-Fellow.*



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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Insurgents and Democrats.

The Reciprocity bill is not yet out of the woods, but the prospects are more cheerful and they are growing brighter every day. Senator Cummins's amendment was voted down by 32 votes against 14, and this may be taken as a fairly accurate indication of the relative strength of parties. Of course there are other amendments to come, other obstructions, and other manœuvres. Mr. Bristow and Mr. La Follette will be heard from, but the chief concern of these gentlemen is to retrace their own false steps and to show how much they have been misunderstood in their unselfish efforts for the common good. If they could have persuaded the Democrats to follow them in their filibuster against Mr. Taft there would have been a different story to tell. But the Democrats were not to be caught. With the exception of half a dozen, such as Mr. Bailey, who hate the Reciprocity bill because they love high protection under whatever form it comes, the Democrats in the Senate have followed the lead given to them by the House. They will accept the Reciprocity bill not as a full settlement of their claims, but because it is a step, however small a one, in the right direction. With the abstention of the Democrats there can be no real heart or courage in the opposition. No doubt the programme will be followed to the end, simply because it is a programme, but the end seems to be in sight. Mr. Taft may already congratulate himself upon the success of a great piece of constructive statesmanship, greater in its beneficent results than all the acts of his predecessor put together and carried through without personal offense, without bluster, and without self-exultation.

A Warning from Mr. Gompers.

Mr. Gompers continues to fulminate against the supposedly illegal proceedings in connection with the arrest of the men charged with the dynamite outrage in Los Angeles. The *Argonaut* has already expressed the opinion that if private detective Burns had anything to do with the matter it probably was illegal. After all, what is a trifling matter like the law that it should stand between Mr. Burns and a professional success? But it seems that Mr. Gompers protests too much. If the law has been broken there is presumably a legal remedy somewhere, and any lawyer can point it out. This is not the case of a poor man hounded by the minions of a bloated capitalism and helpless in the meshes of a technical procedure that he does not understand. Mr. Gompers has only to say the word and there is hardly any limit to the funds at his command. If the money power of which we hear so much is a factor at all in the situation it is on the side of Mr. Gompers, and he can easily secure the punishment of any one who has broken the extradition law. Why does he not do more and talk less? The *Argonaut* for one will congratulate him in all sincerity if he can prove the guilt of Mr. Burns and lay him by the heels. It would be nothing short of a national service.

But why does Mr. Gompers agitate himself so much on a point that by no possibility can be construed into an injustice to McNamara? Had the most rigid formalities been observed McNamara would still be precisely where he is now, awaiting trial in Los Angeles. At the very most he could have hoped for no more than a delay of a day or two in the journey to California, and in all probability he would have waived the matter of extradition altogether, as is usually the case. Therefore the question is a purely technical one and without advantage to defense or prosecution. Nevertheless it should have been done in an orderly and legal way, but when Mr. Gompers talks of the matter as a practical grievance he is playing to the gods and he knows it.

If Mr. Gompers had the sagacity usually attributed to him he would avoid tactics of this kind. He would also avoid threats. He should be aware that men of spirit are usually urged to a course as soon as they are threatened with penalties for following it. Speaking at St. Louis, he is represented as saying, "We admit we can't compete with the capitalists in questions of litigation. We will meet them this time on their own ground and fight them in their own way, but it is the last time we will do it. There may come a time when we can't meet them that way any more, and when they hang a few of us we will show them a new way to meet an issue."

What does Mr. Gompers mean? Does he mean to say that innocent labor-unionists have been hanged? Does he mean to say that they are likely to be hanged? If so, on what does he base either his statement or his prediction? Why, not even the guilty ones have been hanged, seeing that there have been seventy dynamite outrages in connection with labor troubles at steel construction works and no one has been hanged or even imprisoned for any one of them. It seems to be a great deal safer to blow up steel construction plants than to work in them.

And what does Mr. Gompers mean by a "new way"? Surely he can not mean more dynamite, for that is a lamentably old way. There is no novelty about dynamite. Perhaps he did not mean anything except to produce the cheers of an audience that is always impressed by vague bluster of this sort. Other people also are impressed, but in a different way. They are impressed with the fact that a cause needing this sort of championship must be in a bad way.

The Taxation of Wealth.

The present financial condition of the State of New York should prove a warning to the rabid type of reformer, whose conception of taxation is to put his hands into the rich man's pocket and take whatever he can find there. The plan has all the semblance of a delightful simplicity. The comparatively poor are in the majority, and are naturally ready to shout their approval of any fleecing process that leaves their own wool unshorn. To search for wealth and then to confiscate it has become the cardinal tenet of the new politics.

It is the inheritance tax law that has led New York into her present straits. It seemed so easy to lay a heavy tax upon bequests. As soon as the plan was proposed it was hailed as the solution of all fiscal problems. Its advocates, in a burst of generous enthusiasm at the sight of so much money belonging to other people, assured the voter that at least $5,000,000 a year would be available from such a source. All the hoary old arguments were brought to the front, and this time successfully. Property rights, it was said, if they did not altogether cease at death, at least lost much of their validity. Beneficiaries under a will had not earned the money bequeathed to them and consequently the State had a right to slice off as much of the property as it wished. Money earned from the people should be returned to the people, and so on. We all know the arguments of a collective cupidity. They have been dinned into our ears for the last decade or so, ever since a greedy confiscation began to be sanctioned by law.

But New York, having acted in haste, is now repenting at leisure. There was one possibility that the legislature overlooked, one loophole ever open for the rich man in extremity. Since he was to be penalized for dying in New York, he could at least choose some other locality for his demise. A ferryboat or a streetcar would take him out of the State of New York altogether and into some other State where a bequest of $600 to a dependent sister or of $6000 to a mother or widow would not excite so much attention from the taxgatherer. The expedient was so obvious, so simple, so beneficial, that it would have been foreseen by any but a reformer, and it was precisely the course followed by those who had something to leave and who did not intend to leave it to the politicians of New York. The results of the law have, therefore, been diametrically opposite to those expected. Since the new law was passed the receipts from inheritances have been less than they ever were before, simply because there are no inheritances subject to New York jurisdiction. The well-to-do classes have removed their property and their homes to New Jersey or Connecticut.

The change has been beneficial in every way for the rich man, but what about the State of New York? It means not merely the loss of an important residential section of the community, but the removal of business that the State can not afford to lose. Take, for example, the one fact that within the past year no less than 6000 safe deposit boxes have been surrendered and their contents removed to other States. The contents represent $500,000,000 in cash and securities, and this vast amount of money has thus changed States, not in response to trade calls, but simply to take it from

the clutch of a confiscatory law. The State not only reaps no benefit from this piece of headstrong legislation—for the inheritance receipts are lower than ever before—but in its greed for the feathers it loses the whole bird.

But that is by no means the worst of it. Safe deposit boxes are used mainly for securities and for easily portable property, and only to a very slight extent do they take the place of the ordinary bank. But bank deposits are subject to the inheritance law in the same way as all other property, and so these also have taken flight to more congenial financial climes. Within the past year $100,000,000 have been withdrawn from the banks, and the exodus still continues at the rate of $40,000,000 a month. Soon the legislature will be able to boast that capital has been driven out of the State, and that, of course, will be a famous victory.

The law is not only confiscatory, but inquisitorial to the last degree. For example, a safe deposit box must not be opened by an administrator or trustee except in the presence of the tax collector, who may examine whatever it contains. When it is remembered that these boxes are often used for property of a personal or domestic nature and that has only a sentimental value it will be seen that the law involves an unbearable invasion of private rights.

Of course there is no remedy. The legislature refuses to interfere, not because it disputes the evil, but because it is indifferent to it, or fearful of the resentment of a brutally ignorant electoral majority. But the surprising part of the thing is the amazing folly of it. It is true that England imposes heavy inheritance taxes and does it successfully, but the cases are not parallel. Unless the rich Englishman expatriates himself he must continue to live in England. He can not escape either comfortably or conveniently. A five-cent car fare will not take him beyond the reach of the law as it will in New York, and without detriment to his business or even a change in his habits. That it should be thought possible to pilfer a profit out of the wealth of New York when that same wealth can be carried into safety in another State in less than half an hour seems to throw a light on the mental endowments of the reformer or rather into the vacuum where those endowments ought to be.

The Life-Saving Service.

The members of the California delegation in Congress have done well by their vigorous action to correct the paucity of life-saving stations on the Pacific Coast. Why the Pacific Coast should have been overlooked in a matter so vital is hard to explain. The United States Life-Saving Service does not seem to have been restricted in its expenditure nor to have been subject to captious criticism. Its activities are of a non-contentious kind and it has only to ask for what it needs in a work that commands the applause of every one.

The disparity in this matter is of a striking nature, and it is easy to believe that California congressmen were surprised when they found how striking it is. On the whole length of the Pacific Coast there are only nineteen life-saving stations, and a footnote in the official report informs us that this number includes a station at Nome, Alaska. But the Eastern coast presents a very different record. The coast of Long Island alone contains thirty-three stations, that of New Jersey forty-two, from Cape Henry to Cape Fear River there are thirty-four, and on the coast of Massachusetts there are thirty-two. The Atlantic and Gulf coasts as a whole contain two hundred and one life-saving stations, and the coasts of the Great Lakes contain sixty-one. Compare these figures with the paltry nineteen to be found on the whole of the Pacific Coast from Mexico to Alaska, and it will be seen that there is some ground for serious complaint.

The Eastern shipping is, of course, larger than the Western just at present, but there is no such difference as would justify the disparity above noted. During 1910 there were 1463 vessels in some sort of trouble on the coasts of the United States, and 136 of these belonged to the Western shores. Seventy-four vessels were totally lost, and of these the Pacific Coast accounted for nine. But when we come to the loss of life we find that fatalities on the Pacific Coast are far more numerous than in all other parts of the country put together. During the year 1910 fifty-three persons were killed in disasters connected with wrecks, and thirty-seven of these lost their lives on the Pacific shores. There could be no commentary more conclusive of our needs or more reproachful of neglect. With a shipping far smaller than that existing elsewhere we have a death-roll far larger, and this under natural conditions that are not so severe. Had the Pacific Coast been equipped as other coasts are equipped it can not be doubted that the list of dead would have been far smaller.

Evidently it needed some grave disaster like that to the *Santa Rosa* to bring home the deficiency to our minds and to those of the officials of the service at Washington. It ought not to receive a spasmodic attention and then to be forgotten. The shipping on these coasts is increasing in volume year by year, and is now on the eve of a great development. The matter should be handled swiftly and effectively.

Democracy in France.

There is much to be learned from the present position of French politics and from the attitude of the French people toward those politics. The Monis government has just fallen, as every one knew that it must fall ever since it came into office four months ago. It is the forty-ninth government to fall since the republic was established forty-one years ago. That is to say, the average life of a government in France is less than one year.

The French system is similar and yet dissimilar to that of England. In both countries an adverse vote in the lower house means the instant destruction of the government, but there the similarity ends. The defeat of the English government means almost invariably an appeal to the country and a general election, but there are no such results in France. The President merely looks around for some other man with the necessary ability and the necessary friends to form a cabinet, and the ship of state moves forward again or runs aground on the mud as the case may be. It is fatally easy to overthrow a French cabinet. The deputy who casts his vote to that end has no personal consequences to meet. No general election confronts him with its cost in time and labor. The election will come in due time, but it will be neither hastened nor retarded by his vote, which he gives light-heartedly and sometimes for the most trivial of reasons. But the member of the English Parliament is vacating his own seat when he indulges in the luxury of ousting a minister. It will cost him a substantial sum of money to win that seat again, and if his vote was unjustified he will spend his money without winning the seat. This personal equation certainly helps to give cohesion to the English parties, strength to the government, and a sense of caution to the private member.

Reports from France say that the people are gravely dissatisfied with the incessant changes of government, that they are, in fact, in a state of exasperation. So far from priding themselves on the sensitiveness of their system, they are arousing themselves to the fact that it is fatal to a continuity of policies, and, moreover, that it is unworthy and undignified. Instead of devoting himself to the broad interests of the country the premier must devote his whole energies and his best skill to vote-catching in the chamber. Unlike the political leaders of America and England, he is not at the head of one of the great parties of the state and always able to command the votes of that party so long as he is able to command its confidence. The French premier is not at the head of a party, but of a group, and it is only necessary for two or three other groups to combine and he will find himself in the cold. And a very slight cause will produce such a combination. An indiscreet phrase in a speech, a momentarily embarrassing position in foreign affairs, a lack of tact or of conciliation, and there is an instant combination among the sections, an advance vote, and the end of the government. The premier must have a constant eye upon such combinations and his chief concern must be to avoid their cause while preserving such combinations as are friendly to himself. Such a system is fatal either to effective public service or to the detached pursuit of definite policies.

The irritation of the electorate is now so great that there are threats to end the parliamentary system altogether. In other words, there is a tendency to regard parliament not as representative of the people, but as misrepresentative of them, and, in fact, a public nuisance. The French have no precedents of governmental stability behind them. Their precedents are those of change, and so any attempt to forecast the future of the republic must include a recognition of the general irritation at the feebleness and the fickleness of the parliament.

This curious dissatisfaction with representative assemblies is not confined to France. It may be said to be almost world-wide. In this country it has been said caustically, but not without truth, that the main consideration in selecting a governor or a President is to find the man best qualified to protect the people from the legislature. The English Parliament has not nearly the prestige that it had forty years ago, and if we can indeed find such a tendency in the three dominant nations of the world it would be a mistake to overlook its significance. It means that the nation at large is beginning to do what the individual has always done, to discriminate between the men who talk and the men who act. The human tongue stultifies human power and the force that might result in deeds is dissipated by words.

History shows us that executive government has shifted again and again from the hands of the crowd to the hands of the individual, and perhaps humanity has suffered far more from its crowds than it has from its individuals. There is no finality, no last word, no coping-stone, in the edifices of government raised and to be raised by the world, and he is the wisest among us who the most confidently expects that history will repeat herself.

The Recall in California.

When Oregon adopted the recall movement we were told that California ought to join her sister State in a reform so urgently demanded by political prudence. If such a change were demanded at all, it was certainly not by political prudence, but by electoral incapacity, but that is neither here nor there. Oregon set the bad example in this part of the country and the disease proved to be catching. We have now a recall system of our own awaiting ratification, and while it was inspired by the Oregon plan and is supposed to be modeled upon that plan, it actually goes very much further in the facilities that it offers for flighty and irresponsible change. Just as California has tried to imitate Oregon with additional extravagances of her own, so Arizona has followed the example of both her neighbors, but with still more excesses and eccentricities.

The Oregon plan allows 25 per cent of the voters to institute a recall election and to plunge the community into the turmoil and jealousies of a struggle. But the California proposal goes further than this. In California 12 per cent is to be sufficient except in the case of a State officer, and here 20 per cent must sign the petition to make it effective. But this is not the only difference between the Oregon and the California systems. In Oregon the name of the incriminated official may be placed on the ballot for reëlection, and this, of course, would amount to a vindication. This means that 25 per cent of the voters may declare that an office is vacant and may ask the voters to choose between the displaced official and those who are anxious to succeed him. It is thus made clearly evident that the recalled official pleads not guilty to the charges brought against him and asks for a vindication. Moreover, a plurality of the votes will give him the vindication asked for and reëlect him. There is at least a semblance of fair play about this. It is, of course, surpassingly childish, the invention of childish reformers for the gratification of childish voters, but it contains no evident vindictiveness.

The same can not be said for our own proposals. Here we have a much greater facility offered to peevish and fickle people, inasmuch as 12 per cent of the voters have the same power as 25 per cent in Oregon, but there is a very evident intention to place an accused official at a disadvantage and to make it far easier to oust him than it was to elect him. Unlike the system in Oregon, his name is not to appear on the ballot paper as a candidate for reëlection, that is to say as a claimant for vindication. He may not plead not guilty. He may not plead at all. As soon as the recall petition has been filed the election is to be held. Every voter will be asked "Shall ——— be recalled from the office of ———?" Underneath the question will appear a list of candidates who are anxious to fill the vacated office, but this list will not include the name of the recalled official, although naturally he is a candidate and very much more than a candidate, seeing that his vindication and his reputation depend upon his reëlection. Now an intelligent and educated voter will understand that if he votes "No" to the recall question he will have no concern with the candidates for the position. Such a voter will also understand that he must not vote for one of the candidates unless he has first answered the recall question in the affirmative. But

what will be the effect of such a trap upon the voter who is not politically educated nor remarkably intelligent? He will know that a certain official is under charge of misconduct. He will be presented with a list of names of men who are willing to succeed him and among them may be the names of his own friends. But the name of the accused official will not be among them. Apparently he will not be a candidate for the office from which he has been ousted. Anything more flagrantly unjust it is hard to imagine. Such an official is compelled to throw dice for his official life by order of a paltry 12 per cent of the voters and the dice are carefully loaded against him in advance.

But even that is not the worst. Unless the accused official receives a majority of the votes on the direct question of his recall he is considered to be recalled, and he is succeeded by the candidate who has received a plurality of the votes cast at the same time. But this official may have been originally elected on a plurality. That is to say, he needed only a plurality to elect him, but when it comes to a vindication from charges of misconduct he must obtain a clear majority. And all this mischief can be produced by 12 per cent of the voters. Probably this about represents the proportion of the politically incompetent in the modern community. As a general rule it is only the politically incompetent who would resort to such a measure as the recall or advocate it.

The result of this folly is a foregone conclusion. Men of reputation will not place that reputation at the mercy of 12 per cent of the voters, a percentage that could be collected most easily from their political opponents and reinforced by the spites and the disappointments that necessarily follow a political career. Even if men of repute were willing to face a popular vote upon some one question of administration, possibly highly technical and misunderstood, they would not be willing to do so with the foreknowledge that the dice would be loaded against them, that an assumption of guilt would be fastened upon them by the exclusion of their names from the list of candidates, and that all the chances of error and the inherent desire for change would be thrown into the scales against them.

The recall law would stand no chance at all if voters had but the time and the inclination to read it. The average busy citizen conceives of the law as an instrument for the prompt discharge of an incompetent or dishonest public servant, but if he would but take the trouble to understand its mechanism he would see that it is a warning to competency, dignity, and honesty to keep off the domain of the public service and to leave it undisputed to the control of the politically unfit.

Remember the "Maine."

The admonition to remember the *Maine* continues to be superfluous. We are not likely to forget the *Maine* so long as a flagging public interest can be aroused by a succession of contradictory reports. A week or so ago we were authoritatively informed that the mystery had been solved forever. The explosion was unquestionably interior, as the plates of the ship had been bent outwards. Now we are told with equal assurance that the direct opposite has been proved, that the plates are bent inwards, and that the explosion was therefore external. So we may take our choice until such time as some one who knows something shall be pleased to make a statement that is based upon the facts and upon all the facts.

But there is one consideration that seems to be usually overlooked. If the plates are bent inward then the fact of an external explosion may be taken as settled. But the outward bending of the plates by no means proves the contrary. Subject to expert correction it seems obvious that an explosive placed outside the ship might dissipate the greater part of its power in the water and so have no marked effect upon the plates, while still preserving enough detonating power to explode the ship's magazines. In this case the sinking of the ship would be caused immediately by an internal explosion, but the origin of such explosion would be none the less external.

It is a matter for experts, and for experts only, and perhaps the expert will best prove his expertness by admitting that he does not know. At least it is one of the very few problems upon which the daily newspaper reporter is not omniscient. It is rather a shock to find that there are any such limitations to a knowledge ordinarily assumed to be universal, but the diametrically contradictory reports leave no alternative.

After all, it does not very much matter. Nothing depends upon it. It is a matter of academic curiosity and nothing more. Even proof positive that the explosion was external would not point in the most remote way to the complicity of Spain, and probably no one now believes that Spain had the most distant responsibility for the disaster. Ever since dynamite and the other high explosives were discovered the ease of their use has proved an irresistible temptation to maniacs whose fancied grievances have been avenged upon innocent humanity. It would be as reasonable to hold Spain responsible for the act of a crazy Spaniard as to inculpate Poland for the murder of Mr. McKinley or Russia for the assassination of police officers in England. There is no nationality in lunacy, and unfortunately civilization has produced a kind of lunacy that revels in the destruction of big buildings and big ships. The sinking of the *Maine* may be a mystery forever, but it is just as well to recognize that it is now an unimportant mystery and that the sum total of its results have passed forever into history.

The Case of Dr. Wiley.

Nearly every one is pleased that President Taft has refused to dispense with the services of Dr. Wiley. It is likely enough that some technical breach of regulations was committed, but if every such offense were visited with dismissal there would be a good many more vacancies in official circles.

The public approval of the President's course is not due to any desire to condone a fault, but to a general conviction that the charge was insincere and a mere cover for an interested attack. From the moment of Dr. Wiley's appointment it was evident that the performance of his duty must result in the enmity of those who looked upon the poisoning of the people as a vested right. If there were no such poisoning going on, either through intention or ignorance, then there would be no need for the services of a chemical expert. If the expert were to earn his salary it must be by the exposure and prohibition of profitable forms of wrongdoing, and it is natural enough that those thus exposed and prohibited should resent the process. It is a matter of common knowledge that manufacturers who have suffered from Dr. Wiley's interference have threatened to "get" him at the first opportunity, and it would be a bad lookout for the public service if such threats were allowed to be effective.

Dr. Wiley's best friends will not maintain that he is officially immaculate. His faults are those common to the expert who has been intrusted with some kind of authority and who can never understand that the essentials of human liberty include the right to injure one's self within certain elastic limits and that human liberty is a far more precious possession than health or even morals. The autocratic expert is usually a tyrant of the worst kind and a menace to the community. To get the best results from him he must be set to work under the supervision of a layman. It is for this reason that civilization usually declines to give chief authority over the army to a soldier or over the navy to a sailor.

The scientific expert has usually less governmental discretion than any other. Possessing a specialized knowledge and a particularly clear recognition of physical needs, he is constitutionally unable to understand why men must not be compelled to do whatever it is good for them to do. And we naturally rebel. Admitting freely that it is unwise to stand in draughts or to neglect the overcoat, and that these things may lead to all sorts of ills, we resolutely refuse to take orders from a policeman to move out of a draught or to put on our overcoats. We draw a line, which the expert can so rarely do, between legitimate and non-legitimate interference. Dr. Wiley was inclined at one time to be aggressively coercive. He was somewhat too anxious to protect those who could protect themselves—a thing that the law should never do—but he is now less demonstrative than he was, and therefore more valuable. We do not propose to lose him because he has done his duty.

Editorial Notes.

Dr. Crothers of Cambridge in his address to the girl graduates of Downer College made a radical departure from the form sanctioned by usage upon such occasions. He did not tell his auditors that the world was waiting for their advent, or that the future of the nation depended upon just such mental endowments as they had received during their scholastic career. He did not even urge them to "aim high" or to do any of the other things that young people like to believe that they are able to do, but usually can not do. On the contrary, he seems to have urged them to cultivate the individual rather than the collective conscience, and to leave the salvation of the race until such time as they shall have secured their own salvation by correct individual thought and correct individual action. On the whole, it was an address ill-calculated to stimulate a student vanity that certainly needs no stimulant nowadays. If there were more such addresses we might look forward to a day when there would be fewer reformers and more reform and when no man would aspire to correct the evils in the nation until he had first corrected the insidious evils of his own nature.

The reports of renewed troubles in Mexico must have some foundation or the War Department would not have countermanded the order for the removal of troops from the frontier. Madero and De la Barra are said to be in fierce dispute over national policies and as De la Barra is president and Madero dictator there would seem to be a nice balance of authority that is easily disturbed. There have been some insurrections lately, and De la Barra is blamed for allowing adherents of Diaz to remain in office. Presumably Madero would have found a way of his own to remove such obstructions to an enlightened progress, and what that way would have been need not be particularized. That there are still Diaz adherents and that in one State alone they have a rebel force of 2000 men will come as something of a surprise to those who have used so much eloquence in describing an oppressed people united to the last man in resistance to a hated despotism.

It now seems evident that the conclusion of an arbitration treaty between America and England will open the way for similar negotiations between America and Japan. The new alliance between England and Japan is practically the same as the one about to expire, but with one important difference. Neither country can be drawn into a quarrel with any other country with which it has a treaty of arbitration. That is to say, in the event of war between America and Japan the existence of an arbitration treaty between America and England would preclude British interference on behalf of Japan, and it is therefore obvious that Japan must make a similar treaty with America if the balance of advantage is to be preserved. Certainly there can not be too many arbitration treaties, nor is it possible to suppose that this country will fail to go half way, and more than half way, to meet friendly overtures from any part of the world.

Senator Bourne of Oregon recently stated in a speech that "the composite citizen knows more and acts from higher motives than any single individual, however great, experienced, or well developed." Senator Sutherland of Utah rejoined in an address of length, from which the following paragraph may be quoted:

> I have been consulting the dictionary. Mr. Webster, whose vocabulary covered the whole linguistic field, from which my honored friend from Oregon culls only the flowers, abruptly introduces the matter, as was his discursive habit, between two other wholly unrelated subjects, and treating the word "composite" as a botanical term, defines it thus: "Belonging to the order compositæ; bearing involucrate heads of many small florets, as"—the comparison is not mine, but that of the learned lexicographer—"as, for example, the daisy." The speech of the senator from Oregon had prepared us to agree with Mr. Webster that his "composite citizen" was a "daisy," but we were in no mood for this sinister qualification: "bearing involucrate heads." After these glowing eulogies from the eloquent lips of the senator to which we had listened, after these unqualified indorsements respecting the virtue, the unselfishness, the wisdom—ah, Mr. President, above all, the wisdom—of this paragon, must there finally creep into our hearts the foul suspicion that after all the "composite citizen" has something serious the matter with his head? Involucrate heads! Horribile dictu! The subject becomes painful. Let us inquire no further, but for better or worse accept this creation of the inspired intellect of our honored friend simply as a "daisy with an involucrate head," and, closing the dictionary, with all its brutal and disturbing bluntness of speech, voluntarily leave ourselves shrouded in deep but merciful ignorance respecting the exact nature of the affliction.

Berlin boasts of the first bank in the world conducted exclusively for and by women. It has just finished its first year of business, and has been very successful. It is known as a mutual bank for self-supporting women, and has already demonstrated that it has a mission and a future. Womanlike, the bank has begun modestly. Its present capital is only $25,000, with an additional shareholders' liability of $50,000. One woman may not hold more than $2500 of capital. The bank undertakes every form of business transaction common to its older male contemporaries. Fraulein Hoffmann was chosen to manage the woman's bank because of ten years' experience in supervising the credit department of a wholesale lumber business, in the course of which she handled some $1,000,000 worth of promissory notes a year. So far the bank has not lost a dollar.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

There is every reason to believe that the reform party will be successful in the coming Belgian elections and that the conservatives will be expelled from the position that they have held since 1884. In the event of a liberal victory the educational problem will be the first to receive attention and the priest will be permanently expelled from the schoolroom. At the present time the state pays subsidies not only to its own schools, where there is no religious instruction, but also to the church schools, which are under the control of priests. The existing arrangement was made at the time when the state schools were secularized and was intended as a compromise with the clerical party. Now the reformers are maintaining that no public money should be paid for religious education, and they have made this contention a plank in their programme. Belgium is thus trying to abolish the evil influences that have followed the establishment of religion in the scheme of public instruction. In fact wherever such establishment is to be found it is recognized as a curse and the source of constant friction and contention.

Joseph Conrad, the well-known novelist, has been granted a pension of $500 from the British civil list, and we may therefore assume that he is in necessitous circumstances. It is strange that it should be so. Conrad is usually classed among the popular novelists. His work is probably as well known as that of any living English fictionist, and yet here we have a confession that it is not remunerative enough to support him. Another well-known man of letters who receives a government pension is William Butler Yeats. But then Mr. Yeats is a poet, and the present age is not willing to pay for its poetry and would not greatly mourn if the whole tribe of versifiers were extinguished. It is said that there is only one writer now living who supports himself entirely by writing poetry. This is Alfred Noyes, who has been coming steadily to the front for some years. Mr. Noyes himself says that he selected poetry as his life work and that he has had no particular difficulty in making it pay. Mr. Noyes, by the way, married an American wife. The English practice of giving allowances from the civil list to necessitous authors is an old one, but there are very few cases where the beneficiaries have been novelists. The grant is usually given in aid of literary labors that are of a valuable nature but that are not remunerative, such as research work, and it is rarely made except in strictly meritorious cases. It is related of Carlyle that he once pleaded with a prime minister of his day in favor of some necessitous author. The statesman demurred on the ground that Parliament might dispute the award in that particular case. "Sir," said Carlyle, "when you die and are asked to account for your failure to give this relief it is you who will be damned and not Parliament."

Major R. A. Marriott has written a pamphlet intended to convey the gratifying assurance that we shall soon have warmer weather all over the world. This news will probably be received with a lack of enthusiasm in New York, Chicago, and other places, where they are well supplied with warmth just now, but Major Marriott is a scientist and his scale of time measurement is a large one. He refers to some future period when the obliquity of the earth's axis will be much less than it is now, with a consequent shrinkage of the polar regions. In the year 13,344 B. C. the axial obliquity was 35 degrees and the glacial region covered the earth. The present obliquity is only 23 degrees, and in 385 brief years we shall reach the apex of the genial period when the contrast between summer and winter will be least. Already this axial movement is showing its effects. Captain Scott, says Major Marriott, on his return from the Antarctic expedition, emphasized the rapidity with which the south polar ice is retreating, and it is known that there is a similar condition in the north. In Canada certain lands bordering on the north have been hitherto reported as too ice-bound for agricultural operations, but large tracts have now been found to present favorable climatic conditions owing to some change that has taken place, while in Iceland there was no snow and hardly any frost in the mid-December of 1910.

There is certainly some sort of forward movement in Russia or it would not be possible to arraign so many high officials on a charge of bribery and corruption. Among the sixty-six accused in Moscow alone there are two generals, twenty-one colonels, twenty-eight captains, and four councillors of state. They are charged with systematic extortion and bribe-taking. The majority of the accused are in uniform and splendid with orders and decorations. The sums said to have been obtained by them range downwards from $135,000, which is said to have been the share of the chief figure. It is said that one firm alone in the course of twenty-five years has paid $10,000,000 in bribes. Among the results of this wholesale iniquity is the fact that the soldiers were compelled to sell their food in order to buy boots to replace those officially supplied to them, but that could not be worn.

It is confidently predicted that the Canadian census will show a large increase in the French population. The total population of Canada is probably 8,000,000, and of these it is believed that 2,000,000 are French. In 1760 the French numbered only 60,000. Professor Henri Lemay, writing in the *Revue Canadienne*, predicts that a hundred years hence there will be at least 40,000,000 French-Canadians and that the French in Canada will outnumber the English. It is of course easy to predict. We can all do that. The learned professor will be elsewhere in a hundred years' time and will not live to see his prophecy either verified or falsified. It is certainly incongruous to argue on population matters from a basis of past statistics. There is no doubt that the French are increasing in Canada, not from immigration, but because they are astonishingly prolific. It is by no means rare to find French families on the banks of the St. Lawrence with twenty-five and thirty children. At the present time race suicide is not among the failings of the French-Canadian, but who can tell what the future may bring? Referring to French loyalty, Mr. Lemay writes: "Our loyalty to the empire is probably truer and certainly more solid than the eccentric Chauvinism of certain great imperialists. We wish to be ourselves good Canadians, and in fact we are certainly the most Canadian of the Canadians." This is not very definite, and we may remind ourselves of the statement made some time ago by a French-Canadian spokesman that in the event of war between England and France the French-Canadian would be "neutral." At the time of the great Paris Exposition all the French-Canadian officials had buttons bearing the words "Independence of Canada," but they judiciously kept them in their pockets.

The American congressman is the best-paid politician in the world. England is at present almost the only country where the legislator is expected to work for nothing, and if Mr. Lloyd George is allowed to have his way this anomaly will soon be removed. But there are many other countries where the remuneration is merely nominal. In fact it is the rule in European countries to pay considerably less than the legislator could earn at his ordinary vocation. Thus Austria pays $4 a day, Belgium pays $800 a year, Denmark $2.75 a day, France $3000 a year, Germany $650 a year, Holland $4 a day, Japan $1000 a year, Norway $3.25 a day, Russia $5 a day, Sweden $330 a year, Italy, Portugal, and Spain pay nothing, but give a railroad allowance, as do most of the other countries, while Norway and Sweden, for some curious reason, provide free medical attendance for their lawmakers and bury them at the cost of the state. This must be a great thing to look forward to on election day.

The London *Daily Chronicle* quotes from some unnamed source a curious reminiscence of Robert Louis Stevenson from a man who met him on his arrival in the South Seas: "The German monthly steamer from Sydney for Samoa via Tonga has just arrived, and the captain, whom I know, presents me to a small dark man, very plainly dressed and with a Scotch accent. Somehow we exchange a few French words, and so get chummy. He tells me that his trade is ill remunerated, I all the time taking him for a Glasgow guaranty engineer, or even worse. Bedtime comes, and he, having cottooed to me, asked me for the loan of a hook to send him to sleep. I lived half a mile off, and had no hooks about me, but referred him to the landlord, a most illiterate person. The only book he could find was an ancient book on cookery, which my Scotch engineer grasped with affection and went to bed. And not for some time afterwards did I discover that I had entertained an angel unawares."

The religious organizations in France may be pardoned if they profess to see the hand of an avenging destiny in the scandal resulting from the trial of Edmond Duez. This remarkable malefactor, who has just been convicted, was appointed seven years ago as official liquidator in the case of certain religious organizations that refused to comply with the Associations law. Doubtless he carried out the liquidation with great success, but instead of paying over the results to the government he put them adroitly into his own pocket. He has been tried for the theft of $1,400,000 and has been found guilty, but the amazing part of the affair is the fact that it remained undetected for seven years. And yet his procedure was marked by no particular skill. He lived a life of riotous extravagance in the sight of every one, and this very fact inspired him with the hardihood to assert that the government would never dare to incur the scandal of his prosecution. Waldeck Rousseau said that the revenues accruing to the government from its policy toward the religious orders would amount to $200,000,000, which would be enough to give everything to every one. The total amount received to date is $7,000,000, and now comes this discreditable business, which shows the proneness of officialism to neglect all business considerations when handling public money if only it be in sufficiently large amounts. Sidney G. P. Coryn.

One of the beauty spots in Washington is the waterlily farm conducted by a woman who as a clerk in the Treasury Department lost her health. Starting as an amateur cultivator of lilies, she has become one of the most prosperous producers of the flowers. She purchased a few acres on the Potomac and caused an artificial lake to be made on her land by piping in the water. She became fascinated with the work, and willingly gave up her government position so she could devote her attention to the flowers. Now she has ponds which cover five acres, in which she is raising the flowers, and many persons go to her garden at early hours of the morning to see the lilies in full bloom.

It has been proposed that the centennial of the Battle of New Orleans, of January 8, 1815, should be celebrated in grand style, and that the United States government as its contribution to the undertaking should appropriate sufficient money to build a magnificent road for automobiles and other vehicles from Detroit on the Lakes, where the ignominious surrender of General Hull, with 10,000 United States troops, made the most humiliating event in the history of that war, to New Orleans, where the only real victory and glory for the national arms were won.

For the first time in athletic history Chinese athletes will compete with those of other nations at the Olympic games of 1912 at Stockholm, Sweden. For this purpose an Englishman has been training students of the University of Shanghai for three years.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Border Affair.

Spanish is the lovin' tongue,
Soft as music, light as spray,
'Twas a girl I learnt it from
Livin' down Sonora way.
I don't look much like a lover,
Yet I say her love-words over
Often when I'm all alone—
"Mi amor, mi corazon."

Nights when she knew where I'd ride
She would listen for my spurs,
Throw the big door open wide,
Raise them laughin' eyes of hers,
And my heart would nigh stop beatin'
When I'd hear her tender greetin'
Whispered soft for me alone—
"Mi amor, mi corazon!"

Moonlight in the patio,
Old Señora noddin' near,
Me and Juana talkin' low
So the "madre" couldn't hear—
How those hours would go a-flyin',
And too soon I hear her sighin',
In her little sorry-tone—
"Adios, mi corazon."

But one time I had to fly
For a foolish gamblin' fight,
And she said a swift good-bye
On that black, unlucky night.
When I'd loosed her arms from clingin',
With her words the hoofs kept ringin',
As I galloped north alone—
"Adios, mi corazon."

Never seen her since that night;
I cain't cross the Line, you know.
She was Mex and I was white;
Like as not it's better so.
Yet I've always sort of missed her
Since that last wild night I kissed her,
Left her heart and lost my own—
"Adios, mi corazon."

—*Charles B. Clarke, Jr.*

The Sliprails and the Spur.

The colors of the setting sun
Withdrew across the Western land—
He raised the sliprails, one by one,
And shot them home with trembling hand;
Her brown hands clung—her face grew pale—
Ah! quivering chin and eyes that brim!—
One quick, fierce kiss across the rail,
And, "Good-bye, Mary!" "Good-bye, Jim!"

Oh! he rides hard to race the pain
Who rides from love, who rides from home:
But he rides slowly home again,
Whose heart has learnt to love and roam.

A hand upon the horse's mane,
And one foot in the stirrup set,
And, stooping back to kiss again,
With "Good-bye, Mary! don't you fret!
When I come back"—he laughed for her—
"We do not know how soon 'twill be;
I'll whistle as I round the spur—
You let the sliprails down for me."

She gasped for sudden loss of hope,
As with a backward wave to her
He cantered down the grassy slope
And swiftly round the dark'ning spur.
Black-penciled panels standing high,
And darkness fading into stars,
And blurring fast against the sky,
A faint white form beside the bars.

And often at the set of sun,
In winter bleak and summer brown,
She'd steal across the little run,
And shyly let the sliprails down,
And listen there when darkness shut
The nearer spur in silence deep;
And when they called her from the hut
Steal home and cry herself to sleep.

—*Henry Lawson.*

A Boy's Whistle.

If I could whistle like I used when I was just a boy,
And fill the echoes just plumb full of that old-fashioned joy,
I guess I would be willin' then to turn my hack on things
An' say farewell to scenes down here and try my angel wings;
O just once more to pucker up an' ripple soft an' trill
Until the music seemed to fall against the far-off hill
Like dew falls on a half-blown rose, till it gets full an' slips
Like jewels twinklin', tinklin' down from pink, bewitchin' lips.

Oh, yes, if I could whistle now like I could whistle then!
Just pucker up these grim old lips an' turn things loose again!
I'd like to sit up on the knoll where trees was all around,
Just sit there punchin' my hare toes into the smelly ground
An' trillin' just the same old tune I used to trill of yore,
With all the verve and ecstasy that won't come back no more.
Until I'd seen old brown-throat thrush come stealin from his hush
An' look around, like he would say, say to the whole world: "Hush!"

If I could whistle now I'd like to go along the road
Awakin' with my whistle all the scenes that once I knowed;
Just sendin' ripplin' music through the tamaracks an' pines
An' stirrin' all the blossoms on the mornin' glory vines;
Just go sendin' all about me, all behind me an' before,
First loud an' shrill as anything an' then a-gittin' lower,
The same old whistle that was mine, the same old carol shrill
That used to bid the day good-night an' mock the whippoorwill.

I saw a boy go past just now—his cheeks was like halloons—
An' oh, the air was rendered sweet by old remembered tunes!
An' oh, the world sat lightly on that childish happy imp!
His trousers was all patched behind, his hat was torn an' limp,
While one big toe that had been stubbed was twisted in a rag;
But oh, that imp stepped high an' proud, with shoulders full of brag,
An' whistled in the same old way that I was wont to do,
Till my old heart was in the tunes the little rascal blew.

If I could whistle like he did—but now there's something gone!
The trill is gone, the skill is gone! Sometimes when I'm alone
I pucker an' purse up my lips an' try, an' try, an' try,
An' then the noise my old lips makes aint nothin' but a sigh.
It aint no thing of learnin', it can't be contrived by art,
A boy must be behind it, an' a great big boyish heart;
A boy just out of heaven must go whistlin' of the song:
No use in tryin' when we're old, we've been away too long!

—*Judd Mortimer Lewis.*

THE CHARTERHOUSE AND THACKERAY.

Memories Stirred by the Exhibition of Relics.

With the exception of the Tower, the gray ramparts of which have been imaged in the waters of the Thames unchanged for so many centuries, no walls in London speak so indubitably of the past as those of the Charterhouse. Each year old London wanes and new London waxes; historic buildings by the dozen are replaced by modern structures with commemorative tablets—tablets which are bald data from which to reconstruct the picturesque past. Thus far, however, the devastating hand of the destroyer has been warded off the ancient walls of the Charterhouse; they have been spared to this year of grace to link the rushing modern life of the English capital with the far-off generations of chivalry, penance, and benevolence. Five and a half centuries ago this plot of land was rescued from common use; it remains today an oasis of altruism in a desert of selfishness.

Two memorable names—Walter de Manny and Thomas Sutton—are conspicuous in its history. The first is that of a fourteenth-century French knight who is a familiar figure to all who are acquainted with the glowing pages of Froissart; the second is that of the man who was accounted the most wealthy commoner of Elizabethan England. So long ago as 1371, Sir Walter de Manny, after the penitent manner of his warlike race, attempted to compound for his copious blood-shedding by founding a religious establishment, and was duly given permission to constitute a monastery for Carthusian monks. Hence the Chartreuse of London, the name of which has been corrupted in the usual cockney manner into "Charterhouse."

For more than a hundred and sixty years those London Carthusians lived peacefully and inconspicuously after the manner of their order, drones in the commonwealth according to modern notions perhaps, but faithful to such ideals of the spiritual life as were held in esteem in their day. And then the storm broke. This was at the bidding of that notable uxoricide, Henry VIII, who, that he might marry and divorce at will, set the Pope at defiance and expected the clergy of England to find religious sanction for his changing lust. But his demands were too outrageous for the Carthusians of London; inspired by the fearless attitude of their high-minded prior, John Houghton, they held out to the last and suffered martyrdom rather than prove disobedient to the church. Houghton was the first on the scaffold, and on a May day of 1535 one of the quarters of his body was fixed as a bloody sign over that low gateway of the monastery which still gives access to the Charterhouse in the twentieth century.

More than seventy years were to elapse ere the name of Thomas Sutton was to become associated with the history of the Charterhouse. In the interval the land and buildings had many owners, the most notable of whom was Thomas Howard, that ill-fated Duke of Norfolk whose aspirations to become the husband of Mary Stuart had the usual disastrous result of leading him to the headsman's block. Seven years before he became the owner of the Charterhouse the place gained another link with history, for it was here Elizabeth tarried for five days at the opening of her reign, just as her successor, James I, forty-five years later, also held court within these walls on his first arrival from Scotland.

It was from the heir of the Duke of Norfolk that, in 1611, Thomas Sutton purchased the Charterhouse for thirteen thousand pounds. He, as has been said, was the wealthiest Englishman of his times, for he had acquired large tracts of land rich in coal and had won a wife possessing an enormous fortune. But as death drew nigh he bethought himself of the needs of others and devoted the bulk of his wealth to the foundation of a hospital and free school. Hence his purchase of the Charterhouse, for the spacious gardens would provide ample playing-fields and the buildings generous accommodation for his pensioners and pupils. The hospital, or alms-house, was to secure a peaceful haven for eighty poverty-stricken gentlemen who had served their country in arms on land or sea, or had failed of success in commerce; and the school was to give free education to forty promising boys. The school was removed into the country nearly forty years ago; the hospital remains on the land and in some of the buildings occupied by Sir Walter de Manny's old Carthusian monks.

Thackeray's connection with the Charterhouse must be familiar to all acquainted with the biography and creations of the great novelist, and is rightly emphasized in this centenary year. For he, too, was a Carthusian, and for six years of his boyhood haunted these gray cloisters "in no ways remarkable either as a dunce or a scholar." Not a happy schooltime perhaps in the actual experience—for did he not write his mother that there were 370 boys in the school, but wished there were only 369?—but one upon which, in after years, he looked back with much tenderness and affection. In proof whereof what more is needed than that Arthur Pendennis, and Thomas Newcome, and Clive Newcome were all sent by him to the Greyfriars, otherwise the Charterhouse, school? And when he grew to manhood and fame there were few occasions from which he derived such keen pleasure as from his attendance at the founder's dinner each 12th of December. Besides, and above all, did he not choose the hospital of the Charterhouse for the last haven of the noble Thomas Newcome and set the passing of that rare spirit in one of the quaint old rooms of that venerable building?

Hence the fitness of the decision to celebrate the centenary of the novelist's birth by a Thackeray exhibition under the ancient roof which sheltered him as a schoolboy. By a happy choice, the relics were arranged in the great chamber or tapestry room, a noble apartment which dates back more than three centuries and is but little different in appearance from the aspect it wore when Elizabeth and James I held their courts within its walls. Every notable Thackeray collector contributed something of interest to the exhibition, Lady Ritchie, the novelist's daughter, being represented by some unique portraits; J. Pierpont Morgan by the original manuscripts of "Vanity Fair" and "The Virginians"; Major William H. Lambert of Philadelphia by numerous water-color and other drawings; and S. Causley by a remarkable collection of early American editions of Thackeray's books. Although the portraits and busts are so plentiful, and range over the novelist's life from his third year onward, they are remarkable for the persistence of his well-known features. Of the busts the most interesting is that which depicts its subject in his thirteenth year, the nose already broken as the result of Thackeray's fight with George Venables in the Charterhouse schoolyard. Among the countless manuscripts nothing held such poignant attraction as the page of "The Newcomes" bearing in the novelist's neat handwriting the simple but moving sentence which tells how Thomas Newcome, to the tolling of the Charterhouse bell, answered "Adsum" and passed into "the presence of The Master."

But Thackeray and his most lovable character—"the heroic, simple, almost apostolic character of chivalrous honor," as Lord Rosebery happily described Thomas Newcome in his address at the opening of the exhibition—must have seemed to most visitors in evidence not only in the great chamber, but in every crook and corner of the ancient Charterhouse. Although the schoolboy's successors no longer romp over the playing-field, once the great cloister of the monastery, which spreads its verdant expanse beneath the terrace, the imagination can easily repicture the scene of youthful animation and repeople not only that but the venerable quadrangles, and the scholar's hall, and the spacious great staircase with the volatile companions of the novelist's boyhood. And the cloister which leads to the ancient chapel and once echoed to his youthful footsteps now holds a memorial to his fame such as would have greatly astonished his undiscerning schoolmaster, who voted him, in the person of Arthur Pendennis, "a disgrace to the school." Fancy follows the lad through that cloister, past his wreath-adorned memorial, into the chapel itself, and seats him in one of those ample old pews to have his shins kicked by a companion and then be punished for the protest begotten of that assault. But here, in this quaint old chapel, part of the walls of which have echoed to the devotions of Prior Houghton and his monks, and where, in the distant and dark corner, the ornate tomb of Thomas Sutton, "Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day," still stands in its heraldic glory, the vision of the Charterhouse boy fades and merges into the loved figure of an aged man—Thomas Newcome, with his dear old head reverently bent over his prayer-book. There is no mistaking him. His soldierly form is clad in the black gown of the Charterhouse pensioners, his Order of the Bath on his breast. "He stood there among the poor brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree: to this alms-house! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness, and honor, should end!" But that vision, too, fades in turn, and is replaced by the image of the Old World room and the lowly bed whence Thomas Newcome answered his "Adsum!" to that call into the unseen which falls at last on every human ear.

And so the visitor to the Charterhouse, having wandered in a subdued mood through its ancient halls and passages and cloisters, passes again into the bustling outer world of modern London, revering the memory of the man who provided this peaceful haven for poor but honorable age, and his memory, too, whose genius has touched its gray walls with the light of tender romance.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

London, July 4, 1911.

Street vending of *pommes frites*, or fried potatoes, is peculiar to the north of France, and the novelty of it appeals to people who visit that section for the first time. *Pommes frites* take the place of peanuts and popcorn and are sold in much the same fashion. Not only is this trade carried on in some instances as a regularly established business, but workmen, wishing to increase their earnings, some out on the streets in the evening and sell these fried potatoes from push carts.

Cottonseed, once a nuisance, valueless, and despised, carted away from mills, dumped into streams or burned to get it out of the way, is now scrupulously cared for and sold everywhere to hundreds of eager cotton-oil mills and are there turned into products valued at $100,000,000 annually.

Bedlam is a name derived from Bethlehem Hospital in London which was used as early as the first years of the sixteenth century for the reception of distracted persons, had very limited resources, and frequently discharged patients who were not yet cured.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sorolla, the Spanish painter, will have Mrs. Marshall Clark of Chicago for a pupil next fall. Mrs. Clark is known as a clever chalk artist. At present she is in Tacoma.

John H. Bacon, A. R. A., the noted English artist, has been signally honored by King George, who has commanded him to paint an official picture of the coronation ceremony inside Westminster Abbey.

Salmon Brown, eldest son of the second marriage of John Brown, the famous abolitionist, will celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday in Octoher. He lives at Portland, Oregon, and is an enthusiastic gardener.

Louis St. Gaudens, brother of the famous sculptor, and an artist of rare promise himself, is now working on figures for the new Union Station in Washington, D. C. There are to be six allegorical figures, for which President Eliot of Cambridge has written the inscriptions. St. Gaudens lives in a remodeled Shaker meeting-house at Cornish, New Hampshire, built in 1798.

Dr. Inazo Nitobi, president of the first high college of Tokio, who comes to this country in October, will appear in the unique rôle—as between Japan and the United States, at least—of an exchange professor. The custodians of the Carnegie Peace Fund have made the arrangements. Dr. Nitobi is one of Japan's foremost educators. He will lecture at Brown University, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, and the Universities of Virginia, Illinois, and Minnesota, dealing with the history of his native land and with current problems.

Dr. Edward Mason Wrench, a Crimean veteran, who professionally attended King Edward and was personally decorated by him as a member of the Victorian Order, recently celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday. Dr. and Mrs. Wrench, at the time of their golden wedding anniversary, not long ago, were presented with a gold casket by the mother of the present Duke of Devonshire, Lady Edward Cavendish. The soldier-physician still enjoys good health, occasionally sees patients, and attends the courts regularly as a county magistrate.

Curtis Guild, Jr., the new ambassador to Russia, is a former governor of Massachusetts, and has been conspicuous in the political and military affairs of that State for fifteen years. At the beginning of the Spanish War he was brigadier-general on the staff of General Wolcott, but resigned to become a lieutenant in the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment. Promotions followed, and when the war closed he was lieutenant-colonel and inspector-general on the staff of General Fitzhugh Lee, and had charge of the cleaning up of Havana province after hostilities ceased.

Marion Leroy Burton, the new president of Smith College at Northampton, Massachusetts, the largest woman's college in the world, who has inaugurated a campaign for $1,000,000 to make the college more efficient, began life as a farmer's boy in Minnesota. Then he worked four years in a Minneapolis drug store and passed the State examination for pharmacy. He quit business to go through Carlton College. On a small income he passed through Yale divinity school. He is a giant in size, with unlimited capacity for work, and plays a slashing game of tennis.

His Highness Sir Sultan Muhammad Shah, Agha Khan, G. C. I. E., who is given credit by the British authorities for his powerful influence in crushing all attempts at a recent revolution in his section of India, by restraining Mohammedans of all sects during the period of uneasiness, is a sort of Pope, and has received the title of Highness by award from the Indian government for his services. He holds no territorial possessions, but is spiritual head of the Khoja community of Mohammedans in Western India. He is highly educated and has done much for his community.

William Herbert Bixby, chief of the engineers of the United States Army, said to believe that the evidence shows that the battleship *Maine* was blown up by an internal explosion, has devoted his life to engineering problems. He was born in Massachusetts in 1849. On graduating from West Point in 1873 he at once entered the Engineer Corps as second lieutenant. Later on he graduated from the French government school of bridges and highways. He instructed at West Point in engineering, lectured on coast defenses at the United States War College, and was sent abroad by the government on two tours of observation. Many important harbor and river improvements have been carried out under his direction.

Lord Strathcona, high commissioner of Canada since 1896, who announces that he proposes to retire from his activities, worked his way up from the ranks, having neither friends nor family influence when he entered the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company as a lad. Born plain Donald A. Smith, in Scotland, in 1820, he never dreamed of wealth, power, and title when he went to Canada, poor and unknown. He was the last resident governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, subdued the Riel rebels, was one of the founders and builders of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, served in the Canadian Parliament, and has long heen the great and forceful financier of Canada. Too poor and too husy to obtain much education when he was young, yet he has received distinguished degrees from many leading universities of the world. His home is in Montreal.

SPEED.

A Motor Run from a Besieged Mine.

Putting his lips close to the ear of the driver, the mechanician shouted above the roar of the car: "Can't you get a little more speed out of her? The road is fairly straight along here."

Holway took the machine on two wheels around a pile of boulders, mowed down a *cholla* cactus, and worked back into the faintly marked track.

"Confound it, Speeder," he shouted back; "we're hitting sixty now and that's enough for me on this road. We're not on the course, anyway. I know now that we left it at that turn, fifteen or twenty miles back."

"We're beaten if we turn back," replied Speeder. "Number one was right behind us when we took this road. Take the first fork to the right and maybe we'll get back on the course. Don't lose any time."

Holway said nothing as he bent low over the steering wheel and kept his eyes on the ancient wagon tracks ahead. For a moment the car would glide over white *coliche,* smooth and hard as asphalt, and would then slow down as it struck a sandy spot. Huge white lizards and their smaller, darker cousins fled terrified from the path of the whizzing, coughing car and blinked their eyes in reptilian bewilderment as it thundered past. To the north was an apparently endless stretch of giant *saguaras,* prickly pears, *challas,* and scrubby *palo verde* trees; on the south were the mountains, grim, forbidding, their rocky sides glaring in the sunlight.

A prospector, swinging a pick in an "open cut" on a little hill to the left, straightened up and gazed in astonishment at the big Champlin. Holway cut off the power and brought the car to a stop within fifty feet of the miner.

"How can we get back on the Phœnix race-course?" yelled Speeder, leaping to the ground and throwing open the hood to examine the engine.

"Oh, this is one of them racin' automobiles, is it?" returned the prospector. "You're some considerable off your road, boys. You ought to took that turn to the right, about twenty miles back. You're on the shortest road and it's the best most of the way, but there's one mountain I doubt you can get over with that machine. Nobody ever had the nerve to try it in an automobile."

"We'll try it," replied Holway. "It's our only chance to win. Which way?"

"Go right ahead a couple of miles till you come to another road that leads off to the southwest. It's about four miles from there to the foot of the mountain and there's nothin' but a trail to the top, except an aerial tramway that's used to bring ore down from a mine, and that won't do you much good. You'll have to go almost straight up in places, but when you get to the top there's an easy slope on the other side down to the road you want."

They waited for no more. Speeder slammed down the hood and jumped to his seat as the car leaped forward.

"Let her out for all she's worth," urged the mechanician imploringly.

There was the other road, leading off to the right. Without slowing down, Holway made the turn. The road became rougher. They crossed several small *arroyos* and often the branches of low *mesquites* that lined the way whipped their faces.

A small stone thirty feet in front of the machine went spinning and dust rose from where it had lain. Something hit a boulder at the side of the road and ricocheted off, spinning by their ears. Another bullet whizzed through the air, and then another.

"Somebody's shooting at us," Speeder shouted. "Keep on—they can't hit us going like this. Get a little more speed out of her if you can."

The road lay between two long tongues of high land that ran from the mountains out into the mesa. Ahead rose the side of the mountain they would have to climb. At its base were two large buildings and several smaller houses. From one of the large structures ran two big cables, leading up the steep slope, over steel towers, to some other buildings near the top. It was the aerial tramway of which the prospector had spoken, and Holway knew that the houses above must be clustered around the mine entrance.

"I've seen them!" yelled Speeder. "They're behind an embankment of rocks on the hill, straight north of those lower buildings, and they're waving at us to stop."

Holway glanced hastily in the direction indicated by his mechanician. He saw a long, low wall of rocks, behind which perhaps a dozen men lay. All were hidden from the houses by the wall, but he had a view from the west end. Several, he noticed, had rifles. Two were wildly gesticulating with their hands. One of the others threw a bottle over the breastworks and it was shattered on the rocks below.

The road was uphill and the Champlin was barely making thirty miles an hour. Holway knew that it would not be long before the shooters found their range. One of the bullets struck the body of the car, just below Speeder's seat. The little mechanician cried "More speed!" and reached for the oil cup.

Angry yells reached their ears; the bullets began to fly thicker and faster. One thought was uppermost in Holway's mind, and that was to keep on. To stop meant lost time, and time meant the losing or the winning of the race. He did not know why the men on the hill wanted him to stop—he only knew that he must not stop.

The wall was now between the machine and the men on the hillside. Holway and Speeder no longer had an end view and the rifles were spitting fire over the top of the stone barricade. As the auto shot behind one of the smaller houses, Holway glanced aside. There, on a veranda, were a girl and two men. He cut off the power and jammed on the brakes. As the road was steep the car came to a stop less than two hundred feet beyond but behind a larger building.

"What did you stop for?" demanded Speeder, agony ringing in his voice. "There's nothing wrong with her."

"People back there besieged," replied Holway tersely. "But we'll lose if we stop!"

Holway said nothing as he turned the car around and ran it back to the first house. When they came out into the open the bullets again began to fly. Several came perilously near, and one carried Holway's hat away. In another moment they were again under cover. The girl and the two men hurried down to meet them.

She wasn't a Western girl, at least not a girl who had grown up in a Western mining camp. Her complexion was constantly changing from creamy white to deep rose in the most peculiar way. First her face would be white and then, in an instant, would be a delicate pink—then white again. Her eyes were deep, dark hazel, and her long brown hair fell in braids down her back. The dress she wore, a simple white frock, seemed strangely out of place, for around her waist she wore a well-filled cartridge belt and a holster from which projected the black grip of a revolver.

Holway scarcely saw the men with her. He merely noticed that one was a broad-shouldered youngster more than six feet in height, with a bandaged forearm, and that the other was an older, bearded man. Both were dressed in blue "jumpers" and overalls and carried rifles.

It was Holway who first spoke. He said: "Those men on the hill? Who are they? What are they trying to do?"

"Strikers," replied the younger of the two miners. "Superintendent Worden, here, he fired the whole bunch two days ago because they smuggled whisky into the camp, against orders, and all got on one big drunk. There were twenty of them, and about ten have come back from Salome, ten miles north of here, with guns and another supply of whisky. Old Fernando Talamantes is the leader. He's an anarchist and he came over last night, under a white flag, to tell us that he and his bunch meant to take the mine. He wanted us to surrender and I kicked him off the place. I'm sorry now that I didn't shoot him. In the night they built that barricade, and now they have us where we can't get away. I tried it this morning, when I saw they were really serious in their threats, and got shot in the arm for my trouble."

"Are you the only persons left here?" asked Holway.

"Yes; Miss Lansing's father, who owns the mine, with the assayer, assistant superintendent, and all the other white men, has gone to Phœnix for the fair. They left us with those Mexicans, and there wouldn't have been any trouble if it hadn't been for the revolution in Mexico. As soon as they got filled up with whisky they imagined themselves insurrectos. After their liquor gives out they'll all trail back to Salome. Talamantes is the only one more than half sober, and he can't hold them when the whisky's gone."

The girl spoke for the first time: "All that I'm afraid of is that they'll creep upon us in the darkness tonight."

Holway turned to look at her again. Her voice was low and musical; she was not in the least excited. He watched the color come and go in her cheeks for a moment. That bewildering play of pink and white was strangely fascinating.

"You must be in the Los Angeles-Phœnix road race," she went on, motioning toward the auto. Holway saw that Speeder was crawling underneath with a wrench. The mechanician was losing no time.

They heard a bullet thud against the other side of the house. The girl's hand went to her revolver.

"Have you shot that revolver yet?" inquired Holway, removing his goggles and smiling.

"Indeed I have," she retorted. "Perhaps you think I can't."

"She's the only one of us who can shoot," interposed her elder companion. "Newton and I know how to run mining machinery, but when it comes to shooting we're not there. I'm afraid those Mexicans would have taken the mine before this if they had been opposed only by our marksmanship. I don't know where Miss Lansing learned, but she certainly can shoot. You should have seen her make them dance an hour ago, when some of them exposed themselves."

"Can't you reach any position that will allow you to shoot behind their wall?"

"If we could get to the pump house, about three hundred yards above this bunch of offices, stores, and dwellings, we could, but it's all open space between and I don't see how we are to make it."

His bovish face one bid smudge of black, Speeder crawled from under the machine and looked at his watch. "My God! Mr. Holway, we've wasted six minutes!" he exclaimed. "Let's start. We can get more speed out of her now, for I found a loose nut and one of the spark plugs was fouled."

"I'm not at all sure we can get over this mountain, even with a Champlin," Holway told him.

"Not climb it!" Speeder almost shrieked. "We've got to climb it. We'll lose the race if we don't. Didn't you tell the company when you took the coast agency that you meant to drive yourself and win this race?"

"Yes, I told them that, but it looks as if I can't make good now."

"Couldn't you take them up on the tramway, Mr. Worden?" asked the girl.

"We could, but what would those fellows over there be doing while we were about it? They'd pepper us as soon as we got out on the tram platform. The fires aren't dead and it wouldn't take more than five minutes to get up steam. Then we could help you out, if it wasn't for those *chalos.*"

"Where did you say the pump house is?" demanded Holway eagerly.

Newton pointed to a big sheet-iron building, painted red and surmounted by several smoke-stacks. It was a short distance up the gulch, which, from where they stood, angled away to the northeast.

"There seems to be a fairly good road," commented Holway. "We could make a little speed there, eh, Speeder?"

"You bet your life!" agreed the mechanician, leaping to the crank.

"Not so much speed yet, Speeder. You don't go along on this little trip. Give me your gun, Mr. Worden. Come along, Newton, if you want to take a chance with me."

"No! No!" protested Miss Lansing. "We can't permit you to risk your life for us."

"We'll be going so fast there'll be no danger of being hit," Holway assured her. "Besides, it's not entirely for you that I'm doing it. I want to get over this mountain and win the race."

"Can't I go?" implored Speeder. "I don't like to be away from the machine. You might need me."

"I'll have to take along some one who can shoot. Just carry that gun for me, Newton, till we get there. Jump in, now. Crank her, Speeder."

"Wait," said Miss Lansing. "You can't shoot either, Newton. I'll go."

She calmly took the mechanician's seat.

"You!" exclaimed Holway. "Why, it's out of the question."

Worden and Newton added their protests.

"But you said yourself there was no danger," she reminded Holway. "I'm the only one here who can shoot and it's my place to go. Go on. Do!"

Holway looked helplessly at Newton and Worden, who could only stare helplessly back. Newton stepped forward and placed two rifles between them. Holway made a sign to Speeder, who gave the crank a turn, and the machine was off.

Yells reached their ears as soon as they were out from under cover. Bullets began to whiz about them, but all went wide. Holway had already advanced to the third speed, and the Champlin was humming along on a slightly down grade. Though he did not dare take his eyes from the road ahead, Holway knew that the girl was sitting erect beside him, gazing off toward the barricade of the Mexicans.

Soon the Champlin struck the bottom of a little draw and began to travel uphill again. The bullets came closer. It took a minute, perhaps, to reach the pump house, but to Holway it seemed an hour. He stopped the machine behind the building and she leaped to the ground, one of the rifles in her hand. Taking the other, he followed her inside. She was peering from a little window at the west end. They were a little northeast of the embankment and on slightly higher ground. They could see all the Mexicans, who were scurrying hither and thither like frightened rabbits.

"Open the window, please," she requested. "Just a little; enough to let us poke our guns through. That's right. Now, on the floor."

She laid one small hand on his arm and pulled him down beside her. The feel of her tense, pulsing body so close to him gave Holway a strange, delicious thrill. The color, he noticed, was still playing in her cheeks.

"Now, let's throw some lead among them," she said, laying several boxes of cartridges where they could both reach them. "Shoot all around them, but don't hit any if you can help it. We can scare them away without killing them."

They began shooting. The Mexicans, already realizing the peril of their position, scarcely returned their fire at all. Two or three bullets sang toward the pump house and then the besiegers ran helter-skelter toward the open *mesa.* In less than five minutes the last Mexican was out of sight.

"We've run them out!" exclaimed Holway.

They rose and their hands met.

"Yes," she laughed. "Easy, wasn't it? That was a clever idea of yours—to come here in the automobile."

He was about to say more when they heard a noise outside. Emerging from the pump house they saw Speeder, already at the machine and examining the carbureter.

"Got them, didn't you?" exulted the mechanician. "Now, just as soon as we get to the top of this hill we can make some speed, if it's like that fellow back there said it was. Is there an easy slope on the other side, Miss Lansing?"

"Yes, and a good road to the level *mesa.* I think I see Newton and Worden at the tramway platform."

Speeder cranked, jumped upon the machine, and sat down on the big gasoline tank, bolted behind the seat. Holway ran slowly, discussing the battle with the girl.

He was not half as anxious to hurry on and win the race as he should have been. Smoke was already rising from the stacks above the machinery house. Newton was standing in view, waiting for them.

"All right," he called. "Show him the elevator, Miss Lansing."

The boy ran up the steps of the platform, while Holway, guided by the girl, took the car around to the other side. There was a wooden elevator, level with the ground. He ran the machine on to the elevator and Newton yelled to them to hold their seats. In an instant the Champlin had been hoisted to the level of the platform.

"Into this bucket," directed Newton.

It looked more like a boat than a bucket to Holway, being about twelve feet long by eight broad. The back end, a gate that hinged at the bottom, had been let down. It was a tight squeeze, but the car did get inside. Miss Lansing stepped out and Holway followed her, while Newton closed the gate. Some machinery was started, and the big "bucket" was soon suspended in the air, hanging from something that looked like a single railroad rail.

"We have been under fire together," said Holway, turning to the girl.

"Yes," she replied simply, dropping her eyes under his gaze.

He rushed on headlong. "When persons have been together in such a position as we have shared, it is not necessary to say some things—some things that I would like to say, but which there is neither time nor opportunity to say now. You are the strangest and the bravest woman that I have ever met, and I only hope that we have not met for the last time."

"I hope so, too. I am going over to Salome this afternoon and leave tonight for Phœnix. I must see the automobile races, you know."

Her face was all pink now. He seized her hand and whispered: "Where can I see you?"

"My aunt's—Mrs. Taylor—369 North Third Avenue."

"All aboard!" called Newton. "Up here with us, Mr. Driver. I'm going along with you to manage the tram at the other end."

"Good-by," said Holway, dropping her hand. "Remember."

"Good-by," she returned.

He ran up a ladder and sprang into the bucket. Five minutes later they were at the top of the mountain. As soon as the car was on the ground Newton ran inside a tool house and came out with a pair of field glasses, which he leveled at a black spot crawling over the desert, miles away to the southwest.

Speeder seized the glasses and gazed eagerly. "Number one!" he cried. "I know her by her blue body and red wheels. We're still ahead. That's the road right down there at the bottom, isn't it?"

"That's it," replied Newton.

"Crank her, Speeder," shouted Holway, the fire and excitement of the race again in his veins. "Good-by, Newton."

As they started down the mountain, gaining momentum with every turn of the wheels, Speeder remarked: "Now we can make a little speed."

"Speed!" exclaimed Holway. "I've made more speed the last fifteen minutes than I ever made before in my life." ERNEST DOUGLAS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1911.

It is not perhaps generally known that an opinion expressed, half humorously, by Lord Salvesen at the opening of the Norse Gallery in the Scottish exhibition in Glasgow with regard to the ownership of the Orkney and Shetland Islands is fortified by very high authority. His lordship, "speaking as a lawyer," is not sure whether the islands do not belong to Norway still, and thinks that legally the crown of Norway, if prepared to pay the money for which they were pledged, with interest "for three hundred years," would be entitled to redeem them. As a matter of fact, plenipotentiaries assembled at Breda in 1668 (a couple of centuries after the islands had come into the possession of the Scottish crown) decided not only that the right of redemption had not then been barred by the lapse of time, but that it was imprescribable. The islands were pledged in 1468, so that interest is due for nearly four and a half centuries.

Great is the part which the humble card index system plays in the social life of King George of England. People presented to him are invariably astonished and flattered to find that he knows all about them, their family, and their achievements. He puts some kindly question that shows intimate knowledge. The explanation lies in the card index. Nobody has access to the king without an appointment or an invitation, so that he has always time to consult the private directory and to know precisely what the person he is going to meet has done.

Just a century ago the "conscience fund" of the United Staes treasury received its first contribution. A record has been kept of every penny that has found its way to the fund, the grand total amounting at present to practically half a million dollars. The largest single amount ever received by the treasury officials was $18,669.60, from some one whose identity has never been revealed. In his brief note of explanation he stated that the sum represented the duty on goods which he smuggled into the country at different times.

MANHATTAN TRANSIT TROUBLES.

Also the Sordid Grasp of the Icemen — A Long Island Motor-Car Disaster.

New Yorkers seem to understand less than any other people the great and continuous growth of their city. Every one else realizes that New York can give Jonah's gourd points on growing, while New Yorkers themselves seem always to be taken by surprise. The newest buildings, the most rapid transit, are still behind the requirements of the city's population. Subways, tubes, bridges, elevated railways, and trolley cars can not keep up with her growth.

A case in point is the Pennsylvania railway station at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-Second Street, a wonderfully beautiful and well equipped building covering blocks of ground above and below the street level. Every one supposed that it was built for all time and with every allowance for growth. It has not been in operation more than a year, if that long, when it is discovered to be inadequate for the demands upon it. The tube running under the East River has opened up Long Island with such a rush that the section in which the Long Island trains were handled is now being made over so that more people can be accommodated, and yet you would have supposed that the biggest kind of an army of commuters could be readily handled as it was.

Then there is the subway that it was thought would settle the question of transit between the extremes of town for many years to come. As a matter of fact it does not begin to satisfy the demand for rapid transit. Now the question of new subways is being variously discussed and no conclusions arrived at. So far we have not passed the wrangling stage. In the meantime every means of transit is strained to its uttermost limit with no relief in sight. One day we hear that the Interborough is to build the road, then we hear that the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is to get the contract. Again that it is to be divided between the two concerns. Then the wrangling as to which will get the lion's share of the profit begins, and unhappy New Yorkers sit grimly by and wait with what patience they may.

Why don't the people who live in Harlem take the bull by the horns and move to Brooklyn, you ask. One reason is that the average New Yorker, while he admits Brooklyn's many attractions as a home town, would feel that he was sacrificing his birthright by living there, while those who have no such foolish prejudice have not the hardihood to face the perils of the crush hours. The handling of the crowds at the Brooklyn Bridge has long been a scandal and a disgrace. It is the same at the subway tubes. If you should happen to be at the bridge or the subway at rush hours any day in the year, without being prepared for the scenes of strife and scuffling, you would think that you had happened in upon a riot.

With every one crowding the subways, you would imagine that the surface cars would offer opportunities to the citizen who did not live at the town's extremes. There you would be wrong. It is almost impossible to get a seat in a surface car, when one chances to come along, for they run few and far between. I don't suppose that in three times out of fifty have I found a car going up Fourth Avenue when I have attempted that economical manner of reaching the Grand Central Station. I have offered to make large bets on this average, but no will take me up. During the awful heat of the past fortnight the open cars have been used almost exclusively for joy riding. In other words, people who had no other means of cooling off crowd these cars with their wives, sweethearts, and children, to the exclusion of those who wish to use them simply as a means to an end. The consequence is that when we have to get anywhere in a hurry we must take the more costly but less crowded taxicab.

If the trust-busters want to do a real service to mankind they should get after the so-called Ice Trust. The late A. T. Stewart, when he cornered the butter market during the Civil War, was a Christian philanthropist compared with the men who control the ice business of this city. No sooner did the hot wave strike us than up jumped the price of ice. Why? Because of any scarcity of that indispensable commodity? Not at all. Simply because the alleged trust chooses to make money out of man's dire necessities. As it has been easy to discover that their ice houses are full, they have not dared to talk of an ice famine. Of course as they had to make some excuse for raising the price of ice, and I might add of lowering the weight, they offer that of the cost and scarcity of labor. There were a few small dealers from whom the poor could get ice on reasonable terms, but the trust has closed down upon them, bought out all rival companies, so the consumer is helpless. As an iceman said to a friend of mine who complained of the raise in price: "You pay it or you don't get the ice. See!"

No doubt many deaths, particularly among children, can be laid to the action of the Ice Trust, and the outcry has become so violent that the mayor has appointed a committee of investigation. The police department and the district attorney have let loose against the trust and we are hoping for an improvement in the situation. The president of the combined companies upon being called to account has addressed a long letter to Police Commissioner Waldo, in which he raises his eyes to heaven and says that his company has taken no advantage of the hot weather to increase the price of ice. Nevertheless his company is being investigated by detectives as well as in other ways, and the chances are that they will be caught red-handed. I know from my own small experience that the price of ice has been raised and that I am given sixteen pounds and charged for twenty-five. I have weighed the ice too often not to know what I am talking about. Mayor Gaynor seems determined to get to the bottom of this ice iniquity, and if he does we will forgive him some of his shortcomings in other investigations.

One of the most shocking automobile accidents was that near Plandome, Long Island, which resulted in the death of Mr. Frank Jordan, the brother-in-law, secretary, and right-hand man of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and a Miss Johnstone, who was on the seat with him. Two other women of the Johnstone family are at this writing supposed to be mortally hurt, and two small children, their nieces, are lying in the hospital with broken legs and arms. They were all going out for a jollification in Mrs. Burnett's big new car, and it was only by the merest chance that she was not with them. Some slight business detained her after she was ready with hat and veil on. Mr. Jordan was a good driver. I have often driven with him in Mrs. Burnett's other car and noted with what care and intelligence he drove. Long Island is a favorite motoring ground, but it has deadly railway crossings. It was a trolley flat car that ran into Mr. Jordan's automobile. A clump of bushes kept him from seeing its approach. It struck his motor amidships and for seventy feet carried the dead and wounded down the track.

Mrs. Jordan is Mrs. Burnett's sister, and she and her husband have made their home with the writer for a number of years. Mrs. Jordan spent the winter in Bermuda with her sister, and they got back to Plandome just in time for Mrs. Burnett to plant her flower garden. She is devoted to flowers and wanted her garden on Long Island to be as beautiful as her garden at Maytham Hall in Kent. Mrs. Burnett's house at Plandome was only finished about a year ago, but owing to her care and love of flowers it already blossoms as the rose. I doubt if she would have built this big house if she had not felt sure of the companionship of her sister and brother-in-law. They have stood between her and domestic worries so that she could give her time undisturbed to writing. Her son, Vivian Burnett, who writhes under the notoriety of being the original of Little Lord Fauntleroy, lives with his mother, and it was on his account that she selected a water-front for her American home. He is devoted to the water and sails his own yacht.

Now it is all gloom at Plandome, and it would not surprise me if Mrs. Burnett closed the house and returned to England until the first shock of this tragedy had worn off. JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, July 14, 1911.

Though it is only within comparatively recent years that the typewriter has come to play its all-important part in business life, it is quite an ancient instrument, having been first produced in England nearly 200 years ago. On January 17, 1714, there was granted to a Mr. Mills, an engineer in the employ of the New River Company, a patent for an invention described by him as "an artificial machine for the impressing or transcribing of letters, singly or progressively, one after another as in writing, whereby all words may be engraved on paper or parchment so neat and exact as not to be distinguished from print." Unfortunately no drawings were submitted with the specification, so that it is now impossible to describe further the first typewriter.

At the great connecting wall between the Monch and the Jungfrau, at a height of 10,955 feet above sea level on the Jungfrau railroad, the highest railroad in the world, a large "window" or opening has been cut in the tunnel. From this unique window a wonderful view will be obtained, embracing besides the glaciers immediately beneath it the peaks of the Schneehorn and Silberhorn, the Lauterbrunnen Valley, the Wengernalp, part of Murren, and a glimose of the lake of Thun. The window forms a ventilation shaft, also an outlet for the removal of the débris from the tunnel, which formerly had to be transported back to the Eismeer Station: lastly the fact of having reached this spot is a vindication of the plan of a railroad to the summit of the Jungfrau.

Peru is the country which now leads all nations in the production of cotton per unit of area and offers the best conditions for the industry. The remarkable fact about the native stock is that the fibre closely resembles wool and the entire crop is used in the manufacture of woolen goods. It is claimed that such goods are improved by the admixture. Peru is the world's only source of supply for this singular fibre, and its market price ranges 10 per cent above all other kinds.

A special postage stamp has just been issued by the Danish colony of Iceland in celebration of the centenary of the birth of Jon Sigurdsson, the Icelandic statesman and author. It bears an embossed profile of Sigurdsson on a plain blue ground, taken from the statue modeled by Einar Jonsson, a native sculptor, which was unveiled in the Parliament House on the same date. It was Sigurdsson who secured for Iceland a separate Constitution.

RICHARD WAGNER.

An Autobiography Secretly Printed Forty Years Ago and Now for the First Time Given to the World.

There is certainly no excuse for ignorance as to the life of Richard Wagner. Few men of his calibre have proved such an attraction to the biographer. In addition to the work of others we have his own writings, a bulky collection of his correspondence, and now come two large volumes of autobiography. But, unfortunately, even these are not complete, and it is hard to resist the suspicion that they may not be quite sincere. The record ends with the year 1864, and there is therefore a long period of activity untouched. It was dictated in part to King Ludwig of Bavaria and in part to Frau Cosima. To say the least of it, there is some incongruity in the choice of such an amanuensis as a second wife for writing the story of an earlier and a most unhappy marriage. It is an ugly story, and it leaves upon the mind a sense of sympathy with a woman whose frailties are thus exposed after a lapse of forty years and almost without the possibility of a defending voice. It was told, too, with premeditation. Wagner intended that there should be no publication for forty years. To prevent a miscarriage he had this formidable work put into type by printers who knew not a word of German. He was therefore writing consciously for the far future and all that it was necessary to say about Minna under such circumstances might have been said in a page or two. Wagner as a musical composer is a world figure, and no one knew it better than he. But with Wagner as a husband we have less concern. The passion for self-justification has led him astray in his allotment of emphasis. Here, for example, is a reference that occurs early in the first volume:

On returning to Dresden, I found that Minna was ready to lend a willing ear to my proposed plans, and I succeeded in inducing her to leave her parents' house, which was very cramped for us, and to establish herself in the country at Blasewitz, near Dresden, to await our removal to Riga. We found modest lodgings at an inn on the Elbe, in the farmyard of which I had often played as a child. Here Minna's frame of mind really seemed to be improving. She had begged me not to press her too hard, and I spared her as much as possible. After a few weeks I thought I might consider the period of uneasiness past, but was surprised to find the situation growing worse again without any apparent reason. Minna then told me of some advantageous offers she had received from different theatres, and astonished me one day by announcing her intention of taking a short pleasure trip with a girl friend and her family. As I felt obliged to avoid putting any restraint upon her, I offered no objection to the execution of this project, which entailed a week's separation, but accompanied her back to her parents myself, promising to await her return quietly at Blasewitz. A few days later her eldest sister called to ask me for the written permission required to make out a passport for my wife. This alarmed me, and I went to Dresden to ask her parents what their daughter was about. There, to my surprise, I met a very unpleasant reception; they reproached me coarsely for my behavior to Minna, whom they said I could not even manage to support, and when I only replied by asking for information as to the whereabouts of my wife, and about her plans for the future, I was put off with improbable statements. Tormented by the sharpest forebodings, and understanding nothing of what had occurred, I went back to the village, where I found a letter from Königsberg, from Möller, which poured light on all my misery. Herr Dietrich had gone to Dresden, and I was told the name of the hotel at which he was staying. The terrible illumination thrown by this communication upon Minna's conduct showed me in a flash what to do. I hurried into town to make the necessary inquiries at the hotel mentioned, and found that the man in question had been there, but had moved on again. He had vanished, and Minna too! I now knew enough to demand of the Fates why, at such an early age, they had sent me this terrible experience which, as it seemed to me, had poisoned my whole existence.

There seems no need for such public washing of dirty linen, but it occurs over and over again. Perhaps Minna herself could have given a different account of this episode, which seems to be at variance with much that we know of her. But this occasion there was a reconciliation, and the account of it leaves us designedly with a fitting sense of Wagner's magnanimity:

Hereupon Minna herself appealed to me, and wrote me a positively heartrending letter, in which she openly confessed her infidelity. She declared that she had been driven to it by despair, but that the great trouble she had thus brought upon herself having taught her a lesson, all she now wished was to return to the right path. Taking everything into account, I concluded that she had been deceived in the character of her seducer, and the knowledge of her terrible position had placed her both morally and physically in a most lamentable condition, in which, now ill and wretched, she turned to me again to acknowledge her guilt, crave my forgiveness, and assure me, in spite of all, that she had now become fully aware of her love for me. Never before had I heard such sentiments from Minna, nor was I ever to hear the same from her again, save on one touching occasion many years later, when similar outpourings moved and affected me in the same way as this particular letter had done. In reply I told her that there should never again be any mention between us of what had occurred, for which I took upon myself the chief blame; and I can pride myself on having carried out this resolution to the letter.

The vicissitudes of the composer's early career are set forth with startling fidelity. We see him as musical director of a little German theatre, then starving in Paris, hunted by the Russian police as a revolutionist, and then despairing in London. And it may be said that wherever Minna had the chance to play the part of a devoted wife she seems to have played it. Here is a page of the Paris diary:

Although we were living in the cheapest possible way, dining at a very small restaurant for a franc a head, it was impossible to prevent the rest of our money from melting away. Our friend Möller had given us to understand that we could ask him if we were in need, as he would put aside for us the first money that came in from any successful business transaction. There was no alternative but to apply to him for money; in the meantime we pawned all the trinkets we possessed that were of any value. As I was too shy to make inquiries about a pawnshop, I looked up the French equivalent in the dictionary in order to be able to recognize such a place when I saw it. In my little pocket dictionary I could not find any other word than "Lombard." On looking at a map of Paris I found, situated in the middle of an inextricable maze of streets, a very small lane called Rue des Lombards. Thither I wended my way, but my expedition was fruitless. Often, on reading by the light of the transparent lanterns the inscription "Mont de Piété," I became very curious to know its meaning, and on consulting my advisory board at home about this "Mount of Piety," I was told, to my great delight, that it was precisely there that I should find salvation. To this "Mont de Piété" we now carried all we possessed in the way of silver, namely our wedding presents. After that followed my wife's trinkets and the rest of her former theatrical wardrobe, amongst which was a beautiful silver-embroidered blue dress with a court train, once the property of the Duchess of Dessau. Still we heard nothing from our friend Möller, and we were obliged to wait on from day to day for the sorely needed help from Königsberg, and at last, one dark day, we pledged our wedding rings. When all hope of assistance seemed vain, I heard that the pawntickets themselves were of some value, as they could be sold to buyers, who thereby acquired the right to redeem the pawned articles. I had to resort even to this, and thus the blue court-dress, for instance, was lost forever.

All the great musical figures of the day are familiar characters on these vivid pages. An acquaintance with Liszt began early, and we find him visiting Wagner at the latter's rooms in Zurich. His improved position had enabled him to furnish these rooms comfortably, and Liszt himself was "surprised into admiration":

I had the flat so charmingly furnished with carpets and decorative furniture that Liszt himself was surprised into admiration as he entered my *petite élégance*, as he called it. Now for the first time I enjoyed the delight of getting to know my friend better as a fellow-composer. In addition to many of his celebrated pianoforte pieces, which he had only recently written, we went through several new symphonies with great ardor, and especially his "Faust Symphony." Later on, I had the opportunity of describing in detail the impressions I received at this time in a letter which I wrote to Marie von Wittgenstein, which was afterwards published. My delight over everything I heard by Liszt was as deep as it was sincere, and, above all, extraordinary stimulating. I even thought of beginning to compose again after the long interval that had elapsed. What could be more full of promise and more momentous to me than this long-desired meeting with the friend who had been engaged all his life in his masterly practice of music, and had also devoted himself so absolutely to my own works, and to diffusing the proper comprehension of them. Those almost bewilderingly delightful days, with the inevitable rush of friends and acquaintances, were interrupted by an excursion to the Lake of Lucerne accompanied only by Herwegh, to whom Liszt had the charming idea of offering a "draught of fellowship" with himself and me from the three springs of the Grütli.

There was a meeting with Berlioz in London. The occasion was a Beethoven symphony and the author was "surprised to hear the audience break into precisely the same applause with which it greeted one of my own strictly accurate and really fiery performances." But with the exception of Berlioz London proved a rather barren field:

The total harvest, however, of acquaintances I made in London was not particularly profitable. I took pleasure in the society of Mr. Ellerton, a dignified, agreeable man, the brother-in-law of Lord Brougham—a poet, a music-lover, and, alas! a composer. He asked to be introduced to me at one of the Philharmonic concerts, and did not hesitate to tell me that he welcomed me to London because it seemed likely that I was destined to check the exaggerated Mendelssohn worship. He was also the only Englishman who honored me by any hospitality, and by entertaining myself and my friends at the University Club, gave me an opportunity of realizing the munificence of such an establishment in London. After we had spent a very agreeable time there, I had a glimpse of the weaker side of English hospitalities of this order, though the incident was friendly enough. My host had to be taken home by two men, one holding each arm, quite as a matter of course, as it was obvious that he would not have got far across the road without this help.

The author tells us that he visited various "not uninteresting" theatres in London, strictly avoiding opera houses, "of course." He specially commends a little theatre in Marylebone, where he saw the "Merry Wives," and Miss Cushman in a male rôle:

A small out-of-the-way theatre in Marylebone was just then trying to attract the public by Shakespeare's plays. I attended a performance of the "Merry Wives" there, which really amazed me by its correctness and precision. Even a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Haymarket Theatre impressed me favorably, in spite of the great inferiority of the company, on account of its accuracy of the scenic arrangements, which were no doubt an inheritance from the Garrick tradition. But I still remember a curious illusion in connection with this: after the first act I told Lüders, who was with me, how surprised I was at their giving the part of Romeo to an old man, whose age must at least be sixty, and who seemed anxious to retrieve his long-lost youth by laboriously adopting a sickly-sweet, feminine air. Lüders looked at the programme again, and cried, "*Donnerwetter*, it's a woman!" It was the once famous American, Miss Cushman.

When Wagner returned to Paris the breach with Minna was not yet impassable, but he allows us clearly enough to see his annoyance when his wife announced her intention to join him. It was a "freak of fate," but none the less with the magnanimity of which he so often reminds us he had his apartment furnished with a special eye to her comfort. He met her at the station and she "immediately handed me the parrot and her dog Fips, which involuntarily reminded me of her arrival in the harbor of Rorschach ten years ago":

Just as she had done on that occasion also, she now immediately gave me to understand that she did not come to me out of need, and that if I treated her badly she knew quite well where to go. Moreover, there was no denying that since then a not unimportant change had taken place in her: she owned that she was filled with a similar anxiety and fear like a person feels who is about to enter a new situation, and did not know whether she would be able to stand it. Here I sought to divert her thoughts by acquainting her with my public position, which as my wife she would naturally share. Unfortunately she could not understand this at all, and it failed to make any appeal to her, while her attention was immediately absorbed by the interior arrangement of our house. The fact of my having taken a man-servant filled her with scorn; but that, under the title of lady's maid, I should have provided her with what I had really considered a very necessary attendant, made her furious.

We have some half-contemptuous glances at Gounod, whose "unflagging and nauseating garrulity" were only partially counterbalanced by his admiration for Wagner. There is also a mention of Auber and his "not always very delicate anecdotes and puns":

With Gounod alone did I still continue on friendly terms, and I heard that he energetically championed my cause in society. He is said on one occasion to have exclaimed: *"Que Dieu me donne une pareille chute!"* As an acknowledgment of this advocacy I presented him with the score of "Tristan und Isolde," being all the more gratified by his behavior because no feeling of friendship had ever been able to induce me to hear his "Faust."

We hear very little of Cosima, possibly because she herself was the amanuensis. In one place we are told of some allusions to Bülow's fatigue after some special exertions on his part, and Wagner said jestingly, "There was no necessity for him to marry Cosima." Liszt, who was present, bowed slightly and replied, "That was a luxury." On the following page we are told that he "caught a glimpse of almost timid inquiry from Cosima" as he was about to start for Austria. Wagner's interest in Cosima was evidently a matter of steady growth. He tells us that on leaving Russia and reaching Berlin he hastened to Bülow's house, being much concerned at the reports of her health that he had received:

I reached Berlin without further delay, and at once made for Bülow's house. During the last few months I had heard no news of Cosima's condition, and it was therefore with some trepidation that I stood at the door, through which the maid did not seem disposed to let me pass, saying that "her mistress was not well." "Is she seriously ill?" I asked, and receiving a smilingly evasive reply, at once realized to my joy the true situation, and hastened in to greet Cosima. She had been some time delivered of her daughter Blandine, and was now on the high road to complete recovery. It was only from casual callers that she remained secluded. Everything seemed well, and Hans was quite gay, the more so that he now thought me freed from all care for some time to come, owing to the success of my Russian trip. But I could not regard this assumption as justified, unless my wish to be invited for some months every year to St. Petersburg for renewed activity there met with a ready response. On this point I was enlightened in a more detailed letter from Fräulein von Rhaden following the above telegram, in which she told me on no account to rely upon this invitation. This distinct statement compelled me to reckon upon the balance of my Russian receipts very seriously, and after deducting hotel and traveling expenses, the money sent to Minna, and certain payments to the furniture dealer at Wiesbaden, I found that I had very little more than twelve thousand marks left. So the scheme of buying land and building a house had to be relinquished. But Cosima's excellent health and high spirits dispelled all anxious thought for the present. We drove out again in a splendid carriage, and in the most extravagant of good humors, through the avenues of the Tiergarten, dined to our hearts' content at the Hôtel de Russie, and made up our minds that had times bad fled forever.

Of the King of Bavaria we hear very little, and the memoirs end with Wagner's first introduction to "my exalted friend," an introduction that was to relieve him forever from the worries that had so far dogged his footsteps:

As I was talking over these matters rather late on the evening of 3d May at the Eckerts, a gentleman's card with the inscription "Secretary to the King of Bavaria" was handed to me. I was disagreeably surprised that my presence in Stuttgart should be known to passing travelers, and sent word that I was not there, after which I retired to my hotel, only to be again informed by the landlord that a gentleman from Munich desired to see me on urgent business. I made an appointment for the morning at ten o'clock, and passed a disturbed night in my constant anticipation of misfortune. I received Herr Pfistermeister, the private secretary of H. M. the King of Bavaria, in my room. He first expressed great pleasure at having found me at last, thanks to receiving some happy directions, after vainly seeking me in Vienna and even at Mariafeld on Lake Zurich. He was charged with a note for me from the young King of Bavaria, together with a portrait and a ring as a present. In words which, though few, penetrated to the very core of my being, the youthful monarch confessed his great partiality for my work, and announced his firm resolve to keep me near him as a friend, so that I might escape any malignant stroke of fate. Herr Pfistermeister informed me at the same time that he was instructed to conduct me to Munich at once to see the king, and begged my permission to inform his master by telegram that I would come on the following day. I was invited to dine with the Eckerts, but Herr Pfistermeister was obliged to decline to accompany me. My friends, who had been joined by young Weisheimer from Osthofen, were very naturally amazed and delighted at the news I brought them. While we were at table Eckert was informed by telegram of Meyerheer's death in Paris, and Weishheimer hurst out in boorish laughter to think that the master of opera, who had done me so much harm, had by a strange coincidence not lived to see this day. Herr von Gall also made his appearance, and had to admit in friendly surprise that I certainly did not need his good services any more. He had already given the order for "Lohengrin," and now paid me the stipulated sum on the spot. At five o'clock that afternoon I met Herr Pfistermeister at the hotel to travel with him to Munich, where my visit to the king was announced for the following morning.

On the same day I had received the most urgent warnings against returning to Vienna. But my life was to have no more of these alarms: the dangerous road along which fate beckoned me to such great ends was not destined to be clear of troubles and anxieties of a kind unknown to me heretofore, but I was never again to feel the weight of the everyday hardships of existence under the protection of my exalted friend.

With all its omissions and commissions this work must take its place as one of the most remarkable autobiographies ever given to the world. No man ever revealed himself more fully than Wagner has done in these pages, and that the picture is not always a pleasing one, indeed that it is rarely a pleasing one, does not detract from the value of the self-portraiture nor from the artistic excellence of its literary setting.

MY LIFE. By Richard Wagner. In two volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $8.50.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Stability of Truth.

The students of the University of North Carolina had the advantage, now shared by the public, of learning Professor Jordan's views on pragmatism from a series of lectures delivered by him in 1910. Pragmatism has been accorded a certain popular welcome because it has deluded so many people into the belief that they can think. Like the man who had been writing prose all his life and never knew it, so the student of pragmatism suddenly awakes to the gratifying fact that he is a philosopher.

The final test of truth, says Professor Jordan, is its livableness, but we get no clear conception of what be means by livableness. Again we are told that a million men may find a dogma acceptable, but that this does not argue its soundness unless these men have one and all successfully translated it into action. What does it mean successfully to translate a dogma into action? Andrew Lang tells us that the early Britons believed so firmly in a future life that a promise to pay a debt in a coming state of existence was satisfactory to the creditor. Was that the "successful" translation of a dogma into action? The fanaticism of the Mahommedan, his certainty of Paradise, gives him a valor and an endurance possibly unmatched elsewhere, and has won for him a hundred conquests and a still increasing dominion. Has the Mohammedan "successfully" translated his dogma into action, and is its truth thereby proved? But the phrase seems to have no real meaning.

The author is peculiarly unfortunate in his illustrations, but this is due, not to him, but to pragmatism. The majority of the Aryan race, he reminds us, accepts the idea of reincarnation, but "it is a doctrine which can in no way be tested by action or worked out in terms of endeavor." Later on he tells us that the teachings of Jesus have justified themselves by the truth that is in them. Why this discrimination? The Hindu, for example, finds in reincarnation as much motive power for virtuous action as the Christian finds in the teachings of Jesus. At least he believes he does, which is very much the same thing. If pragmatism has applause for one it should have the same applause for the other, and if there were such a thing as a Hindu pragmatist, which there is not, he would claim the support of pragmatism just as confidently as the materialist or the Christian. All beliefs influence action, and are therefore "livable." Those who hold those beliefs maintain that their action is influenced for good. Therefore all beliefs are pragmatically proved to be true. Every one will assert that his beliefs "have some relation to experiment, some relevance in human affairs," and that they are therefore true according to pragmatism. Of course we can deny this with regard to another's beliefs and maintain it of our own, which is what the author does in his references to reincarnation and Christianity. And this illustrates the advantages of pragmatism, which proves to us that we may believe what we will and that it is always true. "The truth we need," says the author, "is the truth we can use in our affairs." All beliefs are used in our affairs, seeing that they modify thought and action. "The life of action," we are told, "verifies and validates the world of realities." The world of realities, because it is a world of realities, needs neither verification nor validation, even though its parts have no present relation with human action.

THE STABILITY OF TRUTH. By David Starr Jordan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.25.

The Ladies' Battle.

Molly Elliot Seawell complains in her opening sentence of the "superficial and inadequate manner" in which the question of woman's suffrage is considered. Then follow 119 small pages of large type, but without any effective removal of the cause of her own complaint.

The author is intelligent enough to make out a far better case than she has done. She is doubtless well informed enough to be independent of misrepresentation. No one questions that the machinery of woman's suffrage would creak a good deal at the start. The machinery of all changes creaks at the start, but the creaking is hardly a fatally adverse argument, otherwise there would have been no negro emancipation, for example. It is possible to argue wisely and well against the suffrage, but it must be on the high plane of principle and from the far-seeing standpoint of human evolution. The fact that some women have acted foolishly in Washington or Utah is, of course, startling and almost incredible to those used to the grave and righteous decorum of our present political system, but it is not exactly an argument. Nor are we so shocked as we ought to be at the horrifying revelation that few women "understand the connection between the first Parliament of Henry IV and the absence of a Ways and Means Committee in the United States Senate." Possibly Abraham Lincoln did not know that.

An appeal to passion is always to be regretted. That Mr. and Mrs. Snowden are Socialists is hardly an argument against the suffrage for which they appealed, and when the author says that "it would be interesting to know the number of Socialists among the suffragists in the United States" it may be answered that it would not be at all interesting, or any more relevant than statistics as to the color of their hair. As an instance of the author's facility of misstatement we may quote her assertion that there is military conscription in England and Sweden, although she says that in England it is "cleverly disguised." There is no conscription of any kind in England or anything that remotely resembles it. It is therefore unfortunate that so able a writer should prove so disappointing. She might have written a weighty plea against the suffrage founded on principle, but the field of personality and triviality has been too tempting for her.

THE LADIES' BATTLE. By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.

Master Christopher.

Thoughtful novel readers who find pleasure in delicate studies of human relationships will do well to read this latest novel by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. It is a story of English aristocratic life, but it could be played equally well upon any other key, because it deals with the invariables of human nature, as most good novels do.

Christopher Thoverton and wife, parents of a boy and a girl, find that they can not agree and so they separate. He is a coarse, wealthy, and overbearing man, while she is delicate, refined, and artistic. The father takes the boy and the mother takes the girl, and so they go their ways.

After many years both Christopher and his wife die within a few weeks of each other, and Master Christopher assumes the guardianship of his sister, who is, of course, practically a stranger to him. He has been reared in luxury, is almost a duplicate of his father, sly, ill-mannered, and domineering, and in constant need of stimulants, while she has been used to comparative poverty and thinks that a good picture is much more important than her dinner. The brother is a good deal of a man in spite of his heredity. He loves his sister and she, on her part, devotes herself in a timid and shrinking way to the civilization of her brother. The need for a chaperon for May induces Christopher to send for Lady Clow and her beautiful daughter Erica, and then of course there are complications between Christopher and Erica. The character of Erica is perhaps more skillfully drawn than any other. She is a girl of many natural virtues, but she has deliberately adopted a policy of cold-blooded scheming to release herself from the poverty in which she and her mother have been plunged. She ensnares Christopher and two or three others, and as they are concurrent, so to speak, she comes very close to losing them all. She is certainly the strongest of the women characters, for May herself seems a little insipid, as virtuous heroines so often are. The story as a whole is an exceptional study of human influences and of their interplay. We see a steady and logical modification of character and a modification that is steadily for the better.

MASTER CHRISTOPHER. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.35.

The Revolt at Roskelly's

Roskelly's is a Cornish hotel, the resort of a little clique of aristocratic guests and of a larger number of those less favored socially. The aristocrats behave after their kind, monopolizing the best of everything, repelling all friendly advances, and insolently emphasizing their superior rank. Then appears a benevolent white-haired old gentleman who proceeds to make trouble by an overflowing goodness of heart that is simply unaware of social distinctions and blandly determined that every one shall be happy in the approved way. He fills the cup of his transgressions to the brim when he introduces a party of Christmas wait singers into the lounge of the hotel with the result that the aristocrats promptly demand their bills and pack their baggage. Then it transpires that the old gentleman is a marquis and enormously rich, and we are invited to laugh at the quick change of front on the part of those who had previously classified him among the despised "plebs." The story is admirably told, and with a buoyant humor that is maintained to the end.

THE REVOLT AT ROSKELLY'S. By William Crane. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25.

When the Red Gods Call.

It is not a little remarkable that a woman should write so stirring a story of adventure as this and should present so vivid a picture of cannibal life in New Guinea. Even intimate acquaintance, and the author certainly has this, hardly explains the virile energy and abandon of her narrative.

Her hero is Hugh Lynch, an Irish trader and adventurer who dreams dreams of a domestic hearth on his own plantation and so goes to the missionaries for a native wife. He gets her, a winsome chocolate-colored little woman who wears ballet skirts and not much else, and the earthly paradise begins. Then comes the serpent in the form of a trading captain, who takes advantage of Lynch's absence from his island to steal his wife and burn his trees. Lynch pursues the abductor, as husbands do, overhauls him in the bush, and kills him with one blow of his fist. The erring wife puts to sea in a boat and is drowned.

Then Lynch falls in love with the governor's daughter, but is wisely reticent as to his past and his matrimonial experience. He marries her, much against the governor's will, but just as they are going on their honeymoon a rival suitor turns up with full particulars of the vendetta in the hush, and Lynch is arrested, tried for murder, and sentenced to four years in prison. His wife deserts him, moved thereto less by the murder than by the fact of the chocolate-colored wife with the ballet skirts. Women feel that way sometimes. She returns to England and would certainly marry the rival suitor if only Lynch would be so kind as to die, which he inconsiderately refrains from doing. Finally she takes counsel with a saintly old priest who can see straight, and so we find her once more in New Guinea and in search of her husband. It is a capital plot and capitally told, but only the book itself can convey the exceptional character drawing or the rippling narrative style that never falls from its high plane. The author is to be congratulated on a delightful and ingenious story.

WHEN THE RED GODS CALL. By Beatrice Grimshaw. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.35.

The Women Haters.

This is a story of the Cape Cod district and is good enough to justify Mr. Lincoln in again trying his hand at a novel. Seth Atkins is a lighthouse keeper who has an invisible repugnance to feminine society. One day Atkins rescues a young man who has been thrown up by the waves, and as he happens to need an assistant and the young man needs a job a bargain is soon reached, the more easily as Atkins discovers that the castaway has as strong a dislike for the fair sex as himself. As we get on in the story we are shown the causes of this dual antipathy, and of course we know at once that it will be removed. Otherwise why write the book?

Mr. Lincoln is sometimes humorous, as in his description of the gigantic and destructive brute that is foisted upon poor Atkins as a puppy. But he has a tendency to exaggeration and excessive detail.

THE WOMAN HATERS. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.25.

The Real Captain Kidd.

If Sir Cornelius Neale Dalton is correct in his conclusions it must be conceded that a monument is due to Captain Kidd, and even a stained-glass window in the village church. But what a loss to the cause of romance. What a discouragement to the treasure-hunters. What an outrage upon the feelings of the small boy. For we are asked to believe that Captain Kidd was not a pirate, that he was a worthy sea-captain who by some outrageous freak of history has been made the type of all the bloodthirsty buccaneers that ever sailed the Spanish main and swore such picturesque and delightful oaths. The author is a lawyer of distinction. He ought to be able to recognize a brother pirate when he sees one, and in this case he has weighed the evidence with judicial care and directs a verdict of "not guilty." His arguments seem to be conclusive, but they must be rejected on grounds of public policy. We really can not spare Captain Kidd. He is needed with all his treasure-hiding proclivities and with no abatement of his impenitent guilt. Heaven forbid the abolition or mitigation of Captain Kidd, our favorite pirate.

THE REAL CAPTAIN KIDD. By Sir Cornelius Neale Dalton. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25.

Briefer Reviews.

Longmans, Green & Co. have published an address on "William Morris," delivered in the Town Hall, Birmingham, by J. W. Mackail, M. A., LL. D. Price, 30 cents.

A good baseball story and one well calculated to arrest the attention of the devotee is "The Big League," by Charles E. Van Loan. It is published in Boston by Small, Maynard & Co. Price, $1.

Among the scientific works included in the Home University Library is "The Evolution of Plants," by Dr. D. H. Scott (Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents). The author is president of the Linnean Society of London, and in his present work he traces the development of flowering plants from the earliest geological times.

A book for the nature lover who wants an introduction to the trees around him is "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves," by F. Schuyler Mathews (D. Appleton & Co.). The author not only describes them in a pleasant and non-technical way, but he supplies two hundred of his own drawings, as well as some attractive illustrations in color. An introduction by Professor L. H. Bailey of Cornell University is an interesting feature of the work.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The University Militant.

The picture of a State governed by intelligence is a fascinating one, as Utopian pictures usually are. But Mr. Ferguson has had the courage to picture it, and although we may not agree with him that his book is a "practical propaganda" it is none the less attractive enough to deserve perusal.

America, we are told, is threatened with a deadly class struggle between the money power and the mob, a struggle in which both sides will be beaten. But above and beyond these two forces there is another that is neither proletarian nor plutocratic. Its programme, when it shall develop a programme, should be "the creation of national university towns on the public lands, with a view to bringing the whole fabric of government into harmony with the principles that the humanities should prevail over the money power, and scientific efficiency over the crowd."

There is no doubt that the humanities ought to triumph, and that the world ought to be governed by wisdom, but it is hard to see how these things can be so long as there are ten foolish men with ten votes for each wise man with his one vote. The ballot-box is a fact, and is still regarded as the concretion of the highest political advance. Until humanity in the bulk has reached some point not yet in sight the university town and the university power are likely to remain as beautiful dreams. It is only fair to Mr. Ferguson to say that his idea of a university is not "a socially parasitic academy after the manner of the universities with which we are already too familiar, but a self-sustaining municipality with political jurisdiction," where the problems of government would be studied and resolved by men of intellect with a disinterested zeal for the public good. It is an alluring prospect with nothing in the way of its fulfillment but the facts of human nature.

THE UNIVERSITY MILITANT. By Charles Ferguson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.

Gettysburg.

This book comes opportunely on the fiftieth anniversary of the great struggle in which the author participated. He has spent many years in studying the battle and he has a certain gift of lucid description that makes his narrative eminently readable. At the same time it may be said that many of his statements are at variance with the more authoritative records of the battle. He is certainly inaccurate where he says, for example, that "the powder used in our infantry ammunition was of the poorest quality—so dirty and so nearly void of strength in many instances as to be next to valueless; while the Confederate powder, often examined and tested, was invariably found to have two-fold the explosive power of ours." The Union powder may often have been bad, but it is notorious that the Confederate powder was worse. The statement, too, that Meade was afraid of Lee will not be received unquestioningly, and it obviously belongs to the domain of conjecture and of the unknowable.

The portrait illustrations and photographs of portions of the battlefield are valuable and interesting, and the author has done well to insert them profusely.

GETTYSBURG: THE PIVOTAL BATTLE OF THE CIVIL WAR. By R. K. Beecham. San Francisco and Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.75.

The Haunted Pajamas.

Those with a taste for extravagant and rollicking farce will find it here. Dicky Lightnut receives from China a suit of pajamas that has the magical faculty of changing the identity of whoever wears them. The idea is not a very hopeful one, but the book contains many flashes of intelligence and humor and even some keen satire that redeem it from the commonplace. It is a passable piece of fooling, but it should have been about half the length.

THE HAUNTED PAJAMAS. By Frances Perry Elliott. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Anna Malleen.

This is the story of a young Texas girl who leaves an unhappy home to become an actress. In spite of the assurances of experience that dramatic success is incompatible with virtue, Anna perseveres in her career and eventually becomes a star, and without the sacrifice that she dreads. The story is pleasingly told, but without any profound knowledge of the stage, where virtue is certainly not the *rara avis* that the author seems to assume.

ANNA MALLEEN. By George H. Brennan. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.35.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"The Brownings, Their Life and Art" is the title of Lillian Whiting's latest work, which is to be brought out this fall by Little, Brown & Co.

In Ian Maclaren's essay on "Books and Bookmen," which has just been reprinted in a volume of miscellanies, there is an anecdote of true literary appreciation: A colonial squatter, who had made his pile, wrote home to an old friend asking for some chests of the best procurable books to be sent out. His friend took the task seriously and dispatched, "in the best editions and in pleasant binding, the very essence of English literature." To his disappointment, the only acknowledgment he received was a post-card, saying that the consignment had arrived in good condition. But a year afterward there came a letter, showing that the squatter had not been idle. "Have been working over the books," it ran, "and if anything new has been written by William Shakespeare or John Milton please send it out."

"How far," the editor of the *Bystander* has asked a number of novelists, "is it necessary, for art or for popular interest, that a short story should contain a 'love' or a 'sex' interest?" H. G. Wells answers that the sexual "situation" is the "last refuge of the uninventive very-short-story writer." "In my opinion," writes Rider Haggard, "it is not at all necessary that a short story should contain a sex interest." "Art," remarks Eden Philpotts, "demands neither love nor sex to satisfy its requirements." Sir Gilbert Parker instances Stevenson and Kipling as two masters of the short story who depend least, not most, on "love interest." The predominant view seems to be that it is no essential part of the short story.

James Whitcomb Riley, the "Hoosier poet," has given real estate valued at $100,000 to the board of school commissioners as a site for a public library and administration building for the public schools of Indianapolis.

Vaughan Kester, the novelist, author of "The Prodigal Judge," died at his home, Gunston Hall, Fairfax County, Virginia, July 4, after a long illness. Mr. Kester is survived by his wife and one brother, Paul Kester, the dramatist. He was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, 1869, and educated at the public schools of Mount Vernon, Ohio, and under private tutors. He began a literary career by writing short stories for the magazines. Later he became a member of the staff of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. In 1901 he published his first novel, "The Manager of the B. and A." "The Fortunes of the Landrays" was published four years later, followed in 1907 by "John o' Jamestown." He is also the author of several songs and of two plays.

New Books Received.

THE HUMAN CHORD. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.

A new novel by the author of "John Silence."

THE BLOSSOMY BOUGH. By Shaemus O Sheel. Published by the author at 124 West Nineteenth Street, New York: $1.

A volume of poems.

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR AND THE MILITARY POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Francis Vinton Greene, Major-General, U. S. V. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.50.

"The purpose of the book of which this is the first volume is to present, within the limited space of three small volumes, the essential facts in our military history, and to make such analyses of these facts and such comments upon them as may be useful for the future and interesting for the present."

THE PRICE. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.30.

A new novel by the author of "The Taming of Red Butte Western."

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Edited by Sidney Colvin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A new edition rearranged in four volumes with 150 new letters.

WHO FOLLOW THE FLAG. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A patriotic poem.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS. By Charles Wheeler Bell. San Francisco and Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents.

A humorous description of the "good old days before the hill collector was turned loose upon an innocent, unsuspecting, and unprotected public."

L'ART. ENTRETIENS REUNIS. AUGUSTE ROQIN. Par Paul Gsell. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

A series of art conversations with Auguste Rodin and general descriptive matter by the author.

THE HOLY GOSPEL: A COMPANION OF THE GOSPEL TEXT AS IT IS GIVEN IN THE PROTESTANT AND ROMAN CATHOLIC BIBLE VERSIONS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN USE IN AMERICA, WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF THE SEVERAL VERSIONS. By Frank J. Firth. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company; $1.

LOVELY PEGGY. By J. R. Crawford. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press; $1.25.

A play in three acts based on the love romance of Margaret Woffington and David Garrick.

HOW TO GROW VEGETABLES AND GARDEN HERBS. By Allen French. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.75.

A practical handbook and planting table for the vegetable gardener.

COMFORT FOUND IN GOOD BOOKS. By George Hamlin Fitch. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; $1.50.

A series of essays on the best old books in the world.

THE DARING TWINS. By L. Frank Baum. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company; $1.

A story for young folk, by a popular writer. With illustrations by Pauline M. Batchelder.

WHAT HAPPENED AT OLENBERG. By Clifford Howard. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company; $1.

A new whimsical story by the author of "The Story of a Young Man."

CURRENT VERSE.

When Molly Sings at Noon.

The factory hours are long—so long—
The sweltering shop is dim;
The wheels and belts their roar prolong
Till all the senses swim.
The clash and clamor grow apace
But lo, there comes a boon
When labor has a moment's grace
And Mollie sings at noon!

The boys and girls all gather round
To drink the cadence gay.
Upon the shallop of sweet sound
Dull care is borne away.
Beyond the bare rough prisoning walls
They hear the rivulet croon;
The wood's green witchery calls and calls
When Mollie sings at noon!

Such romance gathered from afar
Of land and sky and sea;
Such magic—mantle of the star
New fallen on the bee;
The pipes of Pan by marsh and mere;
The dance of fairy shoon;
All this the rapt folk see and hear
When Mollie sings at noon!

The weary day grows glorified,
The common sights grow fair,
The narrow world becomes more wide,
Things wear a rosier air,
And all because of music sweet;—
The whistle blows too soon,
The lyric moments fly so fleet
When Mollie sings at noon.

—*Edward Wilbur Mason, in National Magazine.*

The Road of Love.

Yes, I have loved you long and loved you well—
Yet there are deeps untouched and heavens sealed;
More yet lies bidden than has been revealed,
And there are songs to sing, and tales to tell.

Love's incompleteness is its richest foil,
Love's imperfection its most perfect trait,
'Tis easy running to the bounds of hate,
But love's road is the long, long road of toil.

—*Louise Morgan Sill, in Sun and Shade.*

The Men of Monomoy.

Tell ye the story far and wide,
Ring out ye bells with mournful toll
For the valiant crew of Monomoy
Who sleep on Handkerchief Shoal.

Brave were the men of Monomoy
Who went with a willing hand
To bring their storm-wrecked fellow-men
Through the angry seas to land.

For the gale blew fierce, and the seas ran wild,
And the crew were all but lost,
But the boat sped on through the angry deep
Like shell on the breakers tossed.

True were the men of Monomoy,
Each true to his duty's call;
No thought of self, no dread of death,
Eyes seaward, and that was all.

And the wreck was made, and the boat turned back,
When a monster wave swept o'er
And swallowed the boat of Monomoy,
And the crew was seen no more.

Dead are the men of Monomoy,
They sleep in a watery grave:
They rest upon the treacherous shoal
With the men they sought to save.

And the storms sweep down, and the seas roll in,
And the ships their course pursue,
But the sea holds fast to its noble sons,
For it loves strong hearts and true.

Great are the men of Monomoy,
Men whose names shall never fade;
No soldiers on the battlefield
E'er nobler sacrifice made.

And proud are the wives of Monomoy.
Sons proud of their valiant dead;
And proud is the world of souls like theirs,
Whose glory shall ever spread.

Tell ye the story far and wide,
Ring out ye bells with mournful toll
For the valiant sons of Monomoy
Who sleep on Handkerchief Shoal.

—*Joe Cone.*

A monument to the pioneers has just been unveiled at Denver. While the dedication brought out many men who had helped make the early history of the Rocky Mountain States, it was in a great measure a tribute to the memory of Kit Carson. Men who had known him and had climbed the mountain trails with him were guests of the city, his granddaughter loosed the drapery around the shaft, and the most striking part of the memorial was Frederick MacMonnies's equestrian statue of the scout and pioneer.

What is believed to be the oldest organ in existence has been discovered by a German musical director, who visited fifty-nine churches in Gothland, and in a village called Sundae came upon the remnant of the quaint old instrument. The case alone has survived the fret of seven centuries, and its exterior is adorned with paintings from about the year 1240.

It is said to have been a sudden and romantic marriage that transformed Mrs. Henry de la Pasture to Lady Clifford, but the author's fancy and skill have not been changed. Her latest novel, "Master Christopher," is already popular.

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ORPHEUM ROYAL VARIETY.

The most finished acting to be seen in the city this week is at the Orpheum. In serious work it is done by Emma Dunn in John Stokes's sketch, "The Baby"; in farce, by Gerald Griffin, in what is called "a tabloid version of Edward Owing Towne's comedy, 'Other People's Money.'" Good acting is seen often on the vaudeville stage now. The young people who go to the Orpheum every week—some twenty thousand of them—have many opportunities for comparison, and quickly learn to estimate theatrical values. There is much of promise in the fact that the dramatic portions of the variety bill invariably hold the attention of the audience firmly, and that the best offerings get a fair share of the lavish applause. Vaudeville, at least of the two-a-day kind, as distinguished from the four-a-day sort, has a potent influence on all things in the stage world, and it is not a bad influence.

"The Baby" is not a well-written playlet. Mr. Stokes has tried to present in one scene a story that would be more gripping if it were elaborated and offered in three. It has a sufficient and compelling motive, but the action begins abruptly, and the explanation in the lines is not adequate. The office of a New York City foundling asylum is shown, with a hard-featured nurse in attendance. The young doctor arrives, a few minutes late, as he has been down to the seashore to lease a cottage for his wife and baby. He tells of bis success and satisfaction in the knowledge that his little one will be out of the city's heat and vitiated atmosphere. The nurse is coldly uninterested. As the doctor goes out to his duty in the wards a poor German woman comes in with an infant in her arms. The nurse greets her without sympatby. Tbe mother has been there before, curiously inquiring, besitating, reluctant, unable at last to leave the cbild, and part with it forever as the rules and regulations demand. This is her third visit, and now, with a struggle, she suppresses her mother love, chokes down her despairing sorrow, lays the baby tenderly in the cradle and rushes out. The child is taken by the nurse, to become merely a number in the thousand under the roof of this institution. But a few minutes go by when the German woman returns. Her husband, wbo bad gone to Pittsburgh to get work, and who had left her without money or friends for weeks, with no message, had finally been successful, and has come back for his wife and child. The nurse is still without sympathy. It is too late. The baby is now a public charge and may not be reclaimed, and she will not listen to the mother's frantic appeal. Here the doctor interferes and gives the baby into its mother's arms in spite of the rules and at the hazard of his position.

Emma Dunn is tbe suffering mother, who tells ber story in broken English, simply, and with admirable restraint. There is all the affecting by-play with the cbild that artistic methods dictate, but no more. In appearance, movement, speech, and inflection, her impersonation is notable. It is worthy of a greater opportunity. Mr. Stokes, the author of the play, is the young doctor, and better as an actor than as a dramatist.

In "Otber People's Money" the playwright has gained by compression. The farce shows how a rich but unscrupulous father prepares for a great fall hy advising his stenographer —a young man—to marry for money, to get the girl any way he can, to hide his intentions till he has her safely in his bold. With speed the stenographer acts on the old man's advice and returns with the old man's daugbter as his wife. And tbe wily parent, confounded, takes his own medicine, but witb a wry face. Gerald Griffin plays the part, and with distinctive skill. It is farce, but it is not hurried. There is not a point overlooked in his part. He is real and earnest, proud of his cunning, convulsed with the humor of the joke to be played on an unsuspecting millionaire. And even at the end, where the revulsion of feeling leaves him nearly speechless, the exigencies of the situation are not beyond his resources. Francis Fay is equal to the demands of the stenographer, who favors the plotter to the top of his desires.

These are only two of the acts in tbe long and thoroughly entertaining bill of the week. Willa Holt Wakefield in "song readings" is attractive and with a genuine if diminutive gift. Her recitations are well chosen. It is a pity that she can not or does not sing. Clifford Walker also does a "musical monologue," but he can sing—much better than he can recite. His old man song at the piano, "O Memory," is excellent as an impersonation as well as a serio-comic musical effort. Others have told of "Gunga Din" with better effect, but his after-dinner talk as an officer of the British volunteers compensates. By the way, he omits two or three of the best lines in this latter selection. But he is a joy, from his accent and monocle to his swinging stride in retreat, all from dear old Lunnon.

The Charles Ahearn Cycling Comedians are as funny as anything that can be imagined in their line. No words are needed in their act. They would not be heard, for the audience laughs crescendo from the introduction to the mile-in-thirteen-seconds finish. The bicyclists, who are also finished and effective clowns, ride a score of ingenious contrivances on wheels, high and low, and each one is a realization of the comic artist's dreams.

"General" Edward Lavine, the juggler, is something of an inventor, too, in the way of comedy accessories. His trick scenery is almost as good as his juggling; but his costume and facial disfiguration are bad. He does not need a nose of vermilion and burnt cork to hold attention, nor coarse eccentricities of dress as doubtful aids in creating amusement.

It would seem that the Lorch Family, acrohats, are almost too fine and dainty for the circus world, from which they come. They are clever gymnasts, quick and graceful, and the girls are pretty. Their act is costumed handsomely, and has appropriate settings.

After all this, and more, there is a moving picture this week which keeps most of the audience in their seats to the end. It shows scenes in the African big-game fields, with wild lions actually moving in the jungle, pursuing their prey, and falling into the pit hunters have prepared. It is as wonderful in execution as it is daring in conception, and not quickly to be forgotten.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

Music and Mutton.

An article in an Italian review contains an interesting story of Liszt and Rubini, the tenor. They were touring together and visited a town where, from the preliminaries which had been arranged, great things were expected. But they were disappointed, for when they entered the hall they found only fifty persons present. Rubini was furious, and said he would not sing, but Liszt calmed him. "You must sing," he said; "this small audience is evidently composed of musical connoisseurs of the town, so we should treat them with respect." Liszt set the example with a grand overture, and Rubini sang to perfection. Liszt gave another piece and then addressed the audience.

Liszt as an orator was as tactful as he had been in the rôle of pacificator. Addressing his audience of fifty, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen [there was only one lady present], I think that you have had enough music. Allow me to ask you to take a little supper with us." After a few seconds the invitation was accepted, and Liszt and Ruhini entertained the audience to supper at their hotel, which cost them twelve hundred francs. When the guests separated, the bosts thought the affair bad heen a joke, about which nothing more would he heard, but they decided to give their concert as advertised on the following night. To their astonishment the hall was packed. There was not standing room. The whole town had turned out on the off chance of an invitation to supper.

George Gardner Rockwood, dean of American photographers, died at Lakeville, Connecticut, July 10. He had been in business fifty-eight years, and was nearly eighty. During his career he photograpbed 350,000 people, among them N. P. Willis, General Winfield Scott, General Anderson, Horace Greeley, Van Buren and Hayes, Ole Bull and Emma Abbott. He was born in Troy, New York, where he attended the public schools. Later he moved to St. Louis, and in 'fifty-three produced the first carte-de-visite made in this country, Baron Rothschild being the subject. Mrs. August Belmont was the first woman to have a Rockwood vignette, and set a fashion which soon becoming a fad made the photographer famous. In 1857 Mr. Rockwood moved to New York. There he met with years of success. He was an inventor of some note in his profession, and an author on photographic subjects.

It is in the contract of every male member of the chorus at Covent Garden, London, that he must shave—or be shaved—once a day. For this purpose an allowance is made to him of 36 cents weekly. The face of each one is carefully examined every night, and if there are signs of a "growtb" 6 cents is "docked" off the allowance.

The Nouveautes Theatre in Paris, the home of noted farces for thirty-two years, is to be torn down. "The Girl from Maxim's," in its original form, was a Nouveautes farce. It is said that King Edward always visited this theatre when in Paris.

THE ART OF SUMMER SHOWS.

Manager Ziegfeld's "Follies" came all the way from New York to show us the sort of humor and spectacle that amuses Manhattanites during tbe torrid mid-summer season. They justified their existence, for they were good to look upon, and they were cleverly amusing. There were some features of the whirlwind entertainment that were adapted more to the away-from-home taste than to that of any theatre's regular clientèle, but even these were momentary flashes. But there was a lot of real cleverness in the show, over and above the scintillations of the stars. It is no easy matter to build in a humorously entertaining way for people who pay money at the box-office. The builders of the "Follies" framework must be adepts in construction, even if their invention is lacking. Often their invention, along the lines of parody and burlesque, is worthy of commendation.

In the new "Follies"—of 1911—it is easy to discern, even at this distance, some evidence of really clever work. Dramatic correspondents of out-of-town papers always moderate their transports when writing of New York successes if there is a possibility that it will be accepted as only praise-agent stuff. They are wise enough to distrust the verdict of the much mixed audiences of New York playhouses. They select for their commendation only the choicest bits in the rubbishy musical comedies and burlesque "reviews," and some of these fragments bear descriptive treatment. Following are some paragraphs from a letter by Vanderhayden Fyles in the Chicago *Tribune* on the latest "Follies":

"The new burlesque of 'Everywoman' is longer and more pretentious than the two burlesques that went before, if hardly so suitable for a roof garden of frothy reputation and difficultly large dimensions. 'Everywife' is hy George V. Hobart and was produced at the Lambs' Club, but inasmuch as Mr. Hobart is the author of this season's 'Follies'—in place of Harry B. Smith, who wrote those of earlier years—there seems to be no reason why he should not interpolate it if he wishes to.

"The popular symbolical drama by the late Walter Browne is followed in type rather than in instance. Instead of Everywoman's search for love we have Everywife's despair at Everyhusband's neglect. While the husband follows Drink and Gamble the tearfully unhappy wife is deserted, one by one, by Loveliness, Grace, Gayety, and so forth. A few of these figures are made ridiculous, such as a clownish Rhyme, who ambles in to counteract the influence of a solemn Reason; but for the most part the 'Everywife' is as serious and significant as 'Everywoman.' It might as readily he presented as an independent play.

"Quite the funniest incident of the evening shows Bert Williams as a porter at the Grand Central Station, piloting a nervous Englishman to a train that will take him to New Rochelle, where he is due for dinner. Now, as probably you know, a new Grand Central is being built and in the meantime it is pretty hard to say just what holes and scaffoldings and girders are the station and what are not. Tbe scene, lighted by the moon, reveals a few high iron heams, evidently far, far above the tracks! Presently the porter appears climbing stealtbily and slowly. The Englishman is bound to him by ropes, in the manner of an Alpine climber to his guide. He is trembling with fear—and little wonder, for twice he misses his footing and falls headlong into space, only to be slowly hauled up again by the rope around his waist."

George Damarel has been here twice as Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow" and on each occasion his good work was remarked. This from an interview he gave recently to an Eastern theatrical writer has one or two suggestive phrases:

"They tell me I am the only actor that belongs to this club." He looked exactly like the Prince in "The Merry Widow," which is a good way to look, and is calculated to make one who is dining with him feel as if one were in a romantic situation. "They seem to be down on them. But I told the committee that I wasn't much of an actor, so they let me in." Then, seriously, after this cobwebby persiflage:

"I think that acting is an important part of the accomplisbment of a musical-comedy player. I've never said much about my singing." He smiled. "Still, I think it's getting better, as I work over it. But I've always tried really to feel and act my parts. It isn't enough I think for a light opera tenor to stand up like a stick and sing his part. The successful onera performers of today have to act. Acting is more important in opera than singing. Look at Mary Garden." Mr. Damarel smiled at his implied comparison. "Not exactly parallel cases. I realize. But if you make a thing real and convincing, it will be remembered long after the popular airs have become hackneyed and the jokes fail to bring a laugh. Sometimes I think I will go into the legitimate drama. I should love to feel that I could make good in it. I'd like to be the Willie Collier of the comic opera stage."

Josephine Cohan is to play Betty Graham, the druggist's daughter, in "The Fortune Hunter" the coming season. But where will be her dancing, then?

Lily Elsie will come from London to America next fall for "The Count of Luxembourg," in which she is the prima donna. Miss Elsie was the most successful of the many London "Merry Widows," and received much notice a while ago by declining the susceptible King of Portugal.

It is understood that Maxine Elliott will be persuaded to return to the theatre by the offer of the leading rôle in Mr. Hichens's "The Garden of Allah." Mr. Hichens himself is of the announced belief that Miss Elliott is the typical heroine of his tale—a belief shared hy Mrs. Mary Anderson de Navarro, his collaborator in the dramatization.

Eddie Foy will have a new musical piece called "The Pet of the Petticoats" for the fall season. Maude Lambert will be prominent in his supporting company.

In 1872 the people of Harrow planned to give an amateur theatrical performance to raise funds for a hospital. Dr. Butler, the head master, said he would not allow the school to go unless the pieces were first submitted to him. One was Gilbert's "Palace of Truth." In it is a passage in which the hero says to the heroine, "Meet me at nine o'clock tonight outside the garden gate." Dr. Butler vetoed this, and substituted, "Meet me at three o'clock this afternoon." This seemed to him more decorous. About five years ago Gilbert was invited to the Harrow speeches. In reply to tbe toast of his health he said, "I am very much interested in visiting Harrow, for as far as I know it is the only place in the world where a line of mine has ever heen condemned as improper." Great consternation prevailed—all the greater because no one except the speaker and one other person knew what he meant. It was not Gilbert's way to forget.

Maurice Hewlett's play, "Ariadne in Naxos," was produced successfully by the Poets Club at the Little Theatre in London last week. The best feature was a chorus of six Cretan maids, with a Bacchic dance. The lyrical rather than the dramatic quality of the poem was revealed, and with the help of the pretty Naxos scene and the well designed costumes, characteristic Greek effects were obtained. An audience representing literary London welcomed the play, and the author was congratulated.

The first "Mrs. Grundy" was horn in Little Peddlington, London, and introduced to the public in Tom Morton's play, "Speed the Plow." She is the original of the name, and has always been regarded as a busy meddler witb the affairs of otbers, about which she gossips shamelessly.

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VANITY FAIR.

To our shame he it said, we have sometimes allowed whole weeks to pass without a perusal of the *Millinery Trade Review*. And yet what an entertaining publication it is, how full of the things that really matter, what a relief from the sordid pages of the daily newspaper. Henceforth it shall he classed, with good music, good poetry, and good paintings, as among the necessities of existence.

The *Review* has one noteworthy feature. All the hats that it describes are beautiful or becoming except one which is described with a truly diabolical cunning as "prohibitive for any but the rich." Wild horses could not drag from us a description of that hat. It would be unfair to our caste. We millionaires must protect ourselves.

But what becomes of all these beautiful and becoming hats? Why does no one wear them? Do women buy them for silent worship in their bedrooms? How is it that they are never seen on the streets? For example, there are two dreams of hats described as Pierrots and Dranems, "the former in tagal and the latter in yedda." We scanned the hats pretty closely just now while searching for a ten-cent lunch counter, but not a Pierrot or a Dranem hove in sight. Not a sign of such a thing. Nor anything else that was either pretty or becoming. Evidently there is a mystery here somewbere, and there should he an inquiry as to the fate of these hats. We should like to see one.

It may be gathered from the *Review* that the legal prohibition of the aigrette has produced a flutter in millinery circles. What a shame it is that women should not he allowed to wear whatever they wish and that paltry ideas of humanity should he allowed to interfere with fashion. But so it is, and so it will remain until women are in a position to do justice to themselves and to the tyrant. But the *Review* has found a loophole of escape from the law. So far as New York is concerned the iniquitous statute provides that no aigrette "shall be sold or had in possession for sale." But the *wearing* of the aigrette is not probibited. It may be imported from more civilized States where fashion still has some elementary rights, and "any person or persons attempting to interfere with a woman *wearing* plumage of any kind in her hat on the street or elsewhere would he subject to arrest for assault." And yet it would seem that any one having the hardihood to interfere with a woman's hat and while it was actually on her head would snap his fingers at the trivial danger of arrest for assault. Now if the penalty was to be boiled in oil or scraped with red-hot oyster shells there might be something in it. But arrest for assault—bah!

It is the Audubon Society that is responsible for these outrageous attacks on woman's age-long right to be cruel. The society, it seems, has a hired secretary—the mercenary wretch—who sends to the press harrowing descriptions of the sufferings of the birds that supply the plumes. And the public believes these stories, actually gives credence to the preposterous fable that these pretty creatures do not like to be scalped alive. The indignation of the *Review* becomes almost, but unfortunately not quite, inarticulate. The public will believe anything nowadays, absolutely anything. "Should the hired secretary of the Audubon write: 'It is reported that a million humming-birds have heen received in New York for trimming women's hats,' it would be acepted as gospel truth." And it certainly would.

Tbere is a matter on which we have long desired some authoritative guidance, and we searched the *Review* hopefully, but fruitlessly. We should like to know if there is any gymnastic formula, anything after the jiu jitsu order, for kissing the woman in the modern hat. Perhaps the subject would be too lengthy for treatment, there being so many different kinds of hats, and each one needing a special attack. Of course the peach-basket hat is excluded from consideration, it heing so difficult to determine whether the wearer is kissable. To kneel and gaze upward as though saying one's prayers is sure to attract attention, and it will be found, moreover, that as a general rule the peach-hasket wearer is not kissable. But take the average wide-brimmed hat with its fortification of pins. How does one set about this? We ask to know. Of course it can be done. It has been done, and what man has accomplished, man can accomplish. But one wants to avoid ignominy, and mutilation has its drawbacks.

Women find it hard enough to kiss one another, but at best this is a cold-blooded, reprehensible proceeding, and when they do it successfully it is hecause they are drilled. It will be noticed that one woman inclines her head to the right and the other to the left, and the hats approach each other something like a pair of cymbals. When they are as close as they can get without actually touching, the remaining interval is bridged by a necessary protrusion of the lips. The same precautions are observed in retreat as in advance. But it is a miserable performance. There is no real satisfaction in it. The man is advised to disregard the preliminaries and just "go to it" and carry the fortifications by storm. The hat may he damaged, but she won't really mind that.

The lot of the impresario is a peculiarly trying one, because he has to do with the most capricious, exacting, and whimsical people in the world. Not all singers and actors deserve this characterization, hut there are enough of them that do deserve it to bring the gray hairs of the impresario in sorrow to the grave. Of this we have an illustration in the recently published reminiscences of Schurmann. He tells us that during one of his tours he reached Cologne, where "Magda" was to be given. On the previous evening he received a telegram from the Kaiser's sister stating her intention to he present. At noon on the day of the performance came a message from Duse asking Schurmann to visit her in her room, and the following conversation took place: "My dear M. Schurmann, you must postpone the performance. I can not play." "Are you ill?" "No." "What then?" "I feel out of sorts. I could not act as I should like." "Impossible, madame." "Why?" "The takings will be £480." "What does that matter? How much do you clear by it?" "One hundred pounds." "I will pay the £100 myself." "I regret, madame, hut it is impossible. The Kaiser's sister has arrived from Bonn." "Well, send her home like the others." "No, madame, it is too late."

Finally Schurmann threatened to tell the public that Duse was trifling with them. "Very well," she replied, "I will play. But I warn you I shall be ill tomorrow, and you will have to postpone further performance for a fortnight." And she kept her word. She played magnificently, but immediately afterwards she sent Schurmann a note saying: "I am ill. I can not play for a fortnight. Send away the company to Strassburg, where I shall be ready to perform on May 7. I am starting for Italy.—Eleonora Duse." And to obviate remonstrances she had actually started. M. Schurmann does not mention the precise verbal formulas that he used to relieve his overwrought feeling. Doubtless they were of the ironclad variety.

Although the coronation is over, the event is still being celebrated in various ways by various people, and some of these affairs are much more entertaining than the coronation itself. Among tbese is the party given by Sir Pbilip Burne-Jones, who persuaded Lady Paget to play the part of hostess. Those who could not find seats sat upon the floor, which was really much jollier, and tbey drank beer from tankards, drawing it for themselves from a decorated cask that occupied the place of honor. The Duchess of Marlborough was present, and she probably enjoyed herself much more than she did in Westminster Abbey, poor lady. Lady Cooper was another peeress, and among the untitled guests were Maxine Elliott, Marie Corelli, Claude Grahame White, the aviator, and Genee, the dancer. There were many Americans present, including Mrs. J. Leslie.

A Paris newspaper has been asking various prominent men what they think about luck, and the replies are various and characteristic. Jules Lemaitre says that what we call luck is the helief in some equalizing power; an idea born of the innate instinct of justice in man. Jules Claretie would give a large place to luck in human affairs. "Many an officer," he says, "has found himself a hero because his battery or company happened to get a good position. Many an author has got his work accepted because he unexpectedly found the public receptive to his particular vein. But the best chance is—work." Paul Deroulède is inclined to be mathematical. One-fourth part of luck and three-fourths of perseverance will hring success. Professor Richet of the Academy of Medicine is also inclined toward mathematical formulas. He says that there are three ingredients to success—intelligence, capacity, and luck, but it would seem that the first two might be bracketed as being nearly identical. He points out that at chess talent is valued at 100 per cent, and chance counts for nothing at all, but at roulette it is chance that counts for everything and capacity for nothing. For success in life we must have 60 per cent intelligence, 10 per cent industry, and 30 per cent luck. But he adds that to be born with intelligence is itself a matter of luck, as there can be no worse luck than to be born a fool. Massenet believes strongly in luck, "especially in others." Maeterlinck and Xavier would assign a large place to luck.

Perhaps it is the fault of the translation, but there seems to be some confusion here between chance and luck. To the general mind they are hardly identical. By chance we mean something that is not governed by any law, but luck may be defined as the events that are controlled by a law but by an unknown law. The word chance seems often to convey the idea of a single event, but luck usually means a series of events. The man who wins by a single throw of the dice may be said to be favored by chance, but a succession of such wins we attribute to luck. Probably nine people out of ten believe that luck is governed by some mysterious law, and indeed it is hard to resist such a conviction. To be "born with a silver spoon in the mouth," or "under a fortunate planet," or to "turn everything touched into gold," all express the same idea, the idea of some innate potency that all tends to similar results. An invariable success in business may be ascribed to some commercial faculty that we may not perceive, but that is none the less present, but what shall we say of the man who is not only uniformly successful in business, but also in love, in hunting, in games of chance, in short in all the ventures of life. There are such men, just as there are others who are equally and uniformly unfortunate. There are men to whom events are always kindly, and especially the events that are beyond their control. In short, there appears to be such a thing as a constantly predominating tendency toward good or bad fortune, and while we may believe that this is due to some unidentified personal characteristic we do not know what that characteristic is. And so we call it luck and a very good name it is. May we all have more of the right kind.

Can such things be? Is it actually a fact that in the land of the free and the home of the brave a woman of fashion, merely because she is a woman of fashion, can hector it over a court of law just as it is the proud privilege of her sex to hector it in a kitchen or among the housemaids. Here is a letter that appears in the New York *Nation* on the ever-burning question of our legal procedure. Legal peculiarities, we are told, are not confined to the lawyers and their code of ethics. The court also has them :

A woman striker of commanding presence, hut attired in the homely garb of a cloakmaker, is arrested for inciting a moh to riot. She is hustled off to the police station in a patrol wagon and dragged before the desk sergeant. He is about to order her cast into a cell when, from the folds of her cheap dress, she produces a jeweled card ease and presents a handsomely engraved visiting card, hearing the name of a social leader. The desk sergeant is dumfounded. Instinctively he shrinks and shrivels. When he recovers sufficiently to speak, it is to utter very humhle apologies and to make excuses. He turns on the unfortunate policeman who made the arrest, and herates him soundly for his hlunder. Then there is hurried and nervous effort made to relieve the distinguished prisoner of the emharrassment to which the arrest has subjected her. An elegant automohile is sent for, and she is shown into it with more apologies, and, accompanied hy one of the finest, is driven to her home. The police give out columns of interviews deploring the unfortunate mistake, promising that it will not occur again.

Now who was the lady? The question is thrown open to the ingenuity of our readers. Those who guess correctly will be presented with a portrait of Mr. Carnegie, otherwise known as the "star-spangled Scotchman."

Queen Mary's edict against hobble and harem skirts has produced a state of tension between dressmakers and their customers. A great many of these costumes were on the stocks and ready for launching when the fact was made known, and now the purchasers are unwilling to take and consequently unwilling to pay for them. There are only a few very great dames who can afford to defy the queen, and as a rule these are not of the kind who wear the later eccentricities. They may insist upon playing bridge after nine o'clock and they may resolutely refuse to form opinions on the relative merits of peppermint and dill water for that distressing infantile malady that had hetter be left unnamed, hut they do not want to wear harem or bobble skirts. But the ladies of lesser degree must obey, and why should they pay for costumes that they can not wear? On the other hand, why should the dressmakers stand a loss for which they are not to blame; but then what lady ever yet considered the rights of a dressmaker? It is well known that the dressmaker has no rights. So there you are.

Nearly three million dollars was accumulated last year at the New York customhouse in fines, penalties, offers in compromise, and forfeitures. The duties collected on passengers' haggage was a little less than the above amount. No previous year shows a record approaching these figures.

"This is a peculiar world," sighed Harry the Hobo. "I've always noticed that the poorer cook a woman is the more likelier she is to have some cold vittles for me when I ask her for them!"—*Toledo Blade.*



Liqueur Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated hy the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to he still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
Sole Agents for United States.



3 ROUTES TO SELECT FROM IN ARRANGING YOUR SUMMER TRIP EAST THIS YEAR UNDER THE EXTREMELY LOW ROUND TRIP EXCURSION TICKETS ON SALE MANY DAYS DURING THE MONTHS MAY TO SEPTEMBER, 1911, VIA THE

Southern Pacific

SOME OF THE RATES ARE

Colorado Springs	$55.00	Houston	$ 60.00
Atchison	60.00	Dallas	60.00
Leavenworth	60.00	Memphis	70.00
St. Joseph	60.00	New Orleans	70.00
Omaha	60.00	Washington	107.50
Council Bluffs	60.00	Baltimore	107.50
Kansas City	60.00	Philadelphia	108.50
St. Paul	73.50	Boston	110.50
Minneapolis	73.50	New York	108.50
Duluth	79.50	Toronto	95.70
Chicago	72.50	Montreal	108.50
St. Louis	70.00	Quebec	116.50
		Portland, Me.	113.50

SALE DATES—
July 26, 27, 28.
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30.
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

Ask about the attractions and advantages offered hy our Sunset, Ogden and Shasta Routes. Send for our Passenger Agent to call and explain routes and help you outline your trip. No charge! We'll he glad to do it.

TICKET OFFICES
FLOOD BUILDING PALACE HOTEL
MARKET STREET FERRY DEPOT
THIRD AND TOWNSEND STREETS DEPOT
BROADWAY AND THIRTEENTH STREET, OAKLAND

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

George Ade, at the recent Lambs' gambol in New York, objected to the extravagance of the modern wife. "It is true that the married men of today," he ended, "have better halves, but bachelors have better quarters."

The unconscious stranger lay on the sidewalk breathing heavily and groaning. Two teeth were missing, his eyes were marked and his nose was bleeding. "Who can he be?" said the crowd again and again. "I guess he was some peacemaker," suggested the ambulance surgeon, surveying the wreckage.

Richard Croker, the day of his departure for his Irish home, said to a New York reporter: "It is the desire for freedom that sends so many Americans and so many millions of dollars abroad every June. The Puritanical laws of America enslave us. These laws, with their total misconception of freedom and of enjoyment, are well exemplified in a notice board I once saw in a New England park. This board said: 'Pleasure Grounds. Notice—These grounds are for pleasure only. No games or play allowed.'"

An optimist whom nothing could dishearten worked in a skyscraper's twenty-eighth story, and one afternoon while admiring the glorious view he lost his balance and fell from the window. Loud cries of horror from the street below at once filled the windows of every floor of the skyscraper with agonized spectators. To these horror-stricken people the optimist, as he dropped swiftly past story after story, shouted in cheery tones: "All right so far!" And his optimism was justified, for he alighted, quite uninjured, on a mountain of excelsior piled in the court.

John was very crestfallen indeed, and had promised his wife that never more would he be tempted to waste his substance in riotous living. "Yes, I know," sighed the good lady; "but I'm getting to doubt your promises. The great trouble with you, John, is that you do not seem to be able to say 'No.' Learn to say 'No,' and you will find much less difficulty in life. Will you promise me that you will never leave off trying till you have learned to say 'No'?" "Yes," said the contrite John. "That's right. And now can you let me have a little money this morning?" "No," said John, with apparent ease.

A young lawyer in a Western town was taken into partnership with his father, and soon got the idea that he was the whole firm. He fell into a babit of saying, at the conclusion of a successful case: "Well, father, I won that case, all right." Finally the old man, becoming irritated hy the son's assumption of importance, handed out this advice: "George, it seems to me that whenever this firm does anything you might give me half of the credit for it. Don't put on so many airs." The youth took the advice to heart, and a few days later rushed into the office with this report: "Father, I—I mean *we*—have heen sued for hreach of promise!"

E. Phillips Oppenheim was talking in New York about literary popularity. "Those writers who are unpopular," said Mr. Oppenheim, "impute all the hig successes to advertising. They give the author himself no credit; the credit goes to the publisher's advertisements. And that reminds me in its absurdity of a blacksmith of whom Whistler made an etching. The blacksmith, some months later, came up to town and called at Whistler's studio in Chelsea. 'Hello, blacksmith!' said Whistler. 'What hrings you here?' 'Why,' said the blacksmith, 'I beard as how a prize had heen awarded for that there portrait you made of me, and I've come for the cash.'"

Maria, the new cook, was one of those very stout "culled ladies," one of the sort who are most particular about the social relations hetween the family and themselves. Mrs. Bennett bad heen visiting friends in Boston for a week and her hushand didn't get along at all well with Maria. He could stand it no longer, and one morning he called her into the dining-room. "Confound it, you, I want my meals cooked hetter hereafter or out of the door you go. I don't propose to pay you $30 a month to hurn my meals for me." "Look a-here," retorted Maria. "Don't you talk that a-way to me. You jes' 'member who I is. I don't like your tone o' voice and I aint no trash for yo' to holler at. Yo' mustn't take me fo' your wife."

He was a young Briton newly arrived at the distinction of inherited property, and naturally interested first of all in personal adornments. If he possessed one suit, he possessed a hundred. He had different suits for fishing, hunting, golfing, cricketing, walking, cycling, flying, and everything elsing, and so perfect was his recently acquired knowledge of the clothing question that you could never surprise him in a costume that did not fit the occasion. But gamekeepers do not pay much attention to such details, and the man who was guiding Gussie over his new estate took small stock of garb. "Hi! There goes a rahhit!" he cried suddenly. "Let him have it, sir!" Gussie looked after the retreating hunny, hut did not raise his gun. "Why didn't you shoot?" asked the gamekeeper in surprise. "I'm sorry, but I couldn't," replied Gussie mournfully. "I'm in my pheasant costume."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Bathing Girl.

The bathing girl
Will soon declare
She hasn't got
A thing to wear.

And judging hy
Her garh, forsooth,
We'll all believe
She tells the truth.

—Springfield Union.

Bacnn's Busy Day.

Sir Francis Bacon rose at five
And said: "As sure as I'm alive
I've got to get a move on me
If ever famous I shall be."
He nihhed his quill and fixed his ink
And ruhbed his head and tried to think,
And then, like gathering hlackherries,
He wrote J. Cæsar's Commentaries.

To while away an hour he wrote
The Pilgrims' Progress, with a note
To the effect that Bunyan should
Be called the author, if he would.
Then, yawning, ere he should hegin
He wrote a work on medicine,
And just to save a lot of pother
He named Hippocrates as author.

Then to his hreakfast, hut hetween
The grapefruit and the ham 'twas seen
He scribbled still, hy fits and jerks,
The most of old Josephus' works.
Then smoking, with his long legs crossed,
Wrote Paradise Regained, and Lost,
And Scottish Chiefs, while as a solo
He sang the Works of Marco Polo.

"I'm lazy," sighed he. "What's the use?"
And wrote the books of Mother Goose,
Then penned, to start his cipher steps,
The diary of Samuel Pepys;
R. Crusoe's thrilling tale was next
To leave his pen with flowing text,
And then, to please his maiden auntie,
He wrote the rampant rhymes of Dante.

The Works of Virgil then he penned,
And Homer's verse, from start to end;
Then Fox's Martyrs, and a hit
Of quaint Aristophanic wit—
And then all day he worked like sin
To put the hidden ciphers in.
That night, with many a splashy shiver,
He sank all this beneath a river.

—Chicago Post.

Her Name.

Her parents named her "Marguerite,"
And friends and kinsfolk said, "How sweet!"
But here I will relate to you
What happened as she upward grew.

Her older sister called her "Meg";
Her teasing brother called her "Peg";
Her girlish chums to "Daisy" took;
Plain "Maggie" satisfied the cook.

And "Madge" she was to her papa;
And "Margie" to her fond mamma;
And "Peggie" in her grandma's voice;
And "Magpie" as her grandpa's choice.

With "Margery" her teacher's word,
While "Rita" she herself preferred—
Now, in this list with names replete,
Pray, what became of "Marguerite"?

—American Motherhood.

Newfangled Schools.

They taught him how to hemstitch and they taught him how to sing,
And how to make a hasket out of variegated string,
And how to fold a paper so he wouldn't hurt his thumb.
They taught a lot to Bertie, hut he couldn't do a sum.

They taught him how to mold the head of Hercules in clay,
And how to tell the diff'rence 'twixt the bluehird and the jay,
And how to sketch a horsie in a little picture frame,
But strangely they forgot to teach him how to spell his name.

Now, Bertie's pa was cranky, and he went one day to find
What 'twas they did that made his son so hackward in the mind.
"I don't want Bertie wrecked," he cried, his temper far from cool,
"I want him educated!" So he took him out of school.

—Newark News.

"With But a Single Name."

Four candy stores with hut a single name, "Geo. Haas & Sons." All of them in San Francisco: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near the Ferry.

WELLS FARGO NEVADA NATIONAL BANK
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Guaranteed capital .....$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00
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Total assets 47,173,498.51

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OPEN SHOP
"What the democracy asks of its governments is that it regulate inevitable monopolies, labor unions and corporations."
—Prof. Elliott, Harvard University.
CITIZENS' ALLIANCE offices
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San Francisco
Free Employment Bureau
700 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

Gathering and publishing the news of the day is not the most important end of the Big Daily Newspaper.

It builds up big business houses, and the successful owners of these business bouses make the city. You can not have a city witbout the business man and the Big Daily Newspaper. You can not have the big newspaper unless the business men advertise. The business men wbo advertise wisely help themselves more than they help the newspaper. And the big newspaper helps them in many ways without cost. It pictures the attractions of the city, its activities and its advantages, day by day, and spreads the descriptive facts over the State. It draws visitors and capital from the remote districts continually.

Every big business man knows that advertising in the Big Daily Newspaper pays.

But very few have thought out the details—for instance: A big daily newspaper has 100,000 circulation daily. Of this at least 50 per cent goes to tbe country—to Sacramento, Stockton, San Jose, Santa Rosa, and smaller towns, and out on the rural free delivery routes. Half the circulation is in the bay cities from which comes the retail trade of San Francisco business men. Of that 50,000 circulation at least one-half goes to the classes who do not buy advertised goods. Of the 25,000 papers that go to buyers, at least one-half are taken by business men who do not have time to read advertisements. From the 12 500 that reach tbe actual readers of advertising columns comes the trade that pays for the advertising. And the daily newspaper must do its errand between 8 o'clock and 1 o'clock, for it is old and neglected early in the afternoon. Thus it will be seen that only one-eighth of a big daily newspaper's circulation is productive for tbe average advertiser. Yet daily newspaper advertising pays.

It pays the big advertisers best,

Because the big advertisements are seen; many of the smaller ones are overlooked. Yet even the smaller advertisers get big returns from their advertising, if it is done with good judgment—if it offers real inducements and tells the truth.

The ARGONAUT is read by as many people who buy good goods in San Francisco as any big daily newspaper.

The ARGONAUT is read from the first column on the first page to the last column on the last page. It is never thrown away. It is read all through the week. Its smallest advertisements are not obscured or overlooked. The ARGONAUT has a standing which is a recommendation for its advertisers.

Half Rates.

The ARGONAUT advertising rates are less than one-half those of the big daily newspapers. Among ARGONAUT advertisers are many who have had space in its columns for years. They know that advertising in the ARGONAUT pays.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Announcement has heeo made in Philadelphia of the engagement of Miss Marie Louise Elkins and Mr. Christian de Guigne. Miss Elkins is the only daughter of Mrs. William Nielsoo (formerly Mrs. Kate Felton Elkins), and a granddaughter of former Senator Charles N. Felton of Menlo Park. Mr. de Guigne is the son of Mr. Christian de Guigne of San Mateo, and a brother of Viscomtesse Phillipe de Tristan and Viscomtesse Hélie Dampierre of Paris. Miss Elkins made her dèbut last winter in this city and went East to attend the wedding of her mother, who was married a few months ago in Philadelphia. Mr. de Guigne is at present abroad with his sisters.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Mildred Pierce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Pierce of San Jose, and Mr. George Penn Hagen of Manila. Miss Pierce is at present with her aunt, Mrs. Moss, in Manila, where the wedding will take place on the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, who expect to sail shortly for the islands.

Miss Inez Thorn and Mr. Herbert Woods were married July 6 at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford Thorn, of San Jose. Mr. Woods is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick N. Woods of this city.

The wedding of Miss Hazel Pierce and Mr. Percy Thurston Hincks will take place at the home of Mrs. Frank Pierce the last of August. Miss Pierce will he attended hy her sisters.

The wedding of Miss Amalia Simpson aod Mr. William Hough is set for the first week in Septemher. It will take place in St. Luke's Church and the ceremony will he performed hy Miss Simpson's hrother-in-law, Bishop Sydney B. Partridge. A reception will he given at the home on Pacific Avenue of the hride's mother, Mrs. John B. Simpson. The chosen hridesmaids are Miss Grace Gibson, Miss Lilliao Van Vorst, Miss Lurline Matson, and Miss Metha McMahon. Mr. Joseph King will he Mr. Hough's best man.

Mr. Clinton Edward Worden was host at a dinner at the Bohemian Club in honor of Captain Charles H. Harlow of the flagship *California*. Mr. Worden's guests were Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. Horace L. Hill, Mr. W. S. Rheem, Mr. E. J. McCutcheon, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Frank B. King, Mr. A. Chesehrough, Mr. Charles C. Trowhridge, Mr. Alfred L. Tuhhs, Mr. Walter E. Dean, Mr. Horace D. Pillshury, Mr. Frank B. Anderson, Mr. E. O. McCormick, Mr. Spencer Buckhee, Mr. A. H. Payson, Dr. M. Herzstein, Mr. D. G. Schofield, Mr. J. J. Fagan, Mr. E. E. Calvio, Mr. E. J. De Puè, Mr. C. W. Jungen, and Mr. R. P. Schwerin.

Captaio Harlow recently entertained twelve of his friends at a luncheon on board the flagship.

Mrs. George M. Grimes was hostess at a tea Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Ralston of New York, who is the guest of Captain Ely, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ely.

Miss Helen Sullivan eotertaioed at an informal tea Monday at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight gave a picnic recently in Burlingame and entertaioed thirty friends.

Mr. Frederick Yates was the guest of honor at a dinner Wednesday evening, July 12, at the Bohemian Cluh.

Captain John Baroesoo gave a dinner last week at the Bohemian Club, eotertaining thirty guests.

Mrs. Bowditch Morton was hostess at a tea at her apartment on Van Ness Avenue in honor of her sister, Mrs. Louis Bertschmano of Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley entertained at a dinner in honor of General Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A., Mrs. Bliss, and Miss Eleanor Bliss. Among the guests were Rear-Admiral Chauncey Thomas, U. S. N., Mrs. Thomas, Miss Thomas, Mrs. Margarita Sandgren, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett McEnerney, Captain Arthur Poillon, U. S. A., Lieutenant Ross Rowell, U. S. N.

Miss Evelyn Barron was ohliged to recall the invitations to the dance which she was to have given in Mayfield last Saturday evening on account of the death of her uncle, Mr. William Dean of Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. Garrett McEnerney recently gave a dinner complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Pixley, who are at the Hotel Victoria for an iodefinite stay.

Major Andrew Rowan, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rowan gave a dinner in honor of Dr. Park Lewis.

Mrs. John Burke Murphy was hostess at a tea Tuesday at the Towo and Country Club in honor of Miss Natalie Hunt, who is to he married August 9 to Mr. Herhert Baker.

A dance was giveo Wednesday evening, July 12, in the Officers' Cluh at the Presidio. It was a regular fortnightly affair which has heen arranged hy Captain Louis Chappalear, U. S. A., Lieutenant Wuest, U. S. A., and Lieutenant J. W. Ord, U. S. A.

A kirmess will he held io August in Santa Barhara, where many well-known people from San Francisco are spending the summer. Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Ruth Richards, and Miss Marian Newhall will he among the dancers in the Gainshorough sextet, and Miss Marguerite Doe and Miss Florence Henshaw will he the leaders in the Italian Romance numher.

Mrs. Theodore Murphy was the guest of honor at a tea Saturday at the Palace Hotel, given hy Miss Marguerite Kingston. The guests included Mrs. James Garneau and the Misses Clemence and Frances Garneau, of St. Louis, mother and sisters of Mrs. Murphy, who are spending the summer in California.

During the recent visit of Major Sidoey A. Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman, who spent a week in this city. Mrs. Cloman entertained her friends at a tea and a luncheon at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, who are occupying their cottage at Inverness, gave a picnic last Saturday and entertained thirty of their friends, who enjoyed the day on Tomales Bay.

Gettysburg.

[Read hefore the Pennsylvania Historical Society at the celebration of the ninety-fifth aoniversary of the hirth of General George Gordon Meade.]

I see the sunny, sultry days of that far hattle June,
And the earth with riches weighted lies in a trancèd swoon;
But the hells rock in the steeples and the crowds sway here and there,
And wild Alarm rides through the land and Rumor rules the air.
For Lee is o'er the border
And the State reels at the stroke,
And order and disorder
Are to meet in hattle smoke;
In the hattle of all hattles—
Fate's farthest leash of War
For the South, that wears the Victor's palms
And knows a Conqueror's star.

I see a man just hack from fight his musket take ooce more,
And a woman aids to arm him aod waves him from the door.
And neither pallor flecks her cheek nor tears her orhed eyes dim.
"If he did not go," exulteth she, "I would not live with him!"
For Lee is o'er the border
With all the Rehel wrath.
And Meade is mustering his might
Across the Southron's path,
And life and home and honor
Upon the duel hide,
And men are heroes at the test,
And women deified.

I see the gathering lines of hlue wind o'er the distant land,
And the Chieftain in whose hand is thrust the haton of command;
The men move on through day and night while women watch and pray,
And great are the hearts that march to fight and great are those that stay:
For with Lee across the border
It is grips till the weaker fall;
It is now or never for either side:
It is wio or lose for all:
Upon a natioo's sunlike course
The clouds must gather and stay,
Or he hroken and shattered and put to flight
And roll and die away.

Guard them, O land, who guarded thee, who fought in those great days,
And aureoles pour around their heads, hright as the hattles hlaze;
But most round his the firm, the wise, the Warder of the Gate,
Who tore the wreath from the Victor's hrow and kept and saved the State!
For when Lee was o'er the border
It was Meade and Meade alone
Who swept those hurrying hosts of men
To their tryst with death and moan,
Who stationed them and ranked them
And hided storm on storm,
And rode himself in the threatened gap
Ere his lines had chance to form!

Our heroes won us Empire and Peace—half joy, half curse—
Aod the hest that we can do for them is the laud of speech and verse,
For these can keep in memory still the gleam of gun and hlade,
And the steel-gray glint that came in eyes death could not make afraid.
So if across our border
Aoother foe shall come,
Our souls may stand appareled
For the rolling of the drum.
And armèd men shall throng the streets
With all the oldeo fire,
And women on the threshold stand
Like spirits to inspire.

—*Charles Leonard Moore.*

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Henry Miller will begin his second season in "The Havoc" at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night, July 24. He has made the long trip from New York City direct to San Francisco to begin a tour of the West preliminary to a run at the Blackstone Theatre in Chicago. "The Havoc," whieh ran all last season at the Bijou Theatre in New York, proving one of the big hits of the year, represents a wide sweep of the pendulum from the ordinary problem plays to which American audiences have become accustomed. It does not make heroes of the principals in a story of lawless passion, but shows the bavoc wrought by illicit love. The theme of the play is a merciless arraignment of the so-called modern thought which has been preached to American readers by the authors of erotic novels and hy morbid-minded dramatists whose plays, written from tbe European point of view, have heen exploited on the American stage for many years. Mr. Miller's new rôle brings into play every quality of the actor-manager's matured art. Aside from the play itself, Henry Miller's portrayal of tbe central rôle is said to be a notable contrihution to the modern American stage. Mr. Miller will he supported bere by the same cast that appeared with him throughout the New York run, and in which there has not been a single change since "The Havoc" was produced on Broadway last December.

William H. Thompson will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. He is a player of vigorous rôles that demand intellectual treatment. A striking little play by Leo Dietrichstein, called "The Wise Rabbi," will be bis offering during bis engagement here. It tells the story of Jewish expulsion from Russia and the efforts of a kindly rabbi to get tbe ear of a high official and interest him in protecting the Jews from a sweeping imperial ukase. With a characteristic make-up Mr. Thompson plays the part of the rahbi. Needless to say it is done with effectiveness. There could be no more fitting character for Dan Burke than that of the Dancing Master. Burke dances with an agility, elasticity, and grace that is not equaled by the newer school. With the assistance of the Wonder Girls and Molly Molier, he offers a dancing novelty that is a joy to behold. Fay, Two Coleys, and Fay will appear in a clever and amusing black-face act entitled "From Uncle Tom to Vaudeville." They indulge in singing, dancing, and comedy—in fact all the fun and frolic of a complete minstrel sbow is crowded into a few minutes. Patsy Doyle, one of tbe most diverting of monologists, will tell bis droll stories for one week only. Next week concludes the engagements of Gerald Griffin and company, "General" Ed Lavine, Clifford Walker, and the Lorch Family.

Chauncey Olcott in "Macusbla" is in the last nights of a very successful season at tbe Columbia Theatre.

The Commonwealth Club gave its monthly dinner in the Colonial ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis on Wednesday of this week, the guest of honor being the Hon. Franklin K. Lane, Interstate Commerce Commissioner.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery are spending the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. William M. Pierson has returned to Los Gatos, after spending a few days at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. E. A. Van Bergen and her mother, Mrs. Anna L. Bauer, have returned from Duncan Springs.

Mr. Christian de Guigne, Jr., has arrived in Paris, where he will spend several months with his family.

Ex-Governor Franklin Fort of New Jersey, Mrs. Fort, Miss Gretta Fort, and Miss Florence Osborne, who have been traveling in California, left last week for Del Monte.

Bishop Sidney C. Partridge and Mrs. Partridge of Kansas City have been recent visitors at the Hotel Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Drysdale and their son, Mr. Arthur Drysdale, will spend the season at their country home on Puget Sound.

Mrs. Arno Dosch is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry, at their home near Alta.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Warner have joined their daughter, Miss Alyce Warner, at Carmel-by-the-Sea, where they have a bungalow for the summer months.

Mrs. Andrew Welch, Sr., has closed her house on Pacific Avenue, and is established in her country home in San Mateo.

Mr. Orrin Peck and Mr. Russell Veit have been recent guests of Mrs. Hearst at her hacienda in Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Miss Cara Coleman, and Mr. Robert Coleman, Jr., will leave Burlingame August 1 for Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Willcutt have gone to Lake Tahoe, where they will be joined by their son, Mr. George H. Willcutt, who has been spending the past three weeks in Alpine County with Mr. Otto Grau.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprague Magruder are settled in their country home in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire and their daughter, Miss Doris Wilshire, have returned from Mill Valley, where they spent six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kittredge of New York have rented the house on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Magee, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. Roosevelt's mother, Mrs. Alexander, have returned from Sobra Vista, Sonoma County, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Mrs. Mary Cone Runyon is occupying an apartment at the St. Xavier on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Cutler Paige, who is traveling around the world, was in Paris last week.

Mrs. Alexander McCracken and her daughter, Miss Isahelle McCracken, have returned from Mare Island, where they were the guests of Lieutenant Gorgas, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gorgas.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne and their daughter, Miss Agnes Hayne, are in Vevey, Switzerland, where it is hoped the climate may benefit the health of Mrs. Hayne.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith has returned from San Mateo, where she has spent several weeks at the Peninsula Hotel.

Commander V. F. Upham, U. S. N., and Mrs. Upham sailed on the *Nippon Maru* for a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Volkman and their daughter, Miss Johanna Volkman, left Monday for Castle Crag. They were accompanied by Miss Edith Treanor.

Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Enid Gregg has returned from Cloverdale, where she spent a week at McCray's.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cheschrough are established in their new home on Broadway.

Lieutenant Albert Rees, U. S. N., and Mrs. Rees (formerly Miss Jennie Lee) spent a few days recently with Mrs. Rees's sister, Mrs. B. F. Schlessinger.

Miss Margaret Williams has returned from Lake Tahoe, and with her mother, Mrs. Elia Williams, will shortly go to San Jose for the summer.

Baron Henry von Schroeder and his sister, Miss Janet van Schroeder, returned last Thursday from Europe, where they have been traveling with their aunt, Mrs. Richard Sprague, and her daughter, Miss Isahelle Sprague.

Mr. Paige Monteagle and Mr. Kenneth Monteagle are the guests of Mr. Charles S. Wheeler, Jr., at his country home, The Bend, on the McCloud River. Mr. Paige Monteagle has lately returned from Boston, where he attends Harvard Law College.

Mrs. Henry S. Kierstedt, who has for some time been residing in Lincoln, Nebraska, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean, at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. Paul Pennoyer, who attends Harvard Law College, sailed last week for Europe to spend the summer in England with his mother, Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer, and his brothers, Mr. Richard Pennoyer and Mr. Sheldon Pennoyer. Mr. Richard Pennoyer is private secretary to the American ambassador, Robert Bacon, in Paris.

Miss Ruth Casey and Miss Helen Ashton are at present in England, where they will remain until October 30, when they will sail for home.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lee Clark have returned from their wedding trip and are settled in their home in Berkeley.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis was in town a few days last week and returned Thursday to his country estate near Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Polhemus are again in town, after a visit of several weeks in Mill Valley.

Mr. Frederick Yates, who has been visiting here recently, left last week to visit other points of interest in California before returning to New York.

Mrs. W. P. Hammon and her daughter, Mrs. Scott Hendricks, have returned from Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Elizabeth Winship of Macon, Georgia, is visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship, at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo. Major Blanton Winship, U. S. A., who accompanied his mother West, has returned to his post in San Antonio, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill have gone to Lake Tahoe for a month's visit. They are contemplating returning here before leaving for their home in New York.

Lieutenant Ward Ellis, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ellis have gone East, where Lieutenant Ellis has been assigned for duty aboard the battleship *South Carolina*.

Mrs. Rosenstock and her daughter, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, left Saturday evening for Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Frederick Kellond, who arrived a week ago from the Orient, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Selfridge, at the family residence on California Street.

Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Miss Louise McCormick, and the younger members of the family are at Paso Robles for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown and their children left last Friday evening for Miramar, where they will remain several weeks. They were accompanied by Miss Virginia Joliffe.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Ralston have leased apartments on Washington Street near Taylor.

Mrs. Arthur Geissler (formerly Miss Carol Moore) and her two little sons arrived Monday from Chicago and are the guests of Mrs. Geissler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore, at their home in Ross. Mrs. Moore's sister, Miss Duval of Brooklyn, accompanied Mrs. Geissler and will remain several weeks.

Miss Amy Hellman of Los Angeles is visiting her cousins, Mrs. S. Ehrman and Mrs. E. S. Heller, in Menlo Park, and will shortly be the guest of her uncle, Mr. I. W. Hellman, at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Thornwell Mullally and Mr. William Abbott returned from the East last Thursday.

Captain Charles Harlow, of the U. S. S. *California*, and Mrs. Harlow are established for the summer in Vallejo. Mrs. Harlow was formerly Mrs. Walter Newhall of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali have been spending a few weeks in Woodside with Mrs. Avenali's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Mr. Raymond Ashton and Mr. Ernest Maillard have recently been on a hunting trip on the Maillard preserves in Marin County.

Major Sidney A. Cloman, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cloman and their nieces, Miss Natalie Campbell and Miss Josephine Camphell, left last Friday for Independence Lake, after spending a week in this city. Major Cloman was military attaché in Washington, D. C., for several years, and during the past four years has occupied the same position of distinction in London. He is now en route to Fort Brady, Michigan.

Miss Katherine Donahue has returned to Menlo, after a visit with Miss Kate Brigham at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Charles M. Keeney and her daughter, Miss Innes Keeney, have returned from a two weeks' visit in Sonoma County, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness have returned from a year's travel in Europe and are visiting their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, at their home in Massachusetts.

Dr. Walter Alhion Hewlett and Mrs. Hewlett are visiting Mrs. Hewlett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Redington, at their home on Scott Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle have recently returned from a month's trip in Southern California.

Miss Cora Smith, Mr. Sidney Smith, Jr., and Mr. Felix Smith, and the Misses Cora and Frederika Otis motored to Inverness and spent a few days with friends.

Mrs. Augustine Strickland has arrived from New York and will spend several months in California. She is at present the guest of Miss Jennie Hooker, and will later visit Mrs. William Denman at her country home in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Hayne and their children are spending the summer in San Luis Ohispo County.

Mr. Douglas Alexander left last evening for Lake Tahoe, where he will spend two weeks with Mr. Lloyd Tevis and Mr. William Tevis, Jr.

Mrs. G. W. McIvor has returned to the Presidio, Monterey, after spending two weeks in San Rafael with her parents, Colonel W. R. Smedberg and Mrs. Smedberg.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lillie have returned from a brief visit in the East. They have been entertaining Dr. Woods, of Philadelphia, who accompanied them on their homeward trip.

Among those who motored to Tahoe last week were Mr. Edward W. Hopkins, Miss Florence Hopkins, and Miss Marian Zeile, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Mrs. Augustus Strickland, Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker and their children.

Mr. Frederick Whitwell and Mr. Kenneth Howard have arrived from Boston and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward Howard at their home in Hillshorough.

Mrs. Morris, wife of Judge Page Morris of Duluth, sailed Tuesday for Honolulu, where she will spend several months with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Rohhins Anderson.

Mr. Richard Tohin has been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miller and Mr. Chauncey Olcott at his home in San Mateo.

Mrs. George McNear, Sr., Miss Elizaheth McNear, and Miss Elizaheth Sherman are expected home this month from the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Magee, Jr., will sail from Europe in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Genevieve King, and Miss Hazel King, have returned from Europe and are at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bentley have returned from the East, where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richardson Wells at their summer home on Lake Champlain.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron have returned to their home in Burlingame, after a brief visit in Los Gatos, where they were the guests of Mr. James D. Phelan.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Morowitz arrived Sunday in a private car from the East, where they have been visiting since their return from Europe. Mrs. Morowitz was formerly Miss Violet Wescott, daughter of the author of "David Harum," and sister of Mr. Philip Wescott of this city. She has been residing in Paris for the past six years, and was married in London in April. Mr. and Mrs. Morowitz will he guests at the Fairmont Hotel during their visit in this city.

Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore will chaperone a party of congenial friends who will spend three weeks camping in Modoc County. Miss Elizaheth Livermore, Miss Nina Pringle, Miss Gertrude Ballard, and Miss Newell Drown are among those who will make the journey on horseback.

Mrs. Walter Alhion Hewlett spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guest of Mrs. Gerald Rathbone.

Mrs. Hohart and her children are spending the summer in Brittany, where they have taken a cottage.

Mr. Tarn McGrew arrived last Saturday from Paris, where he has been residing for many years, and sailed Tuesday for Honolulu to visit his mother, Mrs. McGrew, and his sister, Mrs. Cooper. Mrs. McGrew will return with her son and they will spend a month in Newport with Mr. and Mrs. George Scott and Miss Louise Scott.

Miss Jennie Crocker will sail July 29 for home. Miss Crocker has been visiting Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and the Honorahle Mrs. John Ward in London, and with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker spent a few weeks in Carlshad. Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Mr. and Mrs. Crocker will return home in Septemher.

Brigadier-General Daniel H. Brush, U. S. A., commander of the Department of California, and Mrs. Brush, are permanently settled at the Hotel Jefferson. Accompanying General Brush are several officers and their families, among whom are Lieutenant W. S. Fulton, U. S. A., aide-de-camp, Major James H. Frier, U. S. A., inspector-general, and Colonel William W. Gray of the Medical Corps.

Major Charles R. Krauthoff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Krauthoff have arrived from Manila.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fennimore and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Holmes have returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean and their daughter, Miss Helen Dean, will spend the next few weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Major-General John R. Brooke, U. S. A. (retired) is traveling in California, after a tour of the world.

Mrs. Gail Laughlin of Denver is the guest of Mrs. Austin Sperry.

Colonel L. L. Ruggles, U. S. A., and his family have been recent guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Camphell have returned to their home in Chicago, after a visit of several weeks with Judge J. C. Camphell and Mrs. Campbell in San Mateo County.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and Dr. Herbert Carolan have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they spent two weeks. They were joined early in the week by Mrs. William Timlow (formerly Miss Evelyn Carolan) and her daughter, Miss Emily Timlow, of Englebrook, New Jersey, who have come West to spend the summer.

Lieutenant Harold Naylor, U. S. A., and Mrs. Naylor (formerly Miss Peggy Simpson) will sail July 29 for Honolulu.

Mrs. Frederick W. Van Sicklen, Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, and a party of friends have heen motoring through Lake County.

Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld and her daughter, Miss Margaret Scheld, are spending the summer in Inverness.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and their daughters, Miss Josephine Grant and Miss Edith Grant, who have been spending the past two months at their ranch in San Jose, are established for the rest of the summer in Burlingame, where they have rented the Poniatowski place.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis have returned from a motor trip to Ætna Springs. They were accompanied hy Miss Ethel Tompkins and Mr. Stanford Gwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bliss have gone to Tahoe, where they will remain several weeks in their cottage in Tahoe City.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight spent the week-end in Ross as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne has returned from Santa Barhara.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Towne Shaw of Los Angeles are spending a few weeks at Lake Tahoe with Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden.

Mr. John Lawson returned home Wednesday, after a three months' visit in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan are expected home from Europe early in August.

Mrs. Jeannette Loch, with her sons, Mr. Alhert Loch and Mr. B. K. Loch, is spending the summer at Tallac, hut they will return in Septemher to their apartments at the Richelieu.

Mrs. John W. Allyne, Miss Lucy Allyne, and Miss Edith Allyne, after nearly a year's travel in Egypt, on the Continent, and in England, have reached New York, and after a short visit there will return to their home in this city.

Among those who have engaged apartments at Del Monte for all or part of the summer are the G. A. Newhalls, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark, Mrs. James Shea, who has with her Miss Kathleen Farrell.

Among recent arrivals at Ætna Springs were Mrs. Horace Newell, Mr. George F. Shaner, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Ayer, Miss Florence Sloper, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Black, Mrs. D. McLaren, Mrs. Thomas Pollard, Jr., Mrs. N. McIntyre, Miss Mary McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Winship, Miss Katherine Winship, Miss Janet Winship, Mrs. John Daniel, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shaw, Mr. Clarence Beal.

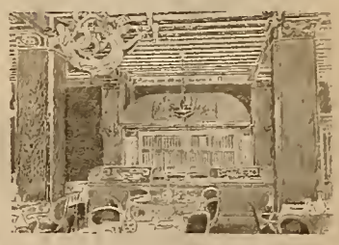
San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Jackson, Mrs. I. C. Finley, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Cohen, Mr. Henry Johnson, Mr. Walter Feldman, Mrs. S. C. Crein, Mr. Edward Pendergast, Mr. J. W. McDermott, Miss Claire McDermott, Miss Camilla McDermott, Mr. F. W. Wallace, Mr. J. F. Andrews, Mr. F. Scharriott, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jaynes.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Who are those men who still seem to worship Mrs. Newbride?" "Those are her souvenir spoons."—*Town Topics.*

"After all, there's only one way of puttin' down the sale of drink." "Wot's that?" "Wye, giv' it away."—*Sketch.*

"An Atlanta judge has ruled that a man must kiss his wife twice each day." "What crime had the woman committed?"—*Houston Post.*

"I'm going to huy a new automohile." "But you have a fine machine already. Why huy another?" "To tow me home."—*Milwaukee News.*

"Bilkein's is a strong face, or I'm no judge of physiognomy." "It ought to he. He and his whole family are living on it."—*Buffalo Courier.*

Miss Knicker—That young man never knows when to go home. *Mr. Knicker*—No wonder; his father is a congressman.—*New York Sun.*

She—Papa owns stocks in thirty-seven different corporations. *He*—Indeed! He must have heen in politics quite a while.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Gladys—The manager at the Frivolity selected twenty chorus girls in twenty minutes. *Totty*—My word! Isn't he quick at figures?—*Variety Life.*

The Bearded Lady—Gracious heavens! *The Fleshy Lady*—What is it, dear? *The Bearded Lady*—I've just found two gray hairs in my whiskers!—*Puck.*

"Does Jones go to church?" asked a Montreal hroker. "No—he has all his religion and most of his money in his wife's name."—*Conadian Courier.*

Mr. Wickwire—I have had such a queer humming noise in my head all day. *Mrs. Wickwire*—Why don't you try a little machine oil?—*Indionopolis Journal.*

Doctor—You are dehilitated. Take one of these pills three times a day hefore meals. *Poet*—If I could get the meals I wouldn't need the pills.—*Town Topics.*

He—Ah, I know I had the pleasure of meeting you hefore. Your name is Smith, I helieve? *She (sweetly)*—Well, it used to he Smith two or three hushands ago.—*Variety Life.*

"Yes, I was once engaged to a duke." "And what cruel ohstacle came hetween two loving hearts?" "Oh, nothing in particular. We just let the option expire."—*Woshington Herald.*

"Where's the hired man this morning?" asked Mr. Pinkleton. "I don't know," said Mrs. Pinkleton; "hut I presume from the fact that it is a rainy day, he is getting out the hose to wash the sidewalk."—*Horper's Bozar.*

Mrs. Rusher—Has Mr. Goldcoin, with whom you have heen dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions, Mahel? *Mabel*—Yes, aunt. *Mrs. Rusher*—I am so glad! And what did he say? *Mabel*—He declared he would never marry.—*Vogue.*

Teacher—Arthur, I shall be ohliged to detain you again today after school is out. *Arthur (oged seven)*—Of course you understand that if there is any gossip comes of your keeping me after school every day, you are responsihle for it.—*Boston Tronscript.*

Mr. Binks (after an absence)—And so you shot a hurglar while here and unprotected. You are a hrave little woman. What hecame of him? *Mrs. Binks*—The other hurglar carried him off. *Mr. Binks*—Which other hurglar? *Mrs. Binks*—The one I aimed at.—*Puck.*

He (from New York)—Did you go to the World's Fair? *She (from Philadelphio)*—No; I saw as much as one mind can retain at our Centennial Exposition in 1876. *He (after a pouse)*—By the way, was the Centennial Exposition more exciting than the flood?—*Truth.*

"Smithers is discouraged ahout his love affair." "What's happened?" "He was in the act of proposing last night when the girl's mother and father came in." "What did Smithers do?" "Stopped short, of course." "What did the girl do?" "She said: 'What were you saying, Mr. Smithers?'"—*Life.*

"I say," cried the husiness man to the detective, "some fellow has heen representing himself as a collector of ours. He has been getting in more money than any two of the men we have, and I want him caught as quickly as you can." "All right. I'll have him in gaol in less than a week." "Great Scott, man! I don't want him to put him in gaol. I want to engage him!"—*Ideos.*

"Ah, yes," said the leading lady to the newspaper scribe—who conducts a column on another newspaper, hut doesn't care to use this one himself—"oh, dear, yes—you newspaper men have heen just lovely. You have said so many kind things. And your paper—especially—it has heen so kind. I thank you from my heart." And then, a little later, alas, she added: "By the way, which paper are you writing for now?"—*Boston Traveler.*

Mrs. Knicker—They say Paris is crazy over fringe. *Knicker*—Well, I'll wear it on my trousers if you get any more dresses.—*New York Sun.*

"Would you mind tooting your factory whistle a little?" "What for?" "For my father over yonder in the park. He's a trifle deaf and he hasn't heard a rohin this spring."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"But in this country," said the viscount, "you have no ancient institutions." "Oh, haven't we?" the heautiful heiress replied. "You ought to see the hridge club to which mamma helongs."—*Chicago Record-Herold.*

Widow—I want a stone for my hushand's grave exactly like the other one in the lot. *Agent*—But isn't it a trifle small for a man of your husband's prominence? *Widow*—No, sir! If Thomas thought a stone like that was good enough for his first wife, I guess it's plenty good enough for Thomas."—*Life.*

Mr. Farwest—I met my old schoolmate, Lakeside, today, for the first time in an age, and I thought from the way he acted when I mentioned you, that you and he must have had some romance or other hefore we met. *Mrs. Farwest*—No romance ahout it. We were married for a few years, that's all.—*New York Weekly.*

Manager—The critics say that in the play "A Wronged Wife," you do not exhibit enough emotion when your hushand leaves you, never to return. *Popular Actress*—Oh, I don't, don't I? Well, I've had two or three hushands leave me, never to return, and I guess I know as much ahout how to act under those circumstances as anyhody.—*Puck.*

After he had resigned as pension commissioner and returned to Kansas, Gene Ware was fond of relating an experience that hefell him while he was stationed at the national capital. He was invited to deliver a Fourth of July oration at Gettyshurg and accepted. He mentioned the matter to President Roosevelt one day at the White House. "By George, that's hully!" said Teddy. "I will just go down and listen to your address." Then Teddy paused for a moment and said: "Yes, and I'll make Root go, too." Then he paused again and said: "I'll take the whole Cahinet." Of course that made Ware feel good. To think that the President of the United States and the memhers of the Cahinet would go to hear him make an address tended to puff him up just a little. Well, Teddy and several memhers of the Cahinet went all right. Courtesy demanded that the President he called on first "for a few remarks." So Teddy was called on. He spoke for two straight hours and Ware never did get to deliver his speech.

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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A New Quarrel in Europe.

It is impossible to flout the gravity of an international situation that has affected the maritime insurance rates of such concerns as Lloyds. It seems equally impossible to believe that a European war over the disposition of Morocco is consistent with national sanity. But the fact remains that Lloyds has set a limit to the present rates and that the English chancellor of the exchequer has addressed a portentous warning to Germany.

It is the old story of a quarrel among thieves. Morocco belongs to neither of them, but the old fable of endangered European lives led to an international conclave and the assigning to France of special police or protectorate duties. Nothing is so useful to Europe as a few white men in some semi-barbarous country. They are certain to get their toes trodden on at some time, and then comes the army of relief which transforms itself into an army of occupation. At the present time France has an army in Morocco engaged in protecting Europeans who were in no danger. Germany has now sent a warship to the Moroccan port of Agadir for the same benevolent purpose, although there are no white men of any kind at Agadir and never have been, but German philanthropy is not to be circumscribed by such trivial things as facts. France has protested against this infringement of her prerogatives and the chancellor of the exchequer's statement was to the effect that England would sustain France at all costs.

It may be asked why England should sustain France. It is simple enough. Many years ago, long before the Algeciras Conference, England agreed to give France a free hand in Morocco provided France would give England a free hand in Egypt. At that time Egypt was a bone of contention between the two countries, but England was in possession. Morocco was also a bone of contention, but France was in possession. What more natural than that the two countries should agree to leave each other in undisputed possession of their individual plunder? Then came the Algeciras Conference, the assignment to France of special police duties, France's recent advance upon Fez in supposed pursuance of those duties, Germany's dispatch of a warship and the French protest, followed by the reminder to England of her old obligations. But the idea of a European war over Morocco, which is not worth the life of a drummer boy, remains as preposterous as ever.

The Exposition Site.

It is at least satisfactory that the exposition directors have reached a unanimous decision as to a site and that constructive energy is at last provided with some sort of focus for its efforts. The delay, in spite of natural impatience, has not been excessive. It has been commensurate with the magnitude of the problem and the necessity for compromising the many points of view that necessarily present themselves. The directors have had a task of enormous difficulty and of a much greater complexity than is apparent to casual observation. They were chosen as much for their disinterested citizenship as for their executive ability. A more hasty decision might have won for them a certain amount of unreflecting applause, but it would have meant the postponement of difficulties that have now been grappled with and the creation of vexatious problems at a time when they would have been peculiarly embarrassing. There are still difficulties and problems enough in all conscience. No conceivable choice could be free from them, just as any choice must have its corresponding drawbacks. The selected site covers an immense area, and while this will add to the impressiveness of the exposition—and this is the main consideration—it will naturally imply difficulties of transportation, some uncertainties on the part of concession seekers, and special ingenuity in the effort to give a sense of unity to the whole undertaking. These will be some of the problems attaching to a selection that includes Harbor View, Golden Gate Park, Lincoln Park, a new civic centre, and Telegraph Hill. Any other selection might have involved still greater problems, and it might have been less fruitful in permanent advantages to the city. The directors were wisely endowed with full powers in the matter. They have exercised them deliberately and with the results that are now before us and that have certainly impressed the public imagination. Relatively speaking, they are still in outline, and during the coming weeks we may expect not only to hear some of the reasons that actuated the directors in their choice, but there will also be an elaboration of detail that will help toward an adequate conception of the whole. If it should be found necessary to make modifications—and human projects are not usually perfect at their inception—they will be made with the same cautious and skillful care that has already been shown.

But the first great step has been taken. A site in broad outline has been chosen and there should be no criticism that is not helpful and constructive; and most of all there should be no criticism from those who feel that some sectional interest has been slighted. There are no sectional interests that have any validity. The only interest is that of the exposition itself in its broad relations to the national undertaking of the Panama Canal, to the State, and to the city. It is only the far-sighted, the comprehensive, and the disinterested opinions that we wish to hear of.

Controller Bay.

Whatever may be the merits of the conservation crusade, it stands easily first as the breeder of a peculiarly venomous sort of slander. There is no need to go to the files for examples of a method of political warfare that is willing to say or do anything, to asperse any reputation, or to blacken any character, in furtherance of its aims. The latest illustration is now engaging the attention of Congress. It arose in connection with the opening of Controller Bay, the new political gospel demanding that nothing in the way of natural resources shall ever be opened by any one, and that whoever wishes to burn coal or to fell lumber is *prima facie* a thief and a robber. Controller Bay, it seems, has been opened by the President, and therefore there is an immediate effort to show that he acted under influence and that he was guilty of the grossest form of family favoritism. In this case the chief witness is a woman who evidently needs either medical treatment for hysteria or religious ministrations for bearing false witness. Miss M. F. Abbott asserts that she found and copied a letter in the files of the Department of the Interior, that it was addressed by Richard S. Ryan to Richard A. Ballinger, and that it purported to be an account of an interview between Mr. Ryan and Mr. Taft. Mr. Ryan had visited the President in connection with the opening of Controller Bay. The President had asked him whom he represented, "So I sent for Charlie Taft and asked him to tell his brother who it was I really represented. The President made no further objection to my claim."

Now it is bad enough that this young woman should be allowed to air her nonsense in public newspapers. It is a thousand times worse that Congress should gravely investigate such vicious folly, and so raise it into some sort of respectability. Apparently there is no one whose story is too impossible, whose vanity too egregious, whose motives too sinister, or whose mind too warped and diseased to command attention. And so we have a careful weighing of probabilities, and balancing of testimonies on the part of highly placed public servants as to whether the President of the United States committed a petty and sordid crime against the nation. And on the unsupported word of a young woman whom no one ever heard of before.

It is not only unsupported. It is vigorously denied by every one concerned. There is no such letter in the files. The President denies the whole story. Mr. Charles P. Taft denies it. Mr. Ballinger's former secretary, who is supposed to have shown the letter to Miss Abbott, says he never heard of it. No one has ever heard of it except the young woman who invented it, and yet a House committee can find nothing better to do than to dignify the whole disgraceful business by an "investigation." We are even solemnly asked by enterprising newspapers to examine their reproduced facsimiles, not of the letter, but of its supposed copy.

What stability or decency can there be in public affairs when such frantic puerilities are allowed to go unrebuked? Congress, it would seem, does not dare to show lukewarmness in the sacred task of investigation. In an age of sanity Miss Abbott and her "disclosures" would be waived on one side as fit subjects either for parental discipline with a slipper or for the attentions of the alienist. But we have changed all that. We have discovered a plot and the family of Titus [illegible] is

here to sustain it. Any one may accuse any one, and incredulity is certain proof of treason to the cause.

The Reciprocity Victory.

That the Reciprocity bill has passed the Senate will be a matter for general congratulation. No other measure of recent times has called forth such practical unanimity of public opinion or has been so stoutly demanded by the citizenship of the country. Here and there a querulous and isolated voice has been raised against it, but every attempt to gauge the general wish has met with the same result. The country favored the Reciprocity bill and ungrudgingly applauded the President for his resolution that it should be passed.

The voting list certainly presents a strange medley of parties, if indeed there can be said to be any parties in this particular phase of our political life. The following list illustrates the confusion into which the Senate has been thrown by a tariff reform measure emanating from Republican sources:

Republicans for the bill:

Bradley, Brandegee, McLean, Briggs, Brown, Burton, Crane, Lodge, Cullom, Guggenheim, Jones, Poindexter, Nixon, Penrose, Perkins, Works, Richardson, Root, Stephenson, Townsend, Wetmore.

Republicans against the bill:

Borah, Heyburn, Bourne, Bristow, Curtis, Burnham, Clapp, Nelson, Clark, Warren, Crawford, Gamble, Cummins, Kenyon, Dixon, Gronna, McCumber, La Follette, Lippitt, Lorimer, Oliver, Page, Smith (Michigan), Smoot.

Democrats for the bill:

Bacon, Bankhead, Johnston, Bryan, Fletcher, Chamberlain, Chilton, Watson, Culberson, Davis, Foster, Gore, Owen, Hitchcock, Johnson, Kern, Shively, Martin, Swanson, Martine, Myers, Newlands, O'Gorman, Overman, Paynter, Pomerene, Reed, Stone, Smith (Maryland), Smith (South Carolina), Taylor, Williams.

Democrats against the bill:

Bailey, Clarke, Simmons.

It need hardly be said that such a list is no indication of personal conviction. Senator Penrose, for example, holds precisely the same views as to high protection that he always did, but he voted for the bill. Senator Root tried to kill the bill by an amendment, but he voted for it. Mr. Lodge, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Guggenheim, and many others will hardly go so far as to say that they have seen a great light, but they all cast their votes for Canadian reciprocity. With few exceptions the Republicans who voted for the bill were forced into that path against their will. But their dislike to the "entering wedge" and the "first step" was less than their apprehension of the popular determination that was behind the President. Most of the Democrats were similarly unenthusiastic. Any lowering of the tariff wall they regard as coming distinctly within their own province, and they are well aware that the Reciprocity bill will be credited to Mr. Taft and to a Republican administration. They would be more than human if they could view with perfect equanimity this adoption of their own principles by their political opponents and the borrowing of their votes to swell a Republican victory, and, in fact, to make that victory at all possible. However they may be feeling, it may be admitted frankly that their action in sustaining the bill is evidence not only of the sincerity of their convictions, but of a broad statesmanship that looks to the end rather than to the means. There is no need to assign the laurels now or at any other time, but it is just as evident that the bill could not have passed without the Democratic vote as it is evident that it could never have been born without the initiative of Mr. Taft, who undertook the preliminary negotiations with Canada. It is superfluous to ask to whom the country will give the preponderance of credit. Certainly Mr. Taft is asking no such question. He asked no such question at a time when the reception of his proposals by the country was entirely problematical and when the bill had nothing to recommend it except its inherent virtues. Those who are indifferent to personal losses in furtherance of a cause usually find that the results are to their gain, and the country will know how to appreciate the far-sighted statesmanship that conceived of the reciprocity agreement and the tactful patience that has now carried it to a successful issue.

It is only the insurgent senators who can extract no solace from the event. They have not even the ordinary consolations of defeat. They have been fighting against a principle that they have advocated on a hundred platforms, and they have seen the projects upon which they made their reputations carried to victory against their strenuous resistance. For the principle involved they have probably little consideration. Principle is not a part of the game as they have conceived it. The only thing that they have understood is popularity, and now they have the mortification of a recognition that they are regarded by the people at large as enemies of reform and as the allies of the very forces whose overthrow they invited us to witness. There is no need to point the moral or to adorn the tale. The voting list speaks for itself. Mr. La Follette is to be seen fighting against tariff reform side by side with Mr. Lorimer and Mr. Smoot. It means the end of the insurgent party, or at least of Mr. La Follette's particular pose as its leader. Some of his supposed followers openly broke away and voted for the bill. Others, such as Mr. Works and Mr. Brown, repudiated the gross personalities in which he indulged. Even Mr. Borah, Mr. Poindexter, and Mr. Bristow have carefully refrained from imitating the tactics of vilification and misrepresentation that Mr. La Follette has made so peculiarly his own. Under what pretense Mr. La Follette proposes to remain in the Republican party it is hard to see. But no other party either wants him or would receive him.

The wood pulp provisions of the agreement with Canada go into operation at once, or as soon as the bill has received the presidential signature. The remaining parts of the bill must now await ratification by Canada, and Canada has troubles of her own in the matter. It may be impossible to overcome the opposition of the minority in the Canadian legislature without a general election, which would take some few months, but there is no reason to doubt the popular verdict upon the other side of the border. The American farmer has been warned that he will be ruined if he is allowed to deal with his northern neighbor, and the Canadian farmer has been warned of precisely the same fate if he shall look over the protective fence. Obviously both warnings can not be right, and the farmers here and in Canada have wisely decided to believe neither of them. A general election in Canada will delay ratification for two or three months, but the end is no longer in doubt.

The Case of Mr. Ford.

An appeal has been made to the Supreme Court to compel Judge Lawlor either to dismiss or to try the cases pending against Mr. Tirey L. Ford. Eleven of the indictments were issued over four years ago. There are others that are nearly as old. Whatever causes for delay may once have existed, such as the overcrowding of the list, have disappeared years ago, but repeated applications to Judge Lawlor for trial or dismissal are met by a blank refusal. And now as a last resort an appeal has been made to the Supreme Court for a mandate, an appeal resisted by the assistant district attorney, who admits, according to the reports, that all the law is against him. Why, then, does a public officer of the law take a stand that is in opposition to the law as palpably as it is in contradiction of the rudimentary principles of justice and of the rights of the citizen?

The refusal of Judge Lawlor to act upon these indictments, either to discharge them or to bring them to an issue, is not only a clear act of persecution, but it is flagrantly illegal. It is in direct contravention of Section 13 of the California Constitution, which reads "in criminal prosecutions, in any court whatever, the party accused shall have the right to a speedy and public trial." By no misuse of language can it be said that a delay of four years is within the meaning of the Constitution. If these proceedings can be extended so long as this there is no reason why they should ever be brought to a termination. Judge Lawlor is not awaiting anything. He is not expecting anything. There is no new development within sight. There is nothing to prevent some definite action one way or the other except his illegal determination to subject the defendant to whatever disabilities or to whatever illusory discredit may attach to a man who is under indictment. Unable to work his will upon the defendant directly and legally, he does so indirectly and illegally.

Our sociologists tell us that a growing contempt for the law is the crying evil of the day, but when it comes to a remedy they put the cart before the horse, as usual. There would be no contempt for the law if the law, or rather the officers of the law, would cease to be contemptible. If Judge Lawlor is half as familiar with the Constitution of California as he is with the rules of the prize-ring he is aware of the nature and substance of Section 13, which entitles Mr. Ford to "a speedy and public trial." But apparently it needs a mandate from the Supreme Court to compel him to do his simple and obvious duty and to comply with a fundamental law that he has sworn to uphold.

There is no need to conjecture the fate of a poor man under such tyranny. He would be absolutely helpless in the clutch of a judge placidly determined to ignore the law and sheltered by his victim's poverty. There would be no redress against a persecution that is worse than a legal punishment. The presumptive guilt or innocence of the accused are not factors in the case. Guilty or innocent, a defendant has a right either to a discharge of the indictment or to "a speedy and public trial," and in the case of Mr. Ford this right under the Constitution has been denied to him by a judge who apparently is above the Constitution.

The House of Lords.

The constitutional crisis in England will probably be settled within a few days unless the House of Lords should be so ill-advised as to prolong it by the rejection of the veto bill and so invite a revolution. The parting of the ways has now been reached. There is no suggestion of compromise or delay. If the Lords continue to resist they will be checkmated by the creation of several hundred new peers. The prime minister, writing a letter of courtesy to the Conservative leader, states explicitly the course that will be followed, and he adds significantly that the approval of the king has been secured. In the event of further resistance the Peers would not only be overwhelmed by an artificially created vote, but the complexion of their House would be more or less permanently changed by so great an infusion of new and radical blood. No doubt the new blood would in time become as blue as any, but it would serve its purpose.

The various steps of the struggle have been taken with such patience and caution as to deserve success and to preclude any opposition on the part of the king. Into the private opinions of the king there is no need to inquire, but it may be taken as certain that he would not coöperate in a measure for the restriction of the hereditary principle if any other course were open to him. But no other course is open to him. When the historic budget was rejected by the Lords there were those who urged the government to do what it is now doing, to join issue on the Lords' prerogatives and crush them out of existence. But the king could have answered plausibly enough that the point at issue was the budget, and only the budget, and that the opinion of the people must be ascertained upon this point before any further steps could be taken. It will be remembered that the ensuing general election approved the budget, and it was then passed unwillingly by the Lords. The next step was the veto bill, which gave the Lords a suspensory power over legislation but prevented them from destroying it. Once more Mr. Asquith was urged to use all the powers at his disposal to force the bill through the upper house, but once more he delayed the issue. The king might again have demurred to the creation of peers upon the ground that the previous general election was to determine the fate of the budget and that it bore only an indirect relation to the great constitutional question. So once more Mr. Asquith appealed to the country to give him a direct mandate to restrict the veto power of the Lords, and once more he was successful. The veto bill was again passed by the Commons, and sent back to the Lords. They amended it and returned it to the Commons, who struck out the amendments and sent it upstairs once more with the notification that it must be passed forthwith or a creation of hundreds of new peers would ensue, and that the king was willing to cooperate. This is the vote that is now pending.

It is hard to believe that the Peers will invite the deluge by persisting in their course. There is absolutely no loophole of escape, no element of uncertainty anywhere to encourage them. With the assent of the king to the creation of a "swamping" batch of Lords there is no possible obstacle in the path of the relentless nemesis that confronts them. There can be neither delay nor reprieve. They have reached the last ditch, and if they elect to die in it the spectacle will be absurd rather than tragic. It is to their credit that all but the most hot-headed among them see this clearly enough and deprecate a resistance to the irresistible.

There is no reason why the House of Lords should lose its value. The power to suspend legislation for three years is no small one when wielded by a body professing to be a servant of democracy and heedful of the popular will. The House of Lords has defended its existence on the ground that it supplies a bulwark

against hasty or impetuous legislation of which the country will not approve. It will now be in a position to exact three years' meditation, and will therefore be able to fulfill the mission that it has so often announced. Even the House of Lords has never ventured to avow an anti-democratic function. It has never dared to assert a right to thwart the popular will. It has thwarted the popular will over and over again, but always on the plea of reading the public mind more accurately and cautiously. It will still be in a position to do all that it has ever claimed to do. It is only its power to do more than this that will be taken from it.

If the Lords now act with some tardy discretion they will still preserve the advisory power, which is a more real and substantial possession than the right of veto. The active members of the House represent a combination of experience and ability unsurpassed in the world and one that can easily exercise a vast influence upon national affairs. The veto power is already lost beyond recall, but that other power can be retained by a present display of dignity and restraint.

Social Culture and the School.

It is evident to the anxious follower of the N. E. A. deliberations that no immediate reduction of an overcrowded curriculum is to be hoped for. On the contrary. But it is equally evident that no overtaxing of young intellects need be feared. For the curriculum in its scholastic aspect is in a sad state of collapse. Properly speaking, it is not a curriculum at all, but a compendium of complete living.

Time was when knowledge was fondly believed to be power and the three R's of some advantage in making terms with existence. But modern pedagogy has changed all that. Gone is the disciplinary grammar, the spelling-book, and the multiplication table. Going, too, are the classics and the good old solid literature of the masters. No longer need the schoolboy agonize over conjugations or struggle with the printed page. No longer need he make any vigorous, personal exertion to acquire anything. It is all made delightful and effortless by the new methods. His engaging spontaneity is never crushed by compulsion and he can sit back and absorb "cultural" influences through the pores of the hide. To rouse the dormant æsthete he is set to clay-modeling in the super-refining atmosphere evoked by a plaster Winged Victory and a torso or two. To release the "hidden soul of harmony" he dallies playfully with scale progressions varied by weekly doses of canned Caruso and explanatory boluses of information on metre, rhythm, and theory of music. And for the cultivation of the social sense and the proper rounding out of the character (if anything so mushily amorphous as the product of this system may be called "character"), he is brought into many-sided contact with his environment—all, of course, under the jaunty guidance of the "play spirit" so rampant just now. Thus his responsibility to the community is easily disposed of by pottering around a school garden, and his relationship to his fellow-beings is facilitated in all sorts of "activities"—school dramatics, school journals, debating societies, and all that medley of French clubs, German clubs, and Greek clubs which under any other name would satisfy as well the rage for "social culture."

As for the relationships to home and parents, the curriculum maintains a discreet silence. So, indeed, do the parents themselves. And in truth it is their indifference and incompetence which is responsible for the high-handed methods of the pedagogues in foisting upon the school what rightly belongs in the home. For, while it is evident that the much-decried book-learning is only a part of the lifelong process called education, it is also evident that the main business of schooling can deal with this part only. And though we recognize that something indeed is needed to give civilized grace and amenity and create the distinctive force called personality, we as clearly realize that it is not to be acquired in the school. Not even by deliberate soaking in cultural influences so many hours per! Nor by submitting to the unripe standards of immature "frats" and school societies.

Well have the old established civilizations of Europe understood the diverse aims and methods of mental and social culture, and never have they ventured to mix them in a curriculum in the helter-skelter manner of American pedagogy. Their school schedules are unharassed by "activities"; their teachers unperturbed by demands for lessons in living. This function is the right and duty of the home and the family, and in France particularly, where parenthood reaches the acme of devotion and a passionate absorption in the education of the child is its strongest characteristic, the whole life effort centres in the creating of a social milieu in which this child may, on maturity, be advantageously "placed" and in which, by contact with worth-while personalities, he may acquire *subconsciously* the essence of social culture.

How different the haphazard carelessness of the great proportion of American parents! They belong to no fixed circle of society. They have no fixed family hearthstone. Rootless and ephemeral, floating units of individual caprice, they have no real relation to life. In a social sense, they are ciphers. With a home life characterized by the stability of the storage van and the high felicity of chafing-dish and café, their acquaintanceships are casual, promiscuous, and impermanent; their interests ditto. The chances of the next flat or the last summer resort determine the direction of their rudimentary social instincts; the cheap theatre and moving picture show fill the vacuity of their leisure.

And this is the type of parent that shifts his responsibility upon an already overburdened school system. To compensate for his neglect the whole machinery of education is clogged and encumbered. Indifferent parenthood grows more and more unfitted; the earnest and conscientious more powerless against the rival distractions of school life. And after all, no social culture emerges. For it is not to be found in the class-room nor yet in extra class-room activities. It can only be gained from a gradual perception of relative values in the social life that centres around the family.

Breaking Ground at San Diego.

If the preliminary ceremonials in connection with the San Diego Exposition may be taken as a presage of the exposition itself, the success of the venture is already assured. Nothing more dignified, impressive, and harmonious has happened in the State for years. The programme was carried out to the letter. There was neither delay nor confusion. If there were jealousies and heart-burnings they were not allowed to show themselves on the surface nor interfere with the even course of the proceedings, and therefore we may infer that there were none. And, best of all, the enthusiasm and public spirit of the people was unmistakable. San Diego has made a good start and one that is auspicious of a good finish. There are few tasks that will not yield before a united good-will, and by her own good-will San Diego has proved that she deserves the good-will of the State and of the nation, and she has them both.

San Diego is certainly an ideal spot for an exposition. Indeed it may be said that the city itself is a perpetual exposition and one that is well worth a journey across the continent to see. No other centre is more typically Californian or a better example of the climate and the natural beauty that have made the State famous. The Bay of San Diego is more beautiful than the Bay of Naples, and it is as attractive to the commercial eye as it is to the artistic. It is the nearest American port to the Panama Canal, and it is merely a truism to say that a great trade future lies before it. San Diego is abundantly justified in her intended celebration. She has proved that she has the spirit and the harmony necessary to its accomplishment, and she need not doubt that all the coöperative sympathy necessary to her task will be forthcoming in full measure.

Mr. Denman and the Recall.

Mr. William Denman made a strong speech against the judiciary recall at the recent meeting of the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco. If this question were to be decided in the light of reason and of expediency such a speech would be conclusive in its array of arguments and precedents, but unfortunately reason and expediency play a pitifully small part in the feverish and haphazard changes that are advocated nowadays in the name of reform.

But there was one point in the speech upon which too much emphasis can hardly be laid. Mr. Denman points out the inconsistency of the various measures that are urged upon us for the supposed protection of the public against officials who may be false to their trust. It is absolutely necessary, we are told, that a faithless judge shall be recalled by a popular vote, but when it comes to the railroad commission we are assured with equal vehemence that the popular vote can not be trusted at all, and that the appointments must be made by the governor alone. Hitherto the railroad commission has been elected by the people, but the last legislature, instigated by the governor and the reformers, decided that the people could not be trusted in this matter and that the power, formerly lodged in them, must be taken away and placed in the hands of the governor. It is a curious plea for those who have clamored so incessantly for an extension of the popular control over officialism and who, in practice, are thus found seriously curtailing that control. It seems that the electors can be trusted to choose the judges and are henceforth to be allowed to recall them at will, but the right to choose the railroad commissioners is actually to be taken from them. Mr. Denman's own words are so terse and epigrammatic that they justify quotation. He says:

> On the plea of making the judges of the Supreme Court free from the Southern Pacific Railroad, we are asked to elect them by popular vote and subject them to a recall at a popular election. On the plea of making the railroad commission —which is the court in whose adjudications the Southern Pacific is now chiefly interested—free from that corporation, we are asked in the same breath to take from the people the right to elect them and to deny to the people the power to recall at popular election. In other words, the Southern Pacific will control our Supreme Court unless we apply to it the popular election and the popular recall, and the Southern Pacific will control the railroad commission unless we deny to it popular election and popular recall.

The general principle underlying the manœuvres seems to be that whatever democratic powers are now possessed by the people should be taken from them and that they should be endowed with all sorts of new and whimsical capacities for wrecking the social machine.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Altitude of Railway Stations.

Union Pacific Railroad Company.
Oregon Short Line Railroad Company.
Oregon-Washington Railroad & Navigation Company.
San Francisco, Cal., July 22, 1911.

Editor Argonaut: In your issue of even date, page 55, col. 3, the assertion is made that the highest railroad altitude is reached on the Jungfrau Railroad in Switzerland at a point between Jungfrau and Monch, viz, 10,955 feet.

For your information, these figures are exceeded many times in the State of Colorado: for instance on the Breckenridge-Leadville division of the Colorado and Southern, Dwyer Station is located at 11,250 feet, and Boreas at 11,470 feet. On the Alma-Buena Vista division of the same road there are five stations above 11,000 feet, one of them, Alpine, registers at 11,596 feet; and on one division of the Cripple Creek Central Railway, also in Colorado but electrically operated, one station is at an altitude of over 12,000 feet.

All these figures, however, are set aside by the records made on the recently completed Trans-Andean Railroad operating between Valparaiso, Chili, and Buenos Aires, Argentine. On this line there are two or three stations over 14,000 feet. From all this you will gather that the Swiss road above referred to has to climb a bit yet before it makes any world's records. Yours truly, John S. Inglis.

Sound on Public Questions.

Clarence W. Ashford, Attorney-at-Law.
Kapiolani Building.
Honolulu, Hawaii, July 7, 1911.

Argonaut Publishing Company: After an acquaintance of twenty-nine years, I find the *Argonaut* as good as ever (which is saying much), and as well worthy of support as in the past. Hence this remittance in renewal of my subscription.

The course of the *Argonaut* on all public questions is as sound as could possibly be expected in a paper which professes even a nominal (thank Heaven it is not a slavish) allegiance to the discredited Republican party.

But are you not in danger of allowing your just resentment towards William J. Burns and his methods to lead you into a false position concerning the Los Angeles dynamite fiends? A word of caution from a friend. Have a care.

Very sincerely, C. W. Ashford.

A Reasonable Delay.

Apartado 188, Durango, Dgo., Mexico, July 17, 1911.

Argonaut Publishing Company: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter dated May 16th, which I have just received. The revolution drove us away from the coast and our mail is just beginning to reach us here, which accounts for delay in answering your letter and sending amount of subscription for ensuing year, which I herewith inclose in check for $4 gold. Thanking you very sincerely for having sent me the additional numbers, I am,

Yours very truly, Victor Gomez.

Can Not Be Without It.

Alta, Cal., July 22, 1911.

Argonaut Publishing Company: Check herewith inclosed for $4. Kindly renew my subscription, as I can not be without your paper. Respectfully yours,

Thos. O'Connell.

Bracelets have been worn from time immemorial, but few wearers of the golden bands of the present day know that they were once used to distinguish the insane. Before lunatics were confined to asylums they wore an armlet for distinction.

According to the computation of the minister of finance for the Union of South Africa, the gold-mining industry of the Rand still has a life of 150 years before it.

Culture of the grape in America for wine-making began in Florida in 1564.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A full list has now been published of the literary men or their children upon whom the English government has just bestowed a pension. The awards to Mr. William Butler Yeats and Mr. Conrad have already been mentioned in this column, and the following additional names, among others, now appear upon the list: Miss Kate and Miss Jennie Greenwood, daughters of the late Mr. Frederic Greenwood; the wife and three daughters of the late Dr. Richard Bowdler Sharpe in consideration of his contributions to ornithology; Mrs. Margaret Davidson, wife of the late Mr. John Davidson, the poet; Mr. Charles Crawford for his researches into Elizabethan literature; Dr. William Angus Knight for his studies of Wordsworth; Dr. Thomas Kirkup for his writings on socialism; Mrs. Mabel Bode for her studies in Pali; Mr. William H. Davies, the cripple hawker, peddler, and poet; and Mr. Thomas Whittaker for his philosophical writings. This year's additions to the literary pension list amount to about $6000. The pensions awarded are always small, being intended to supplement existing means of livelihood where they are now inadequate.

Three reporters, an American, a Frenchman, and an Englishman, accompanied the Sultan of Turkey on his recent tour among his disaffected subjects. These reporters were furnished with passports which, says the correspondent of the London *Standard*, "formed a small illustrated biographical pamphlet and supplied the policeman to whom they were addressed with a chatty little sketch of one's career, beginning with one's father's name and ending with a series of personal details that were on the verge of libel. I myself got off lightly. I had been introduced to the police official by a court functionary, and he tempered his justice with mercy. But all the same I, a modest man, have spent a fortnight submitting myself to the examination of policemen in public places in different parts of Macedonia who have checked off, before an interested crowd and with the air of people who suspect you of having willfully distorted your features to deceive them, my approximation to the following specifications: Figure, long; eyes, rather doubtful; mouth, ordinary; nose, drawn out; moustache, absent; general appearance, ordinary."

Every one has heard of the Neanderthal skull, that relic of almost immeasurably ancient man that was discovered in South Germany. Since that discovery many other traces of the Neanderthal race have been brought to light, and it is now possible to study our departed brother with some ease and accuracy. As to the date of his death there is some uncertainty. Dr. A. Keith, in the *Illustrated London News*, says that layer after layer has been deposited on the bones by running fresh water until the deposit is now eighty-seven feet thick. The rate of deposit has not been measured, but few geologists would assign a period of less than 500,000 years, and most would give a larger figure.

Dr. Keith has some surprising things to say about the physical appearance and the mentality of these early members of the human family. At first they were represented as slightly glorified gorillas, but this, it seems, was an injustice. They were by no means such bad fellows as they have been described, and considering their disadvantages we have no cause to be ashamed of them. The Neanderthal man had a face that was long, wide, and heavy, with rather massive jaws, but his teeth were no bigger nor different in shape and size than we see now in many primitive native races. The forehead was large, overhanging, and beetling, the nose wide and prominent, his arms and hands were muscular, roughly molded and strong, but used as we use ours. He was a little over five feet high and apparently walked as we do. But the surprising part of the thing is the fact that his brain was "above the average of most Europeans." Perhaps that is not saying very much, but it is rather a shock to discover that our ancestors who lived half a million years ago were our equals and even our superiors in mentality. And this in spite of free education, dynamite, politics, and the glories of civilization. It produces a sort of discouraged feeling.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has once more broken out into poetry, apparently having no candid friend to dissuade him. The occasion is the completion of the Declaration of London, which is a sort of international treaty for the disposition of merchant ships in time of war, and which Mr. Kipling seems to think is prejudicial to British interests. Here are two stanzas of the poem:

> We have walked with the Ages dead—
> With our Past alive and ablaze,
> And you bid us pawn our honor for bread,
> This day of all the days?
> And you can not wait till our guests are sped
> Or last week's wreath decays?
>
> The light is still on our eyes
> Of Faith and Gentlehood,
> Of Service and Sacrifice,
> And it does not match our mood,
> To turn so soon to your sophistries
> That starve our land of her food.

This is pretty poor stuff. It is a pity that Mr. Kipling should feel under any continued obligation to heat the war drum, which is an unwelcome sound at the best of time, but intolerable when badly done. Mr. Kipling would not like to be classed with the Poet Laureate, but he seems to be going that way. By the way, why has there been no coronation effusion from the Laureate? Time is passing on and our apprehensions are subsiding.

It is not quite to the credit of literary England that nearly one hundred years have been allowed to elapse before an effort was made to identify the grave of William Blake. It was known that the artist-poet was buried in Bunhill Fields, but no one knew where. His funeral cost less than $6, and therefore it is hardly surprising that he had to share his last bed with seven others, who probably had never before been in such worthy company. But at last the precise spot has been found by Mr. Herbert G. Jenkins, who has thoroughly ransacked the records and settled the problem forever. A movement has now been started for the erection of a monument to the man who lived in despised poverty, who died neglected, and who was generally regarded as a lunatic until a few years ago. Humanity seems never to tire of the farce of canonizing its martyrs nor ever to open its eyes the wider for the recognition of living genius.

French newspapers are the most literary in the world, and this is appropriate, seeing that they contain no news. Nearly every issue of a Paris newspaper contains some satisfactory report of a literary address or lecture, a feature that is to be found in no other country. A few weeks ago M. Jusserand gave an address in London on Shakespeare. It is pointed out that very few newspapers even noticed it, whereas if that same address had been delivered in Paris the reports in the French newspapers would have been ample enough to convey a clear account of the lecturer's meaning.

Russia seems to have learned nothing from the many exposures of her convict system. She is the only country in the world insensitive to the execration of civilization. This time the exposure comes from within. No less a newspaper than the *Novoe Vremyo* publishes an account of the conditions governing the employment of convicts on the Ameer Railway. They are treated, says the correspondent, with senseless cruelty and are beaten and flogged without valid cause. On one occasion the superintendent shot a man dead for impertinence. The convicts are forced to work, however ill they may be. Many of them have scurvy, and if they complain they are subjected to solitary confinement. The food is indescribably bad, the meat rotten, and the cereals musty. The cells where several prisoners were confined after being cruelly beaten are nests of vermin. A report of these conditions has been sent to the minister of justice, who will doubtless see that it is duly deposited in the correct pigeonhole.

Governor Vincenzo Abbate of the Pozzuoli Prison near Naples has given some remarkable evidence at the trial of the Camorrists now in progress. "During my thirty years' experience," he stated, "I have had the worst scum of the Camorra pass through my hands. I have never met a gentleman nor an individual able to speak the truth. All the Camorrists are together in a pack by themselves, and they rob non-Camorrist inmates in every way possible, the high-grade Camorrists exercising control over the distribution of victuals sent to them from outside. When new inmates come they declare themselves Camorrists just as one might state his nationality. They know they will be placed with the rest of their fellows. I learn their grades because the disciples are studiously obedient to the elders, whom they call 'master.' In whatever part of the prison they happen to be, they always manage to communicate, no matter how stringent the precautions. They are pastmasters in lying and calumny, and are everlastingly engaged in plotting secret correspondence with the outside world. All measures to suppress it have failed."

The London *Daily Chronicle* reminds us that Tennyson, like Thackeray, seems to have been careless about his manuscripts. Some weeks after leaving his lodgings in Mornington Place, Hampstead, he wrote to Coventry Patmore from the Isle of Wight telling him that he could not find a "book of elegies—a long, butcher-ledger-like book," and that he had some obscure remembrance of lending it to Patmore. "If so," he concluded, "all is well; if not, will you go to my old chambers and institute a vigorous inquiry?" Patmore, not having the book, went to Mornington Place, but was assured by the landlady that no such article had been left there. He insisted, however, on going to his friend's old rooms, "up two pair of stairs," to search; and there, in a small cupboard, where Tennyson had kept bread and tea and butter, he found the lost "book of elegies"—the manuscript of "In Memoriam."

It appears that China is not quite so densely peopled as an exuberant fancy has supposed. There is always a tendency to magnify the mysterious, and China has always persuaded us into exaggeration. The Chinese government has lately attempted some sort of census of the people, and the results have just been published and forwarded to London. China could hardly be expected to number her people in just the same way as other countries, and so we find that she counts families instead of individuals. The size of the family, therefore, becomes a factor in the calculation, and this is necessarily an uncertain quantity. Chinese officialism places it at 5.5 individuals, and upon this basis the population of the country is 329,542,000. This includes Manchuria, Hsinchiang, and the dependencies, but it does not include Thibet with a population of about 6,500,000. China evidently contains a lot of people, but not so many as we thought. She has been popularly credited with 100,000,000 more than this. Nor is the density of population so great as we had supposed. She has about 198 to the square mile, but Belgium has 589, England 558, Holland 442, and Massachusetts 418. But these are relatively small areas with special industrial conditions.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

In modern ocean giants the funnel prepares to follow the abandoned mast. The first funnelless ship, a Hamburg-American liner of 6500 tons, is already afloat, the second is under way, and the third is being planned. This new type of vessel is driven, like a motorboat, by internal combustion engines. Her fuel is petroleum, and it is utilized by spraying it into condensed air and exploding the mixture in heavy cylinders. The spraying, as in the case of an automobile engine, is done automatically, and so there is no need for firemen.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Clocks of Kenilworth.

An ivy spray in my hand I hold,
The kindly ivy that covers the mold
Of ruined walls; it was brought to me
From Kenilworth Castle, over the sea—
O, Ivy, Ivy, I think of that Queen,
Who once swept on her way through the oak walls green
To Kenilworth, far in the gathering glooms,
Her cavalcade white with silver plumes.
They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross bonners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mold,
O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold!

O, Ivy, Ivy—I see that hour.
The great bell strikes in the signal-tower,
The banners lift in the ghostly moon,
The bards Provençal their harps attune,
The fiery fountains play on the lawns,
The glare of the rocket startles the fawns,
The trumpets peal, and roll the drums,
And the Castle thunders, "She comes, she comes!"
They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross bonners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mold,
O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold!

But hark! the notes of the culverin!
To the Castle's portal trooping in.
A thousand courtiers torches bear,
And the turrets flame in the dusky air.
The Castle is ringing, "All hail! all hail!"
Ride slowly, O Queen! 'mid the walls of mail,
And now let the courtliest knight of all
Lead thy jeweled feet to the banquet hall;
A thousand goblets await thee there,
And the great clocks lift their faces in air.
They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross bonners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mold,
O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold!

O, Ivy true; O, Ivy old,
The great clocks stare on the cups of gold,
Like dreadful eyes, and their hands pass on
The festive minutes, one by one.
—"Dying—dying," they seem to say—
"This too—this too—shall pass away!"
And the knights look up, and the knights look down,
And their fair white brows on the great clocks frown.
They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross bonners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mold,
O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold!

On the dais the Queen now stands—and falls
A silence deep on the blazing halls;
She opens her lips—but, hark! now dare
The clocks to beat in the stillness there?
—"Dying—dying," they seem to say—
"This too—This too—shall pass away!"
And the Queen looks up, and with stony stare
The high clocks look on the proud Queen there.
They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mold,
O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold!

Then the dark knights say, "What is wanting here?"
"That the hour should last"—so said a peer.
"The hour *shall* last!" the proud earl calls:
"Ho! Stop the clocks in the banquet halls!"
And the clocks' slow pulses of death were stilled,
And the gay earl smiled, and the wine was spilled,
And the jeweled Queen at the dumb clocks laughed,
And the flashing goblet raised and quaffed.
They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross banners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mold,
O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold!

But time went on, though the clocks were dead;
O'er the dewy oaks rose the morning red.
The earl of that sun-crowned castle died,
And never won the Queen for his bride,
And the Queen grew old, and withered, and gray,
And at last in her halls of state she lay
On her silken cushions, bejeweled, but poor,
And the courtiers listened without the door.
They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross bonners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mald,
O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold!

The twilight flushes the arrased hall,
The Night comes still, and her velvet pall
Of diamonds cold drops from her hand,
And still as the stars is the star-lit land.
Men move like ghosts through the castle's rooms,
But the old clocks talk 'mid the regal glooms:
—"Dying—dying," they seem to say,
Till the astrals pale in the light of day.
They are gone, all gone, those knights of old,
With their red-cross bonners and spurs of gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mold.
O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold!

O, Ivy true, as they listen there,
On the helpless Queen the great clocks stare,
And over and over again they say,
"This too—this too—shall pass away."
And she clasps the air with her fingers old.
And the hall is shadowy, empty, and cold.
"Life! life!" she cries, "my all would I give
For a moment, one moment, O Time, to live!"
They are gone, all gone, those knights of old.
With their red-crass bonners and spurs af gold,
And thou dost cover their castle's mald.
O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold!

On her crownless brow fell white her hair,
And she huried her face in her cushions there:
"One moment!"—it echoed through the hall,
But the clock stopped not on the arrased wall.
——There is a palace whose dial-towers
Uplift no record of vanishing hours,
Disease comes not to its doors, nor falls
Death's dusty step in its golden halls.
And more than crowns, or costles old,
Or red-cross bonners or spurs of gold,
Thot palace key it is to hold.
O, Ivy, Ivy, dark and cold!

—*Hezekioh Butterworth.*

Earl Slaughter Bradford, of Ammendale, Maryland, who graduated this spring from West Point as a second lieutenant, is a great-grandson of Francis Scott Key.

"THOSE GIRLS" IN VAUDEVILLE.

Indictment for Murder as a Theatrical Advertisement—An Expelled Clubman Trying to Get Back.

The show girls who have gained so much notoriety from shooting into W. E. D. Stokes had the sympathy of the public at the time that the act was committed, but now that they have gone into vaudeville, on the strength of their notoriety, that sympathy is drifting away from them. I suppose that they argue that they have got to make a living and if Mr. Hammerstein thinks that they are worth a good round sum per week they would be foolish not to take it.

To the credit of New York vaudeville audiences be it said there was no unusual demonstration when they appeared before the footlights as "Those Girls," a sketch written around the episode that has made them conspicuous. The situation is somewhat novel, that of persons under indictment for attempted murder appearing daily on the stage. On the very day of their indictment they failed to appear in court because their appearance there would interfere with their appearance at Hammerstein's roof garden!

When told of the action of the grand jury these giddy young things were seized with a fit of merriment. They seemed to regard the indictment as a joke, and laughed uproariously upon hearing the news. They say that no jury in the world would convict them, and they may be right. What juries will do no one can tell. They deny their guilt, and, having been released on $5000 bail each, stand ready for trial in October. That is a long time to wait with a sword hanging over one's head, but at the same time it gives them a longer engagement in vaudeville, for when they have exhausted the curiosity of New York there is still the circuit.

Whatever New Yorkers may think of Miss Conrad and Miss Graham, they think less of Mr. Stokes. Men of his sort are not admired by their fellow-men. The girls in this case are too young to have had any deep-laid plan concerning him. I am not arguing for their morals—I'm not sure that they have any—but I am pretty sure that they were no match for a man of Mr. Stokes's character and reputation. I feel pretty much as the girls do about their acquittal. If they can prove that they had good reason for shooting bullets into the calves of Mr. Stokes's legs they will be let off with a reprimand and advised to be more careful in the future as to the sort of old men they select for their friends. A foxy old man is this same Stokes, for as far as his published letters to the girls go they might have been written by a grandfather to his grandchildren. About the unfound, and therefore unpublished, letters no one but the writer and the recipients know. It seems that the apartment occupied by the girls at the time of the shooting was common property. Photographers and reporters confess to having had free access to it, which they improved by taking letters away for the purpose of copying or doing anything that they liked with them.

The Stokes family of this city has a strange way of keeping in the public eye. While part of it is as quiet and conventional as can possibly be imagined, another part appears to be the other extreme. One of the most sensational murders that we ever had in New York was committed by a Stokes, that of the redoubtable Jim Fisk. Other members of the family have been before the public for their socialistic views, which are always conspicuous in multi-millionaires. A son of the family not so long ago married a girl out of a cigar factory and lived with her in the slums, while a daughter married a socialistic leader of the West Side and established herself in a humble but comfortable house in the Greenwich section of the town. Other members of the family have married into their own class and live quiet, conservative lives. It is hard on these to have their relations so constantly in the limelight, but fortunately one is not responsible for one's family.

The moment that a man or a woman becomes notorious, no matter for what reason, that moment he or she becomes a valuable vaudeville attraction. Let a name once get thoroughly advertised and it becomes an asset to the owner. There is the notorious Gaby Deslys, who is supposed to have been the cause of the undoing of King Manuel of Portugal. She may or she may not have been, but she has the name and now she is having the game. Lee Shubert has secured her as an attraction for his Winter Garden at a salary said to be at least four thousand dollars a week. She will probably be worth it for a few weeks, though from what the London papers say she is utterly without dramatic talent. She is, however, a beauty, and she wears wonderful clothes, and many of them. This is to her credit, for ladies of her kind are apt to wear too few.

There was an attempt made some time ago to make a vaudeville star out of the unhappy Nan Patterson, but it failed, as it should have done. There were other ladies with murderous inclinations who have gone into vaudeville from time to time, but they have not been sufficiently successful to warrant their kind in seeking the same sort of notoriety with that end in view.

A curious case is up before the Supreme Court. It is that of Richard T. Barry, a writer, who sues for the restoration of his membership in The Players, the famous club founded by Edwin Booth for members of his profession and others of similar tastes. Mr. Barry was expelled from The Players in May last because of a magazine article written by him, in which he stated that the theatrical profession represented a low mental condition and did not show genuine feeling in its stage delineations. The art of thinking for themselves among actors, he said, was at low ebb. As The Players is composed principally of actors they resented this wholesale insult to their profession, and Mr. Barry was expelled. He now appeals to the courts to restore him. Mr. Barry's counsel wants to know whether The Players consider themselves censors of what a man should write. On the subject of their profession I should say yes. Ex-Judge Joseph F. Daly, brother of the late Augustin Daly, the famous manager and founder of Daly's Theatre, has been retained by the club. In his reply before Judge Giegerich he said: "This is purely a question of fitness. The objects stated in the articles of the incorporation are the promotion of social intercourse between the theatrical and other professions. In the course of his article this man goes out of his way to display his contemptuous opinion of the theatrical profession. To say that members of the theatrical profession do not think is not only false, but libelous, and his other statements hold them up to ridicule and contempt."

This is quite true, but a special argument that The Players might make with effect is that in turning over the club-house to them Edwin Booth had it distinctly set forth in the constitution and by-laws that no dramatic critic should be permitted membership in the club. He had his own reasons for this, and the club is not only bound æsthetically but legally to abide by them. This clause in the contract ruled out Mr. Booth's bosom and lifelong friend, William Winter, at whose instance, it is said, the club was founded. So Mr. Barry is ruled out as a critic of the stage if nothing else. The strange part to me is that a man should try to force himself into a club where he is not wanted. If I had been in his place I should have resigned before I had been expelled.

If by any chance he should win his suit and be restored to membership in The Players I do not believe that he will enjoy his triumph, for there is nothing more depressing than to be alone amid the crowd.

Jeannette L. Gilder.

New York, July 20, 1911.

Mekran, mysterious Mekran, is the land stretching almost from the Indus to the entrance to the Persian Gulf. The greater part of Mekran is desolate and forsaken, a land desiccated by nature and shunned by man. The few tribes which linger there are the jetsam of history, stray wreckage which has drifted into this obscure corner of the world in the backwash of great events. It is even believed that the Dravidians passed through Mekran on their way to southern India and left stragglers, whose descendants have dwelt there ever since. There are patches of Mongols from the days of Jenghiz Khan; colonies of half-breed Arabs from the time when an Arab dynasty held Sind; unmistakable Rajputs, who were there before Alexander; African negroes, the offshoots of mediæval slavery, and traces of still older peoples, whose origins are lost in the mists of time. Yet Mekran can not always have been either so dry or so deserted. Then there are vast masonry dams, obviously built to catch the water in the hills, just as engineers are making dams in the Indian ghauts today. Sometimes the hills are terraced for cultivation, after the fashion of hills in southern Japan and elsewhere; only in Mekran the terraces are dry and bare and not even a blade of grass remains. The crumbling ruins of whole cities, the very names of which are forgotten, lie concealed between the serrated ridges.

A first conspicuous triumph of "pacific penetration" in Morocco is announced (says the New York *Sun*). On the French national holiday the Sultan of Morocco sent the first wireless telegraph message from Fez to his ambassador at Paris, directing that official to congratulate the President of the French Republic upon the opening of telegraphic communication between Fez and Paris. Thus after centuries the rekkas, the runners who traversed the long road between Fez and Tangier and left their bones beside the streams at every flood and were the victims of every revolt and the prey of every bandit, are relieved forever of their fatal task.

Leboyer, in France, trying to solve the problem of how to make photographs permanent and free from all change, has resorted to the plan of "firing" them in a furnace upon enameled stone. It is found that the best stone for the purpose is the basalt found in prisms in the extinct volcanic district of central France. This rock, which is extremely hard and fine-grained, receives the enamel without cracks. The photographic film is deposited upon the enameled surface, and, after the photograph has been made, it is fired until the image becomes unalterably incorporated in the enamel.

The Desert de Carlitte, in the Pyrenees, close on 10,000 feet above the sea, contains no less than sixty lakes of varying sizes. These, according to local tradition, were left at the time of the flood. When the waters subsided it appears that Noah and his family landed on the Puy de Prigue, one of the highest peaks in the district. Convincing proof of the truth of this tradition is found in an iron ring to which, the peasants declare, the ark was moored when the landing was effected.

Rosewood and mahogany are so plentiful in Mexico that many copper mines are timbered with rosewood and mahogany is used for locomotive fuel.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Joseph E. Ralph, head of the bureau of engraving, which prints all the stamps and paper currency for the government, who has just made his annual accounting, has never had a single stamp unaccounted for in all the billions produced by his department. Recently ten inspectors checked up the number of stamps printed by the bureau within a month, the total being 1,768,285,000.

Carl Kunze, writer, teacher, and philosopher, has become a recluse in Chicago to devote his life to the welfare of dumb animals. He was educated in Germany and for a long time was a professor at Cottage College at Cottage, Illinois, a Lutheran school of prominence at one time. Kunze has written many books, among which is a Latin grammar, which was used in schools and colleges for years. His pen earns him a small income.

Cyril Asquith, the younger son of the British prime minister, has been awarded the Hertford scholarship a university prize for Latin, tenable for one year. It amounts to $210. This scholarship is regarded as the blue ribbon of the classical school at Oxford. Last April young Asquith headed the honors list in classical moderations. He obtained the Goddard scholarships from Winchester to Balliol in 1907, and in October, 1909, took up his residence at Oxford.

Mme. Ali Kuli Khan, wife of the Persian chargé d'affaires at Washington, is an American by birth, who has been awarded the golden decoration of learning of her adopted country for the series of essays and lectures she wrote depicting life in Persia. Before her marriage she was Miss Florence Breed of Boston. She met her husband when he was a student at Harvard. She mastered the Persian language and ably assists her husband in his diplomatic and literary work.

Rev. Augustus Orlebar, M. A., vicar of Willington, Bedfordshire, England, the original of "Tom Brown" in the fight so graphically described in "Tom Brown's Schooldays," recently celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday. Hughes, afterward the judge, was captain of the Rugby eleven when he put Orlebar into the team. Orlebar was captain of the squad in 1842. He is in excellent health, preaches every Sunday, and as rural dean discharges the duties of the deanery, which comprises nine parishes.

Paul Chevre, who has done in clay some of the immortals of the French régime in Canada, is now at work on a statue of the greatest of French-Canadian historians, François Xavier Garneau, which is to be presented to the Quebec government by Colonel George E. Amoyt. It will be unveiled next September. Chevre is a sculptor with an international reputation. In France he is a follower of Cavelier and Barrias, and a frequent prize-winner at the salon. His best-known work is the "Cock Fight."

Miss Anna Willis Williams, the original "Miss Liberty," whose profile adorns the silver dollar, has been for the last twelve years at the head of the kindergarten system of Philadelphia, her native city. Recently she visited San Francisco as a delegate to the National Educational Association. She is recognized as an authority on primary education. It was in 1878, while she was a student at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, that she was chosen as the model for a new design for the dollar. She gave up art to devote herself to teaching.

Maitre Labori, who has just been elected leader of the Paris bar, took a commanding part in the second Dreyfus trial at Rennes. He is a pleader of great force and possesses a style that is dignified and irresistible. Following his election he was given an ovation, the retiring leader, Maitre Busson-Billaut, publicly embracing him. Labori was born at Reims, in 1860. He studied at home and then spent two years in Germany and England, being called to the bar in 1884. His writings on legal subjects are recognized as authoritative.

Edgar Watson Howe, founder and editor of the Atchison (Kansas) *Globe*, is going out as a brass-band evangelist, and will tour the Middle West, giving concerts and lectures, aiming his message mainly at the young people. The band numbers forty pieces. The humorist-philosopher-editor will pay all the expenses attached to the trip and will take up no collections. The ban has been placed on ragtime. Prior to each concert he will lecture for twenty minutes. No town of more than 4000 inhabitants will be visited. His message concerns the importance of good conduct, politeness, kindness, and good citizenship.

Dr. Abraham Jacobi of New York, who recently celebrated his eighty-first birthday, has been elected president of the American Medical Association. He was born in Westphalia, Germany, in 1830, and at the age of twenty-one received his degree as doctor of medicine. The revolutionary movement of 1848 found in him a strong sympathizer. For this he spent two years in solitary confinement in a German prison. In 1853 he arrived poor and unknown in the United States, but soon became prominent in medical circles. For half a century he served Mt. Sinai Hospital, which is about to erect a library to be named in his honor. He has specialized on children's diseases, and his treatise on "Therapeutics of Infancy and Childhood" is recognized as a standard work. Dr. Jacobi still practices, but much of his work is now along philanthropic lines.

THE CASE OF CUTHBERT.

Under the Curse of the Tropics.

It came from the edge of the ages-old moat which hems in the landward side of the Walled City. I saw it crawl out of an old carahao wallow and drag itself through the rank grass which fringed the lip of Bagumbayan drive. At first I thought it might be a baboon escaped from the botanical garden opposite the ice plant, or probably a *tao* who had been eel fishing in the dirty pools of the moat. As he got under the halo of light from an arc lamp I saw a man, but even then I thought he was a native heggar, and as he slouched toward me I awaited his whining "Mucho pobre hombre, señor!" When he had come close to me I was shocked to recognize him as Cuthbert.

"Hello, Jim," he said.

I surveyed the unkempt—unkempt is a merciful word—creature before me and argued with myself that this could not be Cuthbert, in spite of the unmistakahle profile I knew so well. Cuthbert, covered with mud of the moat, ragged almost to the point of nakedness, Cuthbert, three months bcfore jaunty and immaculate, the leader of Manila's "high rollers," a thorough gentleman in everything the adjective gentleman implies in our highest civilization. I looked at his mud-caked bare feet; he wore no hat; his hair was long and matted and his hearded face was burned brown by exposure to the fierce tropical sun. His eyes were deep-sunken behind cheek hones which pressed outward against his shriveled skin and his claw-like hands shook as from a palsy. He was a miserable, pitiable object.

"Hello, Jim!" he croaked again, and showed his yellow teeth in a facial contortion he intended for a good-natured smile. I looked him over from head to foot, and, feeling sick at heart, told myself that this thing—this slimy thing that suggested a reptile from dark places—was Cuthbert, the man I had played billiards with at the club and knew as the cashier of the Hongkong-Manila Bank, accustomed to foregather in the high places with the rulers of the Philippines.

"Good God, Cuthbert!" I exclaimed. "Is this you? What has happened to you, man?"

"Nothing," he replied calmly, tossing his head with a trace of his old air. "Have you the price of a brandy on you, old chap?"

"Brandy! Yes, brandy or anything else you need; but you must come home with me and get a meal and some decent clothes. They'll put you in the chain-gang if they find you this way."

"That's where I've been. Got a month at road-building—out this morning."

"In the chain-gang! Why didn't you call on your friends?"

"Friends!" he sneered, after a cynical laugh. "A man has no friends when he gets where I am. I'm glad you don't know that; besides we don't want any—it doesn't seem just right, you know." He seemed more weary with the world than bitter against mankind.

"But," I remonstrated, "the judge must have known you! The reporters must have recognized you! Somebody could have kept you from going to the chain-gang. surely—what was the charge?"

"Vagrancy. I had been begging bananas from coolies in Calle San Fernando and asking American bluejackets for the price of a gin along the mole. I wasn't recognized at the station; probably too far gone to be recognizahle. It was easier for me to be jugged as a beachcomber on the prowl. You see, then I cared a little about the newspapers, so I gave a false name. I don't care now if they printed my name in letters a mile high—result, I suppose, of a month in the chain-gang with a lot of niggers and bums. The chain-gang is great to dull the edge of one's finer sensibilities, and by the time a man gets out he hasn't any sensibilities even if he had when he went in."

"This is awful!"

I hailed a passing *quilez*. The *cochero* looked at me carefully to make sure I was sane when he saw me push Cuthbert into his tiny conveyance. The crowds were strolling back from the Luneta and I didn't want to be seen with Cuthbert in that shape and he suspected of robbing graves of their dead. He was a living skeleton and I expected to hear his bones rattle as we drove down the boulevard toward Paco, rubhing wheels with the smart victorias of the governor-general's set.

I had to huddle forward in the *quilez* to avoid fouling my duck trousers on the mud which covered Cuthbert's bare knees. We didn't talk, for he was pulling hungrily at a "Rizal" and blowing out the smoke carefully, as if reluctant to part with it, and besides a *quilez* wasn't built to foster conversation.

At my bungalow Sing got a meal for us, after Cuthbert had a shower and shave and some of my extra clothes. He really looked quite respectable again in pipe-clayed canvas shoes, white silk socks, pongee shirt, and a suit of Shanghai duck. He was hungry, there was no doubt about that—hungry with the cumulative craving for a square meal after a month of rice and dried fish, the prison fare dealt out to natives and whites alike. He cleaned out my larder and amazed Sing; also he drank all my Scotch, and I put him to bed at midnight in a helpless condition. I couldn't deny him anything, and even respected his wish that I wouldn't talk too much about his case, simply suggesting that I would look after him and keep him at the bungalow until I found a place for him at the office. I hinted at the office work to take the sting of charity out of my offer, for I knew Cuthbert's ideas on such things. I hoped to hold him until I could write to some of his relatives or make up a sum of money and get him shipped home.

It was hard for me to see a white man of Cuthbert's calibre and breeding so far gone to the dogs. Back in my head I was asking myself, "If Cuthbert can get this way, why not myself some time?" only I didn't dare ask the question outright, or consider such a thing possihle; still I was afraid, in the subconscious way we fear hunger, the fear which has come down to us from the days of the cave men and drives men to pile up great fortunes and set aside more worldly goods than they will ever need or be able to use.

Cuthbert was of one of the best families in England. He had been an officer in the British army and had his D. S. O. His father was General Cuthbert—for that matter it was his family's boast that there had been a Cuthbert a general in the army since there was a British army, which is a long time, as you will see if you begin to dig dates out of history.

The Cuthbert of this story (certainly, Cuthhert isn't the right name) had lost his commission while serving in India; just how, nobody in Manila knew, except that it had been a matter of honor, and, paradoxical as it may sound, had disgraced him. Duel about a woman, or some such thing. He came to Manila long before Dewey, got a place in the bank, and finally put his name over the cashier's desk.

There was only one fault with him as a cashier, and that was his persistent refusals to take vacations; he would not leave the tropics, not get out of Manila, though his superiors urged him to and his doctors swore at him and predicted all sorts of things, such as losing his grip, tropical liver, death in a dozen forms, lose his mind, and other dreadful consequences of too long a stay in the tropics without a spell of cold climate and invigorating air.

Then the sky fell. One day he got up from his desk and crossed Plaza Goiti and drank himself howling drunk in a disreputable little saloon on the mole almost under the Bridge of Spain. He had left his resignation scrawled on a pad when he put on his helmet and went out.

Cuthbert had lost his grip, and the doctors wagged their heads and repeated their prophecies and told about other cases in Iloilo and Malabang and Tacloban, and referred to pages in medical journals to prove what will happen to men who insist on fighting the sun in the torrid zone.

Cuthbert's books were straight. Twenty-four hours after he had signed his name to his resignation he was rolling in the gutter and the next day after that he was a beggar on the Escolta, asking white and black for the price of a drink. Of course he couldn't go back to the hank after that, even if he had wanted to, because he had "lost his face," and when a man loses caste in the tropics he is gone for good and is despised by the meanest native. You see, a white man can not really turn native; he becomes a pariah, and if the natives accept him at all it is as a being on a lower plane, so there is no middle course there—either white and a lord, or worse than a dog. A white beggar at home would be a prince beside Cuthbert. It is the law of the tropics, and the tropics are old and the laws never change, and a white man may think he understands, but he never does.

We took Cuthbert out of the gutter and locked him up in the club until he was sober and knew day from dark. We demanded an explanation, and thought we were the real things in the Good Samaritan business. He told us he had been left a fortune in England, and the good news, coming with other home news, had sent him on a spree. We danced a hornpipe about the billiard-table and congratulated him—and ourselves, it must be confessed.

Then came a month of joy and a trail of "chits." The chit is the Oriental I. O. U., a promise to pay, scrawled on a hit of paper and given to anybody that will take it for anything the givee desires. They will buy anything, if you are well enough known and haven't been giving them out too long in conjunction with a failing memory. It is easy enough to get rid of them, and it is remarkable how many a man can write between sundown and dawn in the tropics. Cuthbert spent the next month writing chits, and his friends helped at the job. He rolled around Manila in rubber-tired victorias, ate at the Oriente, drank at the Senate Bar, and had his clothes made by Quan Yow, and never less than four pesos (per chit) for a necktie from the Nobby.

Cuthbert's chits were gladly taken and quoted at par on the strength of the fortune, which was supposed to be on its way from England. When the steamer *Lopez y Lopez* anchored off the mouth of the Pasig with the London and Barcelona mails, Cuthbert's creditors added his chits into their cash assets and waited until the mails had been delivered. That night Cuthbert's chits dropped forty points and there was a small-sized panic from Sampolac to the Bay View Hotel, which are the opposite poles of Manila, in more ways than one. Cuthbert went back to the Escolta and turned beggar again, while his creditors wrote his chits off their assets.

There is something about the tropics that takes the steel out of a man's soul, once he begins to need more than the ordinary street for thoroughfare. The narrow path in the tropics is only a rope bridge, and all human heings can't be moral Blondins. Once a man gets "on the beach" and he will stay there. A white man seems to go lower than a native—he becomes a whimpering cur, a crawling thing without shame, preying upon his kind, and is not good for other white men to look upon.

I was glad I had found Cuthbert coming out of the moat—glad for the Cuthbert family and glad for myself. I hated to have civilization go back on me, so to speak, and on the Cuthbert family. The white man's superiority, at least his claim to superiority, has won more colonies than all our Maxims and skirmish lines. If the yellow and hlack races could see our slums and jails and sweatshops we would have to get out of Asia.

However, this is a tale, not a homily, so in the morning Cuthbert was goue from my bungalow and with him my silver-back military brushes, cuff links, shaving gear, and other trifles. I had a mind to call up the police and might have had him in jail if Juan, my hoy, hadn't dug up some old brass collar buttons. They saved my temper, philanthropy, and language. It is only fair to myself to say that I was going out in a launch that morning to see Miss Sanderson away in the Hongkong steamer.

Cuthbert was in the Botanical Gardens that evening, drunk as he could get on what the Chinese thieves' market gave him for my brushes and links. He refused to go to the hungalow with me and closed the interview by daring me to put him in jail!

"You're too proud of my white skin!" he jeered at me. "Turn me over to a native policeman—bally well you know what an ass you'd feel. You'd sleep snug remembering what I looked like with a nigger leading me to the Parian Gate Station. You'd look nice turning a white man over to a black, now wouldn't you?"

You see, I'm a Southerner and Cuthbert knew how I felt about such things. Out of curiosity I followed him across the Bridge of Spain and saw him take off my pongee silk shirt and get a half a peso for it in Calle Rosario.

The club laughed at me when I told them about Cuthbert selling my shirt.

"When you've been out here a little longer you'll know better than to waste your play hours on cases like Cuthbert's," said Draper, preparing for a careful massé shot. Draper had preceded me in Manila by about four months, and never got over regarding me as a "griffin" or Oriental tenderfoot.

"For God's sake, give the man a chance!" I pleaded. "Give the hlood that's in him a chance. We don't put our insane in chains and dungeons any more. We all know Cuthbert is not himself. Give him a chance and he'll pull out of this. The man is no gutter snipe! He's got a pedigree and ages of civilization behind him."

"It's no use," said Draper, reaching for the chalk and chalking his cue in a superior manner, regarding the red ball doubtfully. "Poor Cuthbert has lost his grip and that's an end of it. Suppose I'll lose mine some day, but I hope not. Me for the big steamer when I feel it coming, and a couple of months in San Francisco. Why, man, I've got my passage money with the steamship company in case I feel I'm letting go of myself. No going on the beach for little Willie."

"That's all right," I shot hack wrathfully; "but I hate to see a man go to the dogs as Cuthbert is going. He ought to be restrained in some way—sent home or anywhere until he gets his grip back, and kept out of this country."

"Never get it back," said Draper. "Never get it back, once it's gone. I've seen hundreds of cases similar to Cuthbert's, and I've kept myself poor trying to lift 'em up. No use—once gone, always gone, here. Cuthbert would loot a dead beggar now. I tell you what—pedigree doesn't help in the tropics. We're out of our zone here, that's what's the matter. The white race has conquered the tropics—yes, as a race, but not as an individual, and never will. White men don't belong on the top side between Cancer and Capricorn. You stand as an individual, and fall as one in the tropics, and you can't carry pedigree with you. We've tried orange-colored underclothes and smoked glasses and Bibles printed in big type, but all we can do is keep our helmets on, plenty of fizz water in our whisky and trust in the white man's luck. Statistics will bear me out."

"It's too bad, but I'm going to find some way to save Cuthbert," I declared, angry with Draper. "He may have lost his grip, but he hasn't a yellow streak."

Draper lit his cigar. "What his family was does him no good now. He's back in the jungle. His Cuthbert blood, the pride of his family, has been burned out of him by this Philippine sun. He's no more a Cuthbert now than the first carahao driver you meet in the street. He has gone back to savagery and the veneer of civilization and heredity has been sloughed off."

There was nothing left for me to do but get away from the club, unless I wanted to fight Draper and make a disgraceful scene for the newspapers to gloat over. I had faith in Cuthhert; perhaps it wasn't so much faith in Cuthbert personally as faith in the things he stood for before he bad gone down into the mire. Of course every chain has its weak link, hut I knew enough about Cutbbert to doubt he was going to break his family chain.

Some ten days or so after I met him in Calle Echague near the market at the end of the suspension bridge. He still had my hat, coat, and trousers—nothing more. He was a sorry spectacle.

"You are not going to run away from your friends, are you?" I asked when he turned and tried to avoid me.

"Friends!" he snarled. "Friends! I told you once I have no friends."

"Oh, yes, you have," I told him soothingly, rather glad to find him sober and so ready to anger. When a man will answer as he did there is still hope for him. When he leers and refuses to be insulted hope is gone.

"Give me a peseta and prove it," he grinned, and I was worried about him again.

"Yes." I led him into a saloon.

"You want to hold me until you can call the police and jug me for taking your brushes and things."

He drew back to the street suspiciously, but I made him sit at the little marble table and called the boy. When he had gulped his brandy he looked me in the eye.

"That's the last," he said.

"The last?"

"That's my last drink."

"Good." I didn't believe it, but waited for him to explain.

"I have a bit of a surprise. The fortune has come at last."

"Good again. Cuthbert, you're saved."

"Yes, I think so. I know Manila blames the fortune for starting me off. Of course by this time everybody knows I lied. I did. I never expected any fortune. I had to have some sort of an explanation for going off on a tangent as I did. The fortune story was all rot, then. I don't know what set me off, except that something in the back of my head snapped like a jockey's whip and I had to get out of that bank and away from the stacks of gold just as quick as I could, and good job I did, too. The fortune story was easy and convenient when you chaps pinned me down for an explanation. Then the town fell for it, as you Americans say, and I carpeted the city of Manila with chits. A chap at the postoffice gave me a letter today from London, telling about the fortune, and enclosing a check for ten thousand dollars, gold—two thousand pounds."

He showed me the envelope and the check. "That will put you on your feet," I remarked, for want of something better to say.

"Undoubtedly. But I want to tell you a little joke. According to the solicitors there must be three witnesses before the check can be cashed. I've tramped all over Manila today and couldn't find one man to act as a witness—even my creditors."

I was amazed that his creditors would not take the trouble to go to the bank with him to get their money, and said so.

"It isn't that," he explained, smiling sadly. "You see, now I'm only Cuthbert. I couldn't get near enough to very many of them to tell them what I wanted. Those I told laughed in my face. When they saw me in the door they either waved me away or had the Filipino boy drive me out. I was only that beggar—that drunken pest, Cuthbert, and all I could be after was the price of a drink. The fortune story was stale a month ago, some of them said. And just fancy! Me with a check for two thousand pounds, known to nearly every white man in Manila, and unable to turn it into good money. Then you talk to me about friends! Good joke, eh?"

We were ten minutes getting the check cashed. Cuthbert took a room at the Metropole, piled his gold and notes on a table, and sent runners out to summon his creditors and gave the clerk a list of telephone calls to ring and say: "Mr. Cuthbert is at the Metropole and desires to pay his chits—if you have any kindly call at once."

They came in swarms, with chits written on the backs of envelopes, chits on limp old cuffs, chits painted on red Chinese paper, chits on bits of Japanese lanterns, chits on beer labels, old calendars, and almost anything that would hold a pencil mark.

All that afternoon Cuthbert, barefoot and dirty, sat behind his table puffing at a cigar and passing out money like a croupier at a roulette wheel—that's a lopsided metaphor, because croupiers take it in. When night came there wasn't another chit to be found in Manila, and Manila knew by that time about Cuthbert's check. He had only a few pesos left on the table.

We had dinner together after he had cleaned himself and bought a new suit. He chatted merrily through the meal, keenly enjoying the luxury and peace of mind his fortune had brought.

"That's my last peso," he said, as he tipped the waiter. "It's a good thing I paid the rent in advance or I'd have to sleep in the streets again tonight. I'll be all right in the morning."

I suggested that he stay with me that first night of freedom. He agreed.

"You want to watch me," he laughed, as we got into the *quilez*.

I patted him on the shoulder. "You're all right now. You've got your grip back."

"Yes, I've got my grip back."

In the morning Cuthbert's bed was empty. I found a note on my dressing-table.

"Dear chap," I read. "I always hated to say good-by to my friends. You are the only one in Manila, and that would have made it all the harder. I will never return to Manila. The money I got was the whole of the fortune. Your brushes and things are at the customhouse. I shipped as a sailor yesterday morning before I met you, as a sailor before the mast in a square-rigger bound for Australia. I rather gave the idea up when the check came an hour later, but there were lots of chits, so there was nothing else for me to do. So long.—Cuthbert."

Frederick Ferdinand Moore.

San Francisco, July, 1911.

HENLEY ON THE THAMES.

Scenes and Incidents of England's Famous Rowing Regatta.

William Shenstone was a prophet as well as a poet. When he found his "warmest welcome" at a Henley inn, and from that welcome derived the inspiration to pen the lines by which he is best remembered, he anticipated a Henley vastly different from the quiet, hospitable little Thames-side town such as he found it in the mid-eighteenth century. Doubtless it was in a burst of alcoholic generosity he ejaculated, "Here, waiter! take my sordid ore"; could he return to Henley in the twentieth century he would realize that the waiters are obeying his exhortation with both hands. That is, for four days of the year—the four days which are sacred to that fresh-water regatta the fame of which has gone out to the ends of the rowing world. They are the harvest days of Henley inns and waiters; whatever "sordid ore" is not demanded in payment of the bills of the former is gathered in by the hands of the latter. For whoever has the temerity to visit Henley in regatta days must be prepared for the Kipling refrain of "Pay, pay, pay!"

Yet few complain. When the expected happens indignation is out of court. And those who know Henley by experience or repute go to the great rowing festival prepared to disgorge their "sordid ore," comforted by the thought that if the weather be propitious there will be ample compensation. And this year the weather has been propitious. Than the four days from Wednesday to Saturday of last week it would be impossible to imagine four days of more ideally perfect climatic conditions for summer revelry. The sun shone uncloudedly from dawn to dusk, burnishing as with gold the mile and a quarter of the Thames bosom on which rival oarsmen competed for victory, and affording ample justification for the flimsy muslin and other diaphanous raiment affected by the fair onlookers in punt or skiff. Those same onlookers, taken in the mass, made the most liberal disbursement of "sordid ore" distinctly worth while. For some reason or other, Henley does not attract the "smart set"; perhaps the glare of sunshine is too trying and revealing for painted complexions or too creative of freckles; but it does muster the English middle class, among whom are to be found the fairest and most dainty of John Bull's daughters. So punts and skiffs along the banks, and the velvety lawns by the river's marge, are alive with fair young beauty, making such a picture of budding womanhood charmingly arrayed as might account alone for the regatta's popularity.

And nature, be it remembered, provides a setting worthy of the picture. It is at Henley that the Thames, in the phrase of an old topographer, indulges in one of its most "agreeable curves." Here, too, it broadens out into an ideal stretch of racing water, leaving ample space on either side not only for the multitudinous punts and skiffs affected by persons of modest means, and the launches of those possessing more of the "sordid ore," but also for the ornate houseboats of such sons of fortune as A. G. Vanderbilt. On either shore, too, the setting is worthily continued by closely shaven lawns diversified by patches of many-hued flowers, or by luscious meadows and tangled hedgerows. The background is closed in by gently swelling hills, the slopes of which are thickly clad by lofty beech woods and umbrageous plantations.

From noon to dusk each day the centre of this varied scene is that glittering stretch of Thames surface on which the eights or fours or scullers bend their oars in titanic struggle for the simple glory of victory. For it is one of the chief glories of Henley that sport here is shorn of all its base elements; oarsmen compete with oarsmen, boat against boat, not for "sordid ore," but purely for the fame of triumph. The prize is honor. And that such a prize has magnetic attractions for genuine sportsmen the world over is convincingly illustrated by the records of Henley. It is not alone that the pick of English university crews are always to the fore as competitors, that the London and Thames-side clubs are ever on the lists, that eights from the great schools are certain to enter, but also that crews from America, the Continent, and the British colonies take part in the annual struggle with equal zest. Henley regatta, indeed, is the most international Olympia of rowing the world can show; nowhere else can be seen on the same day so many styles of fresh-water craft, or so large a gathering of men eagerly willing to expatiate on the complete art, science, and practice of their sport.

Still, even that sun-burnished space of Thames bosom is not altogether given over to seriousness. Between the heats when the eights and fours and pairs or scullers dash by in their frail crafts, giving a fleeting impression of lightly clad youths rising and falling in rhythmic motion, the course is invaded now by a puntload of suffragettes soliciting "Votes for women," as though such a commodity were hidden about the persons or the crafts of the holiday crowd, and anon by a Maori war canoe solemnly paddled along as an empire sideshow. Or there are ices to be consumed, and strawberries and cream, or afternoon tea to be served in ruthless obedience to British tradition. These are all conventional incidents of the fun of the fair, each contributing some characteristic little touch to England's most famous fresh-water regatta. For the majority, perhaps those unaquatic incidents are the Hamlet of the piece. Of course there are hundreds intent upon seeing the races, but there are thousands to whom those races are something of a nuisance. The real business of the occasion for beauty in muslin is to look bewitching and exercise the arts of coquetry; for manhood in flannels the supreme occupation is to wait upon beauty and succumb to her charms.

But rowing and flirting are not all the delights of this "agreeable curve" of the river Thames. This reach of the stream is dotted on either bank by towns and villages of historic interest. Henley itself can boast many links with the picturesque past, chief among them being its numerous almshouses, its stately old-world town hall, its noble bridge of the eighteenth century, and its parish church dating back to the Decorated period of English architecture. The tower of that church, so legend affirms, owes its existence to the pious generosity of Cardinal Wolsey; its chancel is adorned with an ornate effigy of a notable benefactress of Balliol College; and one of its vaults contains the remains of General Dumouriez, that French revolutionary officer who ended his days as an adviser of the English war office in the struggle with Napoleon.

From Henley to Shiplake is but a brief journey upriver, and no devotee of the Tennysonian muse can be so near the grand old church of that village without making a pilgrimage to the altar at which the poet consummated his ten years' engagement to the woman of his love. That quiet wedding—so little attention had been paid to the outward trappings that even the cake and the dresses arrived too late for the ceremony—coincided with the publication of "In Memoriam," and enriched the poet, as he confessed, with "the peace of God." To pass from Shiplake church, with its exalted memories, down-river to Medmenham Abbey is to exchange the purity of love for the foulness of lust. For that sham Cistercian structure, which nestles so peacefully and in such seeming innocence by the side of the flowing tide, was the scene of the licentious orgies indulged in by the "brotherhood" founded by the infamous Francis Dashwood in the mid-eighteenth century. The twenty-four "monks" found their chief delight in obscene parodies of the rites of Rome, Dashwood acting as grand master of the ceremonies, which included libations to heathen deities poured out from a communion cup and the administration of the sacrament to a baboon.

Henry C. Shelley.

London, July 11, 1911.

Wrapped in the dark superstition of the middle ages, a colony of Russian Cossacks still endeavors to hide itself away in Anatolia, Asia Minor, affording a rare field for research for the student of the historical. About 3000 of the forefathers of these Cossacks left Russia for voluntary exile 350 years ago. Their departure was occasioned by an attempt to enroll their names for census purposes in writing. According to the creed of these peasants, the writing down of their names jeopardizes their chances of salvation, for it involves the curse of Antichrist, enabling him to set his seal upon them. During the whole of this time the Cossacks have kept their identity absolutely intact. They speak a Russian dialect bearing the same relation to the language of the present day as does our modern English to that of Chaucer. They wear the Russian dress of three centuries ago, and even grow herbs, uncultivated elsewhere in Anatolia, to make the dishes that were the food of mediæval Russia.

There is in the museum at Dijon a sword kept in the hall with the tombs of Philip the Bold and Jean-Sans-Peur, for which the custodian, M. E. Metman, has documents proving that it once belonged to Jeanne d'Arc. On one face of the hilt is engraved a figure of the Maid in peasant costume kneeling before a cross, with the name Charles VII. On the other is the word "Vaucouleurs." On both are the arms of France and those of the city of Orleans. The date, 1419, is found in five places on hilt and blade. M. Metman's manuscripts show that the sword was manufactured at Toledo and was autographed by the sword-maker, Lupus Aguado, and that it was specially made as a present to the Maid from the King of France.

Telephone "girls" in Germany can not work after the age of seventy, though they can retire on pension prior to that advanced day. Positions are obtained by civil service examination. The average on entering the business must be near thirty, and, as many remain for life, it would be ungallant to speak intimately of ages. Discharges can not be effected without considerable red tape. When an operator has worked up to $450 a year and $150 extra for house rent, she stays at that pay until retired on pension.

Laughter is unknown among the Veddahs of Ceylon. They are the most solemn people in the world. When a traveler asked some of them why their people never gave indications of mirth, they replied that they never saw anything to laugh at. On the other hand, some savages appear to have a more robust sense of humor than their civilized brethren. Dr. Livingston tells of an African tribe who, when dresed in clothes for the first time, "rolled about on the ground in uncontrollable fits of laughter."

Bezaleel and Aholiab were the first sculptors on record, which was in 1491 B. C. Besides carving in stone and wood, these two artists devised beautiful works of gold and silver.

HUNTING IN AFRICA.

Mr. John T. McCutcheon Writes a Fine Account of His Journey After Big Game.

In his attempt to justify his lion-shooting expedition into Africa Mr. McCutcheon explains that his other youthful ambitions had passed from the domain of the practical. The pesky redskins had ceased to need the strong right arm to quell them and piracy was no longer what it was. But there were still lions. As a result we have a delightful book of some four hundred pages that can be read with delight even by those whose sympathies are with the lions. Mr. McCutcheon has a rare gift of humor, and it appears upon every page of the letterpress and in the innumerable drawings that compete successfully with the less imaginative photographs. Artistic and literary skill are rarely so well matched as in this fine volume that enables us to encounter the perils of the chase from the secure vantage ground of the library.

The *Adolph Woermann*, that conveyed the author and his friends to Mombasa, had some interesting people aboard. There was a quiet, reserved sort of man who had killed three hundred elephants and was now going back to kill some more:

> There was another interesting character on board who caused many of us to stop and think. He was a young British army officer who was mauled by a lioness several months ago in Somaliland. He now walked with a decided limp and was likely to lose his commission in the army because of physical infirmities. He was cheerful, pleasant, and looked hopefully forward to a time when he could have another go at a lion. This is the way the thing happened: Last March he was shooting in Somaliland and ran across a lioness. He shot her, but failed to disable her. She immediately charged, chewed up his leg, arm, and shoulder, and was then killed by his Somali gunbearer. He was days from any help. He dressed his own wounds and the natives tried to carry him to the nearest settlement. Finally his bandages were exhausted, the natives deserted, and it was only after frightful suffering that he reached help. In three weeks blood-poisoning set in, as is usual after the foul teeth of a lion have entered the flesh, and for several months he was close to death. Now he was up and about, cheerful and sunny, but a serious object lesson to the lion hunters bound for the lair of the lion.

The lion is not the only animal to engage the attention of the African hunter. There is also the rhinoceros, but Mr. McCutcheon seems to think that the rhinoceros is an overrated bird, at least so far as his ferocity is concerned, which is a mixture of bad sight and cowardice:

> After the rhino has taken his dirt wallow, and looks fine in his new red coat, he then slowly and painstakingly proceeds to kill time during the rest of the day. If danger threatens he becomes exceedingly nervous and excited. His anxiety is quite acute. In vain he tries to locate the danger, rushing one way for a few yards, then the other way, and finally all ways at once. His tail is up and he is snorting like a steam engine. When he rushes toward you in this attitude it looks very much as though he were charging you with the purpose of tramping you to flinders. As a matter of fact, or, rather, opinion, he is merely trying to locate where you are in order that he may run the other way. He looks terrifying, but in reality is probably badly terrified himself. He would give a good deal to know which way to run, and finally becomes so excited and nervous that he starts frantically in some direction, hoping for the best. If the rush happens to be in your direction you call it a charge from an infuriated rhino; if not, you say that he looked nasty and was about to charge, but finally ran away in another direction. In most rhino charges it is my opinion that the rhino is too rattled to know what he is doing, and, instead of charging maliciously, he is merely trying to get away as fast as possible. And in such cases the hunter blazes away at him, wounds him, and the rhino blindly charges the flash.

But Mr. McCutcheon admits that to photograph a rhinoceros requires a good deal of courage. He has looped the loop and there is no comparison. It is like being ambushed by Filipino insurgents, but more dangerous:

> One day it was necessary to shoot a big bull rhino. He staggered and fell, but at once got up and trotted over a hill. Having wounded him, it was then necessary for me to follow him, which I did for three blazing hours. From nine o'clock till twelve I followed, with the sun beating down on the dry, grass-covered hills as though it meant to burn up everything beneath it. If any one had asked me, "Is it hot enough for you?" I should have answered "Yes" without a moment's hesitation. The horizon shimmered in waves of heat. From the top of one hill I could see my rhino half a mile away on the slope of another. When I reached the slope he was a mile farther on. I began to think he was a mirage. For a wounded animal, with two five-hundred-grain shells in his shoulder, he was the most astonishing example of vitality I have ever seen. He would have been safe against a Gatling gun. There were more low trees a mile farther on, and I plodded doggedly on in the hope of getting a little relief from the sun. As I drew near I noticed a rhino standing under the trees, but he was not the wounded one. I decided that the shade was insufficient for both of us and moved swiftly on. Across the valley on the slope of another blistered hill stood the one I was looking for. He didn't seem to be in the chastened mood of one who is about to die. He seemed vexed about something, probably the two cordite shells he was carrying. I at last came up within a hundred yards of him. He had got my wind and was facing me with tail nervously erect. The tail of a rhino is an infallible barometer of his state of mind. With his short sight, I knew that he could not see me at that distance, but I knew that he had detected the direction in which the danger lay. By slowly moving ahead, the distance was cut to about seventy yards, which was not too far away in an open country with a wounded rhino in the foreground. I resolved to shoot before he charged or before he ran away, and so I prepared to end the long chase with an unerring shot.
>
> Suddenly a sound struck my ear that acted upon me like an electric shock:
>
> "Simba!"

For the benefit of such readers as may be unacquainted with the dialects of Central Africa it may be said that "Simba" means lion. So upon this occasion the rhino escaped, but Mr. McCutcheon bagged his first lion.

There is a story of a hyena who ate his way to the inside of a dead elephant and was then unable to get out again. It is a good story, and it must be true, for the author sketched the hyena and the elephant. He says that he also photographed the combination, but he gives us the sketch only, and Mr. McCutcheon can make as accurate a sketch as any one when he tries:

> During the night, the story goes, many hyenas had come from far and near to gorge on the carcasses of the elephants. Their howls filled the night with weird sounds. Lions also journeyed to the feast, and between the two they mumbled the bones of the slain with many a howl and snarl. Early in the morning the colonel went out in the hope of surprising a lion at the spread. Instead, to his great amazement, he saw the head of a hyena protruding from the distended side of the largest elephant. It was inside the elephant and was looking out, as through a window. A single shot finished the hyena, after which a more careful examination was made.
>
> There are two theories as to what really happened. One is that the hyena ate its way into the inside of the elephant, then gorged itself so that its stomach distended to such proportions that it couldn't get through the hole by which it had entered the carcass. The other theory is that, after eating its way into the elephant, it started to eat its way out by a different route. When its head emerged the heavy muscles of the elephant's side inclosed about its neck like a vise, entrapping the hyena as effectively as though it had its head in a steel trap. In the animal's despairing efforts to escape it had kicked one leg out through the thick walls of the elephant's side.

The author lost his first elephant, but he had some exciting hours of tracking for his pains. A Wanderobo hunter was the guide, and he knew his work to perfection:

> Slower and slower he went, and finally he indicated that only the gunbearers and ourselves should continue. The porters were left behind, and in single file we moved on tiptoe along the trail. Then he stopped and by his attitude said that the quest was ended. The elephant was there. One by one we edged forward, and there, thirty yards away, partly hidden by slender bamboos, stood a motionless elephant. He seemed to be the biggest one I had ever seen. He was quartering, head away from us, and we could not see his tusks. If they were big, we were to shoot; if not, we were to let him alone. As we watched and waited for his head to turn we noticed that his ears began to wave slowly back and forth, like the gills of a fish as it breathes. The head slowly and almost imperceptibly turned, and Akeley signaled me to shoot. From where I stood I could not see the tusks at first, but as his head turned more I saw the great white shafts of ivory. The visible ivory was evidently about four feet long, and indicated that he carried forty or fifty pounds of ivory. Then, quicker than a wink, the great dark mass was galvanized into motion. He darted forward, crashing through the bamboo as though it had been a bed of reeds, and in five seconds had disappeared. For some moments we heard his great form crashing away, farther and farther, until it finally died out in the distance.
>
> It was the first wild elephant I had ever seen, and it is photographed on my memory so vividly as never to be forgotten. I was more than half glad that I had not shot and that he had got away unharmed.

We have some interesting information about the kongoni, a species of antelope who seems to act as the watchman for other animals, and especially for elephants:

> The kongoni is the policeman of the plains. He is the self-appointed guardian of all the other animals, and for some strange, unselfish reason, he always does sentinel duty for the others. His eyes are so keen that he sees your hat when you appear over the horizon two miles away, and from that moment he never loses sight of you. If you approach too near he whistles shrilly, and every other animal within several hundred yards is on the alert and apprehensive. The kongoni often risks his own life to warn other herds of animals of the approach of danger, and if I were going to write an animal story I'd use the kongoni as my hero. The hunters hate him for the trouble he gives them, but a fair-minded man can not help but recognize the heroic, self-sacrificing qualities of the big, awkward, vigilant antelope. Why these sentinels had not seen us is still and always will be a mystery, but it is certain that they had not.

The kongoni constantly interferes between the hunter and his quarry. He is always on deck and always vigilant:

> The kongoni seems to be gifted with a clairvoyant instinct. He knows when you don't want to shoot him and when you do. If you start out in the morning with no hostile intentions toward him he will allow you to approach within a short distance. He will be alert and watchful, but he will show no anxiety. But just suppose you say to yourself that the porters have had no meat for several days and that it might be as well to shoot a kongoni. The latter knows what is passing in your mind long before you have made a single movement to betray your intentions. He begins to edge away, ready in an instant to go bounding rapidly beyond rifle shot.
>
> I've seen a herd of kongoni standing quite near, watching me with curious interest, but without fear. Perhaps I was intent upon something else and hardly noticed them. Suddenly a villainous thought might enter my head, such as "That big kongoni has enormous horns," and instantly the herd would prick up their ears, run a few steps, and then turn to verify their suspicions. Then, if the villainous thought still lurked in my brain, they would sneeze shrilly and go galloping away in the distance. There is no way to explain this except to attribute it to thought transference, and this in spite of the fact that the kongoni doesn't understand English.

There is also something new about the zebra, who it seems is a nuisance and quite beyond the pale:

> Then there's the ubiquitous zebra, almost as numerous as the kongoni. You see vast herds of zebra at many places along the railway, and thereafter, as you roam about the level spots of East Africa, you are always running into herds of them. At first the sight of a herd of zebras is a surprise, for you have been accustomed to seeing them in the small numbers found in captivity. It is a source of passing wonder that these rare animals should be roaming about the suburbs of towns in hundred lots. You decide that it would be a shame to shoot a zebra and determine not to join in this heartless slaughter.
>
> Later on your sentiments will undergo a change. Everybody will tell you that the zebra is a fearful pest and must be exterminated if civilization and progress are to continue. The zebra is absolutely useless and efforts to domesticate him have been without good results. He tramps over the plains, breaks down fences, tears up the cultivated fields, and really fulfills no mission in life save that of supplying the lions with food. As long as the zebras stay the lions will be there, but the settlers say that the lions are even preferable to the zebras.
>
> Under the old game ordinance expiring December 15, 1909, a sportsman was allowed two zebras under his license; under the new one he is allowed twenty! That reveals the attitude of East Africa toward the jaunty little striped pony.

It is quite unusual to find a baby alone in the heart of an African forest, but this was one of the incidents of the expedition:

> One of the tent boys who was searching for firewood in the darkening forest found a little naked baby, barely three months old. It had been thrown away as its mother, as she thought, fled for her life. The baby was brought into camp, wrapped up, and cared for, and it will never know how near it came to being devoured by a leopard or a forest hog. It was the crying of this baby that we heard, and we assumed that its mother had cast it aside so that its wailing would not betray the hiding-place of the remainder of her family. One can only imagine what her terror must have been to make this sacrifice in the common interest.
>
> Now, a three-months-old baby is a good deal of a problem for a safari to handle. In our equipment we had made no provision for the care of infants. We could wrap it up and keep it warm and feed it canned milk, but I imagine the proper care of a little babe requires more than that. It was imperative that we find the mother before the baby died.

So a porter with a stentorian voice was sent out into the forest to announce the finding of the baby and the pacific intentions of the travelers:

> For an hour or more we heard the strong voice of Kavirondo crying out his message of peace, and yet no answering cry came from the black depths of the forest. It began to look as if we were one little black baby ahead. In the meantime the baby was behaving beautifully. It was wrapped warmly in a bath towel and seemed to enjoy the attention it was receiving. Some one suggested that we leave it in the shack and then all retire, so that the mother could creep in and recover it. But this had one objection—a leopard might creep in first.

The manœuvre was successful and the baby was presently claimed.

The author's chief gun-bearer was a devout Mohammedan named Hassan, who prayed conspicuously, but who never lied nor stole and made it a point of honor to stand by his master in case of danger:

> One day we stopped at the edge of the Molo River. A little bridge crossed the stream and I remembered that the equator is supposed to pass directly across the middle of the bridge. It struck me as being quite noteworthy, so I tried to tell Hassan all about it. I was hampered somewhat because he didn't know that the world was round, after some time I got him to agree to that fact. Then by many illustrations I endeavored to describe the equator and told him it crossed the bridge. He got up and looked, but seemed unconvinced as well as unimpressed. Then I told him that it was an imaginary line that ran around the world right where it was fullest—half way between the North Pole and the South Pole. He brightened up at this and hastened to tell me that he had heard of the North Pole from a man on a French ship. As I persevered in my geographical lecture he gradually became detached from my point of view, and when we finished I was talking equator and he was talking about a friend of his who had once been to Rotterdam.
>
> The lecture was a "draw." But I noticed with satisfaction that when we walked across the bridge he looked furtively between each crack as if expecting to see something.

Hassan was a distinctly curious character, whose piety was pronounced and even aggressive, but who never allowed it to interfere with his mundane duties. But his matutinal prayers must have been trying to the more worldly minded natives, who sat up gambling till the small hours of the morning and then were disturbed at daybreak by Hassan's supplications:

> It was rather a curious thing, speaking of Hassan, to observe the respect with which the other natives treated his daily religious devotions. He was the only one in camp who prayed—at least openly—and as he knelt and bowed and went through the customary form of Mohammedan prayer there was never the slightest disposition to make fun of him. In a camp of one hundred white men I feel sure that one of them who prayed aloud three times a day would hardly have escaped a good deal of irreverent ridicule from those about him. The natives in our camp never dreamed of questioning Hassan's right to worship in any way he pleased and the life and activities of the camp flowed along smoothly as if unconscious of the white-robed figure whose voice sang out his praises of Allah. The whole camp seemed to have a deep respect for Hassan.

The health of the party was good, and such ailments as existed usually yielded to the simplest treatment:

> The general average of health in the safari was high. Only one porter died in the four months or more that we were out. But in spite of the low mortality there were many cases that came up for treatment. Akeley, with his long experience as a hunter and explorer, acted as the health department of the camp. His three or four remedies for all ills were quinine, calomel, witch-hazel, and zinc oxide adhesive plaster. And it was simply amazing what those four things could do when applied to the naturally healthy constitutions of the blacks. He cured a bowed tendon with witch-hazel and adhesive plaster in three or four days. A white man would have gone to a hospital for weeks.
>
> There were two common complaints. One was fever, but the fiercest fever took to its heels when charged by General Quinine and General Calomel. The other and more common complaint rose from abrasions and cuts. There was always a string of porters lined up for treatment, and each went away happy with large pieces of adhesive plaster decorating his ebony skin. A simple piece of this plaster cured the worst and most inflamed cut, and it was seldom that a man came back for a second treatment. The plaster remained on until, weeks afterwards, it fell off from sheer weariness.

And so the hunting trip ended with mutual congratulations and the promise of a future full of happy memories. Every one who reads Mr. McCutcheon's delightful book will feel that he has participated in a memorable journey.

IN AFRICA: HUNTING ADVENTURES IN THE BIG GAME COUNTRY. By John T. McCutcheon. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Miss Henrietta Grace Parsons, assistant secretary of schools at Brockton, Massachusetts, has gone to London to take charge of a school farm which has been brought into existence by the county council of the English metropolis. Her work at home attracted the attention of the Countess Camille Hayon, who is largely responsible for the London farm. Miss Parsons is known as an authoress as well as an educator.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Philistine and Genius.

Dr. Boris Sidis would have written more effectively if he had written less angrily. There are very few to question that our educational methods are open to grave criticism and that our schools are in a perilous state from the invasion of the faddist. But these evils will be met best by discussion and not by denunciation. Nor can we look with equanimity upon the assertion that "the medical man free from superstitions and prejudices, possessed of the science of mind and body, is to assume in the future the supervision of the education of the nation." Medicine is not yet a science either of mind or body, and if this is the alternative we may prefer the faddists that we now have rather than fly to others that we know not of.

But Dr. Sidis says many good things. He would have children taught to recognize evil. He would put an end to the insane teaching of an optimism as to our national life that consists in the placid denial of the things that are and the equally placid assertion of the things that are not. He would regard the natural curiosity of the child upon any and every subject as the open door inviting the entry of all knowledge. He would cultivate the individuality of the child even at the expense of a formalistic discipline.

All these things seem good, and yet we would like to know how the author would act if he were at the head of an educational system that included, not two or three children only, but two or three or twenty thousand. How would he dispense with discipline in the classroom and what general plan would he formulate to give expression to his ideas? His own boy seems to be something of a marvel, but we have yet to see if he will add to the moral wealth of the nation. Infant prodigies have seldom done so in the past. Even the prospect of seeing our schoolrooms filled with boys of twelve engaged in the higher branches of mathematics, astronomy, and the classical languages does not necessarily fill us with enthusiasm. We can easily imagine those same boys turning out to be very useless and even very bad men. The world has already produced a good many heroes, but comparatively few of them were scholars. In fact scholarship has been rather a handicap in the race for utility.

Sometimes Dr. Sidis enunciates his own prejudices with all the thunders of Sinai. He denounces fairy tales for young children, and yet many of the most scholarly educators that have ever lived have approved them heartily. Perhaps his educational ideas would produce classicists and mathematicians, but would it produce poets, playwrights, novelists, artists, and musicians? Possibly Dr. Sidis would regard these as cumberers of the ground and as mischievous dealers in the things that are not "facts."

It is just as well that such thinkers as Dr. Sidis should run an occasional tilt against modern education. As destructive agencies they have their value. More power to them. But it is to be feared that men of responsibility who have to deal practically with large bodies of children and who are not all of them charlatans nor idiots will find little help from Dr. Sidis in their efforts to build up a system that shall be for the greatest good of the greatest number.

Philistine and Genius. By Boris Sidis, M. A., Ph. D., M. D. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; 75 cents.

Essence of Honeymoon.

We never before realized how difficult it is for a newly married couple to hide the recentness of their bliss. Euphemia and her husband start on their boneymoon with a firm resolve to act like old married people, so that there shall be no embarrassing curiosity on the part of hotel waiters or railroad porters. It can not be done. How could Euphemia foresee that she would give herself away by asking her husband at dinner if he preferred port or sherry? How could he guard against the very ordinary request to identify his wife's haggage? How could a dozen other things that happened be prevented from happening, and every one of them simply garrulous with information?

It is all delightfully amusing, but it could hardly fill three hundred pages. And so, before the honeymoon is over, we find ourselves in quite a circle of acquaintances and realize once more how very catching a thing a honeymoon is.

Essence of Honeymoon. By H. Perry Robinson. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.50.

The Socialist Movement.

Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald's volume, appearing in the Home University Library, is not only the latest authoritative exposition of Socialism, it is also the most moderate, restrained, and winning presentation of the subject now before the public. Mr. Macdonald is a member of the British Parliament and chairman of the British Labor Party. He has therefore a certain representative character as well as a literary lucidity that well fit him for his work.

But his book is not so much a plea for Socialism as an array of its leading tenets. He wants us to understand what Socialism is rather than what some Socialists think, and he protests against the weighting of Socialism with the vagaries of its individual followers. That some Socialists believe the family to be a transitory institution is no reflection upon Socialism. It is simply an individual opinion. And so with many other theories that are often advanced by Socialists but that are not therefore Socialism.

Socialism, says the author, is the creed of those who, recognizing that the community exists for the improvement of the individual and for the maintenance of liberty, and that the control of the economic circumstances of life means the control of life itself, seek to huild up a social organization which will include in its activities the management of those economic instruments such as land and industrial capital that can not be left safely in the hands of individuals. Elaborating this idea, the author divides his work into four parts—Socialist Evolution, Socialist Criticism, Socialist Construction, and the Socialist Movement.

The Socialist Movement. By J. Ramsay Macdonald, M. P. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents.

The Mother of Goethe.

This book assumes a special interest for those who realize that the great man must always necessarily have a great mother. Goethe's mother was not a genius, hut she had all those sterling qualities that supply the soil and the environment for genius. More than all else, she recognized the possibilities in her son, and was not afraid of them as a lesser woman would have been. She stimulated his love for letters, encouraged the frank independence of his mind, and urged him to develop his own bent. Goethe had indeed hardly a quality that we can not trace to his mother, who had none of the mental conventionalities of her day and sex, and whose frank outlook upon life and capacity for friendship were reflected and magnified in her son. At a first glance the author's large volume suggests over-elaboration, but the impression disappears with perusal. It gives us an idea of Goethe not otherwise obtainable, while the correspondence with Lavater and the references to Schiller are among the things not to be missed. When the Goethe statue was unveiled in Frankfort the laurel wreath was taken from the head at nightfall and laid upon the grave of the mother. This fine book helps us to understand the significance of an act as beautiful as it was just.

The Mother of Goethe. By Margaret Reeks. New York: John Lane Company; $3.50.

Which Is My Husband?

Let us hope that the hospital neuropathic ward will not come overmuch into favor with the novelist in search of a plot. We like our heroes and heroines fresh and healthy and free from the taint of the lunatic asylum.

M. Jules Claretie bas told a story of a dual personality, and we have no reason to doubt that such things have occurred. His hero is André Fortis, an artist. Fortis is aware of the curious mental changes that have afflicted him in the past, but on the assurance of his physician that he is now cured he marries a charming young girl. But he is not cured. On his wedding night he once more loses his identity and fills his wife with a natural consternation by an utter forgetfulness of her existence. The question "Which is my husband?" thus becomes strictly pertinent. During one phase of this unlucky husband's consciousness he recognizes his wife and behaves normally towards her, and in another phase she becomes a stranger to him. He is eventually cured by an ingenious medical expedient, but however much we may admire the skill of the narrative we may still question if mental disease can ever furnish the mainspring of true romance.

Which Is My Husband? By Jules Claretie. Translated from the French by Mary J. Safford. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Phrynette.

The author has managed to write a very charming novel witbout the aid of any particular plot. Phrynette is a girl of eighteen, the daughter of a distinguished French artist. On the death of her father she passes to the guardianship of ber aunt, an aristocratic old English lady of rigid opinions who does her best to correct the errors of her French education. The story derives its charm from Phrynette herself, whose exhaustless comparisons between Frencb and English life are delightfully naïve and candid. Phrynette is really truly French, and as bewitching as only the ideal French girl can be. It is true she gets married somewhere after the last page, and to a man whom she bas adored, and who has adored her, from the beginning. But the story finds its charm in Phrynette's self-communings and in her little adventures in a country where *la jeune fille* bas won for herself an emancipation horrifying to French eyes.

Phrynette. By Marthe Troly-Curtin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25.

Uncle Polperro.

Mr. Courlander's object was evidently to write a burlesque of "Treasure Island," and he has done it cleverly. Uncle Polperro is a successful candy manufacturer who devotes his fortune to the purchase of a South Pacific island which shall acknowledge him as king. There is an incipient mutiny among his crew, who are certain that the island conceals treasure—as indeed it does. That there are women in the adventure gives occasion for a romance that is set forth with a certain pleasing gayety.

Uncle Polperro. By Alphonse Courlander. New York: Brentano's; $1.25.

Pay Envelopes.

Mr. James Oppenheim has here given us a series of tales of "the mill, the mine, and the city street." Nothing more successful of its kind has been done, no better effort made to show the beauty of obscure lives and the human splendors called forth by the stresses of the daily struggle for existence. Mr. Oppenheim asks himself how the life of the worker can best be rendered artistically, whether hy a photographic reproduction of facts, or by an interpretation of those facts. The answer can he hardly in doubt, and he gives it correctly hy the way in which he tells his stories. A photograph is never a work of art, hecause it neither interprets nor prophesies, neither suppresses nor emphasizes. The task of the artist is to show the beauty of the commonplace and to interpret the ordinary so that it shall become the extraordinary. Mr. Oppenheim has done this with exceptional deftness. There is no evident search for plot or incident. His scenes are those of the street corner and the factory, but as they leave his hands they stand related to the great laws of human nature and his characters become ourselves. Some few of these stories are the best that Mr. Oppenheim has written. Most of them deserve to rank among the notable stories of the day.

Pay Envelopes. By James Oppenheim. New York: B. W. Huebsch; $1.25.

The Spirit of the Island.

Mr. Coates has written so charming an idyll that we need not be hypercritical of the probabilities of his story. The island is presumably somewhere off the coast of Ireland, where the people have been much given to intermarriage, but where a real culture is to be found as well as a real kindliness. The hero of the story has sought the island as offering a needed seclusion after some overwhelming grief. But such charming girls as Paty and Beulah could easily tempt St. Stylites from his pillar, and so we are not surprised when we find that the visitor gradually awakes to a new interest in human affairs and allows himself to be beguiled from his sad musings on the lone seashore. But is it possible to fall in love with a girl so far as to make her an offer of marriage without discovering that she is dumb? It is hard to understand why the author introduced this pathological feature into a romance that is otherwise so nearly perfect.

The Spirit of the Island. By Joseph Hornor Coates. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.

Law and Progess.

In his "Legal Doctrine and Social Progress" Dr. Frank Parsons tries to remove some fundamental misconceptions of the law. Revolutionary thought is encouraged by the idea that law is a crystallization of the past, something that is relatively immovable, or so rigid that it can not be modified by the changing needs of an evolving society. As soon as we recognize that the principles of law are plastic and that by a wise extension and change they can be made to fit all new conditions we become evolutionists, and workers within the law instead of beyond it. The author's object is to show the directions in which such extensions can best be made, and to this end and within brief compass he surveys the salient points of our social system.

Legal Doctrine and Social Progress. By Frank Parsons, Ph. D. New York: B. W. Huebsch; $1.50.

The Suffragette.

Miss E. Sylvia Pankhurst may be described as the second in command of the suffragette movement in England, and her book is a history of that movement during the last five years. Miss Pankhurst participated in most of the events that she described, and she writes with a naïve one-sidedness that gives its own charm to her work. The suffragette movement in England may be said to be distinctly militant, and the many phases of the physical force combat are described with much spirit. But it would be interesting to know what Miss Pankhurst thinks should be done to ladies who deliberately break the windows of a statesman's house.

The Suffragette. The History of the Women's Militant Suffrage Movement. By E. Sylvia Pankhurst. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; $1.50.

Briefer Reviews.

The Phi Beta Kappa poem entitled "Who Follow the Flag," by Henry Van Dyke, has been published in pamphlet form by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Dominant Sex," by Annie Nathan Meyer (Brandu's; $1), is a play founded on the "unwritten law." A woman shoots a man and a national movement for her liberation is set on foot by Mrs. John Mason. In the meanwhile John Mason himself is doing all he can to secure a conviction, and the marital disharmony that naturally ensues nearly results in alienation. The play has three acts and fourteen characters.

"Buddie" is the first of a new series of books for boys by Anna Chapin Ray with illustrations by Harriet Roosevelt Richards (Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50).

"Joe, the Circus Boy," by Alice E. Allen (L. C. Page & Co.; 50 cents), is a short story suited to the young, with a number of illustrations by Etheldred Breeze. It is issued in the Cozy Corner series.

The political story of Tom L. Johnson is well told in the volume by Carl Lorenz just issued by the A. S. Barnes Company, New York ($1). The many phases of his career receive due attention and with the vigor that marks the enthusiastic writer.

New Books Received.

George Thorne. By Norval Richardson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $1.25.

A new novel by the author of "The Lead of Honour."

The Larger Growth. By Constance Smedley Armfield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.35.

"A story of the rising generation and the new freedom."

Joe, the Circus Boy. By Alice E. Allen. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; 50 cents.

Issued in the Cosy Corner series.

Jose, Our Little Portuguese Cousin. By Edith A. Sawyer. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; 60 cents.

Issued in the Little Cousin series, designed to introduce American children to the children of other nations.

Chinese Playmates. By Norman H. Pitman. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $1.

A story of Chinese child life, witb illustrations hy Sen Fah Shang.

Abroad with the Fletchers. By Jane Felton Sampson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $1.60.

A guide-book to Europe, in the form of a story.

The Art of the Vienna Galleries. By David C. Preyer, A. M. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $2.

Giving a brief history of the public and private galleries of Vienna with a critical description of the paintings therein contained.

The Bible and Modern Life. By Clayton Sedgwick Cooper. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; $1.

An effort to present a type of Bible study fitted for the requirements of modern times.

Black and White. Anonymous. Philadelphia: The Literary Bureau.

A story apparently intended to illustrate the dangers that lie in the path of the young girl.

Souls of the Infinite. By S. E. Griggs, A. B., M. D. New York: The Metropolitan Press.

A story of reincarnation.

About Us and the Deacon. By Clarke Smith. Philadelphia: The Literary Bureau, Inc.

A novel.

The Horroboos. By Morrison I. Swift. Boston: The Liberty Press.

A hook of modern economics, somewhat in the form of an allegory.

Motion Study. By Frank B. Gilbreth. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company; $2.

A method for increasing the efficiency of the workman.

Scientific Primers. Edited by J. Reynolds Green, Sc. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Biology," by R. J. Harvey Gibson, M. A.; "Chemistry," by Professor W. A. Tilden; "Geology," by Professor J. W. Gregory; "Botany," by J. Reynolds Green, Sc. D., F. R. S.

It is not often the luck of a popular contemporary novelist to have his novel adopted as a text-book in a university three months after it comes from press. This is what the University of Wisconsin has done for John Galsworthy. They have a course there on the Modern English Novel, and in the coming university year John Galswortby's "The Patrician" will be used as the chief text-book, the greater part of the course being given to analyzing and discussing it.

Amelia E. Barr at seventy-nine still writes two novels a year and is said to have the largest income of any American woman novelist. Her first novel, "Jan Vedder's Wife," was written when she was fifty-five, but she had written short stories and newspaper articles for years before that.

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AN AGE OF IRRATIONALISM.

Address by President Butler to the Graduating Classes at Columbia University on Commencement Day, June 7, 1911.

It is the fashion of historians and students of history to fasten a particular century, or age, or epoch both in the imagination and in the memory by giving to it a name. We know what is meant when one speaks of the age of Pericles, or the age of chivalry, or the age of reason, as in each case mankind has hit upon a great personality, a distinctive institution, or an intellectual movement to serve at once as label and as guidepost. What shall we call the time in which we live, and how shall we designate the intellectual movement in which this great company of men and women has been trained to take, I hope and believe, an effective and an improving part?

This age of ours has been called the age of irrationalism. It is accused of oversubtlety and of preciosity, of impertinent self-confidence and of vulgar lack of respect for what has been. Irrationalism in one shape or another is said to furnish the dominant note for every department of our life, and to be as powerful in philosophy and in sociology as in literature. We are accused of having departed, and of seeking to depart still farther, from the approved ways and from established standards, and of having a feverish desire to find new things to say and new ways of saying them.

There is a good measure of truth in all this, and it is well to be on the lookout for the temptations and the dangers which our critics point out. It may well be that we have confounded novelty with originality and change with development, and that, like the ancient Athenians, we spend our time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing.

Certain it is that we are curiously under the influence of phrases, and that argument by epithet has come to take a high place in our ratiocination. To call a man, a movement, or a proposal by either a flattering or an obnoxious name is to remove them at once from the serious and thoughtful criticism of a large part of the population. Most persons are for or against a proposal because of what it has been called. This, of course, is not intelligent and it is not rational, but it is very common. So far as the larger public is concerned, the last half-century of science, a truly marvelous period, has made absolutely no impression on the thinking habit. It has destroyed many prepossessions and not a few beliefs, but it has not taught mankind to think. Our age is less reflective by far than was the eighteenth century or the first half of the nineteenth. Men are now so busy hunting for something new that they have no time to inquire what the word new means.

It is odd that we should have fallen so largely into this mood within a short generation after the doctrine of evolution had taken firm hold of the minds of cultivated men. If there is any one thing which that doctrine teaches more clearly and more insistently than another it is that all true development and progress are out of and because of what has gone before, and that they are to preserve, not to destroy, those structures, habits, tendencies, and accomplishments which have shown themselves physically or morally fit; that is, suitable or worthy. It is not easy to explain why the condition which surrounds us exists, but exist it certainly does; and the educated man or woman of today has literally to struggle against being swept into the current of irrationalism.

Not long since there was a significant and amusing discussion in France as to why so large a proportion of the public men of that country came from one section. Many opinions were expressed, but one well-known social philosopher wrote that in his judgment the explanation was very simple. This, he said, is the age of the crowd and of the demagogue; that particular section of France provides both. Without either accepting this judgment or dissenting from it, we may be instructed by it. Whatever else this age may be, it certainly is the age of the crowd and of the demagogue. The crowd with its well-marked mental and moral peculiarities is everywhere in evidence; and demagogues political, demagogues literary, and demagogues religious din our ears with hungry cries. A torrent of talk is abroad in the land. The crowd just now, the world over, sways from right to left in policy, in belief, and in action, and cries out with wild enthusiasm today for the demagogue—political, literary, or religious—that it tramples under foot tomorrow. The art of being a demagogue appears to be easy and quick to learn, and the rewards of the successful practice of the art have strange fascination for minds and characters that one would like to think in all respects worthy. But we are under no obligation either to run with the crowd or to follow every demagogue.

The obvious attitude of the trained mind is not one of acquiescence in the temporarily popular or in the pursuit of the new, but one of searching for those basic principles revealed in the structure of human society and nature, on which alone lasting policies and institutions can be built. To the man who does not think and who can not think, the most reactionary proposal, if only it bear the label progressive, attracts as though it were a genuine advance. Selfishness and ambition clothed in the apparatus and nomenclature of virtue have great success in securing the support of those really disinterested and well-meaning persons for whom a label acts as an effective substitute for thought. We should not let them deceive or mislead us.

It is, of course, not easy to think. Very few human beings have formed the habit of persistent thinking in regard to those matters which press upon their attention and which solicit their interest and their help. Most of us are dominated by the newspaper headline, and the men who write these headlines are the real makers of current history.

In order to think and to form the habit of thinking one must have a point of departure. That point of departure may safely be taken in deep-rooted respect for what has been, for what has lasted, for what has charmed and delighted generation after generation and century after century. No one can intelligently face forward who has never looked intelligently back.

The true and most useful type of conservative is one who, as was said of King Alfred, bases his character upon old facts, but who accepts new facts as a reason for things. Change through conviction is real intellectual progress. Change through vague yearnings, through nervous excitement, through following a purveyor of phrases and platitudes, through rebellion against the laws of nature and of man, or through restless inability to understand, is not progress, but reaction. The typical self-styled progressive of today appears to believe that any leap in the dark is better than standing still. So he invents novelties in politics, in literature, and in religion, and plays with them in full view of a delighted and admiring public. This is irrationalism in full operation.

University study should have taught each of you that one of our main businesses in life is to form the habit of tracing facts, theories, projects, and schemes back to controlling principles, as well as to gain that genuine historical point of view which makes the words development and progress aglow with lively meaning.

These habits will defend us from the allurements of irrationlism, and will aid in defeating and destroying it. The power of robust and independent thinking is irrationalism's mortal enemy.

If those who go out from the universities are not proof against irrationalism, what hope is there for the less fortunate and the less advantaged? One who despite his training feels a temptation to yield to irrationalism because it is popular and easy may perhaps take a hint from Dr. Johnson. "I am sometimes troubled," said Boswell, "by a disposition to stinginess." "So am I," replied Johnson, "but I do not tell it."

It is a foreigner who strikingly emphasizes a fact in American history which has escaped the attention of Americans. In his second volume of "The American People: A Study in National Psychology," to be published this autumn by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Mr. A. Maurice Low says that "America is the one country, civilized or barbarous, in which woman has never exercised the slightest influence on its affairs or in the least degree affected its policies or its politics; who was never the great social force that she has been in Europe in modern times or in the East when the world was young and women wrecked dynasties and made work for the map-makers." He explains this by saying that in all the history of America, "from the landing of the Jamestown adventurers to our own times, there have been two—and two women only—whose names are rescued from oblivion." One was Mistress Anne Hutchinson in the early days of the Bay Colony, the other was that "charming and witty social firebrand" Peggy O'Neal in Jackson's time. "No woman," says Mr. Low, "has brought confusion into the affairs of America. American history, because woman has neither reigned nor ruled, is at once the most decorous and dullest of which we have record." Mr. Low believes that the effacement of women in American history has affected the American character and is one of the reasons American politics are unlike those of any other country.

"The Grain of Dust" is by no means the last novel which we are to have from the pen of Mr. Phillips. The Appletons have a novel by him in preparation for issue next fall; and three other stories, the manuscripts of which had been written, as were all of Mr. Phillips's books, nine times, are to appear within a year or two. All of these forthcoming books had been finished a considerable time before Mr. Phillips's death.

Jennette Lee, who is a professor in the English department at Smith College, as well as an author, is taking a year's vacation from her college work and will sail for England in August with her husband, Gerald Stanley Lee, and her young daughter, Geraldine.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Mirror.

Within a wondrous glass,
A wondrous, magic mirror,
I gaze and see my features nobler shown
Than I can dare to own—
Oh, nobler, fairer, dearer,
Which inward graces brighten as they pass!

How beautiful, how strange
To note so wondrous graces!
A queen might feel her sceptre cheaply sold
If she could thus behold
A glass wherein her face is
Beyond desire made fair by magic change.

Such mirrors no one buys,
But they may freely own them
Who rightly love, who gladly greet the time.
All these will have sublime
Their souls and features shown them,
Nohly renewed within their childrens' eyes.
—*Horace Holley, in Century Magazine.*

Primavera Mia.

As kings who see their life-day pass,
Take off the heavy ermine and the crown,
So had the trees that autumn-time laid down
Their golden garments on the faded grass,
When I, who watched the season in the glass
Of mine own thoughts, saw all the autumn's brown
Leap into life and don a sunny gown
Of leafage such as happy April has.
Great spring came singing upward from the south;
For in my heart, far carried on the wind,
Your words like winged seeds took root and grew,
And all the world caught music from your mouth;
I saw the light as one who had been blind,
And knew my sun and song and spring were you.—*Sara Teasdale, in the International.*

Nocturnes.

Now cometh Night, soft-slippered maid of Sleep,
Tiptoeing down the dwindling paths of day,
Bearing above her garh demure and gray
The tiny candles given to her keep.
Eve's curtain drawn, she lifts her arms to sweep
The cloud of hair from her pale hrow away.
She threads her needle with a silver ray
Of moonlight, and with stitches long and deep
She mends the robe of slumher. Fold on fold,
She wraps it round her mistress and her queen,
Till hush and dark her regal dreams emprize;
Softly the little maid slips out to hold
With random Morpheus tryst upon the green,
And close, upon his hreast, her weary eyes!

It is the hour when clock and chanticleer,
Midnight forgotten, oversleep the dawn;
When dewdrops stay the flanks of hare and fawn,
And roses hlink at morning through a tear.
It is the hour when hush and vigil clear
The world of every music. So, I pawn
One hour of dreams to watch the coming on
Of sunrisc to your dreams of morning, dear;
The first deep sighs, like lilies in your breast,
Stir from the snow, and watch your covered eyes
Awake to purple violets from the dew;
To feel your arms, the ferns of spring's unrest,
Reach up unto the call of golden skies,
And draw the smile of heaven down to you!
—*Aloysius Coll, in Columbian Magazine.*

The Land of Beginning Again.

I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware,
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail;
And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done
The greatest injustice of all
Could he at the gates, like an old friend that waits
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We would find all the things we intended to do
But forgot, and remembered—too late,
Little praises unspoken, little promises hroken,
And all the thousand and one
Little duties neglected that might have perfected
The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possihle not to he kind
In the Land of Beginning Again;
And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudged
Their moments of victory here
Would find in the grasp of our loving handclasp
More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know had been hest,
And what had seemed loss would be gain;
For there isn't a sting that will not take wing
When we've faced it and laughed it away;
And I think that the laughter is most what we're after
In the Land of Beginning Again!

So I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
And never put on again.
—*Louisa Fletcher Tarkington, in Smart Set.*

The publication of the complete works of William Dean Howells, in uniform volumes, is announced by Harper & Brothers. The work of collecting Mr. Howells's writings has been going on for some time, as well as the negotiations among the various publishing houses which have issued his books at different times. The first group of six volumes is ready. The plan of publication adopted is to divide the work into groups of six volumes each, issuing each group separately.

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HENRY MILLER IN "THE HAVOC."

The greatest thing seen in "The Havoc" is the influenec of Henry Miller, the reasoning, experienced, painstaking, and thoroughly competent manager, the well-poised, sensitive, and forceful actor. Mr. Sheldon's play is a remarkable dramatic work, that in these days of demand for what is called realism may well he set down as a great play. It is notably effective, because it deals with a vital passion, it is tersely written, and the element of suspense holds each of its five scenes firmly from the heginning to the end. Yet the principle motive, the idea which distinguishes it from the hundreds of plays huilt on the same situation, is not merely forced, it is entirely false, and is accepted only as a theatrical necessity. Outside the theatre it would he incredihle.

There are hut three characters in the play—the fourth person in the cast is a clerk who is seen only in the last act—but these two men and one woman work out one of the saddest yet most familiar tragedies of life. One possesses the woman, the other covets her, wins her, and hrings havoc to all. The hushand, easily deceived hecause his mind is ahsorhed in his business, is not an emotional man. The wife is normal, and though discontented, would yet he faithful hut for the continual presence and suggestion of the younger man, who is accepted as a memher of the little family through mistaken friendship. The lover is vain, selfish, weak, and without understanding of moral principles, yet physically as well as temperamentally suited to his work.

Accident reveals the condition of affairs to the husband. He is of the cool, calculating sort, and he restrains his first impulse. His sentence for the guilty pair is just, except in its last condition. He will agree to a divorce, hut the two must marry, and they must accept him as a friendly inmate of their home. With merely a change of partners for the woman, the trio must continue in the same relations as hefore. The guilty lover, under duress, still rehels at this and asks why. "Because I wish to live in comfortahle surroundings," replies the husband. Of course, it is attempted to show that this is no more than the frank acceptation and application of the lover's philosopby. Conventionalities are negligihle. The woman should go to the man who loved her, and whom she now loved, and the man she had married was not really concerned. But, as has heen said, this arrangement is neither plausihle nor possihle. Justice might prompt the deserted hushand to demand that the woman he cared for, hut even the most malignant revenge could not suggest his persisting presence. The new arrangement might work for happiness or sorrow, hut in neither prospect could there he satisfaction for him, even as a spectator.

Unmistakahly theatrical as this device is, Mr. Sheldon has used it to good advantage in the play. It ohviates the necessity for even shallower pretexts to hring the three together and furnish the contrasts in male individuality. Having won the woman, the lover is not long content. She was false to her first husband, why may she not he false to the second? He is jealous, suspicious, and accuses her without cause. She is protected by the hushand whom she deserted. He defends her not only, he shows the wretch, who is still in character, the ruin he has caused, and the inevitable ending—the hell he has made and must live in.

There is another act, and this is the situation in which the playwright has most nearly attained the right to he called a genius. It contains none of the well-worn stage expedients employed in the earlier scenes—no forgotten hat as a clew, or mistaken resemhlance in important books, or carelessly discarded cigar on the tahle. Simple and direct, as in fact are all the scenes, it is still most impressive in its surprises, its dehatahle ending. The man of business affairs is now general manager of the railroad. His one-time friend, who stole his wife, still works in a lower position in the same offices. But the woman stealer has now hecome a thief of railroad funds. His dishonesty has been discovered and punishment impends. The wife comes in and to her former hushand appeals for mercy. The couple have a child, and she begs that it may not he forced to grow up and be pointed at as the son of a convict. It would he useless to interfere, the general manager says; he has stolen here and he will steal again wherever he goes. Her plea is renewed, and she declares she will work and repay the money taken. will accept the first position offered, and that the dishonest one must surrender all claim to the child. The tremhling wretch is called in and suhmits to the condition, and is allowed to escape. And the curtain goes down with the woman sitting heside the general manager's desk as his stenographer. the place she had held when he first gained her consent to marriage.

Mr. Sheldon has dealt with a big theme in an original way, and in a way no more superficial than the playhouse demands. He has suggested many questions that he has not attempted to answer, and hetter so. There is distinct cleverness in the lines, heyond their compression and directness. A novel, "The Fall of Nora," is one of the stage properties made much of in the first two acts, and Ibsen and his philosophy are alluded to, with more of vague disapprohation than exact analysis. In this connection it may he said that whether Mr. Sheldon's methods are actually to he identified with that technic which is the suhject of much collegiate chatter, he has the technic which produces a play that people will pay money to see and that will be talked ahout more than most dramatic productions.

Even in the hands of less accomplished actors it would succeed, probahly, though it would drop to the level of ordinary melodrama. Fortunately for the author, it is presented so admirahly that it gains in credihility and power. Mr. Miller has chosen his associates well, and they undouhtedly owe a great deal to his inspiration and suggestion. The settings are substantial and complete in detail. Each of the first two acts is supposed to cover an evening, and midway in each the curtain falls and the theatre is in darkness for a minute, to mark a lapse of an hour in the progress of the story.

In the care with which the play is staged, in the close attention to every illustrating, enlightening word and sentence, in the poses and grouping of the characters, there are evident the thorough knowledge and artistic balance of which Mr. Miller is the master. But there is much more than that. As Richard Craig, the defrauded hushand, he offers the most impressive character delineation he has ever shown. It is a hroad assertion, for Mr. Miller has heen seen in many rôles, and in none that were not illuminated by his study and method; but he has had no character before so clearly drawn, so forceful in a purely masculine way, and so consistent, except in the eccentric revengeful motive. And even this last the actor so harmonizes with the situation that only the summing-up after the curtain falls reveals its spurious quality.

When the first suspicion enters Craig's mind, on an unexpected return home, there is a curious yet characteristic smile of grim patience on his face. A few minutes later, when the shameful truth is forced upon him hy the stealthy entrance of the two conspirators against his peace, that grim smile is replaced by a terrible look of outraged dignity. There is nothing of sentimental sorrow in his expression. He has not thougbt of wasted care and unappreciated love. He has discovered deadly treachery, and he is a judge, severe and awful in his wrath. For only a single moment in the play is he anything hut the coldly keen husiness man, who bas helieved his household accounts were straight. The gentler emotions are not for him, or for his kind. Fortunately, nature takes care that this type does not become too numerous. The men without emotions do not perpetuate their line. That single exception to Craig's case-hardened aspect comes when, in the second act, be idly picks up from the table the bit of sewing upon which the woman, now Hessert's wife, has been engaged. It is an infant's tiny coat. He spreads it carefully in his fingers, and his face softens. What a real Craig might have done here, is not easily imagined. But the actor gives to this casual incident a touch that would stir deeper thoughts if there were a pause. Perhaps he sees, too, the half-opened door to an earlier and unsuspected sorrow there.

Laura Hope Crews plays the wife, and her part is a most exacting one. The playwright has heen no kinder to her than is fate to all women. But she is allowed no opportunity to hid for sympathy. A weaker dramatist would have extenuated her failings, and be would have done it with little difficulty. She is easily led, because she is hungry and unhappy; and she is driven remorselessly when she has once ahandoned herself to the current. Miss Crews gives a truthful and appealing presentation of the rôle. She is such a woman as would have charmed the sensuous nature of Hessert.

There are some difficulties in the way of Francis Byrne, who has the part of Paul Hessert, the treacherous friend. He must appear to he a man, at least until he has won hy his sophistry the trust of the woman, hut he must also make plain his essential cowardice and general unworthiness. It is not an easy task, but Mr. Byrne does it well. He is not the plausihle villain of melodrama, hut the shallow, selfish voluptuary, who has neither original force nor singleness of purpose.

A large and expectant audience at the Columhia Theatre awaited the lifting of the curtain Monday night. Applause greeted Mr. Miller's first entrance on the scene and continued insistently at the end of the act, which closes on a strained situation. It would not be stilled until Mr. Miller appeared and spoke his thanks, feelingly but hriefly, and with them a gentle deprecation. It was hardly fair to the actors or the play to shatter the illusion which had heen built up at the cost of worthy effort. But playgoers want all they can get for their money, and often get it at greater cost.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

There has heen some newspaper discussion over the story that Ambassador Wilson did not rise at a Fourth of July function in the City of Mexico when "the American national air" was played. Some editors have defended Mr. Wilson on the ground that "America" was the tune played and not the "Star Spangled Banner," and that so our amhassador was let out. Mr. Wilson now stamps the story as without any foundation whatever, and the *Mexican Herald* declares that "a hundred gentlemen who attended the breakfast know that no such thing happened." Here is the truth at last. It is irresponsible fiction of this sort that sells dispatches to the yellowish newspapers, and many are the conscienceless writers everywhere who invent material with which to make a salahle "story" (says the Springfield *Republican*). There were plenty of such journalists at the Mexican border when the late revolution was in progress, and some of them are now working from the Mexican capital. The worst thing ahout this sort of "enterprise" is that an exposure of the falsity of matter sent by one of these bessians does not close the market for his next invention—the same papers fooled once will bite again. They want "color," and truth gets to he a negligible quality.

It has been decided that the new Royal Opera House in Berlin shall he huilt upon the site now occupied hy Kroll's Theatre. The old opera house is to he preserved as a memorial of the reign of Frederick the Great, under whom it was huilt, and as the first great pillar in the musical edifice which has since heen developed in Berlin. The location for the new huilding, which will not be completed for several years, is not easily accessihle, so it is planned to have the underground railway, which is to he constructed from Nollendorf-Platz to Weissensee, pass under the Seigesallee, with a station quite near the opera bouse. This will make it very accessible to the inhabitants of all West Berlin, which furnishes the greater part of the opera-going puhlic.

The inauguration hy Queen Wilhelmina of the museum and picture gallery installed in the house occupied hy Remhrandt from 1639 to 1658, in the Jodenbreestraat, marks an interesting event in art commemoration. Remhrandt purchased the residence for 13,000 florins, and it was here that in company with his wife, he passed the happiest and at the same time the most fertile years of his life. The house was sold in 1638 for 11,000 florins, and was subsequently divided into two, until in 1906 a special commission, of whicb the famous Dutcb artist, Joseph Israels, was the moving spirit, purchased the place and had it restored and transformed into a museum adorned with a large numher of Remhrandt's pictures.

A Frencb statistician has heen looking at the records of memhers of the Académie Française as family men. Of the forty "Immortals" it appears that the great majority are married, hut no fewer than fourteen are childless. Among those who have the largest families are M. Henri Poincaré, the scientist, who is the father of three daughters and a son, and M. Jean Richepin, the poet and dramatist, who bas heen twice married and has four sons. M. René Bazin has also several children, hut the families of the other Academicians who bave families at all do not numher more tban one or two. M. Anatole France is among tbe balf-dozen members who are bachelors.

Sir John Hare, the English actor, celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday last May and now announces his return to the stage in the early autumn, although he retired two years ago. He will reappear in Pierre Wolff's comedy, "The Marionettes," which was performed in Paris at the Comédie Française last October. Miss Gladys Unger has made the English version. Miss Marie Lohr plays the beroine and Sir John plays the part of "a comfortahle old uncle, who gives advice at tbe crucial moments."

Elks and any who contemplate joining tbat order will he interested in the last important action taken hy the grand lodge before dissolving its meeting in Atlantic City. It was voted to abolish ahsolutely all horseplay and hazing in the initiatory rites. This ends a fight that has heen waged for a decade by a constantly growing element in the organization. These men contended that the horseplay deterred many men who would he towers of strength from presenting themselves for membership.

Actresses in Their Best Dress.

Melville Ellis, who is identified upon the Shubert playhills as the genius who "creates" all the costumes for the attractions of that firm, talks vivaciously of actresses and their mode of dress (says the Chicago *Tribune*).

"I have dressed every famous actress in America," says Mr. Ellis, with tbe shrinking diffidence of the violet. "I was the first to take the individuality of tbe actress and dress her to make the most of it. I discovered Lotta Faust's back. I don't know how it is going to sound in print, hut I took and made a type out of her. She was just an ordinarily pretty girl before I discovered that she had the most beautiful back on the stage and cut her dresses qut to show it. Kitty Gordon now has the most heautiful back on the stage.

"I made Louise Dresser look thin. Ethel Barrymore looks hest in tailor suit and hroad collar. She is what I call a healthy dresser. So is Blanche Ring. Nazimova is a sick dresser. Her clothes all look as if they were suffering from some long, lingering illness. Mrs. Fiske is a convalescent dresser. Mary Garden is the most marvelous woman. She has a giant's intellect, hut no figure. But sbe has taken a leaf out of Sarah Bernhardt's hook and drops her helt four inches helow her waist line. Gadski always looks like the cook, and the more you put on her the more she looks like the cook.

"Marie Tempest is the hest dressed woman on the stage. Fritzi Scheff knows her points hetter than anybody can tell them to ber. I had my first tussle with the lady this year, and it wasn't easy."

Mr. Ellis, who was connected with the New Theatre, also has his own peculiar ideas of the reason for that institution's failure.

"It was the suhscribers that killed the New Theatre," he says. "There were two shows, one in the hoxes and one on the stage. Women like Mrs. Fish would come and see a serious play and say out loud, so every one could hear her: 'Oh, isn't it awful! I must send my maid.' Then the next person, to imitate the smart thing, would repeat it."

Mizzi Hajos, the Hungarian comedienne and singer, who created the title-rôle of "The Spring Maid" in Budapest, arrived in New York a few days ago. She has sung in America hefore, and after much difficulty has succeeded in acquiring the English language. She will appear in "The Spring Maid" at Atlantic City August 7, and go on circuit from there to San Francisco.

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Monday Night, August 7—Henry Miller in a new play, "The End of the Bridge."

VANITY FAIR.

Lord Clonmell has lost bis camera, and he announces the fact in an advertisement. He took it with him on the *Rohilla*, and as this gay little steamer was specially reserved for members of the House of Lords who wished to see the naval review at the coronation he felt that be might relax the vigilance usually advisable with regard to portable property. But he was mistaken. His camera disappeared. He laid it down and turned away for a moment, aud when he looked again it was gone. He should have known hetter. He knew the steamer was full of aristocrats, and yet he allowed himself to he negligent. And now he inserts an advertisement asking the "nohleman or gentleman" who inadvertently annexed his camera to return it. He does not say "no questions asked," nor does he offer a reward. His best plan will he to keep an eye on his fellow peers and he may see one of them with the goods on him. But it is a frail chance. Peers have so many opportunities to dispose of property thus inadvertently acquired.

There was another aristocrat who lost a costly umhrella at a fashionable London cluh, and he posted a notice to that effect, asking the "nohleman" who had purloined it to have the goodness to make restitution. Fancy a nohleman returning anything. The cluh secretary asked why he addressed his appeal exclusively to nohlemen. "Well," was the reply, "the cluh is composed exclusively of noblemen and gentlemen, and certainly no gentleman would steal my umhrella." These are sad incidents, and go far to explain an hostility to the hereditary form of government.

At last we know the composition of the anointing oil. It is made of sesame and olive oils, perfumed with roses, orange flowers, jasmine, cinnamon, flowers of henzoin, musk, civet, and amhergris. It was not poured upon the royal head, but gently rubbed in with the archiepiscopal finger, and a little was also applied to the palms of the hands.

Ernst von Wolzogen is a distinguished German who has just visited this country in order to study the habits of the simple and childlike American in his native habitat. He finds something to admire, a good deal to criticize, and much to laugh at. Most of his comments are directed toward the cooking, which he finds to he grotesque. Why, he asks, do Americans eat so much sugar? Echo answers why, and it must he confessed that the charge is a true one. Nothing surprises the foreigner so much as the quantity of sugar eaten hy all classes, from the schoolgirl who seems to live upon it to the husky drayman who is quite satisfied with a few chocolate éclairs for his lunch. Sugar, says our German friend, is responsible for our had dentition. Without sugar half our dentists would he out of work.

The American salad is handled unsparingly. Throughout the three kingdoms of nature there is nothing that may not he found therein. "Its groundwork is composed of two or three large green leaves. On these is poured oil mixed with vinegar, and then arises a more or less striking structure of all impossihle sours and sweets, salts and hitters, toughs and tenders, liquid, edihle, and inedihle ohjects." In less wealthy families the salad is regarded as a receptacle for the sad remains of other meals. Whatever no one will eat in any other form may go into the salad, where its origin and previous condition of servitude will he concealed. Instead of asparagus tips one may use small pieces of walking stick, while ruhher goloshes make an admirahle suhstitute for meat.

But gum-chewing excites Mr. von Wolgozen to his finest flights of ridicule. He had never seen gum-chewing hefore, and of course no European has ever seen it. "It is not eating that seems to give the greatest pleasure to the real Yankee," he says, "hut constant movement of his chin and jaws. This chewing and swallowing in itself delights these simple children of nature. Who comes to the United States for the first time will never cease to wonder at a people that never stops chewing. In the street-cars, in the stores, in the pleasure resorts are the chewing instruments of this rare nation in powerful motion. Expressions oi contentment heam from the faces of these people with the active jaws. Pretty young shopgirls chew when they go to luncheon in the middle of the day and when they go hack from lunch to husiness. The soldiers chew during their drills, and I am sure they chew in hattles. The earnest young man when he makes a declaration of love, the 250-pound policeman running after a thief—all have a little piece of sugared gum which they call chewing gum stuck hetween their hack teeth."

There are some human sufferings for which there is no human sympathy. Seasicknes is one of them. We invariahly laugh at it. To a lesser extent this is true also of toothache, although it is hard to say why. We do not laugh even at our wives when they have a headache, hut toothache is rarely provocative of compassion unless the sufferer is actually within sight. In that case we put on an air of Spartan virtue and urge extraction just as if that is what we ourselves would do without a moment's hesitation.

And we have no sympathy for the society woman who complains of her overhurdened life. We sneer audihly and we wish that we had the same cause for complaint. And yet her hardships are real enough. In many cases she is doing what she must do, and not what she wishes, and after all there is no difference hetween play and work except the element of compulsion. We do joyfully what we do willingly, hut as soon as we are forced to do that same thing it hecomes a hardship and we shriek for an eight-hour law. There are men who will fish from early morn till dewy eve and get nothing for it, not even fish, hut offer that man a dollar a day to fish and he will keep his eye glued to the clock like a day lahorer working for a city.

A society lady has heen making known her miseries in the London *Daily Express*. She says she is a model society woman and if she only perseveres she will one day he a society leader. She goes to hed at half-past three and she is called at half-past seven. Soon after eight she is riding in the Row. Pleasure, you will say. Not a bit of it. She must ride in the Row hecause her hushand is a memher of Parliament, and this is one of the ways in which she must do her part. She must see and he seen. She must expose her complexion at the most pitiless hour of the day hecause other society ladies derive such innocent pleasure from adversely commenting on it. We must all try to give pleasure when we can.

She returns to the house at nine and she finds that her hushand has two political friends whom she must entertain at hreakfast. She must talk intelligently ahout Ireland and India and the veto hill, and must conceal the delight with which she would see hoth countries and the hill at the hottom of the deep hlue sea. At ten she has her hair dressed and dictates her correspondence to a secretary. The telephone hill rings every three minutes and she holds conversations with adored friends whom she detests and who detest her. Then there are household duties, invitations to send, florists and caterers to interview, and this hrings her to eleven. The dressmaker comes next, there are two picture shows to be seen, and a lunch engagement at 1:30 finishes the morning. After lunch there is a hazaar and a garden party. Some friends must be motored down to Ranelagh, there are two wedding receptions, six "at homes," and a visit to the dentist. Home again at 6:30 with scuppers running tea, for tea must he sipped everywhere, without exception. Then she lies down in a state of stupor for half an hour hefore dinner. While dressing there is more telephoning and more household duties, and at eight o'clock, "a hright smile glued firmly on," she is dining with friends in Grosvenor Square. Then comes the opera until eleven, and the opera is followed hy the political reception and four halls, at which four separate suppers must he eaten.

It sounds rather nice, and one would like to try it for ahout a day and a half. Take it altogether, it is rather a curious way to live, and yet there are thousands of these poor down-trodden creatures ground under the wheels of an inexorahle fate and condemned througb no apparent fault of their own to the treadmill of such an existence. There ought to he a law against it.

It seems that aviators are much addicted to the use of charms and mascots. One of them hoasts to a reporter of the numher of ascents he has made, "and I've never had the shadow of an accident, thanks to the tiger's whisker which I always carry in my pocket-hook."

A tiger's whisker! One hardly knows where one would get such an article. Even the most modern stores would be staggered hy such an order. But the aviator had full faith in it. He was sure he would have heen smashed to atoms hut for its protective influence. He was quite indignant when he was asked how he could prove it. "I may tell you at once," he said, "that I can not prove it, and the fact affords me infinite contentment. I am sick and tired of helieving nothing hut what can he proved." Good for him. We should all he a lot hetter off if we were more disposed to helieve the things that can not he proved.

Motorists, too, are great helievers in charms. The favorite motoring charm is a combination of the horseshoe and the Hammer of Thor, or the Swastika. If used in conjunction with a good chauffeur it is of much value.

There can be no doubt that the Senate has entered upon the thorny path of reform. There was a time when free lemonade was one of the features of that august assembly. Lemonade could he found everywhere, and at every turn one encountered the opportunity for a drink innocuous except so far as it might prove a stimulus to oratory. But there is to be no more lemonade, thanks to a committee whose mission under heaven it is "to audit and control the contingency expenses of the Senate." It is said that the lemonade cost the country $1000 a month, and even this could not cover the whole cost of the liquid refreshment consumed hy the Senate. There must have heen senators whose lihations did not consist wholly of lemonade. Their speech has hetrayed them upon more than one occasion.

Efforts are made from time to time to persuade men to he more heautiful, that is to say to wear more heautiful clothing, for the man himself is past human aid in the matter of heauty. At the recent dress exhihition in London there were colored waistcoats covered with cream lace in fancy flower designs or with hlack over white; ties veiled with hlack lace, and socks embroidered with crowns, and foulard ties of blue spotted witb white. These heautiful things have not yet appeared upon the street, hut the dandies looked at them with longing eyes and prayed for courage.

But why should it he considered unmanly to dress heautifully. If history is any guide the reverse of this is the truth. It is only since men took to money-making and the element of personal hravery was eliminated from war that the dress of the male has been so sober. If we go back to the times when personal courage was a man's chief asset, the only thing really worth his while to possess, we find that his raiment was always gorgeous. Today the soldier is the only man who dresses in lace and colors, and yet if the man who is not a soldier ventures to decorate himself we say that he is unmanly. It seems a curious mental perversion, and one hard to explain. No braver men ever lived than the cavaliers of Charles I of England, and no men were ever more splendidly dressed. Wallenstein's dragoons were dandies, and so were all the hest soldiers of the middle ages. They dressed more splendidly than the women. Tbe fine raiment disappeared with the fine personal courage, and now we have so twisted things in our mind that we actually assume an antagonism hetween the two. By all means let us have foulard ties, whatever they may he, and the heautiful waistcoats and socks and things. Let us trim our things with lace and make ourselves gorgeous with colors. Who knows? The contemplation of such finery may remind us that we are men and stir us to an emulation of manly deeds.

The customs returns seem to show that we have cut our champagne hill in half, and we are not sure whether we ought to be joyful about it or sad. The professional optimist throws up his hat and announces that we are returning at last to the paths of economic sanity, hut a hetter knowledge of human nature suggests misgivings. Nothing is more suspicious than a display of virtue, while a rapid survey of our acquaintances fails to show any sudden deviation into rectitude, not at least to any noticeahle extent. That we are not buying champagne is clear enough, hut there is no evidence that the money is going into the missionary hox or even into the savings hank. Then where is it going? Some one suggests the automohile, and the guess is a good one. The same cynical observer says that we are saving money on our champagne hills instead of mortgaging our homes to buy the coveted machines and to keep the beasts in tires. But perhaps even this is too roseate a view. If we were to suggest that we are economizing in champagne as well as mortgaging our homes it would prohahly be nearer the mark. The times are had just now. It is only with the utmost difficulty that we can afford bare luxuries, and necessities are quite beyond our reach.

To prevent accidents among women who insist on getting off cars facing hackward mirrors are heing put in the forward sides of the exits of all street-cars in Greeley, Colorado. The women wbo are responsihle for this scheme declare that the desire to see if their bats are on straight will cause their erring sisters to face the right way when leaving a car.

Mr. Willis—But why don't you take your hank-book in to have it halanced? *Mrs. Willis*—I don't want that snoopy-looking cashier to know how much money I've got in there! —*Puck*.



3 ROUTES TO SELECT FROM IN ARRANGING YOUR SUMMER TRIP EAST THIS YEAR UNDER THE EXTREMELY LOW ROUND TRIP EXCURSION TICKETS ON SALE MANY DAYS DURING THE MONTHS MAY TO SEPTEMBER, 1911, VIA THE

Southern Pacific

SOME OF THE RATES ARE

Colorado Springs	$55.00	Houston	$ 60.00
Atchison	60.00	Dallas	60.00
Leavenworth	60.00	Memphis	70.00
St. Joseph	60.00	New Orleans	70.00
Omaha	60.00	Washington	107.50
Council Bluffs	60.00	Baltimore	107.50
Kansas City	60.00	Philadelphia	108.50
St. Paul	73.50	Boston	110.50
Minneapolis	73.50	New York	108.50
Duluth	79.50	Toronto	95.70
Chicago	72.50	Montreal	108.50
St. Louis	70.00	Quebec	116.50
		Portland, Me.	113.50

SALE DATES—
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30.
September 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

Ask about the attractions and advantages offered hy our Sunset, Ogden and Shasta Routes. Send for our Passenger Agent to call and explain routes and help you outline your trip. No charge! We'll he glad to do it.

TICKET OFFICES
FLOOD BUILDING PALACE HOTEL
MARKET STREET FERRY DEPOT
THIRD AND TOWNSEND STREETS DEPOT
BROADWAY AND THIRTEENTH STREET, OAKLAND

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The recruit was being put through an examination in geography, wherein he proved himself astonishingly ignorant. At last, after a failure on his part of unusual flagrance, the examiner scowled at him and thundered: "Idiot, you want to defend your country and you don't know where it is!"

A story is told of an American who, visiting in Dublin, was conducted to the cathedral which had been restored hy the Guinness family of hrewers, then to the schools which they had huilt, and lastly to the great hrewery. "This is really wonderful," said the Yankee. "You seem to run education, salvation, and damnation all in one show."

Bishop Willard F. Mallalieu, at a dinner in Auburndale, defended the laws against Sunday hreaking, indecent literature, etc. "But these laws," objected a sociologist, "undermine our freedom." "Freedom," said Bishop Mallalieu, "is a good thing, hut let us not make too much of it. In Pennsylvania, for instance, a man is free to marry his mother-in-law, hut no man ever does."

The new cook, who had come into the household during the holidays, asked her mistress: "Where han your son? I not seeing him round no more." "My son?" replied the mistress pridefully. "Oh, he has gone hack to Yale. He could only get away long enough to stay until New Year's Day, you see. I miss him dreadfully, though." "Yas. I know yoost how you feel. My hroder, he han in yail sax times since T'anksgiving."

He was a rather overdressed youth and attracted much attention when be entered the car. He occupied the only vacant seat beside a rather elderly gentleman. When the conductor came for his fare he fumhled for his money, and then suddenly hecame very pale. "Oh, I've been rohhed," he gasped. "There is nothing hut a hit of an old cigar in my pocket." "My hoy," said the deep hass voice of the man hy his side, "would you mind taking your hand out of my pocket?"

A young man, unhappily married and practically penniless, took his tale of woe to a prominent divorce attorney in Chicago, and concluded with this: "I'm too poor to pay much for a divorce, hut my wife makes my life miserable. After I get home, at six o'clock in the evening, I get no peace until I go to sleep. What would you advise?" "After considering all the facts in your case," said the lawyer, "I would suggest that you get a joh which requires you to work all night."

Once when Representative Alexander, of Missouri, was Speaker of the house in the Missouri legislature ahout fifty memhers were in front of the Speaker's rostrum clamoring for recognition. A man named Moore, who possessed a mighty pair of lungs, yelled into Speaker Alexander's face, "Does the Speaker recognize me?" The huhhuh ceased. "It seems to me," said Speaker Alexander slowly, as if searching the recesses of his mind, "that at some time or other I have seen that ugly mug of yours." They still call Mr. Moore "Ugly Mug" down in Missouri.

Every one knew Jonathan Skinflint as a millionaire, witb the exception, so it appeared, of Skinflint himself. He invariably wore the shahhiest of clothes, and is reported to have dined one day on a couple of peas and a grape skin. One day an old friend endeavored to persuade the miser to dress better. "I am surprised," he said, "that you should let yourself hecome so shahhy." "But I am not shahhy," expostulated Skinflint. "Oh, yes, you are," replied the friend. "Remember your father. He was always neatly, even elegantly dressed. His clothes were very handsome." Skinflint gave utterance to a hearty laugh. "Why," he shouted triumphantly, "these clothes I've got on were father's!"

A tall, urhane man, with a black mustache, was a guest at a fashionahle dinner in New York not long ago, when the lady on his right, after mentioning that she had just returned from a trip to Europe, proceeded to "roast" William Loeh, Jr., the collector of customs for the city. She panned that official to a rich, dark hrown, and did it in such a witty manner that the tall, urhane gentleman laughed uproariously. "I think the appropriate deatb for him" she said, "would he choking with Irish lace—and I'd like to contrihute some of the lace for the purpose." After dinner she asked her hostess: "What was the name of the hlack-mustached man on my left, dear? He talked so intelligently about the customhouse." "I should think he would," replied the hostess. "That was Loeh himself!"

A Boston oil man was putting down a well in virgin territory. He was keeping the fact a profound secret, in order to secure leases without difficulty if he got a good well. But he arranged a code telegram to he sent him as soon as the drill reached sand. In order that the news might not leak at the telegraph office he told the driller that the sentence "Pine trees grow tall" would mean that he had struck oil. The driller promised to follow instructions. In a few days the telegram arrived. It read: "Pine trees grow tall. She's spurting clean over the derrick."

A few weeks ago the Chinese of New Zealand were found to he doing a very great deal of the laundry work available, and had so thrown out of employment the women workers in some of the laundries. In New Zealand a laundry is a factory within the meaning of the factories act, so it occurred to a lawmaker that he could settle the difficulty of this Chinese competition hy a neat amendment in the interpretation clause of the act ahove mentioned. An amendment was therefore drafted and printed and sent with the utmost seriousness and good faith to the crown law office for consideration; it contained a provision in these words: "For the purposes of this act (the factories act), a Chinaman shall he deemed to he a girl under eighteen years of age."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Diet.

"I can see no seose," said the Goat,
"In the ruinous diet of mao;
Why suffer with meat,
When there's nothing as sweet
As the top of a nice tin can?"
—*Chicago Daily News.*

A Dream.

I glanced at a daily paper
That a newsboy thrust in my hand,
And I read of a basehall contest—
'Twas writ by no 'prentice hand.
But the thing that most impressed me
And made me cry: "I declare!"
Was the fact that in all that story
No word of slang was there.

It was hriefly and simply written,
And flowed like a limpid stream;
Nobody "hiffed the horsehide"—
I thought it was surely a dream;
No player "poled a homer,"
Aod none was "walked to first,"
And I read that slangless story
Io deepest hliss immersed.

No pitcher was "pelted with hingles,"
No hatter was "whiffed three times";
In all that detailed story
There were no linguistic crimes;
And when I reached home at eveo
I sought it once more—and then
I discovered I'd lost that paper;
I'll ne'er see its like again.
—*Denver Republican.*

The Direful Tale of Horror.

"It's sure a dreadful story," the Captain said to me,
The story of the skipper of the *Lady Barnaby.*

"A most horrific story to pass a feller's lips,
With its supernatural sperits an' its hlood that drips an' drips.

"It's ghostly an' it's ghastly an' it's full of ghouis an' greed,
There aint no worser story you kin hear about er read.

"It'll make yer spine to shiver, it'll make yer hlood run cold,
It'll make you scared to whisper when ye hear this story told;

"An' yer hair will rise up endwise ao' remain in such a state,
An' you'll be a-seein' visions in the darkness when it's late.

"When you go to hed you'll tremhle in a sort of deadly fear
An' ye won't he sleepin' decent fer as loog as half a year.

"You'll be wakin' up an' shriekin' at the nightmares that you see
When you've heard about the skipper an' the *Lady Barnaby.*

"There is some who heard the story that went mad from sudden fright,
There is some that's nervous ruins, there is some whose hair is white,

"An' the special timid people that has heard it told er read,
Some had terrihle convulsions, an' a few of them is dead.

"It is crammed with murk an' murder, red as hlood an' hlack as hell;
It is slimy, cold, an' clammy, an' a fearful thing to tell."

"Yes," I said, "hut I can stand it. Go ahead and tell the tale,
For my nerves are very steady, and my health is very hale."

But the Captain rose and left me, saying, as he moved away:
"I won't tell no such a story on this hright an' sunny day.

"First, because it's much too awful, it would make yer flesh to crawl;
Second—Well, I never happened for to hear the tale at all.

"But they *say* it's something dreadful, horrihle as it kin he,
The story of the skipper of the *Lady Barnaby.*"
—*Mark Kronen, in Puck.*

WELLS FARGO NEVADA NATIONAL BANK
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No. 4 MONTGOMERY STREET

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits...$11,067,549.97
Cash and Sight Exchange 12,523,591.86
Total Resources..... 43,905,859.87

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I. W. HELLMAN, JR....Vice-President
F. L. LIPMAN.....Vice-President
JAMES K. WILSON.....Vice-President
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Guaranteed capital .....$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,605,792.68
Employees' Pension Fund..... 113,473.47
Deposits June 30, 1911..... 44,567,705.83
Total assets 47,173,498.51

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Established 1858

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CIRCULAR ON REQUEST

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WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY
TORONTO
United States Assets.....$2,361,430.92
Surplus 965,981.82
PACIFIC COAST DEPARTMENT
129 LEIDESDORFF STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
W. L. W. MILLER, Assistant Manager.

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of
SAN FRANCISCO
OPEN SHOP

"The policy of limiting the number of apprentices flies in the face of the American doctrine that education should be free to all."
—*Prof. Elliott, Harvard University.*

CITIZENS' ALLIANCE offices
Merchants' Exchange Building
San Francisco

Free Employment Bureau
700 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

Gathering and publishing the news of the day is not the most important end of the Big Daily Newspaper.

It builds up big business houses, and the successful owners of these business bouses make the city. You can not have a city without the business man and the Big Daily Newspaper. You can not have the hig newspaper unless tbe business men advertise. The business men who advertise wisely help themselves more than they help the newspaper. And tbe big newspaper helps them in many ways without cost. It pictures the attractions of the city, its activities and its advantages, day by day, and spreads the descriptive facts over the State. It draws visitors and capital from the remote districts continually.

Every big business man knows that advertising in the Big Daily Newspaper pays.

But very few have thought out the details—for instance: A big daily newspaper has 100,000 circulation daily. Of this at least 50 per cent goes to the country—to Sacramento, Stockton, San Jose, Santa Rosa, and smaller towns, and out on the rural free delivery routes. Half the circulation is in the bay cities from which comes the retail trade of San Francisco business men. Of that 50,000 circulation at least one-half goes to the classes who do not buy advertised goods. Of the 25,000 papers that go to buyers, at least one-half are taken by business men who do not have time to read advertisements. From the 12 500 that reach the actual readers of advertising columns comes the trade that pays for the advertising. And the daily newspaper must do its errand between 8 o'clock and 1 o'clock, for it is old and neglected early in the afternoon. Thus it will be seen that only one-eighth of a big daily newspaper's circulation is productive for the average advertiser. Yet daily newspaper advertising pays.

It pays the big advertisers best,

Because the big advertisements are seen; many of the smaller ones are overlooked. Yet even the smaller advertisers get big returns from their advertising, if it is done with good judgment—if it offers real inducements and tells the truth.

The ARGONAUT is read by as many people who buy good goods in San Francisco as any big daily newspaper.

The ARGONAUT is read from the first columo on the first page to the last column on the last page. It is never thrown away. It is read all through the week. Its smallest advertisements are not obscured or overlooked. The ARGONAUT has a standing which is a recommendation for its advertisers.

Half Rates.

The ARGONAUT advertising rates are less than one-half those of the big daily newspapers. Among ARGONAUT advertisers are many who have had space in its columns for years. They know that advertising in the ARGONAUT pays.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alston Williams of Berkeley have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Muriel Williams, to Mr. Walter Ratcliff, son of the Rev. Walter Ratcliff. Miss Williams is a granddaughter of Mrs. Henry A. Williams and Mrs. Caduc, and a sister of Miss Florence Williams and Miss Cora Williams. No date has been set for the wedding, which will not take place until next summer.

The engagement of Miss Muriel Steele and Mr. J. Wesley Gallagher of Shanghai has been announced. Miss Steele is the daughter of Mrs. E. L. G. Steele, formerly of Oakland, and a sister of Mrs. Thomas H. Williams of this city, with whom she is spending the summer in the McCloud country. Mr. Gallagher lives in Shanghai, China, and will arrive in San Francisco in September, when the wedding will take place.

The engagement is announced of Miss Sybil Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Chandler Howard, of Yokohama, to Mr. Robert F. Moss. The wedding will take place early in October.

Mrs. Randell Hunt has issued invitations to the wedding of her daughter, Miss Natalie Hammond Hunt, and Mr. Herbert Ross Baker, which will take place at St. Luke's Church Wednesday evening, August 9.

Mrs. J. B. Pitchford has issued cards announcing the marriage of her daughter, Miss Emily Howells Pitchford, and Mr. William L. Hussey. The wedding took place June 10, 1911, in Johannesburg, South Africa.

Miss Beatrice Camphell will be married to Mr. George C. Beckley of Honolulu on August 1. The ceremony will be at St. Mary's Cathedral. Miss Camphell is a sister of Princess Kawananakoa and a step-daughter of Mr. Samuel Parker of the Islands.

The wedding of Miss Elma M. Sipley of Haddonfield, New Jersey, and Lieutenant Henry C. Coburn, U. S. A., took place July 18 at the First Presbyterian Church. Mr. and Mrs. Coburn will sail on the *Sheridan* for their new home in Manila.

Mrs. Philip King Brown was hostess at a tea at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Victor Morawetz, who was formerly Miss Violet Westcott.

Mr. and Mrs. Morawetz and the latter's brother, Mr. Philip Westcott, left Monday for a camping trip in Mendocino County.

Consul Henri Merou gave a luncheon last Saturday in honor of M. Gerald Gapy of Paris, who spent several days here en route to the Orient. Monsieur Gapy, who was recently an attaché of the French embassy in London, has been appointed French consul in Shanghai, China.

Mrs. Henry Bates entertained at a luncheon at her home on Broadway in honor of Miss Mary Page Dutton, whose engagement to Mr. Douglas Waterman has recently been announced.

Mr. E. L. Jeffrey was the guest of honor at a dinner given at the Hotel St. Francis by Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Marston.

Mr. Charles Schlacks was host at a bachelor dinner which he gave Monday evening in honor of Mr. E. L. Jeffrey.

Miss Mary Page Dutton was the complimented guest at a tea given at the Palace Hotel by her fiancé, Mr. Douglas Waterman, who left Wednesday for Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden gave a dinner Sunday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Marian Miller was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party Tuesday at the Lagunitas Country Club in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon gave a house party over the week-end and entertained Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Miss Innes Keeney, and Lieutenant McIntyre, U. S. N.

Mrs. Leon Sloss was hostess at a tea which she gave Tuesday at her home in San Rafael.

Miss Marie Louise Black, daughter of Mr. Charles N. Black, entertained twenty of her young friends at a picnic Saturday in San Mateo County.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw entertained a house party at Mira Vista, near Santa Barbara, where she and her daughters, Mrs. Harry Chickering and Miss Florence Henshaw, are spending the season.

Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke (formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy) recently entertained at a luncheon at her home in Portland in honor of Miss Jeannette Klauder of Philadelphia, who has been visiting Miss Genevieve Thompson in Portland.

Mrs. Alfred B. Ford was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday at the Lagunitas Country Club in Ross.

Colonel John P. Wisser, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wisser gave a dinner recently in honor of Colonel Frederick von Schrader, U. S. A., Mrs. von Schrader, and their daughter, Mrs. Prentiss Bassett.

Mrs. Henry T. Mayo, wife of the commandant of Mare Island, was the complimented guest at a luncheon given at Yerba Buena by Mrs. C. B. T. Moore, wife of Rear-Admiral Moore, U. S. N.

An informal matinée dance was given at Mare Island Saturday on board the *Maryland*. The affair was in honor of Miss Leonora Wuest of the Presidio, and her guest, Miss Elsie Cehernick of New York, who have been visiting Miss Madelaine Curtin in Vallejo.

A dance was given at the Officers' Club in the Presidio in honor of the brides of the post. The affair was arranged by the officers who have charge of the fortnightly hops. Among the complimented guests were Mrs. J. C. Bond, Mrs. C. B. Elliott, Mrs. R. G. Sherrard, Mrs. C. Hines, Mrs. D. H. Crissey, Mrs. H. W. Stephenson, Mrs. Bruce Butler, Mrs. W. S. Fulton.

Right to the Title Chartreuse.

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, M. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.—*New York Herald*, June 20, 1911.

The announcement of the thirty-fourth annual midsummer Jinks of the Bohemian Club gives the dates July 29 to August 14. The ninth annual grove play will be performed on the 12th night of August. Mr. Edward G. Stricklen has composed for the play music that will be as great a contribution to pleasure as it is a notable contribution to art. Mr. Vanderlynn Stow will direct the traditional ceremony of the Cremation of Care, assisted by Mr. Frederick S. Myrtle, who as high priest will pronounce the exequial oration. Mr. Rufus M. Steele will preside at the Friday night camp-fire entertainment. Mr. Wallace A. Sabin will conduct the Sunday morning concert. Porter Garnett will he sire of the Jinks.

The buttonhole flower is no longer a man fashion. Ever since the coat with a lapel has been a man's garment the touch of floral color has been considered an appropriate decoration and more manly than the decorated belt of earlier times. But now woman has declared that her coat may he similarly adorned (says *Die Mode*), and the buttonhole, useless for any purpose except to hold a rose or a carnation, is never forgotten in making the woman's coat. England, not usually the first with women's fashions, took the first step in this style, and the rest of the world gladly followed.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook has been brightened by the advent of a daughter, who is the first grandchild of Mr. Charles Holbrook.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris (formerly Miss Lucie King) has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Richard Carle will shortly appear here in his new hit, "Jumping Jupiter."

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT

Henry Miller in "The Havoc" has repeated in San Francisco the overwhelming success he scored in New York last year during the long run of H. S. Sheldon's remarkable play at the Bijou Theatre. A record-breaking advance sale indicates that his appearances here in "The Havoc" will constitute the most emphatic artistic and financial success achieved in San Francisco by any play or player during the past twelve months. Following the two weeks' engagement in "The Havoc," Mr. Miller will present for one week only a new play by Florence Lincoln, "The End of the Bridge," which won the Harvard prize for dramatic composition last year, and which, although produced for one week only in Boston, last March, scored such a remarkable success that it ran for one hundred nights, a remarkable record for a new play in a city the size of Boston.

A big pantomimic production will he offered next week at the Orpheum in "The Darling of Paris." The star of the performance is Mlle. Mina Minar, a perfect artiste in pantomime. The twenty people in the act include a number of beautiful girls. "The Darling of Paris" tells a tragic story of love, hatred, and revenge. There are several dances, ensemble and solo. There is also a thrilling duel. An important feature of the performance is the incidental music by M. A. Salvati, who is directing the orchestra en tour. A lot of fun is promised in the performance of "The Dandies" in their musical melange and hurlesque, "Our Audiences." The three men and two women who appear in it are capable with Henry J. Corner at their head. A neat singing act will he offered by Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich, who have the faculty of pleasing both the eye and ear. "Leipzig," the famous magician, will he at the Orpheum next week. He is considered the greatest card and coin manipulator in the world, and as a conjuror he is always mystifying. M. Nederveld's simian jockey "Seppel," who will appear in the coming hill, rides a horse with skill and is a brilliant acrobat. Next week will he the last of Dan Burke and his Wonder Girls, Fay, Two Coleys and Fay, and also of William H. Thompson in "The Wise Rabbi."

The cozy and comfortable Savoy Theatre has been leased from John Cort for a term of five years hy Charles Muehlman, who for six years was manager of the Spokane Theatre, and who bas, for a long time, been associated with Mr. Cort in various theatrical enterprises. The Savoy will, as heretofore, he devoted to "combinations" and will he the popular-priced house of the city, seats ranging from one dollar downward for every show to he played. The attractions will he those supplied hy tbe Theatrical Owners' Association, of whicb John Cort is president, and will include sucb standard productions as "The Three Twins," "Polly of the Circus," "Tbe Servant in the House," "The House Next Door," "The Virginians," "Sis Hopkins" with Rose Melville, "The Tbird Degree," "Mutt and Jeff," and many musical-comedy successes and plays new to the West. The Savoy will reopen the latter part of August, when Florence Roberts, Thurlow Bergen, and Theodore Roberts will inaugurate a joint starring tour with an engagement limited to one week. It is also prohable that Max Dill, in a new musical comedy, will occupy the hoards for a brief season.

No Sunday performances are given at the Columbia Theatre during the Henry Miller engagement.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will he found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William Matson, Miss Lurline Matson, Mrs. Eugene Bresse, and Miss Metha McMahon have returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud have arrived in England, where they are visiting relatives.

Captain H. A. Smith, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smith (formerly Miss Yvette Pickering), Colonel H. C. Bowen, U. S. A., Mrs. Bowen, and Miss Gladys Bowen were among the well-known army people who arrived on the *Sheridan*.

Brigadier-General Thomas McGregor, U. S. A. (retired), has returned to Benicia, after a few days' visit in town.

Mrs. J. R. Lane and her daughter, Miss Otilla Lane, are spending a few weeks at Tahoe Tavern.

Mr. John C. Wilson is expected home shortly from the East. During Mr. Wilson's absence Mrs. Wilson and her children have been in Menlo, visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff.

Mr. and Mrs. Germaine Vinzent are now established in an apartment on Devisadero Street. Since their marriage, two years ago, they have resided in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King are in Inverness, where they will spend a month before returning to their ranch in Calaveras County. They were the guests for several weeks of Mr. King's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. King, at their home on Scott Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston have rented their apartment on Devisadero Street for a year, during which time they will reside in Menlo with Mrs. Edgar F. Preston.

Miss Esther Denny was in town for a day recently, hut has returned to Applegate, where her mother, Mrs. Frank Denny, is established for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Babcock are spending the month of July in Carlshad.

Miss Harriet Pomeroy is visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas Scott Brook, at her home in Portland.

Mrs. Charles Weller and her daughter, Miss Anna Weller, are again in town, after a visit in Shasta County.

Mrs. James W. Keeney and her daughter, Miss Helen Keeney, returned Tuesday from Castle Crag. They were accompanied hy Miss Ruth Zeile, who has joined her sister, Miss Marian Zeile, at Menlo, where they will remain until the first of August with their cousin, Miss Florence Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stillman (formerly Miss Mildred Whitney) are at present in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Devender Stott have gone to Santa Barhara to spend several weeks. They will be the guests of Mr. Rohin Hayne before returning home.

Miss Amy Brewer is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward I. Cudahy at their country home on Mackinac Island.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hussey have returned to their home in Santa Barhara, after spending a few days in town.

Captain Frank A. Wilcox, U. S. A., Thirteenth Infantry, has left the Presidio of San Francisco and is now at West Point, where he has been detailed as tactical officer.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Sperry have closed their town house on Octavia Street and are occupying a cottage in Mill Valley.

Miss Grace Ewing, who is visiting her relatives in this city, will leave in September for New York, where she will continue her musical studies.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg and her daughters, the Misses Enid and Ethel Gregg, have returned from McCray's in Cloverdale.

Mr. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. D. G. Scbofield, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, and Mr. Nelson Towne Shaw left last Saturday for Sacramento and from there motored to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Austin Moore has so far recovered from his recent accident at Del Monte that he was ahle a few days ago to he moved to the home in San Mateo of his mother, Mrs. Willis Polk.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Cerf are spending the summer in Belvedere.

Mr. Gordon Edwards is in Portland visiting his parents, Captain Edwards and Mrs. Edwards.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick are in Santa Barhara, after having spent two months in this city.

Dr. John Rodgers Clark, Mrs. Clark, and Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Howell have been recent visitors at Weber Lake.

Captain Edmund Dickins, U. S. A., and Mrs. Dickins left last Friday for their new post in the East. Since their return from Manila they have heen the guests of their daughters, Mrs. Harvey Bassett and Mrs. A. W. Follansbee, Jr.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Laura McKinstry have returned from Paso Rohles, where they have been spending the past three weeks.

Dr. Walter Alhion Hewlett has returned to Ann Arhor, Michigan, where he is a memher of the faculty of the Michigan University. Mrs. Hewlett remained with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Redington, with whom she will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa and Mrs. Oscar Fitzalon Long, with her little daughters, are spending the summer at Miramar.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald are spending a few weeks in Pleasanton at the country home of Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

Mrs. George Stoney and her daughters, Miss Katherine Stoney and Miss Helene Stoney, will leave shortly for Lake Tahoe, where they will he the guests of Mrs. Charles Brigham.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall and their children will spend the next two months at Hotel del Monte.

Miss Kathleen Finnegan will go to Europe in the fall. She will visit Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott and their four daughters at their home in London, where they have resided since giving up their house in Vevey, Switzerland.

Mrs. Isobel Strong will rent her home, Greenacre, in Santa Barhara, and will, in the future, reside with Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Lieutenant Thurman Harrison Bane, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bane, who were expected home this month, will remain two years longer at Camp Stotenhurg, Pampanga, P. I. Mrs. Bane was formerly Miss Bessie Louise Dickman.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and their children are at Lake Tahoe, where they will spend several weeks.

Miss Leonora Wuest, sister of Lieutenant Wuest of the Presidio, has returned from Mare Island, where she has been visiting friends. Miss Wuest was accompanied hy Miss Elsie Cehernick of New York, who is her guest at the Presidio.

Mrs. Adam Grant spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan expect to sail August 8 for Americe, and will reach home at the end of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker, Mrs. Augustine Strickland, and Miss Jennie Hooker have returned from a week's visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander and her daughter, Miss Harriet Alexander, have heen spending a few days in Burlingame, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Mrs. William Timlow and her daughter, Miss Emily Timlow, have heen spending the past week in San Mateo at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, who left Saturday for Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Miss Cara Coleman, Mr. Robert Coleman, Jr., and Mr. Mountford Wilson, Jr., left Burlingame Wednesday hy auto for Lake Tahoe. They were accompanied hy Mr. William Coleman and Mr. Knox Maddox.

Mr. Claus A. Spreckels has arrived in New York from Paris, where he has been spending several months with Mrs. Spreckels and their daughter, Mrs. Spencer Eddy. Mr. Spreckels will visit San Francisco in August.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker returned Tuesday to Castle Crag, after spending a few days in town.

Mr. Knox Maddox spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran expect to return to Paris in Octoher. They are spending the summer in Menlo.

Mrs. George McNear, Sr., Miss Elizaheth McNear, and Miss Elizabeth Sherman bave returned from the Orient.

Mr. Alexander Rutherford has returned to New York, after spending a week in this city.

Mr. Clarence Follis, who for the past few years has resided in New York, is here for a few weeks' visit. Mr. Follis is a hrother of Mrs. Frank Griffin and Mr. James Follis.

Mr. Sidney Ford and Mr. Arthur Ford have returned from Hohoken, New Jersey, where they have heen attending the Stephens' School of Technology, and are spending the summer in Ross with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Ford.

Mr. Osgood Hooker and Mr. Charles K. McIntosh, with their young sons, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr., and Mr. Kenneth McIntosh, are enjoying a fishing trip on the Williamson River in Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamherlain are spending the summer in Fair Oaks, where they are occupying the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore.

Miss Ethel Havermeyer and Miss Vera Havermeyer spent the week-end at the Peninsula Hotel as the guests of their hrother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew L. Stone.

Captain Orrin Wolfe, U. S. A., has arrived from Texas and has joined Mrs. Wolfe, who during his ahsence was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watkins, at their home in Sausalito.

Mrs. Douglas Frye has heen spending several days in Ross as the guest of Miss Frances Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. William Adam Magee and their family have returned from Tallac, where they have heen spending several weeks. They were accompanied by Mr. Walter Hush, who has heen their guest.

Mrs. George McNear, Jr., has returned from Santa Barbara. Her daughter, Miss Ernestine McNear, will remain a month longer as the guest of Miss Florence Henshaw.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs has returned from Europe, where she has been traveling since the middle of May, and has joined her son, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, at Newport.

Mrs. William A. Hardaway is entertaining Miss Lucile Cates, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cates of St. Louis. The engagement of Miss Cates and Lieutenant Francis P. Hardaway, U. S. A., was announced several weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple Bridgeman (formerly Miss Anita Maillard) are settled in their home in Tennessee, after spending several weeks with Mr. Bridgeman's parents.

Mrs. Augustus Bray is visiting Mrs. Julia Coon at her bome in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Reis and her granddaughter, Miss Ila Sonntag, have returned from Europe.

Miss Julia Langhorne has returned from Santa Barbara, where she was the guest of Miss Marian Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Whiteside have been motoring through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter and Miss Nina Jones are again in Santa Barbara, after a visit of several months at Virginia Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Moody and their sons, the Messrs. Corbett, Joseph, and Francis Moody, are spending a few weeks at Weber Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent and their children have returned from Castle Crag and are in San Mateo with Mrs. Lent's mother, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huse have returned from the Orient and are guests of Mrs. Huse's mother, Mrs. George Wells.

Mrs. J. Selby Hanna has recently been the guest of Mrs. Silas Palmer at her home in Menlo.

Mrs. Theodore Payne has returned from Europe.

Miss Frances Howard, who went East several weeks ago with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard of San Mateo, is in Massachusetts with her mother, Mrs. William H. Howard, with whom she will remain during the season.

Mr. Otto Grau bas returned from a month's visit in Alpine County.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Smith have leased the town house of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Sloane Watson, who will spend the winter in Fair Oaks.

Mr. Prescott Scott has returned from New York, and is at his home in Burlingame.

Miss Emma Grimwood is spending a few weeks with friends in Lassen County, and will later visit Miss Frances Jones in Grass Valley.

Mrs. Henry C. Campbell of Sausalito will spend several months in Europe, where she will join her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rideout, who at last accounts were in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBride will soon take possession of the house on Jackson Street of Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus, who have rented their home for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crothers and Mrs. W. H. Mills have returned from Monterey.

Mrs. James Hall Bishop and her children are spending the summer at the Bishop ranch near Santa Barbara.

Mr. Herbert Jones is spending the summer in Mill Valley, where, also, Mr. John Gallois, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Cyril Tohin, Mr. Isaac Upham, and Mr. Spencer Grant have established bachelor quarters.

Miss Florence Williams has returned to her home in Berkeley, after a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Edith Chesebrough has returned from Fair Oaks, where she was the guest of Miss Mary Eyre.

Mrs. Chauncey Thomas, wife of Admiral Thomas, U. S. N., has been spending several days at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have returned from an automobile trip through the McCloud country.

Miss Geraldine Bonner has been visiting friends in Montecito.

Miss Bertha Rice is the guest of Miss Marin in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. J. W. Bothin and her daughter have been occupying apartments at the Richelieu since their return from the Orient. They will spend several weeks at the country home of Mr. W. F. Whittier, on the McCloud River.

Miss Dorothy Baker has returned from Castle Crag, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker. She has since visited her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, at their home near Klamath.

Professor Hother Wismer has returned from a month's stay in the Santa Cruz Mountains, and is again at his home, 2945 Fillmore Street.

Among recent arrivals at Ætna Springs were Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Booth, Miss Blanche Davis, Miss Lola Davis, Mr. Ignace Steinhart, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dibert, Mrs. J. J. O'Brien, Mr. H. W. Franck, Miss Clara Franck, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Wheeler, Mrs. J. E. Van Amringe, Mr. E. Verne Van Amringe, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Prout, Miss Florence Prout, and Mr. Herbert B. Whitton.

Among San Franciscans who registered at Del Monte last week were Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mauzy, Miss Marjorie and Mr. Charles S. Mauzy, Mr. Charles H. Turner, Mr. F. W. von Schroeder, Mr. Gustave Sutro, Mrs. Porter Pfingst, Mr. E. P. Pfingst, Miss Myra Hall, Miss Porter, Mr. E. Tunning, Major McLaughlin of Fort McDowell, Dr. E. Small, Dr. C. G. Levinson, Mr. Lawrence Pickering, Mr. John McMullin, Mr. Joseph Redding, Mr. A. P. Redding, Sr., Mr. D. P. Fredericks, and Mr. W. S. Johnson.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Okell, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Boeleck, Mr. Edward Chambers, Miss Helen Chambers, Mr. H. E. Chambers, Mr. R. L. Chambers, Mr. Walter Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Carl K. Schmidt, Mrs. J. S. Newman, Miss Ella T. Hallahan, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Davis, Mr. John P. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Brown, Mr. Willard Chamberlain, Mr. Robert Knighton, Mr. Edwin Parrish, Miss Weigle, Mr. W. D. K. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Jackson.

"One night, during my visit to the Court of Napoleon III at Compiègne," writes Mme. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, in the August *Harper's Magazine*, "I was a little dismayed when I was told that the famous poet Théophile Gautier was to he my dinner companion. I was awed at the idea of such a neighhor, and feared I should not he ahle to cope with the occasion. Would he talk poetry to me? and should I have to talk poetry to him? I tried to rememher, during our promenade down the hall, Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' in case he should expect anything in this line, and I tried to recall something he himself had written. I might have spared myself worry, for from the time he sat down at the tahle he talked of little else than cats and dogs. He loves all animals (I liked him for that), and one could see that he preferred them to any other topic. In appearance I think he must resemhle Charles Dickens. I have only seen the latter's photographs, hut had he not rather skimpy hair hrushed any which way and a stringy little heard? I fancied him so to myself. At any rate, Gautier looks like the Dickens of the photographs."

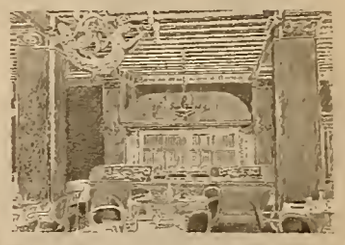
Hotel del Monte will he the scene of much social activity from August 1 until after Admission Day, during which time there will he tennis and golf tournaments. A dog show which is being arranged for August 25 is engaging the interest of dog fanciers and the entries already made give promise of an exceptional exhibition of prize-winners and valuahle pets.

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"Lend me a dollar, old chap; I get paid tomorrow." "Haven't got it, old scout; I got paid yesterday."—*Puck.*

"Are the yellow races going to wipe out the Anglo-Saxon?" "Not while there are any Irish left."—*Dublin Times.*

"Are you smoking sweet fern?" "No; my wife packed my cigars in lavender while I was away."—*Louisville Caurier-Jaurnol.*

"He's the man of the hour." "Isn't there ever a woman of the hour?" "Yes; hut it takes her an hour and a half."—*Chicaga News.*

Mrs. Jawback—I married you hecause I pitied you. No one else would. *Mr. Jawback*—Well, everyhody does now.—*Taleda Blade.*

"How old methods are dropped! Doctors never hleed people now as they used to." "Oh, yes, they do, in their hills."—*Baltimare American.*

"There must he something disagreeahle ahout gooseberries." "Why?" "Neighhor Awkins wants to give us some for our garden."—*Buffalo Express.*

"He told her that he would gladly die for her." "The same old hluff. Did it catch her?" "No. She told him she would gladly let him."—*Haustan Post.*

"Hello, Red, who hit y' in de eye?" "Nohody hit me in de eye—I was watchin' de hall game through a knothole and de sun tanned it, dat's all."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"That lifesaver seemed to have difficulty in getting to shore." "Yes. He took a terrihle chance. He jumped overhoard, wearing all his hero medals."—*Washington Stor.*

Jasan Greenhaw—Gosh! I wonder how many people they've got packed into that street-car? *Abner Appledry*—Well, the number on the car says 1627.—*Smart Set.*

Suitar—I thought you hated me, sir. *Poter*—I do, sir. *Suitor*—And yet you consented to my marriage with your daughter? *Pater*—Not "yet"—"therefore."—*Milwaukee News.*

Major Gare—The cunnel, I am sorry to say, hahdly ever knows when he has had enough. *Judge Begad*—No, suh. When the cunnel has had enough he doesn't know anything.—*Puck.*

"I've advertised for a reliahle, careful chauffeur." "Do you expect to get one?" "Yes, indeed. All the reckless daredevils seem to he employed."—*Detrait Free Press.*

Jeroldine—William means good; James means heloved; I wonder *(blushing)* what George means? *Mrs. Fondhapes*—Well, daughter, let us hope that George means business.—*Life.*

"Do you see that nice-looking man over there? That's my favorite author." "What have you read of his?" "Nothing. But I danced twice with him last night."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"I got my hand stung hy a sea nettle," said the young girl. "Terrihle; too had." "It wasn't so had. Four young men insisted on holding my hand all at once."—*Kansas City Jaurnal.*

Smythe—Yes, we had a good day's sport yesterday. Juggins got a hig hag and sent it to the hospital. *Browne*—Oh, yes; what did he get? *Smythe*—A gamekeeper.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The menu at the royal luncheon at the Guildhall was printed in English. We helieve this innovation to he due to the fact that previous menus have heen found to puzzle the French guests.—*London Punch.*

Stranger—Boy, will you direct me to the nearest hank? *Street Gamin*—I will for a shilling. *Stranger*—A shilling! Isn't that too much? *Street Gamin*—Bank directors always get hig pay, mister.—*Tit-Bits.*

"Were any of your hoyish amhitions ever realized?" asked the sentimentalist. "Yes," replied the practical person. "When my mother used to cut my hair I often wished I might he hald-headed."—*Washingtan Star.*

"Now, ahout the oratorio. Shall we put Handel's picture on the programme, or the picture of the leading soprano?" "I vote for the soprano. She has twenty or thirty relatives who'll huy tickets to the show."—*Louisville Caurier-Journal.*

Irish Dactar—Well, I've knocked the fayver out o' him, anyhow. *Wife*—Oh, doctor, do you think there is any hope? *Dactor*—Small chance, I'm afeard, madam; hut you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that he died cured. —*Detrait Saturday Night.*

Innkeeper—Going to make an early start to see the glacier today, I see. Do you know, it moves at the rate of only one mile an hour? *Tourist*—Yes, hut my wife is so slow getting ready that I'm afraid we'll miss it after all.—*Traveler's Gazette.*

"Think well hefore you marry him. Rememher that marriage is a thing which can not he set aside in a day." "Oh, I know. I have thought of it." "I speak from experience. I thought the six months I spent in Reno never would end."—*Chicoga Record-Herald.*

"Well, Sambo, how did you vote today?" "I aint voted yit, hoss," said Samho. "Why is that?" "Well, hoss, it's dis-a-way. De Prohihitionists dey give me $10 to vote their ticket and the Repuhlicans dey give me $5 to vote their ticket. Ah's goin' to wait to see how corrupt all the parties is 'fore I vote, 'en then Ah's goin' to vote for the leastest."—*Philadelphia Times.*

"If you kiss me again," declared pretty Miss Lovely firmly, "I shall tell my father." "That's an old tale," replied the hold young man. "Anyway it's worth it." And he kissed her. Miss Lovely sprang to her feet. "I shall tell father," she said, and left the room. "Father," she said to her parent when she got outside. "Mr. Bolder wants to see your new gun." A minute later, when father appeared in the doorway with his gun in his hand, there was a crash of hreaking glass as Mr. Bolder dived through the window.—*Milwaukee News.*

Tom Ochiltree walked into the House of Representatives one afternoon with a sort of loose and careless appearance. Whereupon Judge Culherson proceeded to learn what had hefallen his colleague. "What's the matter, Tom. You seem pestered. Anything wrong?" "Yes," replied Ochiltree. "I've heen down to Chamherlain's playing poker all night and lost $3000." Culherson extended his sympathy, and then proceeded to enlighten Tom on the virtue of leading a sane, soher, and frugal life. Ochiltree listened and seemed to he deeply impressed. Then, turning to his friend, remarked: "Well, judge, I do feel had; very had, indeed; and I want to thank you for your wholesome and friendly advice, hut the thing that is pestering my mind is the disgraceful fact that $20 of the $3000 was in cash."

The woman was the author of a cook-hook that had heen puhlished at her request with wide margins and occasional hlank pages for notes and additional recipes. Often she had expressed a wish to see an old copy of the hook and find out to what use the hlank spaces had heen put. One day in a second-hand hook store her hushand unearthed an old volume. Noting that it had heen annotated freely, he hought it. After a day or two he said: "How ahout the notes in that cook-hook? Were they interesting?" "No," she said curtly; "they didn't amount to anything." When he got a chance he looked through the hook himself. Every note the hook contained was a remedy for dyspepsia and stomach trouble.

To illustrate the "offishness" of some churches Rev. John Timothy Stone told a story of a man who sat through the service one Sunday morning wearing his hat. When requested to do so hy an usher he removed the hat smilingly. The usher afterward asked him if he had worn the hat purposely or if it was merely ahsent-minded negligence. "No," said the man. "I have been attending this church regularly for nearly two years, and no one has ever spoken to me in all that time. I just thought I would leave my hat on my head this morning to see if it would serve as an introduction to some one. I am glad to meet you."

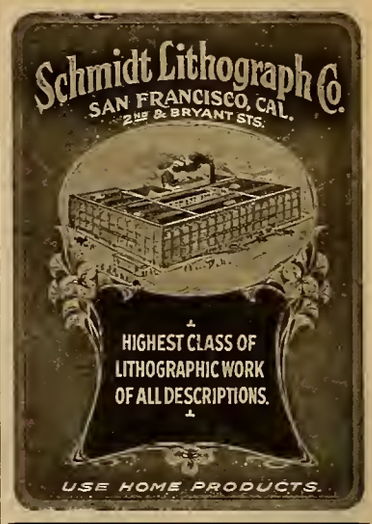
In a Western town one of its great men was returning from a long trip ahroad, and the citizens erected a triumphal arch from which they suspended a wreath hy a rope. The arch hore the inscription, "He has well deserved it." A gust of wind carried off the wreath, so that when the honored man marched under the arch the rope dangled over his head and the legend on the arch read, "He has well deserved it."

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Too Much "Personalism."

Sifted down to bottom facts, the case against Commissioner Wiley is not very serious. It amounts at its worst to an "irregularity" under which there was secured for the government the service of experts who ought to have been regularly employed. Dr. Wiley did nothing against the financial interest of the government; he did nothing in his own financial interest. He did wrong beyond a doubt in violating the letter of the law, and he is deservedly rebuked for it; but he committed no crime against morality, did nothing underhand that he ought not to have been empowered to do openly and aboveboard. Wherein Dr. Wiley has been at fault is a matter far less serious than many another case of departmental and bureaucratic usurpation in recent years. There grew up under the Roosevelt régime a universal spirit of personalism in administrative affairs. Every little administrative whippersnapper "followed the leader" to the extent of going to the utmost limit afforded by his opportunities of individual aggressiveness. Every mother's son of them was straining his nerves to be a Roosevelt. This spirit in its extremest form was illustrated in the Pinchot case, in which the head of the bureau of forestry undertook to set himself up as one above the law, with power to enforce at will and to any limit, no matter at what cost, his own whims and fads. If Dr. Wiley did not go quite as far as Mr. Pinchot he still went far enough to illustrate the mischief of too much personalism in administration and to bring down upon himself a merited humiliation. At the same time the President has done right not to dismiss Dr. Wiley from the public service, where upon the whole he is a very useful man. The immediate experience will do him good, for it can not fail to be a reminder of the limitations of his authority. And it is to be hoped that the example will be effective in other spheres where the vices of a too emphasized personalism, left over from the Roosevelt era, are still very much in evidence.

Canada's Side of Reciprocity.

The conditions which make reciprocity desirable between the United States and Canada are plain to every observing eye. The Dominion of Canada, if by that name we may designate British North America, reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and lies for all that vast distance against United States territory. The Dominion consists of a series of separated regions or countries bound together by the Canadian Pacific Railroad as beads are held upon a cord. The natural affinities of each of the several regions or countries which taken together comprise Canada are with the American States immediately to the south: that is to say, the immediate natural relations of Nova Scotia are with the New England States; of Quebec and Ontario with New York and Pennsylvania; of the great plateau territory with Minnesota and Dakota; of British Columbia with our Pacific States. If political lines were wiped out, trade lines would inevitably run north and south. In truth, there is so little in common between the several Canadian provinces that the transportation system which binds them together was created under political rather than commercial motives.

Now since the natural trade relations of maritime Canada are with our Atlantic States, since the natural relations of Quebec and Ontario are with our Eastern Middle States, and so on to the Pacific Ocean, it has required artificial conditions to hold these several neighboring regions apart in a commercial sense. Our tariff law has been a veritable stone wall. And it has been supplemented by persistent British policy, for it has been the natural wish of the English government to establish community interests and motives between the Canadian provinces and to bind the whole to the mother country. It was in this view, as we have already suggested, that the Canadian Pacific railroad was built originally, and it has been under these motives that British capital has poured into Canada and British brawn has occupied her territory.

Reciprocity with the United States has long been a fixed ambition with Canada. Each of her several divisions or regions has wished to avail itself of the markets at the south. For example, British Columbia has wished to send us her timber, her coal, and her fish; while at the same time she would have been glad to make larger use of our general trade facilities. Left to the guidance of business considerations, supplemented by friendly social relations long maintained—for be it remembered there are more than a million Canadians resident in the United States—there would have been between the Canadian regions and our own States the same close trade connection that exists between Alaska and Washington or Oregon and California.

In view of the fact that Canada has long resented our exclusive tariff policy and complained of the conditions which have shut her out from her nearest and best markets, it seems strange now when reciprocity is presented as a practicable project that it should meet with positive and determined opposition. But the reasons are not far to seek. The pending proposal has become an issue between Canadian political parties. It is proposed by the Liberals under the lead of the premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, and therefore meets with opposition at the hands of the Conservatives, who stand in opposition to Laurier and all his works. But there is a more profound motive still, a motive resting upon a sentiment more regardful of British national unities than of commonplace business considerations. There can be no doubt that reciprocity between Canada and the United States would tend in many ways to bind the two countries into closer relations, and therefore in a certain sense to separate Canada from the mother country. Canada under reciprocity would surely be more American and less English in its social and commercial character. The charge that reciprocity would imply virtual "annexation" to the United States is in a sense ridiculous. Yet there is something in it. Reciprocity might easily be an entering wedge tending in some distant future to a separation of Canada from England and its affiliation in one form or another with the American union. Indeed reciprocity has long been urged as a means by those who, like the late Goldwin Smith, have looked to consolidation with the United States as the ultimate fate of British America.

So while reciprocity is urged by a multitude of social and business motives, while it has enlisted the support of the Dominion government and of prominent men in all ranks of Dominion life, it meets a definite and positive protest. First there is the political opposition, which, though not very respectable, is yet to be reckoned with. Then there is the opposition of manufacturing interests which do not wish to meet the competition of American goods. Still another opposing element is that of established firms, quite content with conditions as they are and distrustful of any change. More noisy, possibly more effective than all, is the issue of patriotism. Canada, for all her complaining and whimpering, is profoundly attached to the mother country. There are multitudes who under the impulse of sentiment alone would prefer to hold close to England than to gain in a material sense by coming into closer relations with the United States. It does not need to be said that such motive, widely supported, may be an effective factor in determining the issue.

Premier Laurier has wisely taken the bull by the horns. He regards the reciprocity treaty as the triumph of his long career, and he proposes to stake his political fortunes upon it. He probably could in the existing parliamentary situation carry through the treaty as it has been accepted by the United States. He has chosen, however, to dissolve the Dominion Parliament and to throw the issue into a parliamentary election. He has within the week issued an address on behalf of his party to the people of Canada, presenting the case in detail and calling for support. All the auguries point to his success. He has now for many years commanded for all his purposes the support of the people, and it is hardly likely to fail him in connection with an issue to which the ambitions and hopes of the Canadian business world have long been committed.

A Bull's-Eye.

President Taft made a bull's-eye last week when, in dealing with certain slanderous stories about affairs in Alaska, he remarked: *"The thing which the territory of Alaska needs is development."* This phrase embodies precisely and emphatically the need and spirit which have ruled the policy of the government toward the West since 1787. The thing which the West has needed all along has been development; and the thing which the West has been getting all along and up to the time of Mr. Pinchot's intrusion into affairs has been development. The tremendous advance which the country has made in all departments of its life has rested

upon the Western movement—the movement for development.

The Pinchot theory, under which the resources of the West were held to be "conserved" when not used, came too late even to check the general Western movement. But unhappily it did get a pretty firm grip upon Alaska. Under the pretense, possibly in the effort, to correct certain minor abuses it paralyzed the progressive movement—the movement for development—in that detached and remote country. For half a dozen years or more Alaska has literally been bound hand and foot. Every department of her industrial life has been paralyzed under a theory which has assumed every exploiter of any and every class or type to be a thief and a robber. Mr. Taft has been a little slow in coming to knowledge of the facts of the case; there have been those to lose heart over his cautions and delays. But he sees the point at last; he sees that the thing which the territory of Alaska needs is "development." And now that he does see it, now that the policies of the government towards Alaska are to be helpful rather than restrictive, now that enterprise and the spirit of development are to have a chance in Alaska, great things may be expected.

Perhaps the particular development in which California has the highest interest is that of the Alaska coal measures. Here for the past half-dozen years we have been paying in the local markets of San Francisco anywhere from twelve to twenty dollars per ton for inferior coal, when Alaska coal of a far better type might have been sold here, if anybody had been free to mine it, with profit for eight dollars per ton or less. And the people of Alaska have been paying even higher prices for coal, while coal measures lying immediately at hand have lain under the embargo of a stupid and obstinate restriction.

The War Scare.

No one believed that England, France, and Germany would go to war over Morocco, and the events of the last two or three days have justified the incredulity. Such a colossal struggle for such a paltry stake might well have caused the friends of humanity to despair. It would have set back the hands on the dial of civilization for a century.

Students of European diplomacy have no difficulty in understanding the meaning of the alarm that for the moment startled the serenity of the world. Germany knew exactly what the result of her action would be. She knew that her interference in Morocco was a trespass of a peculiarly deadly kind and that she would have to withdraw. But she knew also that the further she went the more likely she was to secure some advantage over her previous position. In other words, she wanted to open the whole question and to produce a sort of diplomatic chaos that would result to her own benefit in the end. She wanted also to test the reality of the alliance between England and France and the vitality of the old understanding between the two countries that France was to be given a free hand in Morocco and England in Egypt. Of course France had no more right in Morocco than England had in Egypt, but what are trifling matters of national ownership when the blessings of civilization are at stake? Germany believed also that England's domestic troubles with her House of Lords might produce a certain slackness in foreign affairs, but here she was mistaken. Probably the British government welcomed such an incident as a war scare as a useful and unifying diversion, and even exploited it a little to that end.

There will, of course, be another conference or series of "conversations," and these will result in some slight advantage to Germany. The Algeciras agreement will be revised and there may be some more precise specification of the police duties that France was allowed to undertake in Morocco. Germany will maintain that while the police may have the right to enter a disorderly house, they have no right to reside in it permanently. France will plead the force of circumstances, and she will get nods of encouragement from England and Russia. Eventually there will be some new sort of agreement by which Germany will push her foot just a shade further through the open door and so matters will simmer down until next time.

It was evident that Germany became restive as soon as France sent an army to Fez. Sultan Mulai Hafid had provoked a fierce rebellion among his tribesmen, but whether the white residents of Fez would actually have been endangered by the fall of the city is a matter of opinion. A very little danger goes a very long way when a question of sending an army into a semi-savage country of commercial possibilities. The relief of Fez was followed by the inevitable announcement, strictly according to precedent and programme, that the difficulties of immediate withdrawal were too great to be faced. In other words, the police, having restored order, would occupy the premises for fear of further trouble. Then Germany took a hand in the game and sent a warship to Agadir in the "protection of the Europeans." There were no Europeans in Agadir and no one supposed there were, but one place would do as well as another so long as there was a good anchorage and a good landing. Immediately France protested at the infringement of her police prerogatives and reminded England of the old understanding about Egypt. England responded with the usual platitudes about the sanctity of pledges and the bonds of fraternity and began to beat the war drum, glad enough to divert the popular mind from the troubles at home. Now Germany begins to walk backward as gracefully as she can, but with a good intention not to walk further than she need. No one knows better than she that Morocco is not worth fighting about, and that she is not exactly in a position to fight about anything while France, Russia, and England are unitedly ill-wishing her. But it is a dangerous game to play, because sooner or later she may find that she has incurred, not the staid opposition of an orderly government, but the aroused passions of a nation that will not be denied.

Rout of the "Old Guard."

The Old Guard in New York is going. Tim Woodruff has been thrown out of the Republican official organization, body and breeches, and Barnes of Albany is slated to go. That others of the same band will follow as opportunity arises is an open secret. The members of the Old Guard individually are as capable, as ambitious, and in one view as well intrenched as in the days of their fixed invincibility. The causes of their undoing lie not particularly in themselves nor in superficial conditions, but rather in changes which have slowly been coming about during the past five years. It is no longer possible to substitute an "air-tight" political organization for the force of personal and party confidence. Without this—without a definite moral authorization—there is now no possibility of continued political authority at the hands of anybody. The undoing of the Old Guard has been slow in reaching its climax, but its hour struck when two years ago its powers were invoked for the protection of a notorious legislative bribe-taker. There had been criticism and dissatisfaction before; there had been disgust and resentment; there had been sporadic instances of revolt. All this the Old Guard by the weight of its prestige was able to meet and overcome; but it could not overcome a conviction profoundly impressed upon the public mind that it lacked the virtue of common honesty.

The public will consent to much in the sphere of politics that is inconsistent in principle and questionable on the score of propriety as measured by ordinary standards, but it will not condone downright and gross immorality. The people will not follow a black flag in the name of politics. When Woodruff, Barnes *et al.* undertook to "protect" Senator Aullds from punishment for a notorious and gross crime, then and there their hold upon the party relaxed. True they continued for a time to hold the posts of party authority, for in such affairs revolutions are not commonly accomplished after a radical and dramatic fashion. But even though in nominal authority they were in discredit—a kind of discredit which nothing could possibly cure, for its basis was a deep-rooted and universal distrust.

In connection with the passing of the Old Guard we note a curious illustration of the shortness of the popular memory, for in more than one instance we see Woodruff, Barnes, and their associates referred to as enemies of the Roosevelt policies. The interesting fact is that every notable member of the Old Guard was in one way or another in close affiliation with Roosevelt during the period of his presidency or his governorship of New York. Every figure in the group was either brought into political power through Roosevelt's coöperation or sustained and promoted in it at his hands. He named Woodruff for the lieutenant-governorship of New York and made him the official head of the New York State organization; he advanced Barnes from one party post to another and commissioned him as collector of customs at Albany. And so on through the list. It was not until Mr. Roosevelt returned from his carnival of slaughter in Africa that he turned against the Old Guard and busied himself in an effort to overthrow it—an effort, by the way, tending to extend the period of its control of the Republican organization in New York.

The Rake's Progress.

The degradation of San Francisco in the interests of what is known as the open town goes on apace. The confines of the Barbary Coast have suddenly become elastic and are gradually pushing outward and enclosing area after area of erstwhile decency. Half a dozen or more indescribable dens such as one reads of in the pages of Eugene Sue, and disbelieves in, are wide open and as unabashed as any other recognized municipal institution. Morning, noon, and night they are crowded with their drab squalor, while scenes that in other cities would be hustled away out of sight and denied, or suppressed altogether, are advertised here as ornaments and inducements. The city government may now be described as an organization for the benefit, extension, and perpetuation of the Barbary Coast and for the better promotion of vice and crime. The police are moved here, there, and everywhere, not for the protection of decency, but of infamy. The only passport to official favor is a disgraceful compliance, while nothing leaves so fatal a mark against the name of an officer as a disposition to remember his duty. And in order to give a touch of hypocrisy to an already hateful picture we have a chief of police who can hardly bring himself to believe that some one has actually been violating the law and who asks indignantly for proofs of such a stain upon the reputation of the city.

And this carnival of unclean things, we are told, is for the benefit of the workingman, who has been too long barred from the pleasures that are ordinarily open only to wealth and ease. It is to be hoped that the workingman will appreciate this estimate of his morals and of his mind. So far there is no evidence to show that he has taken advantage of the opportunities for self-destruction generously provided for him by the administration and by an obsequious police and health board. There is no sign of the workingman to be found on the Barbary Coast unless cadets, white slavers, bagnio keepers, and long-arm men can be so described. If the workingman goes at all to the Barbary Coast it is only as a curious spectator, and he keeps a hand in his pocket so as to guard against the intrusion of some other hand. His curiosity is shared by a few visitors from other parts of the country, who can be relied upon not to minimize the preparations that San Francisco is making for her exposition. Already the Eastern press is beginning to comment upon the only city in the country whose administration openly parades its vice as a decoration, and invites the world to participate in a carefully elaborated iniquity.

How far the open town may prove to be a vote-getter for Mr. McCarthy remains to be seen. It is true that we have had the open town before, but it has never before been proudly proclaimed as an achievement of its government. Never before have we had a mayor who has openly affronted a vast working-class constituency by a public assertion that it is naturally vicious and that it demands a legalized vice for its gratification. There was a time when Schmitz and Ruef believed that the workingman preferred a corrupt government to any other, but they discovered their mistake. But even they, in their palmiest days, never made the mistake of saying publicly that the workingman was corrupt. At least they made the pretense of denying the corruption. But McCarthy has gone further than Schmitz, but in a slightly different direction that will, however, presently point to the same destination. It has been left to McCarthy to tell the workingman to his face that he is naturally a poor, lewd creature who is never so much at home as in the hells of the Barbary Coast or so happy as in the fumes of alcoholic vice or the delights of the indecent dance. No one but Mr. McCarthy would have ventured on so patent libel. Why he should suppose that he can thus ingratiate himself with the object of that libel is a mystery that may best be left to himself for elucidation. One thing at least is certain. The working classes have no use for the Barbary Coast and feel no inducement to go there.

It is perhaps just as well that we should have this lurid illustration of McCarthyite government. Thus we can mark, learn, and inwardly digest it before election day. We have leisure to ask ourselves if we want another term of this disgrace, if we can afford at this particular juncture to give to organized vice the ratification of a popular vote. Mr. McCarthy is doing the work of his opponent with a zest that should be

effective. He is showing the city exactly what it has to expect from an administration that regards vice as the only thing worth catering for, and that makes its only appeal to the stew and the kennel.

Editorial Notes.

People of common sense will not be much disturbed by sentimental talk just now current over employment of women in the harvest fields of the Middle West. From the traditional American standpoint it strikes a little unpleasantly to see women engaged in the coarser forms of manual labor. Yet under the light of hygiene and broad common sense, is not labor in the fields far better than labor over sewing-machines, wash-tubs, and weaving-shuttles under the conditions in which these labors are performed in multitudes of factories? Surely the generation which sees thousands of women and girls, worn and pallid, pass out of the department stores and sweatshops of our great cities every evening, ought to view without shock the labor of women in fields and gardens. In the older countries women bear as active a part in outdoor labors as men; and it has not been observed that it has worked to their physical or moral detriment. Certainly the ruddy-cheeked Swiss girl with hay-rake in hand makes quite as pleasing a picture as the indoor shop worker so constantly in evidence in our American cities.

If the *Argonaut* knew less of Mr. J. J. Dwyer, if it did not have some knowledge of the motives back of his appointment as chairman of the harbor commission, if it had not been freshly reminded of some things by the retirement of Mr. Hale from the commission, it would be in a more favorable state of mind to be edified by the bland assurances with which Mr. Dwyer settles himself into his official chair. The picture of a reformed harbor board without political affiliations, of a service untouched and uncorrupted by motives and vices of practical politics—this is a picture truly edifying. But Mr. Dwyer is hardly the man to paint it in colors warranted not to fade.

We read in a daily paper that the Stationary Engineers' Union of San Francisco "has received assurance from the engineer of the harbor board that only union engineers will be employed on work of the State at the water-front." In other words, the harbor board has conceded monopoly of an important branch of the State service to a private association which includes in its membership only a limited number of the stationary engineers of the State. Thus does our reform State administration illustrate its sense of the justice and fitness of things and at the same time bid for the political support of organized labor. It would be interesting to know how this proscriptive rule strikes engineers who, while citizens and taxpayers and entitled by every principle of equity and law to a fair and equal chance, find themselves blacklisted by the State of California.

The mayor of Portland has discovered, apparently to his surprise, that the police force of Portland is "a nest of grafters." Why shouldn't it be so in Portland and everywhere else where "control of the police" is regarded as a quasi-legitimate pawn in the game of municipal exploitation? Could there be devised by any ingenuity a scheme of discipline more perfectly calculated to work out a product of assured scoundrelism than the shifts to which our police are forever being subjected? By popular vote we turn over the government of a city, say of San Francisco to make the case definite, to a mayor who has, as all the world knows, fixed arrangements to employ the police in behalf of certain interests—those of the red-light district, for example—and against certain other interests. Then after a little while we turn the government over to another mayor with other definite arrangements in which the police are required to play a part. The police is administered not under the laws, but under the will of somebody to certain sinister purposes. It would be worse than useless for the police to study the laws; it would only tend to its confusion to find out what its legitimate duties are. In the very nature of things it is organized and administered as an instrument in relation to ends quite aside from the law, and which find no sanction in it. As related to the character of the individual man, service on the police force is a perfectly devised school of moral degeneracy. It instructs the individual policeman, and in most impressive fashion, that the way of prosperity and promotion is not the way of legality and legitimacy, but that of subserviency and moral turpitude. It drills him in criminal practice and of course robs him of self-respect. A police force thus subjected to vicious tutelage surely loses whatever it may ever have had of high moral quality and falls into affiliations gross and immoral. And from evil associations and motives it is but a step—a natural and easy one at that—to criminality. The police can not be otherwise than dishonest, for it is schooled and drilled in dishonesty. There will not be a decent police force in Portland—and by the same token there will not be a decent police force in San Francisco—until the service shall have been recruited from self-respecting elements and drilled in obedience to the spirit and letter of the law. We shall not have a decent police force while the lessons learned in the school of Ruef, Schmitz, and McCarthy are cherished as the standards of duty and obligation by individual policemen.

It is hard to understand why there should be any delay on the part of the appellate court in bringing Judge Lawlor to book for his impudent defiance of the Constitution and the statute law in the case of the indictments against various persons charged under the graft prosecution. The Constitution of California guarantees—or professes to guarantee—the right of speedy trial to every defendant. The statute law of California interprets the word speedy as meaning sixty days. These indictments have now been standing for about 1500 days. The cases have been continued fifty-six times, and during the whole of this period the defendants have been under bail of $140,000 each. Three years ago the prosecution stated in open court that they had no evidence against two of the defendants, but they are still under indictment and presumably would remain under indictment for the term of their natural lives. Another of the defendants has been tried three times and twice acquitted, the jury disagreeing upon the third occasion. Every one knows that the perpetuation of these indictments is a piece of mean and revengeful spite on the part of Judge Lawlor, who thus prostitutes his oath of office and defies the law in order to gratify a personal vengeance. That it should be necessary to take costly legal proceedings in order to defeat the malice of a judicial obstructionist is a discredit to our system and a reproach to the law. That Judge Lawlor should be able to pursue such a course without public reproof is a sinister comment on our love of liberty.

Regarded abstractly, Judge Lawlor's course in the matter of these indictments has been arbitrary and lawless, considerations bad enough in all conscience. But there is a practical side to it more immediately and more positively mischievous. We are approaching a municipal election in which there seems to be involved matters definitely enough dead, but troublesome until they are duly buried. Gossip has it that the one chance of McCarthy's reëlection is that he may be able to involve his fortunes with the interest of persons held under indictment through Judge Lawlor's stubborn persistence. The story goes that a trade may be struck by which the interest of indicted persons may be turned to the practical account of McCarthy's politics. If this shall turn out to be the fact, then San Francisco will have Judge Lawlor to blame for the intrusion of mischievous and vexatious issues which ought long ago to have been swept off the boards either by one course of positive action or another. There are special reasons why the political situation should be made clear this year of all years, to the end that we may substitue decency for indecency in the mayoralty. Judge Lawlor is making this impossible; practically he is holding the graft indictments as a pawn in the political game in a way to promote the candidacy of the unspeakable McCarthy. That he is too stupid, too besotted in his gross conceit, to understand the effect of his course is quite probable; but it neither justifies nor excuses him. Nothing done outside the law ever justifies or excuses any man bound by his office and his oath to act under and within the law.

President Taft will not be embarrassed in the slightest degree by a conspiracy between the Democrats and the Insurgent Republicans to "run in" a hastily-cooked scheme of tariff modification, conceived not in the spirit or purpose of genuine reform, but as a piece of political sharp practice. Mr. Taft has the cause of tariff revision well in hand; he is pursuing it in the only way in which it can be carried forward intelligently and honestly. He will not permit himself to be thwarted in his carefully developed plans by a piece of congressional jugglery.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

New York Election Laws.

House of Representatives, U. S.
Committee on War Claims.
Washington, D. C., July 19, 1911.

Editor Argonaut: It is with great regret that I saw in your issue of July 15 an editorial such as the one headed "New York and Tammany," because I read the *Argonaut* every week and I find it one of the most carefully edited publications of the Pacific Coast. It seems to me to uphold creditably the literary traditions of Bret Harte and his time. I regret this editorial the more because it is evidently written from second-hand information, doubtless derived from Republican sources. It is time that Tammany and the New York Democracy should be set right before the country.

With regard to what is termed the "abominable election bill." For seventeen years the Republican party has had control of the legislature of this State, and laws have been enacted for the city of New York and for the State which are outrageous in their partisanship. The city is Democratic and the remainder of the State of New York is Republican. The laws relating to elections in the city require personal registration, the personal signature of each elector, and a multitude of details which have largely tended to bring about clean elections in the city. Whatever may be said by Republican newspapers with regard to New York City elections, it may be confidently stated as a fact that the voting in our city is cleaner, that there is less corruption, than in any other equal population in the United States. At the election in last November there was not only practically no illegal voting, but not even complaints of it.

On the other hand, the laws relating to the country districts of the State have been of an entirely different character. Personal registration is not required. Illegal voting has been widespread. In a number of the rural counties the corruption at the polls has been of so scandalous a character as to arouse wide comment. In several of the counties it is estimated that at least one-third of the votes cast have been purchased. The "abominable election bill" to which you refer and at which the Republican newspapers have been shrieking is merely giving to the rural districts of New York State the same careful laws that now apply to the city of New York. Is not this fair? And is it not wiser to have the same restrictions upon the electorate in both sections of the State?

Steven B. Ayres.

[The Levy Elections bill doubtless had its good points, and among them was the extension of personal registration in the up-State counties. On the other hand, it enormously increased the expenditures of the State and of the various localities, it intrenched the machine, and it threw almost insuperable difficulties in the way of fusion movements. It seems to be a bill intended for the benefit of Tammany rather than of the State at large.—Ed.]

The Eight-Hour Law.

St. Paul, Minn., July 23, 1911.

Editor Argonaut: Right you are on the eight-hour law. But how does it happen that you entirely fail to perceive that there are many people without the chance for "self-help," such as every one is entitled to as matter of right?

Why should there be any public concern about anybody's hours of labor? Why isn't this a purely personal matter to be settled by each one for himself?

But is every one in a position to settle the matter for himself? Certainly many are not. Why, then, when you criticize legislation in their behalf do you not point out a way of securing to every one the chance to settle the matter for himself?

If every one had the chance to take his choice between working for himself and working for somebody else; and especially the chance to work for self when there was no chance to work for anybody else, do you not suppose that all questions about the hours of one's employment would quickly be settled by himself?

If, in the counties now having no public land, part of the land were made public again and subject to acquisition free of cost again, would not that fact yield to every one the chance to settle questions about his hours of labor?

And, moreover, would not that fact necessarily have a very beneficial effect upon economic conditions?

The answer certainly must be yes. Then why is it that we haven't sense enough to act accordingly?

And as to after experiences, when the land first made public has been reappropriated, what is to hinder repetition of the process whenever necessary so long as humanity may endure?

W. R. Stokes.

[The project outlined by our correspondent is hardly relevant to the comparatively narrow issue of the eight-hour law for women and to the irrefutable contention that such a law is discriminatory, injurious to the community, and fatal to the interests of those whom it was supposed to protect.—Ed.]

An Appreciative Reader.

Paris, 35 Rue de Chaillot, July 16, 1911.

Editor Argonaut: About twenty-three years ago, at a time when I had never been in America, spoke no English, and was, in fact—if there be such thing—an unsophisticated Frenchman, I met in Tours (France) some very charming Californians, who became immediately my friends and to whom I confided my intention of learning English and, eventually, going to America.

Among the many kindnesses which I remember having received at their hands was, one day, the gift of a copy of the *Argonaut*, to which they were subscribers and which from that time on they sent me every week. It was in the *Argonaut* that I read with the help of the dictionary my first English sentences. As soon as I began to understand its articles I became so interested in them and so enthusiastic that I told my friends that, if I ever went to America, I should certainly go to San Francisco, for I had the greatest desire to know a community where such a bright and courageous paper was published and read. I added that my first visit on the Pacific Coast would be for Frank Pixley. A few months later I came to San Francisco, where I eventually settled. But I did not carry out my project of calling on Mr. Pixley, and a couple of years elapsed before I was introduced to him, at a reception, given, I believe, at Colonel Fry's [illegible] Jackson Street near Van Ness. "Do you know," [illegible]

ruptly to Mr. Pixley, "that you taught me the English I speak?" "How so?" I told him then about my California friends in Touraine. "Well, sir," said Frank Pixley, "your English is very good." I said to him that under the circumstances he could ill afford not to praise it, which seemed to amuse him very much.

Since that time I have been an assiduous reader and, in the last ten years, a regular subscriber to the *Argonaut*. I have always found it equal to itself and have always enjoyed it keenly. During the nineteen years which I passed in San Francisco I read practically every number of it, and now that I am in France again I must have it. For—and in my mind that is a very good criterion of the intrinsical value of a paper—its readers miss it just as much abroad as at home.

So please find inclosed my check, renew my yearly subscription, and believe me, Very truly yours.

Dr. H. B. de Marville.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Who knows the meaning of the mysterious initials "L. J. R." that appear in the dedication of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island"? Possibly Mr. Charles Baxter, who solves the problem in the London *Daily Mail*, was the only one, and now Mr. Baxter shares his knowledge with the world. He explains that he is the last survivor of a small band composed of R. L. S., his cousin R. A. M. Stevenson, James Walter Ferrier, and two others. They all took an oath of secrecy, but Mr. Baxter is now willing to incur the awful tortures consequent on a betrayal. The initials signify Liberty, Justice, Reverence. The signatories to the "Constitution" were all in their teens, and among the objects that came under its first head were "the abolition of the hereditary privileges of the House of Lords." "I remember," says Mr. Baxter, "as if it were yesterday. Stevenson's agonized face as he came to me with the news that his father had come across the draft—it never went further. The discovery was the occasion of one of the most painful of the scenes between father and son."

The Rev. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw has become a national issue in Norway. On her recent visit to Christiania there was a natural desire to hear so famous a preacher, but the strong arm of the law interfered. Women may vote in Norway, but the brutal heel of an iron despotism has prevented their further advance. Women are allowed to preach in most other parts of the world, and they do so both in public and in private, but they are not allowed to vote. In Norway they are allowed to vote, but they are not allowed to preach, nor, curiously enough, to enter the army or the navy. An appeal to the church council was fruitless. St. Paul had recommended that women keep silence in the churches if nowhere else, and St. Paul's command still "goes" in Norway. So Dr. Shaw says that she and St. Paul have been dividing the honors of Norwegian discussion during the last few weeks.

The centre of population is on its way westward. It moves slowly but with a calculating resolve. During the last ten years it has moved thirty-one miles, and may now be found four and one-half miles south of Unionville, Monroe County, Indiana. For thirty years it has been passing placidly through the State of Indiana, and if it preserves its present gait it will be there for ten years longer unless some law is passed to restrain its progress. In 1790 the centre of population was twenty-three miles east of Baltimore. Every census year since then has recorded its triumphant progress toward the Pacific. It passed through Washington, D. C. Three times it was observed in West Virginia and three times in Ohio. In 1890 it was twenty miles east of Columbus, Indiana, in 1900 it was six miles southeast of the same place, and now it is four and one-half miles south of Unionville. It is time for the Pacific Coast to keep an eye upon the schedules and to make the necessary preparations for an adequate reception. It will be the end of a long journey.

Dr. Petrie's opinions on the nature, cause, and cure of the disease known as civilization have been receiving a good deal of attention from the press, and they are now put forth in volume form. The learned author prefaces his volume by an allusion to a scholar of repute who confessed himself mystified by the unaccountable fall of the Roman empire, which ought, in his opinion, to have prospered. He says that this scholar was in the position of a child who stands perplexed by the sight of winter. The fall of nations is due not to luxury or to adventitious causes, but because their hour has struck. Their decay is a part of the eternal sequence of things. Civilization, he says, is a recurrent phenomenon, and not an ever-sweeping onward movement with temporary delays. Every system of government begins with strong personal rule; the next stage is an oligarchy with law as its controlling force. Then comes the rule of the common people, and the wave begins to recede. "When democracy has attained full power the majority without capital necessarily eat up the capital of the minority and the civilization steadily decays until the inferior population is swept away to make room for a fitter people." Dr. Petrie's book will not be popular with the ultra patriotic nor with the platform type of oratory that likes to imagine an onward sweep of democracy toward some political millennium. In fact it seems to be unconstitutional.

What becomes of all the consumption and cancer cures that are announced from unimpeachable medical sources, supported by hundreds of unchallengeable cures—and then never heard of again? When a physician of eminence announces a remedy, such, for example, as that of radium in tuberculosis, and pledges his reputation to the innumerable cures effected, and when we never hear of that remedy again, what are we to suppose? Such a statement as that of the efficacy of radium in consumption was made several weeks ago in Paris by two or three physicians of the highest rank, and their array of cures was impressive, and it seemed to be conclusive. There have been many other similar instances within the last few years. It is almost impossible to suppose either error or bad faith, and yet we never hear of them any more. Now comes a story to the effect that the odors of rotten meat will cure consumption. It is not a canard, since the president of the English local government has ordered a scientific report which says that the atmosphere of rotten meat is loaded with ammonia and trymethylamine, which even in a weak solution are fatal to the bacillus. A sum of $50,000 has been raised for the erection of a building to try the new cure. But shall we ever hear anything more of it? Shall we hear anything more of the radium treatment which was represented as almost a specific? Possibly we may, but the chances are that we shall not.

The English national anthem has been changed. It was too warlike, too little in unison with the prevailing peace sentiments of the world as illustrated by the present situation in Morocco. So the following verse has been displaced:

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Him our hopes we fix,
O save us all.

In its place we have a stanza specially constructed by Dean Hole and that reads as follows:

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
Make wars to cease.
Keep us from plague and dearth,
Turn Thou our woes to mirth
And over all the earth
Let there be peace.

It will be seen that "his enemies" are still to be scattered, but the invocation against their "knavish tricks" has been mitigated. It would seem that all nations have a tendency to regard Providence as their special and peculiar ally and as preserving an attitude of hostile resentment against all others.

Professor Richard Norton of Harvard is credited with the theory that the cyclopean structures at Stonehenge are connected with similar erections that are found in Northern Africa. Professor Norton has just returned after a period of research in the Greek city of Cyrene in Africa, and his theory of Stonehenge is partly the result of his work. Stonehenge is ordinarily supposed to be the work of the Druids, and it may be said that the Druids in British archæology have always occupied the place sacred to the cat in domestic matters. Whatever was inexplicable upon any other theory would always yield to the Druidic hypothesis. The Druids, in fact, were a sort of lesser Providence whose powers it was impious to doubt. If one asked how the gigantic rocking stones of Cornwall were balanced upon a point all perplexities were banished by a reference to the Druids, while the feat of erecting Stonehenge and bringing those mighty monoliths from a distance, a feat well-nigh impossible to modern engineering, was explained in a moment and to the meanest intelligence by a simple reference to the Druids.

Dr. Karl Kumm, who is described as an adventurous explorer, has just reached Johanneshurg, after a long journey through the Soudan and Central Africa. In the course of a series of lectures he has described the advance made by Islam among the teeming negro populations of Africa, an advance that he thinks will be a menace to civilization unless it is checked, as the African negro is the finest fighter in the world. Dr. Kumm is only one of many travelers in Africa who have described the weird developments of the Dark Continent, the passionate fervor of the Mohammedan crusade, its success, and the mysterious intention that seems to underlie it all. We have even heard stories of a great white city in which no European foot has ever been set, that is guarded by swarthy vedettes far outthrown on the desert sands, and that is becoming a vast magazine of war appliances convoyed ceaselessly by Arab caravans. Orientalism always means exaggeration, and these stories may be taken with the customary grain of salt, but we need not go to Africa to be convinced that the faith of Islam is the most aggressive faith in the world and that it is strangely congenial to certain forms of aboriginal minds that are impervious to anything else? But what are we to do about it?

A recent sale in London of some literary relics of Oscar Wilde show how wide was his circle of intimates and the affection that he was able to inspire among many of the literary and artistic giants of his day. The correspondence offered at auction included letters from Swinburne, Henley, Burne-Jones, Sargent, Ellen Terry, Millais, Bernard Shaw, and Whistler. A letter from Whistler was peculiarly characteristic. Whistler had seen Wilde clad in his æsthetic garb and actually invading the sacred precincts of Chelsea. So he wrote to him:

Oscar, how dare you! What means this unseemly carnival in my Chelsea? Restore those things to Nathan, and never again let me see you masquerading the streets in the combined character of a degraded Kossuth and Mr. Mantalini.

The manuscripts to be sold included "The Soul of Man," "The Function of Criticism," "The Picture of Dorian Gray," "The Florentine Tragedy," and "The Sphinx."

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

The Kentucky Daughters of the American Revolution are pleased by the passage of a bill in Congress appropriating money to mark the trail of Daniel Boone. Suitable milestones will be set in place to commemorate the journey of the pathfinder of Kentucky. The Virginians are setting up stones to show the paths of the first traders.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Lyric Muse.

I love the lyric muse!
For when mankind ran wild in grooves
Came holy Orpheus with his songs
And turned men's hearts from hestial loves,
From brutal force and savage wrongs;
Amphion, too, and on his lyre
Made such sweet music all the day
That rocks, instinct with warm desire,
Pursued him in his glorious way.

I love the lyric muse!
Hers was the wisdom that of yore
Taught man the rights of fellow-man,
Taught him to worship God the more,
And to revere love's holy han.
Hers was the hand that jotted down
The laws correcting divers wrongs;
And so came honor and renown
To hards and to their noble songs.

I love the lyric muse!
Old Homer sung unto the lyre;
Tyrtæus, too, in ancient days;
Still warmed hy their immortal fire,
How doth our patriot spirit blaze!
The oracle, when questioned, sings;
So our first steps in life are taught.
In verse we soothe the pride of kings,
In verse the drama has been wrought.

I love the lyric muse!
Be not ashamed, O noble friend,
In honest gratitude to pay
Thy homage to the gods that spend
This hoon to charm all ill away.
With solemn tenderness revere
This voiceful glory as a shrine
Wherein the quickened heart may hear
The counsels of a voice divine!

—*Eugene Field.*

Beranger's "To My Old Coat."

Still serve me in my age, I pray,
As in my youth, O faithful one;
For years I've hrushed thee every day—
Could Socrates have better done?
What though the fates would wreak on thee
The fullness of their evil art?
Use thou philosophy, like me—
And we, old friend, shall never part!

I think—I *often* think of it—
The day we twain first faced the crowd;
My roistering friends impeached your fit,
But you and I were very proud!
Those jovial friends no more make free
With us (no longer new and smart),
But rather welcome you and me
As loving friends that should not part.

The patch? Oh, yes—one happy night—
"Lisette," says I, "it's time to go"—
She clutched the sleeve to stay my flight,
Shrieking: "What! leave so early? No!"
To mend the ghastly rent she'd made,
Three days she toiled, dear patient heart!
And I—right willingly I stayed—
Lisette decreed we should not part!

No incense ever yet profaned
This honest, shiny warp of thine.
Nor hath a courtier's eye disdained
Thy faded hue and quaint design;
Let servile flattery be the price
Of ribbons in the royal mart—
A roadside posie shall suffice
For us two friends that must not part!

Fear not the recklessness of yore
Shall reoccur to vex thee now;
Alas, I am a youth no more—
I'm old and sere, and so art thou!
So hide with me unto the last
And with thy warmth caress this heart
That pleads, hy memories of the Past,
That two such friends should never part!

—*Eugene Field.*

Mother and Sphinx.

EGYPTIAN FOLK-SONG.

Grim is the face that looks into the night
Over the stretch of sands;
A sullen rock in a sea of white—
A ghostly shadow in ghostly light,
Peering and moaning it stands.
"Oh, is it the king that rides this way—
Oh, is it the king that rides sa free?
I have looked for the king this many a day,
But the years that mock me will nat say
Why tarrieth he!"

'Tis not your king that shall ride tonight,
But a child that is fast asleep;
And the horse he shall ride is the Dream-Horse white—
Aha, he shall speed through the ghostly light
Where the ghostly shadows creep!
"My eyes are dull and my face is sere,
Yet unto the word he gave I cling,
For he was a Pharaoh that set me here—
And, lo! I have waited this many a year
For him—my king!"

Oh, past thy face my darling shall ride
Swift as the hurning winds that hear
The sand clouds over the desert wide—
Swift to the verdure and palms beside
The wells off there!
"And is it the mighty king I shall see
Come riding into the night?
Oh, is it the king came back to me—
Proudly and fiercely rideth he,
With centuries dight!"

I know no king hut my dark-eyed dear
That shall ride the Dream-Horse white;
But see! he wakes at my hosom here,
While the Dream-Horse frettingly lingers near
To speed with my hahe tonight!
And out of the desert darkness peers
A ghostly, ghastly, shadowy thing
Like a spirit come out of the mouldering years,
And ever that waiting spectre hears
The coming king!

—*Eugene Field.*

Four million German women are wage-earners as well as housewives and mothers.

TEA WITH MATTHEW ARNOLD.

A Corner in Kensington Gardens.

There were four chairs at the tea-table, three of them unoccupied. Which is proof that Matthew Arnold was not present in body. But on the chair to my right I laid a volume entitled "Arnold's Poetical Works," which must be sufficient to justify the caption of "Tea with Matthew Arnold." Had the poet been a visible guest at that table it would have been a centre for other eyes than those of crumb-hungry sparrows. For the foe of Philistinism was a marked man in many ways. He had "harsh features"—so his Chicago reporter affirmed—"supercilious manners, parted his hair down the middle, wore a single eye-glass and ill-fitting clothes." Clearly an undesirable companion for afternoon tea in Kensington Gardens. But to take him thither in the guise of the printed page argued no courage; if his tone grew supercilious he could be silenced in a flash, and who of the crowd could know that the author of that book parted his hair in the middle and wore ill-fitting clothes?

Whether Matthew Arnold ever took tea in Kensington Gardens is not on record. Most likely not. For one thing, he was probably born too soon. That *al fresco* restaurant which is now so favorite a corner of the gardens is a comparatively recent institution. If, however, it had been in existence in the poet's day, it is unthinkable that he should have been a patron. To see so many cockney Philistines devouring unlimited bread and butter and imbibing innumerable cups of tea would have been too trying a spectacle, while the garb of the splay-footed waiters—a tuxedo evening suit, large white apron, and straw hat—would have driven the apostle of culture to speedy suicide in the adjacent waters of the Serpentine. Yet perhaps the Chicago reporter was too severe on the poet. He was not really supercilious; on the contrary, he is said to have been "perfectly sweet-tempered"; and the man who was human enough to be pleased that American hotel porters and barbers asked him for his autograph might have found delight in those strangely arrayed waiters of Kensington Gardens. Surely, too, he would have discovered much to interest him in the sparrows who haunt those outdoor tea-tables. Liberally as they are fed with crumbs of bread and cake, they are lean and sinewy rather than plump and flaccid, for competition is keen and it is a strenuous life to dodge those splay-footed waiters. Humans as well as sparrows have much ado to circumvent those industrious servitors. Vain is the request for "just a cup of tea and a little thin bread and butter"; the most modest order is interpreted into, "Ah, a shilling tea, sir." And a shilling tea it has to be. Plus a tip, of course.

But this corner of clattering tea-cups and grotesque waiters and competing sparrows is hardly the nook of Arnold's poetic fancy. Just where he cogitated his "Lines Written in Kensington Gardens" is one of the unsolved problems of literary topography. That he did not sit to write them is perfectly clear. "In this lone, open glade I lie" is his own confession. But let no one make the poet a miser for a word. There are seats of two kinds in Kensington Gardens; benches along the gravel paths free to all, and wooden, green-painted chairs dotted over the grass and under the trees, for the use of which a penny must be paid. The collector of that penny toll is a much-perambulating man. His territory extends over two hundred and fifty acres, but happily his equipment is light, nothing more than a small leather bag for his little green tickets and his harvest of coppers. Inasmuch as the public benches are fixtures while the chair can be placed where one wills, the penny toll is not exorbitant. Besides, the green ticket is good for the entire day or for either of London's four great parks. Even with those liberal concessions, the owner of the privilege must derive a goodly revenue from his chairs, for with the summer but half spent more than six hundred thousand tickets have been sold, representing nearly a million and a quarter cents.

Arnold did not add his quota to that revenue. If there were a penny chair in his "lone, open glade" he declined to use it; like many another poet, he could write as comfortably lying prone upon the ground. Nor was that attitude fatal to the exercise of observation. No sound escaped his ears, no sight missed his vision. And the poetic record of his impressions is still a surprisingly faithful catalogue. Save that motor hoots in diverse keys have joined the subdued murmur of London traffic, "the girdling city's hum" knows no cessation, and the songs of birds and "tremulous sheep-cries" are unchanged.

Nowhere in all the great city is there such another peaceful retreat. Although adjoining Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens is wholly different, and also has nothing in common with the St. James's and Green Parks. The explanation may be found in its name; it is a garden rather than a park. And being a garden it has no carriage-way or Rotten Row; vehicles and equestrians are alike forbidden entrance that the meandering paths and undulating pastures may be given over wholly to the enjoyment of the pedestrian. Not here, then, is there to be seen any version of that irritating "keep-off-the-grass" legend; the visitor may wander whither his fancy prompts, as free of every glade as though each inch of ground were his own. Fashion is not wholly absent; the formal paths are at times so thronged with gayly attired promenaders as to recall Tickell's metaphor of "a moving tulip-bed"; an amorous couple obviously of the "upper ten" sometimes preëmpt a couple of penny chairs under a sheltering elm; the tea-tables of the *al fresco* restaurant are on occasion surrounded by belles and beaux; but in the main the stir of "smart set" life so much in evidence in Hyde and other parks is almost entirely absent from Kensington Gardens.

In fact, and notwithstanding that exception of Horace Walpole's days when the inane Maccaronis ran races over this green sward every Sunday night to the "high amusement and contempt of the mob," Kensington Gardens has all along preserved that air of retiredness which is natural to a royal demesne. The brick-built palace of which it was once the adjunct was, it is true, erected for the first Earl of Nottingham, but his son and successor, the "Dismal Orator" of Swift's poem, sold both mansion and ground in 1689 to William III for eighteen thousand guineas, and from that date until the death of George II Kensington Palace was one of the principal royal residences of London. So Tickell indited fact rather than fancy when he sang, "Long have these groves to royal guests been known." The palace, which is little changed from the structure as designed by Wren for William and Mary, is more remarkable for its associations than architectural beauty, even though Evelyn did describe it as a "very sweete villa," and as "very noble, but not great." Through one or other of its many-paned windows the light of heaven fell for the last time on the eyes of many sovereigns, including William and Mary, and Anne, and George II; and it was within its walls Queen Victoria and England's present queen were born. Today, however, the palace serves the same purpose as Hampton Court, half almshouse and half exhibition. One wing is occupied by the Princess Louise and her husband, the Duke of Argyle, and various suites of apartments provide a home for aristocratic pensioners of the crown; but the state rooms are open daily to the inspection of the public. These include the modest bedroom in which the Princess Victoria was awakened from her sleep early on that June morning which marked her accession to the throne, and the nursery in which her present successor first saw the light of day. There are many relics of Queen Victoria in these apartments, such as her toys and dolls' house, and an account book which shows that her girlhood allowance amounted to the slender sum of thirty-five dollars a month.

In front of the palace is that octagonal sheet of water which the Londoner frequents so assiduously as the scene of toy-yacht regattas and persists, despite its shape, in calling the "Round Pond," and eastward and to the north and south stretch those bosky avenues which are the glory of the gardens. The centre of one of those glades is given over to that "Physical Energy" equestrian group by G. F. Watts which, however forceful the expression, is so markedly crude in finish. So much vigor of horse and rider seems out of place in this peaceful haunt, but the anachronism may be pardoned for the fierce glance of seeming reprobation which the youth is bestowing upon the distant meretricious splendor of the Albert Memorial. At a near date J. M. Barrie is to dominate another glade with his "Peter Pan" thank offering, but there is comfort in the thought that the shadowy recesses of the gardens are so numerous and secret that notwithstanding "Physical Energy" and "Peter Pan" the lover of meditative quiet will still be able to find many a nook wherein to hold communion with Matthew Arnold in musing on nature's peace.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

London, July 18, 1911.

In the Julius Tower at Spandau, Germany, locked in old-fashioned war chests, has lain over $24,000,000 for more than thirty years, a tribute from France at the end of the Franco-Prussian War. It is what is known as the imperial military reserve fund and is intended to defray the first expenses of a campaign and to be sent to the various army headquarters for daily use in case war should break out. In such case it is calculated this money in the Julius Tower would last the army until a regular treasury appropriation could be made in due form. Spandau is the seat of the last of Germany's great inland forts. The Julius Tower is in the centre of the Spandau fortifications, and the fort is always well garrisoned. The government maintains an infantry rifle school and ammunition, rifle, and artillery works there.

At Essen, Prussia, is located the largest bakery in the world. Essen is also famed as the home of the great Krupp gun factory. The bakery is a vast building in which seventy workmen, divided into two shifts, work night and day. Everything is done by machinery, which makes 40,000 pounds of bread every day. There are thirty-six double ovens and the workmen who watch over the baking of the bread earn from eight to ten cents per hour, making an average of about 95 cents per eleven-hour day. They have coffee and bread free. They are required to keep themselves spotlessly clean and are given the use of fine bathrooms, also free. They are also required to wash their hands at least eight times each day.

According to geologists, the greatest underground river in the world flows from the Rocky Mountains underneath New Mexico and Texas, emptying itself in the Gulf of Mexico. This river is thought to be in places several miles wide, and it is believed that it feeds rivers that flow upon the surface. The artesian well belt of Texas is pointed to as the uplifting of the water from this river, often from eight hundred feet below.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Margherita, mother of Queen Helena of Italy, has become so captivated with motoring that she has replaced her stable to a considerable extent with expensive cars, and may be seen daily driving about Rome.

Frederick Townsend Martin, prominent in New York society affairs, has been elected as the only American member of the Reunion Club, the smartest in London. Its membership is limited, only 150 names being on the roster.

Miss Katheryn Rucker, artist and writer, who went from Somerset, Kentucky, two years ago to become a teacher in a school at Kioto, Japan, is now editor of the *Japanese Monthly*, the leading publication of the kind in the empire.

Archdeacon William H. Allen of St. Catherine's Episcopal Church at Pensacola, Florida, has tendered his resignation as a member of the Pensacola Ministerial Association, of which he is president, because the organization took an active hand in prosecuting baseball players for playing the game on Sunday. He is one of the most prominent ministers in Florida, and takes the stand that baseball is solely a matter of conscience.

Lord Edward Arthur Colebrooke, a lord-in-waiting since 1906, has just been further honored by appointment as captain of His Majesty's Honorable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, at a salary of $5000 a year. The corps, which was founded in 1509, has little to do, and is mustered only on great ceremonial occasions, when men in gorgeous uniforms are needed to provide picturesque effects at big court functions. Lord Colebrooke owns an estate of 30,000 acres. He has been high commissioner of the Church of Scotland since 1906.

Professor William M. Flinders Petrie, who has returned to England from another exploring tour of Egypt, bringing back some paintings on canvas and cedar panels, dating back to 100 A. D., is Edwards professor of Egyptology in University College, London, and has been exploring Egypt since 1880. He seems to inherit something of the nature of his father, who was an Australian explorer of note. Professor Petrie has made many important finds, adding much to the world's knowledge of ancient Egypt, and has published numerous works about its people.

Miss Martha Berry, a Southern woman known in her section as "the Sunday Lady o' Possum Trot," is devoting herself to the education of the poor whites in the Georgia mountains with good results. In 1902 she began with a log hut on an eighty-acre tract in a community where schools were practically unknown. The first year eighteen pupils were enrolled. Miss Berry herself did the cooking. The pupils worked about the place. Now the school boasts of 200 pupils, several dormitories, a recitation hall, and a dairy. The boys do all the work and the students receive a high-school education.

Prince Ferdinando Alfonso de Liguori, who was recently arrested in Rome, being unable to settle a cab fare, is a scion of one of Italy's oldest families and has had a remarkable career. His name is in the gold book of Naples, showing that the title conferred on his ancestors was a Bourbon honor. At the age of twenty-five the prince came to this country and enlisted. His marriage in Italy later on resulted in a divorce. Then the prince became a literary faddist, publishing book after book, regardless of expense, despite ridicule and the fact that few of the forty-odd volumes had any sale. Failing to enter a monastery, he was again thrown on his own resources, and is now in abject poverty.

Samuel Want, editor and lawyer, recently appointed to a professorship in the law department of the University of Maryland, finds himself famous at the age of twenty-two, though he arrived in this country from England when twelve years old, illiterate, almost penniless, but willing to work and study. He rode into Darlington, South Carolina, on a freight train, sought and obtained work as an office boy in a store. He scrubbed floors and carried bundles by day and devoted himself to study by night. From office boy he passed to the position of general sales manager. Determined to become a lawyer, he went to Baltimore in his eighteenth year, entering the university. In one year he completed the regular three-year law course. He is now assistant editor of the "American and English Encyclopedia," "Lawyers' Reports Annotated," and other legal publications.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the government's pure food expert, against whom an investigation was recently directed, is an Indiana man, having been born in Kent, in 1844. He is a graduate from Hanover and Harvard. For a time he followed teaching. During the past twenty-eight years he has been in the government service. Dr. Wiley is a big man, standing six feet four inches in height and weighing 225 pounds. He is a picturesque figure in Washington's public life, is one of the charter members of the Non-Smokers' League, and believes that within fifteen years the use of tobacco in public places will become obsolete. It is his belief that he will live to be over 100. He is married and is an equal suffragist. In addition to being honored by leading scientific bodies, Dr. Wiley is a chevalier of the French Legion of Honor. He has written and published much on food adulteration.

COIN AND CUPID.

How Jerry Was Urged to Dream.

The sheepherder had followed us far, deserting his flock for the time to benefit by our company, talking inanities constantly and receiving our replies eagerly, as is the way of hermits of his kind.

"Do you know him?" I asked of Old Man Collins, after he had reluctantly turned away.

"Do I know him?" said the Old Man. "Do I know Jerry Lemoyne? Like a mice. We was raised together you might say, worked under the same brand, and rode this Sweetgrass country together for twelve years. And Jerry was as good a rider as ever wore leather pants until that Dan Cupid party put a burr under his saddle and he got unloaded on the rocks of romance."

"Love is a queer condition for a cowman," I ventured by way of furthering the story.

"Certainly is, son. 'Queer' don't entirely eloocidate that condition. I been observin' the ways of love for near forty year, and I feel safe to classify as a corner-sewer of sentiment. Not personal. No, not that-away. The crow-bird of romance aint never lit on my roof-tree none. But I have seen dozens of otherwise intelligent hoomans throw a fit after bein' inoculated with that love germ. Sometimes it's decent, gentle, mild, and saddle-wise; sometimes its inflooence is melancholy and depressin', like the passing of a funeral; and then again it kicks, bites, and strikes like old Satan, makin' near dog meat out of its victim and leavin' him plum hazy and locoed mental, like this here Jerome person. He loved not wisely, but fast, furious, and rediculous, as W. J. Shakespeare says. The instrooments of his infatuation was a Frenchwoman and a penny arcade, both of which is nefarious and uncertain evils."

So the Old Man moralized and soliloquized and expounded his personal views until we had ridden ten miles into Red Bluff. And by the time we had hitched our horses at the city hall I had extracted the story of Jerry Lemoyne, which, being translated and unraveled from difficult and tortuous idiom, and mixed with little ingredients as to local color and setting, is about as follows:

At that time Red Bluff was really a considerable incubator of dollars, though it did not rear them to maturity and was not a very careful harbinger of the adult specimens that found their way there. The huge, bald buttes at its back produced them incipient by the ton in gold, silver, and copper ores, and the broad plains sloping away before it were nearly as rich in cattle and ranch products. Moreover, the camp was on the great power line supplying a distant city and was abundantly regaled with electricity, which blazed forth at night in and about its every shanty, public and private, as though in competition with the fervid southern sun. The town itself was a nocturnal creature, somnolent in the daytime, yielding its human energies to the mines and the ranges, but blazing forth with the disgorging of the boarding-houses at night, boisterous, jovial, teeming with activity.

A careful survey of these propensities had fully convinced Monsieur Adolpy Duprez of the advantages of the town for an arcade. And so it came about that the gorgeous paraphernalia was brought in from the railroad by the baling wire freight outfit, with unusual declamatory clatter of chains and bumping of trail tongues, and deposited in the only untenanted building on Main Street.

In the evening came the stage, also madame and monsieur, the latter immaculate, verbose, diplomatic, the former immaculate, handsome, debonair. Huge blankets hung in the windows of the arcade-to-be effectually masked the interior, and after the evening meal operations began in earnest. But while the blankets hid the interior they only served to whet the appetite of Red Bluff, and the town waited outside.

Thus did Jerry and Slim find it, riding many miles on their ponies with accumulated earnings in their pockets and accumulated desire in their minds for drink, card chance, and excitement. When they had gathered all available information concerning the wonders in store behind the veil of mystery they joined resident Red Bluff and waited. Then monsienr came to the door. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "it is a beeg task to establish our instruments. We can not open tonight. We promise you an opening tomorrow and ze wonderful entertainment. I wish you good-night." He made his best bow and disappeared, leaving the crowd to disperse, grumbling.

"Wouldn't that hornswaggle you," said Slim, disgusted. "Let's wet up."

But Jerry guided him skillfully away. "No, dear Slim," he answered, "we don't know what the ante will be to this temple of joy when she does open, and it's likely that we will need our wad. Also, we will attend the dedication unpifflicated and respectable."

By night on the morrow the front of the arcade was adorned with a miniature wax maiden inclosed in a glass case and balancing a vicious bowie-knife on her chin. And with the coming of the electrical current which set into bold relief a huge sign across the front reading "Empire Arcade" the wonderful maiden began to weave from side to side with exquisite grace, still balancing the knife. An electric "tin pan" piano burst forth with a doubtful solution of one of the March King's best selections, which quickly lent speed to the feet of the multitude.

The mechanical clamor within was attuned to invite more intimate acquaintance with that hidden in the boxes, both musical and pictorial. Those who were not supplied with small change sought the little box-office where madame, wonderfully attired, wonderfully painted, accommodated them with smiling grace and dexterity. In the back behind the folding doors was a gaming room, and the contraptions which it displayed put to shame the already complicated gambling devices of Red Bluff.

"We can trim the Frenchman," said Slim, poking Jerry with a vigorous thumb.

But Jerry said, "No, me for the music. My sentimental nature clamors for the soothin' inflooence of harmony and barter in puny nickels with the fair madame."

He was buying them with greenbacks, by the handful, by the pocketful, from then on until near morning. As the crowd began to thin, not satiated, but mindful of the work of the morrow, he felt that he should exchange with the fair lady some slight conversational *bon mot* to show that among so much revelry she herself was appreciated. Yet he could muster no social gossip sufficiently cosmopolitan, and his best effort resulted in a barely audible: "Uh—er—I'll have a five's worth of the nickels, thank ye."

"Ze museek," she said, looking at him fit to hypnotize a rattlesnake, "it ees good?"

"Good," echoed Jerry, his tongue suddenly unloosed. "Oh, my. Oh, my. Every chune in the place, from 'Yankee Doodle' to 'Silver Feet,' is as handsome as a red wagon. The ante is too cheap."

"It ees a penny in the ceety."

"Well, them city sports is shore flabby. It ought to be two-bits."

"Monsieur buys too many," said the lady, looking at the bill; "then he can not come so often."

"You do me great honor, madame," answered Jerry, bowing like a jackknife. Then he took a couple of nickels and put them into the slots, leaving them to run while he went back after more with another bill.

Finally Slim came in from the back room, a trifle peevish, and rescued him barely in time to save him from total shipwreck on shoals of conversational brilliance not previously marked on his chart.

"Aint it peculiar and refreshin'," said Jerry when they were outside, "that a fine lady like that should be sociable and converse friendly with a ordinary welt of cow-punchin' hoomanity like me?"

"I reckon yore coin is as good as anybody's," growled Slim. "I predicts further that she knows how to do it painless and friendly, like her old man. Why, that Frenchman can extract more bills from a nice littel game of cards while bein' friendly and tellin' pretty stories than any animal up to date. But I'll get him rounded up yet." And Slim shut his teeth with a vicious click.

"You-all are bound to resist the soothin' inflooence of wimmin and song and continue in yore nefarious practices," mourned Jerry.

"I am leavin' that to you," retorted Slim scornfully, "you bein' the real coopid. Yore think-works is full of love zephyrs as mild as frog's hair. Yore gait is as handsome as the ambulations of a grasshopper and yore voice as sweet as the honey of a stink bug. If you would get weaned away from yore folly and help me to ketch and tie this Alfonse——"

So they argued until long after going to bed, without malice and without hope of conviction.

Jerry soon acquired a habit of coming late to the arcade. The smiles which madame bestowed upon her other patrons were a constant menace to his peace of mind. Yet he congratulated himself that she did not enter into conversation with any of them as freely as with him. She laughed at his crude jokes and made small talk which he tried his utmost to equal. She even ventured forth from the office and accompanied him to hear the best music or to see the most comical sliding pictures.

Not so smoothly did the waters run for Slim. He nightly appeared at the arcade at or soon after its opening, going straight through to the gambling room, dropping into his accustomed place and playing continuously until closing time. This was a function which Duprez exercised with a high hand. Every night, or morning, at one o'clock he arose from the tables and closed the games, regardless of the moment's excitement or the condition of the play.

He and Slim were invariably opposed to each other and were frequently the only sitters at their table at closing time. Slim lost invariably, yet the Frenchman held him so well in hand with civility and politeness that there was no room for an open breach. At their bunks in the early morning he and Jerry always reviewed the evening's performance.

"Slim," said Jerry one night, coming up before his pardner and staring into space as though looking at a fly a thousand miles away. "Slim, you onrighteous, penurious jackass. You should pause in your nefarious rambles some and have a look at them eyes. It's soothin' for the soul. And if you could listen to that voice, it's as soft and delicate as the cooin' of a turtle dove conversin' with his neighbor's wife."

"Yes," growled Slim, undisturbed save by his own troubles, "and the son-of-a-gun he trimmed me out of a hundred last night. Ye see, I had three kings just prior to quittin' time, and I backed 'em for every bean I had on the dump, and he stayed to the size of my pile and shows down with four deuces, and——"

"As shore as you're born, Slim, that lady is a product of fairyland, and that depraved Frenchman treats her something scandalous. She told me so herself. 'them twain is bound in holy hemlock and it ain use tryin' to unloosen French matterimony. tighter 'n a hog fence. So it's me back to the with my dull, sickenin' thoughts. I am a goin', Slim. I shorely am."

Still Slim sat undisturbed. "If you-all will kindly deposit a hundred with me previous to departure I will go back once more and put a half hitch onto that Frenchman."

The midnight following again found Slim housed with his difficult opponent and as far from a solution of the mystery as ever. As business waned in the music-room at that hour the roustabout was left with enough nickels to supply belated patrons and Jerry and the madame sauntered off to a restaurant for midnight lunch. As this function might safely occupy an hour there was ample time for the best to be had, both gastronomical and sentimental, and it was not surprising that he should discover his fair enchantress gazing at him across the table with as much rapture as though he were a new Paris hat, and that he should seize her bejeweled hands choking with joy and searching his desert mind for adjectives sufficiently superlative to express his devotion.

"Oh, monsieur," she sighed, "ze life it ees terrible. Ze husband he is crool, he is a coward. But ze range man he ees beeg and strong. He can shoot ze bronco and ride ze peestol, and—oh, he is wonderful."

"Shoot," bellowed Jerry. "Why, I could just shoot all his little eye-winkers off when you look at me like that. I'll perforate him worse than a pepper-box for abusin' you. Oh, you sweet angel." And he rushed for the door intent upon his errand of destruction. But she drew him back and sighed again, and again asserted the cruelty of fate and the impossibility of escape, and —one o'clock came all too soon and they hurried back to find Slim already gone and Monsieur much perturbed and not a little angry at their desertion of business.

This time it was Slim who walked the floor and raved and cried for vengeance. "Did he trim me?" he bawled in answer to Jerry's question. "He soaked up my wad like a sponge fifteen minutes ahead of time, but quiet and peaceful, accordin' to programme. He cheats, you little cow-punchin' pink coopid. He is plum careful and seclooded, but he is crooked. If you will kindly let me have another hundred, I will hold it out to him, and if he takes it I'll perforate his ornery carcass. I'll empty old John Henry into his system and redooce his whole hooman works to sausage meat."

While Jerry counted out the money he thought deeply, and as he handed it to his pardner he waved him to a seat with the air of one having an idea.

"Sit, Slim. Sit. Be absquatulated. Be ca'm. Yore remarks on the use of fire-arms is appropriate. They was made express to silence and obliterate ontruthful and dishonest Frenchmen. Further, they are appropriate redress in case of misplaced confidence at cyards. You will ketch this Napoleon cheatin' you-all. You will onlimber yore cannon and rise up and slay him, or shoo him away, leavin' yourself sole master and owner of the Empire Arcade by right of conquest. Likewise leavin' me and my angel free and onattached to fly away to a justice of the peace and thence to some secluded homestead on the head of Lost Horse Creek."

On the following night Jerry entered the arcade considerably after twelve, and, impatient to be off, urged his love to fly with him, coaxed, teased, and petted her and abused her lord.

Then came a sound of chairs overturned, a scuffling of feet, a few sharp commands, and the Frenchman burst into the room followed close by Slim, gun in hand and trained to kill.

"Ma husband," cried madame hysterically. "I will a' keel him." Then she seized Jerry's six-shooter and rushed across the line of march.

When he had told me this much of the story Old Man Collins sat so long silent that I looked up in interrogation. "Aint it queer," he remarked after a moment, "what a man will do—and a woman? Take cows now. You can tell from previous exper'ence what they are goin' to do in a certain sitooation. But the hooman critter is one pore bet. Yes, sir, he shorely is.

"Did she kill the Frenchman? you asks. Well, no. At least not on the occasion alluded to. She just rushed up behind Slim and hit him a welt on the think-block with the butt of that gun. When he come to Frenchy was fast to the crank of his death organ ready to put a nickel in the slot and with six tunes to play. 'You git,' says him and the madame simultaneous. And they got.

"'You have deceived me,' says Slim outside.

"'No!' answers Jerry, reachin' for his gun. But it was in the possession of madame, and so they fought pugilistic and fierce. And when they was both licked partial and able to talk without chokin', Jerry explains the situation. Then they falls onto one another's necks and weeps pitiful.

"'Bunco,' says Slim soft and low. 'We are far, far from our corrals, dear Jerry. Let's hike before the boys gets onto our trail. You and me for the wide and airy plains where the Frenchmen is all holsteins and the ladies is ca'm and constant heifers.'

"But Jerry don't stay long. He can't ride. He can't rope. He can't do nothin' but dream. When he gets to the crazy-house every female will be a Frenchwoman, and he will make love to 'em ardent and passionate."

San Francisco, August, 1911. Burle J. Jones.

FROM VINEYARD TO VINTNER.

California Wines in the Making.

What is wine? The answer appears to be so easy that the question, at first glance, seems superfluous. But it is not quite so simple as it would look.

Many attempts have been made by authors and legislators to give a clear definition of wine. They practically all agree that "Wine is the product of the alcoholic fermentation of the grape." This excludes liquors or beverages made from other fruits or substances, and is in accord with the derivation of the word and the practice of centuries. Wine, therefore, can only be made from grapes, and must contain alcohol produced by fermentation.

It is also agreed, writes Frederic T. Bioletti in "The Principles of Winemaking," issued by the University of California, that wine must be made by the usual cellar process, but definitions as to what the exact "cellar process" is vary considerably. They all agree on this, however, that they seek to confine the operations of the wine-maker to those practices which secular experience has shown to be necessary for the production of a stable, healthful, and agreeable beverage. To do this, they limit all additions to the grapes or wine to those substances which occur in sound, ripe grapes, or which experience has shown to be necessary to the preservation of desirable qualities of wine. An addition that in one case would provide the consumer with a more valuable beverage would in another simply supply him with a substitute or inferior product. Additions must be made to improve the product.

To illustrate this point: If the wine-maker attempts to ferment very ripe grapes containing over 25 per cent of sugar, fermentation will be incomplete and the resulting wine inferior; but by adding a carefully calculated amount of water to the crushed grapes he can so reduce the sugar contents that a complete fermentation results, giving a sound, good wine. Water added to under-ripe grapes, however, might very likely result in an inferior product. By adding to such grapes both sugar and water the alcoholic contents of the wine could be kept normal, but all the other ingredients would be deficient. This practice is known as "stretching." Additions made within certain standards are considered legitimate.

The use of certain substances, such as albumen and tannin, in the treatment of wine, is allowed. Such substances are used only in minute quantities, solely to improve the wine. The same is true of citric, tartaric, and sulphuric acids. There would be no object in the manufacturer using them in an effort to disguise an inferior article.

The most important part of the manufacturing process is the fermentation. It is precisely this part which has been the last to be brought under proper control and in which the wine-makers are slowest in establishing that logical practice which alone can give certainty to the results.

The handling of a properly fermented wine is simple, easy, and understood by all good cellarmen. An improperly fermented wine is never a good wine, and to save it from spoiling and becoming a dead loss taxes the ingenuity and skill of the most experienced wine-handlers. A wine is practically made or spoiled in the fermenting vat or cask. The most critical period is the first week of the life of the wine; that of the "main fermentation." An almost equally important period is the following month or six weeks; that of the "after fermentation." A wine which passes successfully through these two periods is almost "fool-proof." A wine neglected or improperly treated during these periods is a cripple for life.

Whether the wine will be sound or will spoil, whether it will reach the maximum quality possible for the raw material, depends on the kind of microbial growth which occurs in the fermenting mass. The skillful wine-maker can control the kind and amount of this growth; the unskillful leaves it to chance. In order to exercise this control, the wine-maker must understand the micro-organisms with which he is dealing. He must know what they are like, where they come from, what conditions favor their multiplication. When he possesses this knowledge, many parts of his art which seemed difficult or mysterious are seen to be perfectly simple and under almost absolute control.

All wines may be segregated into three groups:

Dry wines, red and white.

Sweet wines, red and white.

Sparkling wines, red and white.

A dry wine is one in which, by fermentation, all sugar perceptible to the taste has been eliminated. A sweet wine is one in which sufficient sugar remains after fermentation to give a noticeable sweet taste. In the latter, fermentation is stopped intentionally by the addition of alcohol while a certain amount of unchanged sugar remains. This addition is called fortification. Very few wines are absolutely dry. A few wines classed as dry, such as certain Sauternes and some Rhine wines, may contain several tenths of one per cent of sugar. Such wines are difficult to handle and easily subject to injurious changes, but are often among the most prized and valuable.

Sweetness is only one of the distinguishing marks between most dry wines and most red wines. The chief of these is the *rancio*, or Sherry or Madeira taste, which is characteristic of the majority of sweet wines. In dry wines this taste is considered a defect, except in a few wines, such as Dry Sherry, usually classed with the sweet.

Sparkling wine is made by practically the same process as dry wine, the sparkling quality being given later by supplementary fermentation in the bottle.

To the layman it may be quite a surprise to learn that color in the wines mentioned depends upon the extent to which the color is extracted from the skins. The color, tannin, and higher extract are due to the fermentation of the must in the presence of the skins, or sometimes to the heating of the must and skins together before fermentation.

Whence comes the names? Among dry red wines, are found in commerce Burgundy, Medoc, Hermitage, Chianti, and numerous others. Burgundy wines are further divided into Chambertin, Clos Vougeot, etc; Medoc wines into Château Latour, St. Estèphe, etc. Most of these variations are distinguished by the name of a region, a locality, or a particular vineyard. Many correspond to real differences. Names taken from regions, such as Rhine wines and Sauternes, represent large differences in character easily distinguishable by taste and usually by chemical analysis. Names representing vineyards or vintage years represent differences of quality, which may be equally marked to the practiced taster, but may be difficult to indicate by chemical means.

Names drawn from localities or regions represent qualities due to combinations of soil, climate, variety, and methods which can not be exactly duplicated in any other place. An exception should probably be made of certain names which, while originally derived from particular localities, have come to represent, through long usage, characters due principally to methods of manufacture. Such names are Port, Sherry, and Champagne.

Strictly speaking, the name Burgundy should be given only to wine made in Burgundy from Pinot grapes; the name Medoc to wine made in Medoc from Cabernet. No sufficient reason exists, however, why the name Port should not be given a wine if it is made of suitable grapes in the recognized way and resembles those wines of the banks of the Douro which first received the name.

Dry wines can be segregated into three groups—heavy, medium, and light. The first are produced from grapes of high sugar contents and in the warmer localities, the last from the more watery grapes and especially in the cooler localities. The sweeter grapes give wines with higher alcohol and extract and with lower acidity.

The South is especially rich in points of historic consequence (remarks a writer in *Leslie's Weekly*). At the outset Virginia was the most populous as well as the most powerful of all the States. As "the mother of Presidents," she practically gave the law to the country from the accession of Washington in 1789 to the retirement of Monroe in 1825, except during the four years of John Adams in the presidency. In the next third of a century, with its Hayne, Calhoun, McDuffie, and other statesmen of large influence, South Carolina was the centre of events in the nation. Texas, with its boundary dispute with Mexico, precipitated the war between the latter and the United States, in which, by conquest and purchase, we obtained Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, California, and parts of Colorado and Wyoming. The necessity for the control of the mouth of the Mississippi incited the negotiation with France which resulted in the annexation of the province of Louisiana, by which the area of the United States was doubled and all subsequent accessions of territory were rendered inevitable. Florida saw the earliest white settlements which were planted anywhere in the present United States. In the Wautauga colony in Tennessee self-government made its advent west of the Alleghanies.

Sceptre, the famous mare, belonging to Sir William Bass, was disposed of at the Newmarket bloodstock sales for 7000 guineas (says the London *Times*). The purchasers were Messrs. Sommerville and Rupert Tattersall, and the price paid was appreciably lower than was expected. Much turf history could be written of the wonderful performances of this mare. On the death of the late Duke of Westminster, the famous Eaton stud and horses in training were dispersed at a memorable sale at Kingsclere, on which occasion Flying Fox, the Derby winner of 1899, was sold for 37,500 guineas. Sceptre, then a yearling, made the record price for yearlings of 10,000 guineas, being sold to Mr. R. S. Sievier. She ran three times as a two-year-old, and won twice. As a three-year-old she captured four of the five classic races, a feat never previously performed by a mare. Early in her four-year-old career she was sold to Sir William Bass for £25,000, and for him won the Hardwick Stakes, at Ascot, the Jockey Club Stakes, and the Duke of York Stakes. Her most memorable defeat was in the Eclipse Stakes, when she was beaten by a neck by the Derby winner, Ard Patrick, who had also beaten her in the Derby. In all the famous mare won £38,283 in stakes.

Visitors to the mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, notice immediately they enter a beautiful fragrance pervading the entire buildings. The solution lies in the fact that when it was built, 1000 years ago, the stones and bricks were laid in mortar mixed with a solution of musk.

THE POET OF THE SIERRA.

An Appreciation of Joaquin Miller, by Henry Meade Bland.

In the current number of the *Craftsman* there is a thoughtful paper by Henry Meade Bland on the life and art of Joaquin Miller. From that study the following paragraphs are taken. They are written with appreciation and artistic restraint:

In education Joaquin Miller is a combination of the self-made, with the best that the pioneer college of Oregon, Columbia, could give. He was thoroughly taught by his father and mother, who never, even in the long pilgrimage from East to West, neglected the education of their little girl and the three boys. His mind was busy in the intense life of the gold camps, and on the mule drives from the south to Shasta, Mountain Ike, a queer combination of college graduate and cowboy, taught him the rudiments of Latin. He put the rude songs of the miners into music long before a line was published, and he caught the miners' grim humor.

Byron and Burns were his poetic idols and it was the magnetism of their song that bred in him the desire to worship at their shrine. This was his motive in the early pilgrimage to England. As he passed on his way to London through San Francisco, he showed his work to the fastidious critic, Bret Harte, who saw no good in it; but the scathing review Bret Harte wrote of "Joaquin *et al.*" was at his own request destroyed by Ina Coolbrith when she remonstrated at the harshness of the criticism, and Miss Coolbrith wrote a favorable critique which was published in the *Overland Monthly*. It was doubtless an imperfect technique that Bret Harte objected to. In England, Joaquin Miller was lucky enough to win the kindly support of Sir Charles Dilke, editor of the *Athenæum*, who aided the poet in weeding error in form from his lines. No doubt this aid was of inestimable value, for today Joaquin Miller is a careful worker, and shapes and prunes his verse with great thought.

There are, as may be expected, strong differences between Joaquin Miller's later and earlier verse. The early poems were tragic stories; in the later verse, while the lyric strongly persists, a deep moral tone is found, witness, "For Those Who Fail," "The Bravest Battle," "Columbus," "Lines to Byron," "Lines to Tennyson," "The Fortunate Isles." It will be noted that his later verse is short. This is because the dramatic has ceased its appeal and in its place has come a reverence for the mystical, the philosophical, the beautiful. His instinct as a teacher has at last become dominant and he dedicates his muse to the expression of the moral lesson which he feels will uplift humanity.

It is also in this spirit that his greatest prose work, "The Building of the City Beautiful," has been written.

The story is semi-autobiographical and begins by telling how the hero met in Jerusalem a wonderfully beautiful woman who, also a dreamer, but at the same time practical, was collaborating with Sir Moses Montefiore in his attempts to rehabilitate the Jewish race in a new Jerusalem.

Common interests and thoughts draw the two, and they plan together. The poet loves the woman, but his affection is slightly returned at first. When the two separate, each to chisel an ideal vision, the poet is given to understand that his love is returned.

The hero now drifts to the Golden Gate and there on the Mist Hills begins the building. The work is slow. He plants and waters; but results are meagre. His neighbors impose on him, considering him but an idler, and expecting, when his fancies shall have exhausted, to divide the spoils of his work among them. But the dreamer goes on, and like Tolstoi, uses the Sermon on the Mount as the foundation of his structure. This wonderful chain of wisdom and righteousness he interprets literally. When smitten on one cheek, he turns the other. He gives without resistance both coat and cloak to one who would forcibly take them.

In the midst of the building, his "New Arcadia" comes to him. Suffice to say it is a dream. In this city of vision all sects and parties have been fused; nature has been conquered; the desert made to blossom as the rose; there is music such as was never heard on sea or land; there is love far surpassing the loves of this earth; there is "peace that passeth all understanding."

In "The Building of the City Beautiful" we are reminded of the philosophic aspect of the poet's mind, and see clearly the serious purpose that marks his latter-day work. He has never lost the instinct to teach, which showed itself in early mining days. In fact, the miscellaneous foot-notes to the poems in the volume of 1897 are a treasury of wisdom for the aspiring writer.

His lyre has echoed with every form of thought: wit, humor, scorn, satire, symbol.

The world has not yet taken the full measure of Joaquin Miller, for human weakness has stood too much in the way to give time clear vision. Yet it is not too much to prophesy that, as the years pass, he will be given a secure place among the poets of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries who may be called great.

A variety of cotton referred to by the ancients who visited Abyssinia as "vegetable wool" is still grown there. The methods employed by the natives in cultivating, spinning, and weaving are most primitive and have been little improved in hundreds of years.

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Sir Frederick Treves Describes a Voyage to the Home of Adventure and Romance in the West Indies.

Sir Frederick Treves reminds us of the extraordinary treasure house of adventure and romance that still remains unexhausted among the West Indies and by the Spanish Main. Here was the home of the pirate and from his tropical lair he harried the seas and to it he returned to hide his treasures, careen his ship, and eventually to rot and die in its jungles. A West Indian isle gave Columbus his first sight of land, and it was through the island channels that the adventurer set forth to find Eldorado and Manoa. Here came Drake, and Dampier, and Frobisher, and Hawkins, and Nelson, and many another to learn seamanship and fighting in what was veritably the Cradle of the Deep.

The author's first port of call was Barbados, and he makes a certain striking comparison between his last glimpse of the wintry London streets, sullen and slimy, and the high noon of the Barbados day and overhead the tropical sun with rays as keen as a hot sword-blade. Perhaps it is natural that the author's profession—he is surgeon to the King of England and to Queen Alexandra—should cause him to dwell somewhat on the horrors of the leper hospital and the insane asylum, but it does not hamper his power of dramatic expression. Here is one picture that he selects for our consideration:

> One figure amidst this nightmare crowd attracted my attention. He was a white man of about forty, with long fair hair. He was clad simply in a shirt and trousers. His feet were bare. He never ceased to walk round and round the shaded valley, persistently, laboriously. His lips were compressed, while there was a look of forlorn determination in his eyes. He had been in the asylum seven years. He was a Scotsman, and was reputed to be a sailor from Aberdeen. He had been left behind sick, and apparently dying, by a ship whose master had never called at the island again. Every effort to trace the man's friends had failed. Since he had been in the asylum he had never uttered a word, nor had he once replied to the persistent questions put to him. For seven years he had kept silence. For seven years he had tramped, day after day, round this walled quadrangle, picking his way through the mumbling crowd. To what far-away goal he was traveling, along what endless road, amidst what horrors and under what crushing vow, who could say?

The author derives plenty of fun from the West Indian negro, who has now developed into a definite race with a well-marked physiognomy and dialect. Unfortunately the negress is discarding her own distinctive costume and imitating her white sister, and with lamentable results. She has difficulty with her wool, and if she is to affect the semblance of braids the wool must be carved or molded:

> The foot problem is also serious. The negro having found no need for boots has wisely worn none, but as bare feet are *de trop* in Park Lane so they must not tread the coral paths of Barbados. There is no affectation about the feet of a negress, no pretense that they may be mistaken for "little mice stealing in and out beneath her petticoat." They are practical feet of serviceable size, but by some means or another, groans or no groans, they must be forced into cheap American shoes, and the graceful elastic walk must degenerate into the mechanical-toy mode of progress affected by the higher civilization.
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> This attempt to be up to date involves such general suffering that it is not considered *démodé* with the smart set for a lady, when returning from a gymkhana, to take off her shoes and open-work stockings and carry them in her hands. I am told that in courts of law the manner in which evidence is given is apt to be affected by boots; so that an uneasy witness is often invited by the bench to remove her foot-gear. If a bride faints at the altar, as is not uncommon, a sympathetic whisper runs through the assembly, not to "give her air" or "unloosen her dress," but to "take off her boots"; and when the operation has been carried out in the vestry the nuptials can proceed, although the young wife may never recover from the degradation of having been married in stockings.

The story of the destruction of St. Pierre is an old one, but Sir Frederick Treves manages to fill a few pages with the sort of incident that never grows stale. He found a bomely bedroom candlestick among the ruins of a cottage and reconstructs the pitiful story of its owner. He was given the remains of a silver watch that was found under the corpse of a man. It was still possible to read the time—8:22, or about half an hour after the catastrophe:

> The exact moment of the destruction of the city was 7:52 a. m., as shown by the clock left standing over the military hospital. The awful suddenness with which the blow fell can best be judged from the following incident. At a moment corresponding to the above time a message came over the wire from St. Pierre to Fort de France. It consisted of one single word "Allez"—a remarkable utterance in view of what happened. It was the last word ever spoken by the city. It is said to have embodied the request that a message then in transit to St. Pierre should be completed. Almost by the time that the clipped sentence reached Fort de France the office, the instrument, the operator, the very wires were a mass of cinders.
>
> The owner of the watch may have been preparing to start for the cathedral, dressed in his best, when the heavens were rent by the crack of doom. Rushing into the street, he would have been met by a scud of furnace-hot dust, by a red blizzard of glowing ash. He would be struck down by the sulphurous hurricane, and hurled along the road together with fragments of falling houses, flying tiles and stones, window shutters and balcony railings. His clothes would be stripped from his back as if they were made of dust, and he would lie among the cinders bare, a charred image of a man.
>
> If the watch were sentient it would have felt the death-discerning flutter of the heart and then the stopping of its beat. Protected by the smouldering body, the watch must have ticked against the now impassive ribs for some thirty minutes, until the heat had reached its own heart and stopped that too.

Montserrat, we are told, possesses the unique distinction of a colony of negroes who speak with a rich Irish brogue, a combination that seems to be not without attractive possibilities:

> As to the rock is the very beautiful and bealtby island of Montserrat, colonized by the famous Warner, of St. Kitts. It is a peculiarity of this island that the negroes speak with a rich Irish brogue. This phenomenon is explained by the fact that in the seventeenth century the colony was peopled almost entirely by Irish. The pious care with which this attractive dialect has been preserved for over 200 years is illustrated by Oher in the following incident:
>
> An Irishman fresh from Donegal arrives at Montserrat, and leaning over the steamer's rail addresses himself, in the following terms, to the coal-black nigger who has come alongside with provisions:
>
> "Say, Cuffee, phwat's the chance for a lad ashore?"
>
> "Good, yer honor, if ye're not afraid of wurruk. But me name's not Cuffee, an', plase ye, it's Pat Mulvaney."
>
> "Mulvaney? And do yer mean to say ye're Oirish?"
>
> "Oi do."
>
> "The saints dayfind us. An' how long have yer been out here?"
>
> "A matter uv tin year or so."
>
> "Tin year! An' yez black as me bat! Save me sowl, I tuk yez for a naygur."

Every one who has heard of Captain Kidd has heard also of Edward Teach. There are those who assert that Kidd was a victim of misunderstanding and that he was actually an estimable mariner who was so unlucky as to incur unmerited suspicion. But no advocate has ever appeared for Teach and his reputation is wholly unblemished by virtue. Teach's stronghold, otherwise known as Black Beard's Castle, is still to be seen at Charlotte Amalia. He was an "execrable and unholy rascal," and a "shuddering horror," epithets that seem to have been well justified:

> Black Beard was a man of resource, who could be relied upon to invent means for relieving even the monotony of a dull voyage. Thus one bright afternoon, when the sloop was lying becalmed and rocking to the lazy roll that makes the ocean in the tropics appear as if it breathed, the pirates found the time pass heavily. They had polished their weapons until they shone like silver. They had gambled until half the company were penniless. They had fought until there was nothing more to fight about, and it was too hot to sleep. Indeed there was nothing to be done, but to lean over the rail and throw bits of rotten beef at the sharks. In this dilemma the ready-witted Teach, hatless and shoeless, and "a little flushed with drink," stumbles up on deck, and, holding on to the shrouds, makes this happy proposal to his bored companions. "Come," says this genial soul, "let us make a little hell of our own, and see how long we can bear it." Whereupon he and two or three others, helped by suggestive kicks, drop down into the hold and, having closed the hatches, sit on the stones of the hallast. Here in the reeking dark they set fire to "several pots full of brimstone and other inflammable matters," and so produced a replica of the atmosphere of the pit. The captain's playmates, livid with asphyxia and with faces streaming from the heat, soon made a rush for the sunny deck, but Teach's ugly head was the last to come up the hatch, and it was always a pride and a pleasure to him to remember that he held out the longest, while he was always gratified to hear that his face, on emerging, was as the face of a half-hanged man.

Teach's end was worthy of his career. He had lived in an atmosphere of blood and murder and he died in it. A special reward was offered for his capture alive or dead, and the prize was won by Lieutenant Maynard after a desperate personal encounter:

> At last Maynard, in defending himself from a terrific blow, had his sword blade broken off at the hilt. Now was the pirate's chance. He aimed a slash at Maynard. It fell short and only hacked a few of his fingers off, for as the blow fell one of the sloop's men brought his cutlass down upon the back of the buccaneer's red neck, making a horrible wound which might have been done by an executioner's axe. Teach turned upon him and cut him to the deck.
>
> For the moment the current of the fight changed. The decks were very slippery from blood. Teach kicked off his shoes so as to get better hold of the planks. Half a dozen of the sloop's men were against him now. He stood with his back to the bulwarks, a scarcely human figure. Panting horribly, he roared like a maddened bull. His dripping cutlass still kept those he called dogs at bay. He had received twenty-five wounds, five of which were from bullets. Blood was streaming down his hairy chest. Blood clots dangled from his fantastic beard in place of the bows of ribbon. The muscles of his neck having been cut through, his head fell forwards hideously, but there was still a defiant smile on his lips.
>
> At last he drew a pistol and was cocking it at arm's length, but before the trigger was drawn, and before a man touched him, his beast-like eyelids closed and he fell back on the railing, dead.

It is evident that the old West Indian pirates have a special fascination for the author, and it will be one to be shared by the reader. He devotes a whole chapter to the buccaneers who made their headquarters at Tortuga Island. Here was the freebooter's home, his pleasure house, his haven of peace, and he himself was the only blot upon a lovely landscape:

> The beach would seem too white, too virginal, for such a scene, the sea too delicately blue. Yet here on the sand they squatted in an unholy semicircle, the captain and his crew, some sitting on chests or brandy kegs or leaning across barrels, snapping and growling over the money, like wolves over a carcass.
>
> The captain is enthroned on a stout sea-chest. He is an execrable-looking villain, with a bedraggled moustache and dirt-matted hair. His face is so weather-hardened and so tanned that his features may have been carved out of teak. One of his eyes has been gouged from its socket, while the lid of the other is made to droop by reason of a sabre cut which has left a pink streak across his temple. He is dressed in a green satin coat with voluminous skirts; it is buttonless yet shows shreds of lace, while the cuffs have been slit up to allow his hairy arms to burst through. He wears pantaloons of bullock-blood red, canary-colored stockings, and heavy shoes. A couple of pistols stick out of the scarlet sash around his waist. He has gold rings in his ears and a wide-brimmed hat on the back of his head. He is just now "high in oath" and is directing the division of the silver with the point of a cutlass, deciding any finer detail by a throw of the dice.
>
> His crew are an unsavory gang of wide-shouldered, iron-limbed men. They affect bright-tinted shirts, voluminous breeches and bare legs. Some have their hair gathered up into greasy nets, others wear a pigtail tied around with a strip of bunting. The most popular head covering is a palm-leaf hat or a gaudy handkerchief wrapped about the forehead, turban-wise. One man is nursing the stump of an arm which is bound up in bloody linen secured by spun yarn. Between them they show wounds enough to keep a surgeon busy. They are much tattooed: the favorite designs that grace their skins being a cross, a naked woman, and a devil with a forked tail. On one man's shaggy chest hangs a crucifix, while round the bull-neck of another is a lady's string of pearls. They are armed with pistols and hangers, as well as with long knives in shark-skin sheaths.

The journey from San Domingo to Port Antonia gives occasion to the author to tell the story of the "War of Jenkins's Ear," or rather the cause of it. Jenkins was a shipmaster trading between the West Indies and London. He was so unlucky as to meet a Spanish *guarda-costa,* who looted his brig:

> Before the miscreants left the naked and bewildered *Rebecca* to find her way as best she could to London a very sickly episode was witnessed on her decks. The exact *mis en scène* is a little obscure. Probably Jenkins was rude to the officer and very likely "cheeked" him, as a sailor from the Lower Thames could do with great power. I expect Robert was chased about the deck cursing, was caught by black-bearded men, who dragged him aft by his coat collar and then tied him with ropes to the mainmast. There he would be in sight of such of his crew as had fled below and, by standing on the table, were able to peep out of the cabin skylight. The scene of martyrdom would be in sight also of Jenkins's dog, who was cowering, with a look of ineffectual compassion, under the bulwarks.
>
> The captain of the *guarda-costa* now approached Jenkins with a grin, and, taking hold of one of his red ears as if it had been a ripe fruit, lopped it off from his head with a heavy knife. The blood, no doubt, squirted across the deck; the dog would crawl out to inspect the crimson blotch, would understand its meaning and retire still more humbly compassionate. Any of the crew at the skylight who had a grudge against the "old man" may have grinned and have remarked, with leering satisfaction, that "the skipper had got something for himself this time."
>
> The Spaniard, with the fine courtesy of his race, placed Jenkins's auricle on the binnacle with ostentatious care, as if it had been a floral offering. He then earnestly begged Jenkins to take the memento home with him, and, bowing gravely, wished the master of the *Rebecca* "Bon voyage!"
>
> How Jenkins expressed himself to his shipmates after the visitors had left and while his hands were being loosened is not known. That he commented upon the behavior of the Spaniards in the vivid language of Wapping is probable; that he kicked the fawning and too sympathetic dog is also probable.
>
> "First Aid" would, no doubt, be rendered him by the ship's carpenter, who, in conformity with the surgery of the time, would staunch the bleeding with crude turpentine, and then dress the stump with a piece of hunting dipped in lamp oil, and secured by a red handkerchief.

The result was a war between England and Spain, but before taking leave of Jenkins it must be said with regret that a fickle public opinion eventually turned against him and he was told to his face that he had probably lost his ear, not to the ferocious Spaniard, but in the pillory, and doubtless for sufficient reasons.

The island of Escudo de Veragua in the Mosquito Gulf was the last anchorage of Sir Francis Drake:

> In seven days after leaving the island the fleet anchored off Porto Bello. It was on the morning of January 28, 1596. Drake had long sunk into a state of semi-consciousness. On the dawn of this day something roused him. It may have been the tramp of men overhead shortening sail, or the rattle of the chain in the hawse-pipe as the anchor ran out. He raised himself in his cot—a shrunken ghost of a man—and then it would seem there came upon him for the first time the knowledge that he was dying.
>
> Die he would not! He had fought every foe he had ever met. He would fight Death, too. He sat up: he called for his clothes: he railed: he mocked at the coming Shadow. His trembling servant dressed him, sighing to see the once great wrists turned to the wrists of a child and the sturdy limbs shriveled to no more than bones. The master would put on his best tunic and his lace collar, his shoulder ribbons, and his last new swordbelt and sword. He would now walk out upon the quarter-deck to show the crew that Francis Drake was ready to lead them still. One step and it was his last. He was lifted back to his bed, and there, clad as he would have been on the eve of a battle, the great sea-captain died.
>
> He was buried a league out to sea, and on either side of him were sunk one of his own ships and his last taken Spanish prizes. The mail steamer as it follows the coast must pass over the very spot.

Sir Frederick Treves gives us a fine description of the Sargasso Sea and of the "sad craft" that are engulfed in its hopeless waters. Modern steam has robbed the Sargasso Sea of some of its mysteries, but perhaps there can never be a full exploration of an expanse of tideless water equal in area to that of Europe. The author gives us an imaginative sketch of a doomed ship such as the one that he sighted drifting on its way to destruction:

> Think of the ghostly schooner speeding along before a gentle breeze on a moonlight night! Her masts and her broken spars are so white that they may be made of ice. The shining grass on her hull flashes in the light as if she were sheathed in emerald. The shadows of her jagged bulwarks stretch across decks where never is heard the footstep of man. The moonlight falls upon the cabin stair, upon the table under the skylight, upon the swinging lamp. The locker doors open and shut as the vessel heels over, the pilot jacket hanging from a peg is green with mould, while in the water which washes to and fro on the cabin floor is floating the captain's pipe.
>
> On the deck are ever the moan of the creaking rudder, the thud of a block against the mast, the clatter of a kettle tossing loose in the cook's galley, and from all the black hollows of the ship comes the groaning of rotten timbers. The compass in the binnacle now points N. E., now E., now S. W. by S., now S. With each shift of the wind the vessel turns over wearily, while the water spurts out from her weather planks.
>
> The last call comes on some wild day when the terror of the gale is upon her, as she flies down the path of the wind. The seas chase her like a pack of hounds, until in the end a great white wave, majestic and terrible, falls like an executioner's axe upon her quaking deck and her "voyage is made." When the storm lifts, it may be that a wreath of golden weed will mark for a while the spot beneath which she rests.

Sir Frederick Treves is already well known as an author, but this entertaining and instructive volume will add to a reputation already high. The numerous illustrations and maps are a valuable addition to a fine book.

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP. An Account of a Voyage to the West Indies. By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., G. C. V. O., C. B., LL. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Ferdinand Lassalle.

Mr. George Brandes is well justified in republishing his essay on Lassalle, which first appeared in 1874. Time, for some reason, has not dealt kindly with Lassalle. Of greater brilliance, perhaps of greater influence, than Marx, his name today is little more than a name, and it is only the profounder student of human affairs who can identify his teachings with the course of German development and the widening of German social thought. During his trial for high treason, and in answer to the charge of trying to overthrow the constitution, he said, "Well, gentlemen, though I am but a simple individual, I can tell you that I will not only overthrow the constitution, but shall perhaps have done so within the space of a year. Possibly in less than a year universal suffrage will be granted. Bold games, gentlemen, can he played witb cards thrown on the table." Every one knows that the prediction was fulfilled and that in this, as in other matters, Lassalle bad correctly foreseen the part that was to be played by Bismarck.

But Mr. Brandes's essay is not devoted to the socialism of Lassalle or any one else. Socialism is no more than one of the surface indications by which we may judge of the depth and the tendencies of national thought, and the author's object is rather to sketch the development of modern Germany and to identify some of the tributary influences that have made it what it is. Among these it is well to remember the high place that Lassalle must occupy.

Ferdinand Lassalle. By George Brandes. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

The Nelson Family.

The family of a great man is interesting only so far as it has supplied the influences that are directly visible in the life of the hero. Perhaps we needed hardly so large a book to introduce to us the inconspicuous worthies of the Nelson family with their very ordinary births, marriages, and deaths. Indeed at the end of the volume we are rather inclined still to wonder where Nelson could have come from. Sometimes the author's genealogical incursions are a little bewildering, and while anything about the youthful Nelson is naturally interesting we already knew by intuition that as a boy he robbed orchards. Tbe cream of the book is the description of the family attitude toward Lady Hamilton. The family thought that much might be said on both sides and continued to visit Lady Hamilton, a fact sufficiently striking in the household of a country clergyman. On the whole, the book is worth while, but it could have been improved by the omission of the commonplace and by a lesser emphasis on ordinary people.

The Nelsons of Burnham Thorpe. Compiled from unpublished letters and notebooks, 1787-1842. By M. Eyre Matcham. With illustrations. New York: John Lane Company; $5.

Sixtine Rome.

Dr. Orbaan reminds us how much work still remains to be done by the student of Rome who is willing to specialize on some particular period. A period thus isolated assumes peculiar interest and its monuments stand out with an importance necessarily overlooked by the more general guide-book.

Not that this is a guide-book in the general sense of the word. It is practically a history of Sixtine Rome, written, as it were, upon the spot, and with its existing monuments as illustrations. It is written, too, as a scholar writes and with scholarly sympathy. The author takes us for a stroll by the Tiber and through the angle formed by the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, then to Santo Stefano and the Campagna. The Ponta Furba tells us how Sixtus V "gathered the waters from afar and brought them onward to Rome," and here Dr. Orbaan tells us much more of the Roman aqueducts than can be found in any guide-book. Nothing, in fact, escapes his attention that is in any way connected with his subject, and he tells his story so lightly and pleasantly that it resembles reminiscence rather than history. His book is one not to be overlooked either by the visitor to Rome or by the student of its history. There are thirty-three good illustrations.

Sixtine Rome. By J. A. F. Orbaan, D. Ph. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; $2.50.

Plays by Brieux.

When Mr. Bernard Shaw tells us in the opening lines of his introduction that since the death of Ibsen the most important dramatist west of Russia is Brieux we feel that we already know a good deal about Brieux. And we find in these three plays just what we expect to find. We are still further illuminated when Mr. Shaw tells us that the comparative obscurity of Brieux is due to the childishness of our theatre, which is occupied with the "elementary education of the masses instead of with the higher education of the classes." It seems that the classes need to be instructed dramatically in the nature of disease, moral, mental, and physical, and as public opinion, voiced by the censor of plays in England and by the police in America, refuses to allow this education througb tbe medium of the stage Mr. Shaw presents us with these plays in volume form. Comparatively few people will read the plays, but a good many people will read Mr. Shaw, who is always good fun. The plays are not even good fun. It is not convention that makes them impossible for the stage, but rather a general disinclination to he sickened by disgusting revelations of human depravity. It is not a conventional, but an instinctive decency that would ban such plays as these and especially "Les Avariés." Mr. Shaw's diatribes are therefore amusing. but irrelevant.

Three Plays of Brieux. With preface by Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's; $1.50.

Principles of Education.

Dr. W. Franklin Jones has written one of the best of the modern books on education, and one that is well calculated to wean the teacher from the theory that his only mission is to impress a number of supposedly useful facts upon the mind of the child. His object is to state the aim of education, to work out that aim in terms of actual schoolroom experience, and to state a group of principles of education and to reveal them as they are found in practice. Education, he tells us, is the direction of the experience of an individual with the aim of making him willing and able to realize the values of life, and the values of life are ends that are good for every one and that are therefore moral as well as material.

The author leaves nothing to be desired in the practical handling of his subject. Taking up the various departments of social study one hy one, he shows how they may be made to fulfill the initial requisite of a relation to the child's own experiences. Thus the teaching of history must concern itself not so much with the array of facts as with the will to reach after the values of life that caused those facts, a will that is just as operative today as it was in ancient Greece or among the Pilgrim Fathers. Literature must be taught as a revelation of idealized life in ideal ways. Grammar may be valued as a revelation of the standard forms of language rather than as an inculcation of those forms, for correct expression comes by habit, and not by rule. A suggestive chapter is that on Motivation. The attention of the child comes from interest, and interest is aroused by utility. Teach the child nothing that is not useful and that he can not see to be useful, the test of utility being its value to the life. Anotber illuminating statement is to be found in the references to discipline, which is described as a means by which the child acquires the power to do what it ought to do. Other suggestive chapters are those that deal with the utilization of the play impulse and the value to the teacher of professional criticism.

Principles of Eoucation Applied to Practice. By W. Franklin Jones, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.10.

Keeping Up with Lizzie.

Mr. Irving Bacheller's little story may be taken almost as a national allegory. Sam Henshaw is the village grocer, who has aspirations for his daughter Lizzie. The young lady's social ambitions set the pace for the little community with the result of a general rise in the cost of living, an unprecedented crop of mortgages, and the futile jealousies and rancors that always accompany the ascent of the social ladder. Then Lizzie goes to Europe and becomes engaged to a supposed Russian aristocrat whose real status is disclosed just in time to save the dowry of $10,000 that her father has faced bankruptcy to borrow for her. So Lizzie reforms and carries the village back with her to the paths of sanity and prosperity. That the story is by Mr. Bacheller is equivalent to saying that it is full of quaint humor and of homely philosophy in its most attractive garb.

Keeping Up with Lizzie. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Range and Trail.

Edwin L. Sabin has already proved that he knows how to describe the pioneer life of the range. His "Bar B Boys" was a model of what a boy's book should be, full of the right kind of adventure that is untainted with cruelty and that inspires to endurance and courage. In his present story we have most of the characters that appeared in his earlier book and that we would not willingly lose, as well as a few more of the same calibre. There are fights with animals, Indians, and bad men, and all the other typical incidents of the virile life that Mr. Sabin knows so well how to describe. "Range and Trail" is intended primarily for boys, but it is likely to find readers even after the boys have gone to bed.

Range and Trail. By Edwin L. Sabin. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.50.

The Unknown God.

Missionary novels are apt to be a little wearisome, even when so indisputable an authority as Mr. Putnam Weale presents us with some aspects of the problem in China. In "The Unknown God" we have Baptists, Catholics, Anglicans, Mohammedans, and native religionists in a medley of love, intrigue, and piety. The story itself limps occasionally, but it is none the less a pbotograpbic picture of a religious situation that is not inspiring, and it is the picture rather than the romance that the author intended to give us. The missionaries, we are told, appear to the Chinaman as "foreign men of foreign color living in foreign houses in foreign ways and stridently determined to proclaim that Christianity necessarily meant a pseudo-European culture which conflicted with the ideals of the country." It is one of the amazing and hopeless features of modern missionary effort that a form of belief that would be instantly rejected by any intelligent church in the West is persistently offered to the "heathen" as the faith of the West.

The Unknown God. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.35.

The Price.

The hero of this unusual story is Kenneth Griswold, a humanitarian Socialist whose opinions are colored and embittered by his own failure to get a living. By way of putting his views into practice he holds up a bank president in his own office, robs him of a large sum of money, and succeeds in making his escape. It is not very clear whether he intends to devote the money to the good of humanity or to his own good, but he soon finds that its possession is a curse to himself and to every one else with whom he comes in contact. He finds, too, that as a capitalist his sociological views undergo a marked transformation, and when he becomes an employer of labor he distinguishes himself by the vigor with which he resists a strike. At length the strength of circumstances forces him to recognize the enormity of his offense, and he makes the only restitution in his power. The moral of the story is both obvious and excellent, but somehow even Griswold's virtues fail to impress us as they should, and his character leaves us cold all the way through. Some of the other figures in the story are allowed to violate the probabilities, and there is a certain lack of attention to accuracy in detail.

The Price. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.30.

The Essence of Religion.

Admirers of the late Professor Borden Parker Bowne will welcome the volume of selected addresses that were prepared and revised by himself before his death and that are now published with a preface by Mrs. Bowne. There are twelve of these addresses, covering the general range of Christian thought and interpreting that thought in a spirit of broad benevolence and toleration.

The Essence of Religion. By Borden Parker Bowne. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50.

Briefer Reviews.

"Souls of the Infinite," by S. E. Griggs, A. B., M. D. (Metropolitan Press; $1), is a mystic novel of the amateurish kind. The author frankly and courageously admits that the disfiguring illustrations are his own work.

"Chinese Playmates," by Norman H. Pitman (L. C. Page & Co.; 60 cents), is an attempt to introduce the Chinese child to his white cousin. The illustrations by the Chinese artist, Sen Fah Shang, are quaint and novel.

Duffield & Co. have published in volume form "As a Man Thinks," a play in four acts by Augustus Thomas. The play was first produced at the Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre, New York, March 13, 1911. The volume contains a frontispiece portrait of Mr. Thomas and its price is $1.25.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, have published a new edition of "Astoria," by Washington Irving. The volume appears in the Astor Library of Prose, a series that is rendered attractive not only by its high literary value, but by its excellent mechanical workmanship. Price, 60 cents.

"How to Grow Vegetables and Garden Herbs," by Allen French (Macmillan Company; $1.75), is a new edition of "The Book of Vegetables." A glance at the index fails to show any omissions, while the practical grower will be gratified by the admirable arrangement, the clear simplicity of the directions, and the value of the numerous illustrations.

"Parliament: Its History, Constitution, and Practice," by Sir Courtenay P. Ilbert, clerk of the House of Commons, has been issued in the Home University Library (Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents). The author gives a condensed history of the British Parliament and considers at some length its present constitution and rules with a glance at the dispute between Lords and Commons. Emphasis is laid on the supremacy of Parliament in all British affairs. Cases might be imagined, we are told, in which the validity of an act of Parliament could be questioned in a court of law, but such cases do not occur.

Charles Scribner's Sons have published a new edition of "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," edited by Sidney Colvin, rearranged in four volumes and with 150 new letters, besides four from Mrs. R. L. Stevenson. In this edition the two series of letters previously published ("Vailima Letters" and "Letters to His Family and Friends") are reprinted with some additions of matter and corrections of date, and the whole correspondence is arranged in a single chronological series. The introductions have also been revised and fresh matter added in the notes. The volumes are handsomely finished in stamped leather. The biographical edition of Stevenson's works to which these letters belong is complete in twenty-seven volumes: $1 per volume.

"The Uncaused Being and the Criterion of Truth," by Dr. E. Z. Derr, M. D. (Sherman, French & Co.; $1), is a profoundly philosophical work intended to prove the existence of an absolutely uncaused and infinite Being. The uncaused, says the author, can not be subjected to analysis or comprehended by that which itself has caused. Dr. Derr appends an adverse criticism of the views of Sir Oliver Lodge on the ether of space.

New Books Received.

An Irish Beauty of the Regency. By Mrs. Warrenne Blake. New York: John Lane Company; $5.

Compiled from "Mes Souvenirs"—the unpublished journals of the Hon. Mrs. Calvert, 1789-1822. With frontispiece in photogravure and thirty-two other illustrations.

Franz Liszt and His Music. By Arthur Hervey. New York: John Lane Company; $1.50.

The author endeavors to give an idea of the important place occupied hy Liszt as composer and musical thinker and of the part he has taken in furthering the development of music.

Irish Poems. By Arthur Stringer. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.

"A book of delightful poems, full of natural charm and color, and breathing the very spirit of Ireland and her people—the humor, the gayety, the strain of sadness."

Eoucation and the Mores. By F. Stuart Chapin, Ph. D. New York: Logmans, Green & Co.

Studies in history, economics. and public law. Edited by the faculty of political science of Columhia University.

The Territorial Basis of Government under the State Constitutions: Local Divisions and Rules for Legislative Apportionment. By Alfred Zantzinger Reed, Ph. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Studies in history, economics, and public law. Edited by the faculty of political science of Columhia University.

Ohio Politics During the Civil War Perioo. By George H. Porter, Ph. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Studies in history, economics. and public law. Edited hy the faculty of political science of Columhia University.

A Survey of Constitutional Development in China. By Hawkling L. Yen, Ph. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Studies in history, economics. and public law. Edited by the faculty of political science of Columhia University.

Political History of New York State During the Period of the Civil War. By Sidney David Brummer, Ph. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Studies in history, economics, and public law. Edited by the faculty of political science of Columhia University.

Glee and Chorus Book. By J. E. Ne Collins. New York: The American Book Company; 65 cents.

A collection "specially adapted to the needs of those schools for which melodious and interesting music, fresh and unhackneyed in character, is desired."

Legenos of Inoian Budohism. By Eugéoe Burnouf. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 60 cents.

Translated from "L'Introduction à l'Histoire du Buddhisme Indien." Issued in the Wisdom of the East series.

A Latin Primer. By H. C. Nutting. New York: The American Book Company; 50 cents.

A manual for teaching Latin in the upper grades of the grammar school.

The Kiltartan Wonoer Book. By Lady Gregory. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.

A collection of Irish fairy stories, with illustrations by Margaret Gregory.

The Downfall of the Goos. By Sir Hugh Clifford, K. C. M. G. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.

A novel by the author of "Studies in Brown Humanity."

The Manager of the B. & A. By Vaughan Kester. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.20.

The new novel by the author of "The Prodigal Judge."

Nobody's. By Virginia Demarest. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.20.

"A warm-hearted girl in a fight to overcome a shadow cast on her birth. Charming Southern atmosphere."

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Montague Glass went to Europe this summer to write his new book of Potash & Perlmutter stories, "Abe and Mawruss." The volume will be published soon by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Professor Albert Bernhardt Faust, the head of the German department at Cornell University, has just been awarded the Loubat prize, which is given every five years by the Royal Prussian Academy of Science in Berlin. The prize consists of 3000 marks, or about $750, and was awarded to Professor Faust for his scholarly work entitled "The German Element in the United States," published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, for which the author had already won a prize of several thousand dollars. The Loubat prize was endowed by Joseph F. Loubat, of New York City, in 1889. It is awarded every five years alternately for a work on American archæology and American history, so that a book on either subject is in competition with all books written on the subject during the preceding ten years. The last award to a work on the subject of American history was made ten years ago to James Ford Rhodes for his "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850." A German edition of Professor Faust's book is about to be issued by a prominent Leipzig publisher.

A. C. McClurg & Co. announce the publication of an important book by Frank Yeigh, called "Through the Heart of Canada," which gives a great deal of information of interest to Americans and Canadians alike. Mr. Yeigh writes entertainingly, and his book is comprehensive and well illustrated.

Max Pemberton was born forty-one years ago at Edgbaston—then a suburb, but now a district of Birmingham—and was brought to London at the age of ten by his parents, who cherished the idea that he was destined to adorn the clerical profession. He finally decided that writing, not preaching, was his true vocation. No sooner had he come down from Cambridge than, in the old phrase, he "commenced author" in London. In 1891 he published his first novel, under the title "The Diary of a Scoundrel," the reception of which gave him ample encouragement to aspire to a recognized position as a novelist. Mr. Pemberton has now upwards of a score of novels to his credit.

Early this month Henry Holt & Co. will issue a "Historical Atlas," by Professor William R. Shepherd of Columbia University. It will contain nearly 300 maps in color, ranging in time from Mycenean Greece to the Europe and the United States of the present day, and will have a number of unusual features, including two quadruple page maps.

The Century Company will publish in book form in the fall, revised and considerably enlarged, Dr. Arthur C. McGiffert's life of Martin Luther, which has been an important serial feature of the *Century Magazine* during 1911. The author draws freely upon intimate personal letters of Luther's, aiming to portray the man Luther rather than the theologian; and the book's title will be "Martin Luther: The Man and His Work."

George Moore has moved from Dublin to London. There is a story connected with this departure of the famous novelist. Moore, of course, is an Irishman. He lived in England and France for a number of years, but at the outbreak of the South African War he was so absolutely opposed to the conflict that he renounced England and moved back to Ireland. After seven years he has returned to England. As a result of this mental state he is writing something in the nature of an autobiography which will appear at different times, in two or three volumes. This series will be called "Hail and Farewell." The first volume deals with the life in Ireland, of people he has met there and on the Continent, and his attitude towards England during the past seven years. D. Appleton & Co. will issue this work during the coming fall.

The fifty-ninth edition of Anthony Hope's "The Prisoner of Zenda" has just been issued by Henry Holt & Co.

Nobody forgets that Kipling was born in India (says *Harper's Weekly*). He lived there long enough to impress the fact on the minds of all his readers. But it is less noticed that Thackeray was born there too. It is as though these two greatly gifted British men started life in a hotbed. Thackeray was very early transplanted, and never went back to India, and of course never knew that country except by hearsay, and never put it into his books except through its representatives in England.

Molly Elliot Seawell, author of "The Ladies' Battle," "The Marriage of Theodora," etc., has a unique record among writers as a prize-winner. She has entered three big competitions, and in each case has won a prize. The remarkable part of it is that in every case she was the only woman who won anything, although thousands of women competed. The first was in a contest instituted by the *Youth's Companion*, in 1890, for the best juvenile short story. This was the beginning of Miss Seawell's literary career. She offered her story, "Little Jarvis," which was awarded the first prize in merit. Again, in 1895, when she was beginning to be known in literature, she entered into a competition for a prize of three thousand dollars offered by the New York *Herald*. Miss Seawell won the first prize with her story, "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac." The other winners were all men. In the autumn of 1908, in response to an invitation extended by the New York *Herald* to forty selected writers to compete for a prize, Miss Seawell entered and won a prize of one thousand dollars with a short story, "John Mainwaring, Financier." Once more Miss Seawell was the only woman to receive recognition.

Robert Hichens's new long novel, "The Fruitful Vine," will be published by Stokes in September, while Mr. Hichens is in New York for the first stage production of "The Garden of Allah." "The Fruitful Vine" is a novel of modern Rome.

"Millet's nudes are among the very best things he ever made, and what has become of them is one of the mysteries of art commerce, for very rarely is one seen in public sales," writes Charles Jacque, himself a painter and etcher of repute, in his "Recollections of Millet" in the August *Century Magazine*. "I say they are among the best, because to make a good nude is the very greatest thing in art."

Ford Maddox Hueffer tells in "Memories and Impressions" a story of Rossetti and his china collecting. A certain potter had acquired a valuable set of Chinese tea things of which he had duplicates made in his pottery. Then he got an agent to sell the imitations to Rossetti for a large sum. "Coming to tea the next day," relates Mr. Hueffer, "he remarked to Rossetti: 'Hello, Gabriel, where did you get those clumsy imitations?' And eventually he sold the originals to Rossetti for a figure considerably over that at which Rossetti had bought the forgeries. At each visit thereafter he brought one of the forged cups in his pocket, and while Rossetti's back was turned substituted the forgery for one of the genuine cups. At the end of the series of visits therefore Rossetti once more possessed the copies and the potter the genuine set, which he sold, I believe, to M. Tissot."

The popular novelists, Agnes and Egerton Castle, belong to a literary family. Their daughter, Miss Egerton Castle, lately made a début as an author, and now her cousin, Miss Blundel, is bringing out a novel. Miss Blundell is a daughter of Mrs. Egerton Castle's sister, who also is a novelist, writing under the name of "M. E. Francis."

When Anthony Hope was last in America he delivered a course of lectures under the auspices of the late Major Pond. The two ordered an elaborate breakfast one morning on the train going from Boston to Hartford. The cook was so slow in preparing the broiled chickens that they reached Willimantic, where they had to change cars, just as the tray was brought in. Ravenously hungry, Hope would have made off with a drumstick at least, but Major Pond prevented him. A drummer bought the distinguished author's chickens, and polished the wishbone to keep as a souvenir.

An Englishman who writes vigorous novels of the swashbuckling type is a clergyman, Rev. J. J. Teague, who was recently elected vicar of a London church, where his salary will be $4000 a year. It is a most fortunate appointment, for the congregation has practically disappeared in that section of London, and he will have little to distract him from his literary labors. His pen name is "Morice Gerard."

Brian Hooker has recently proved himself a versatile young man by writing the libretto of "Mona," the opera by Horatio W. Parker which won the Metropolitan Opera House prize, and by publishing in collaboration with his Yale classmate, Wells Hastings, a mystery story of modern days and ways, "The Professor's Mystery."

Most persons associate Ayr with only one name in literature—that of the Scottish national poet (says the *Westminster Gazette*). At the present time it may be of interest to recall the fact that the town has associations with Thackeray and his family. While many of the admirers of the novelist are aware that his stepfather was a prototype of one of the most lovable characters in fiction, there are few who know that the original of Colonel Newcome died in Ayr, and that he was laid to rest there by Thackeray. A brass tablet on the south wall of the choir in the Church of the Holy Trinity in Ayr bears the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Major Henry William Carmichael Smyth of the Bengal Engineers, who departed this life at Ayr, 9th September, 1861, aged 81 years. Adsum—And lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.—'Newcomes,' vol. iii, ch. 26." On the rebuilding of the church his grave was brought within the walls. He was laid to rest immediately beneath this place by his stepson, William Makepeace Thackeray. This memorial was put up in 1887 by some members of the family.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Road from Town.

I want your feet to tread me
And beat my white dust down;
I lie here waiting—waiting;
I am the Road from Town.

I am the King of Country,
With buoyant birds and flowers,
And hay sweet fields and thistledown
And lazy, languid hours;
With golden dawns that lure you
And lead your questing feet
Into the crimson sunset,
Serene, secure, complete.

Come tread me, taskmen, tread me,
And beat my white dust down;
Come see the whole world mating
Beside the Road from Town.

You patter on your pavements
Of bruising cobble stone,
Amid your crowding millions,
Forevermore alone.
My hills are green and fertile
And empty as your hand;
Here are no peopled mountains;
Here is no ruined land.

Come, tread me, oh, come tread me!
Come beat my worm dust down!
Come laugh, forget and tramp again
The Road from Care and Town!

—*Ruth Kauffman, in Smart Set.*

The Wanderer to His Heart's Desire.

There you—here I;
Not all the sweetness of your face,
Nor joy of your fair company,
Can bring us to one place.

I think of you—
A picture framed in sombre trees,
Eyes where a gleam of sky breaks through,
Gray days on summer seas.

The Western Wind,
That runs the prairies like a flame,
Bears in his fragrant garments twined
A whisper of your name.

In some far land,
When I desire your comradeship
And the cool frankness of your hand,
The sweetness of your lip,

Then do you send
A blown kiss in the wind's long hair;
And though I sleep at the world's end
Yet will it find me there.

—*John S. Reed, in American Magazine.*

Thoughts of Death.

Raise me no tomb of marble white,
Beneath whose weight my breast would moan,
Nor chiseled epitaph indite
Upon the pallor of the stone.
The organ's pomp, the stately tread
Of dark steeds with the funeral wain,
With naught of mourning for the dead
In hearts whose hunger I have fed,
Are empty tokens and in vain.
One hand to miss the clasp of old,
One child's heartache for play-days past,
One woman's lips that now are cold
To move about my grave and say
"He loved me, and is passed away,"
Will build a monument to last
When pillared tombs are green with mold.

What fear we in the restful grave
Whose lives are full of restless toil?
Death's hands o'erflow with what we crave
In his dark temple 'neath the soil.
He binds the poppy's velvet leaves
In bright-hued scarves on sleepy eyes;
And languid limbs that can not rise—
So tired are they from life's turmoil—
Into his mysteries he receives.
And faltering feet run swifter while
He draws us to him with His smile.

—*Wolter Perry Doig, in Harper's Weekly.*

Sic Transit.

Not for some guerdon of a farther star,
Another life, a greater love, I scan
Each day the flower-dight page the summer world
Opens before me; nor with thought far hurled
Out through the glittering gulf seek I a plan
Threading the graduate worlds to make me or to mar.

Nay, rather all this beauty lives for me
In that it doubly dies—to look with tears
Upon the budding rose, to hear with pain
All through the rapt bird's utmost ecstasy:
"This rose, this bird, none of the following years
Shall know, nor thee, nor thy delight in them, again."

—*Charles T. Rogers, in Century Magazine.*

Sidney Lee in his Leslie Stephen lecture at Cambridge University dealt with the writing of biography (says the New York *Evening Post*). His own methods, as exemplified in the monumental "Dictionary of National Biography," he described as Spartan. Plutarch he takes to be the great example. Boswell he is bound to accept, but he evidently feels acutely the danger of Boswellianism, especially in these days of unprecedented publicity. The domestic Boswell, he hints, is likely to be sloppy and disingenuous, while with the candid Boswell scurrility is paraded as candor and truth is sacrificed. He evidently thinks that something of the Spartan method of his National Biography might be adopted with advantage by many would-be Boswells. One stamp of modern biography he consigns off-hand to limbo, the blend of history and biography which we get under the title of The Life and Times of such an one. He says these are neither right history nor right biography, and deserve a place in the Inferno of literary abortions.

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VAUDEVILLE'S COSTLY ARRAY.

There are forty-two people in the hill at the Orpheum this week, without counting the orchestra, and in addition a wonderful simian jockey and his horse. That might not mean so much, perhaps, if the fact that every number is a costly one were not stated. Three of the acts are furnished with elahorate stage settings that must require a hig force of skilled though unseen workers to put them in place quickly. Orpheum quality of vaudeville is a hig thing in the amusement world, and its interests and steady development receive only a small part of the notice they really deserve. A manager who produces a musical comedy with a cast of equal numher —though of lower-salaried actors and singers —and with scenic effects on hut little larger scale, is credited with an expenditure running well ahove the $20,000 mark. His enterprise may make him famous and wealthy. And every week the Orpheum shows such a production, made up of nine or ten distinct high-toned features, just as a matter of course. Variety is only one of the attractive ideas in modern vaudeville.

Even W. H. Thompson's ahility can not make Leo Dietrichstein's sketch, "The Wise Rahbi," a strong dramatic feature, though there are reasons why it should have first place in a review of this week's programme. Some delightful portraits have been added to the dramatic gallery in past years hy Mr. Thompson, and his picture of the venerable Jew, suffering with his people under Russian oppression, is a fine example, hut the plan of the little play cramps the show of his power. He has won at great cost the opportunity to have a word with the official whose favor or disfavor is decisive in the political crisis, and finds that his request is granted literally—that he will he allowed to speak hut one word. Necessarily, he resorts to pantomime, and this, however much inspired, is lacking in effectiveness. It also requires the distortion of the Russian official's character. In the official's speech must he put the description of the crisis and his own power, and this gives an air of hoastfulness that comes dangerously near destroying the gravity of the situation. To his conceited presentation of the forces arrayed in the council chamher the rahhi can answer only in dumb show until the end, and the one word spoken then, important as it is, can not restore the balance that has been lost during the scene. The preceding incidents are not unskillfully arranged. There is a hit of romance, and some clever fencing by the rahhi when he has to meet and answer the prejudices of the ignorant Russian gardener. It seems a strange error of dramatic construction to silence the dominating figure of the piece in his few moments of greatest need. Mr. Thompson does all that can he done with the situation, hut he can not move his audience with the word that seemingly overpowers the defense of his antagonist.

Gay life in Paris is seldom as alluring on the stage as in the novels, but amhitious efforts to make it so continue. The scenes offered in "The Darling of Paris" are above rather than helow the general average. This is said from partial knowledge, however. Monday night Mlle. Minar was ill and could not dance, hut went hravely through the other activities of the piece. The production is a "playette without words," and most of the sixteen people in the cast are ahle pantomimists. Mlle. Minar is easily the star of the company. The duel scene is a good feature, Signor Palange and M. Jules La Barbe heing experts with the rapier. Not so much can he said for the French quadrille, though the feminine participants are pulchritudinous and statuesque. Comedy is supplied hy the inevitahle twin hrothers of Parisian musical comedy. In the reception-hall-room setting the lighting effects are managed with notable regard for artistic values. No detail has been neglected in the production. There is something doing all the time, and the impression made is sufficiently pleasing.

Music and mirth are always attempted in a vaudeville hill, hut that third alliterative feature, mystery, is not so surely present. This week it is offered, and in a very attractive guise. Leipzig, the conjuror, furnishes it, and without the aid of hlack velvet curtains and collapsihle cahinets. What he can not do with a pass of his deft digits, this way and that way, is entirely superfluous in a sleight-of-hand exhihition. You watch his outstretched taper fore-finger, *au naturel*, as we say to the waiter, and can harely catch a sudden tremor or twinkle of its extremity, when, lo, it is clad with a ruby thimble. It comes out of the nowhere into the here as swiftly and unexpected as a stray twinge of rheumatism. But he gets rid of it just as swiftly, and that spoils the rheumatic illustration. It (the ruby thimhle) flashes hy the wireless route from right to left fore-finger, over and over, with scarcely a perceptible motion of his hands, and then it hecomes twins, and with the same celerity multiplies itself till every finger-tip is covered. But that is trivial, Leipzig says, and he discards the whole lot of perfectly good thimhles into a drinking-glass on the table, where they remain as conclusive evidence of spontaneous generation. Then he does card tricks, which is natural. A large minority of playgoers as well as magicians can do card tricks, with and without the ivory buttons that change hands in stacks. Leipzig does different tricks, of course, but the foundation principles are the same. It isn't what you see, hut what you think you see that makes this diversion attractive. Seemingly there could he no surer way to fortune than to possess Leipzig's dexterity with cards and devote one's waking hours to casino and crihhage and that sort of thing. Unless the conjuror's nature imperatively demands the applause of a large audience, there is no explanation of his willing appearance on the stage. He is a handsome young man, and a most charming conversationalist, hut with his talent he is actually wasting his time. There is one possihle suggestion—he has won money heyond the dreams of avarice, and now seeks simple amusement. If he is appearing gratuitously, just for fun, that is, Press-Agent Dillon is missing a chance for a thrilling paragraph.

The last time Dan Burke was here he inflicted a long recitation about actors of the palmy days on his audiences. He has a new recitation, now; something about the clock that goes on tick, ticking, hut it is not at all exciting. Mr. Burke can dance, and with all the grace known to those soft-shoe artists of hygone years, and he is liked hest in that restless occupation. With him this time are seven or more—attention to mathematical details is not necessary during this act—seven at least, of the most admirahly fitted for dancing young women that the Orpheum stage has seen during the summer months. It might not be noticed, completely, so to speak, while they are actually dancing and facing the audience; hut just as soon as they recline, up stage, heads pointing to the footlights, and play with their feet the bells on the fence at the rear, hells high up on the fence, this symmetrical presentation before mentioned will he seen hy even the most casual observer.

A black-face act of some merit is given hy Fay, two Coleys, and Fay, with the usual minstrel variations. Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich sing in duets and singly, neatly, and with more or less popular appeal. "The Dandies" are a party of five, of whom Henry J. Corner is the main support. His songs are especially notable for his good enunciation. M. Nederveld's simian jockey is an accomplished harehack somersault performer, and it rides the hicycle almost as well.

George L. Shoals.

The London Theatrical Season.

Unprofitable on the whole has been the theatrical season just closed in London. Excluding musical comedies, about thirty new plays have been produced since the heginning of the year. Only four of these survived to the middle of July, and not more than half a dozen managed a run of three months.

Pinero's "Preserving Mr. Panmure" ran for three months, but it was far from heing such a success as the reputation of the author might justify one in looking for. Besier's "Lady Patricia," which hrought Mrs. Patrick Camphell hack to the London stage, also ran three months. A. E. W. Mason's "The Witness for the Defense" and "The Popinjay," by Lawrence and Mouillot, each ran for nearly five months.

"Baby Mine," produced on February 22, is likely to have the hest run of any of the 1911 productions. "Passers By," with Gerald DuMaurier, produced on March 27; "A Butterfly on the Wheel," produced by Frohman on April 18; "Kismet," Oscar Asche's Eastern play, produced on April 19, and Bernard Shaw's "Fanny's First Play" all ran well.

"Kismet" turned out to he the coronation piece and has been visited more often hy royalty than any other piece. Shaw's play was performed for the one hundredth consecutive time July 14, a great achievement for Shaw in London.

The failures were many and whole-hearted. "Half a Crown," at the Royalty, scored the shortest run of the season, ten days. "One of the Dukes" and Lawrence Irving's "Margaret Catchpole" held out two weeks. "The Crucihle," "Playing with Fire," and "Above Suspicion," the Haymarket's prehistoric Sardou play, ran three weeks each. Other plays ran for four, five, and six weeks, and "A Fool There Was" managed to hang on for two months.

Nat Goodwin is playing an engagement as star of the Auditorium Stock Company in Los Angeles, with his long-time success, "An American Citizen."

New Operas for the Metropolitan.

Plans for next season at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York are practically complete. The three principal novelties will he Professor Parker's "Mona," Giordano's "Mme. Sans-Gêne," and Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose."

The revival of "The Magic Flute" will not be attempted this year hecause Frieda Hempel, who would sing the queen of the night, has again postponed her visit. The rôle is in Mme. Tetrazzini's repertory, hut the revival will he reserved for the coming of Frieda Hempel.

Neither will "Rienzi" be revived this year, but Wagner's "Die Fliegende Hollander" will be sung, with Herman Weill and Emmy Destinn in the chief parts. Two other possihle revivals of the season, "William Tell" and "Les Huguenots," have practically heen ahandoned.

Professor Parker's "Mona" is the opera which won the $10,000 prize in the Metropolitan opera contest. It will be given at the Metropolitan for the first time on any stage. It is likely that the title part will he assigned to Mme. Fremstad.

Giordano's setting of Sardou's "Mme. Sans-Gêne" is also to see the light here for the first time, and in the composer's presence. In the cast will be Miss Geraldine Farrar, who, of course, will enact the part of the washerwoman-duchess, and Enrico Caruso, who seems to be destined to play Napoleon.

"Le Donne Curiose" has heen given in Munich and other cities, hut it is a virtual novelty. Wolf-Ferrari is known here through his choral work, "La Vita Nuova," and through his one-act opera, "Suzanne's Secret." "Le Donne Curiose" is composed to a text arranged from one of Goldoni's comedies. Miss Destinn, Miss Mauhourg, and Mr. Scotti will he in the cast. The composer will he present.

Another possihility for the season is "Versiegelt," a one-act opera by Leo Blech, one of the conductors of the Royal Opera at Berlin.

The Pavlowa and Mordkin Troubles.

Anna Pavlowa and Mikail Mordkin have hecome reconciled. There is a fast and, so the management says, lasting peace in the camp of the Russian artists, and the ballet organization, which has heen threatened with disruption, has heen preserved and will sail for America August 8.

This ends a feud hetween the two artists which has lasted for many months. It began in America, while the company was on tour, but was carefully hushed up and did not hreak out so that the puhlic took notice until the beginning of the London season.

It is surmised the reconciliation was effected hecause Pavlowa saw her supremacy as ballerina was in jeopardy. Mordkin's manager, Max Rabinoff, to protect the organization in case Mlle. Pavlowa should leave it, engaged Tamar Karsavina, who was the star of the "Saison Russe" at the Châtelet Théâtre in Paris; Mathilde Kseschinska, solo dancer to the Czar, and Siedowa and Geltzer, all of whom hear reputations in Europe almost as great as that of Pavlowa. Consequently, it is said, Pavlowa saw she was in danger of heing left out in the cold, and decided to make up.

The artist whom Pavlowa hlames for the whole quarrel is Mlle. Brenislaw Pajitskaia, wife of Mikail Mordkin. It is said she was very much piqued at having continuously to play second fiddle to Pavlowa, particularly as the latter owes not a little of her success to Mordkin, as ballet master and stage manager. Pavlowa was very patient for a long time and put up with a great deal from Mme. Mordkin, according to her friends. Finally, however, she turned and vented her spite not only on Mme. Mordkin, but upon Mordkin himself.

The management was ahle to suppress the trouble while the organization was on tour in America. Meanwhile Mme. Mordkin, realizing she had gone too far, was willing to he reconciled, hut Pavlowa was too angry and would not hand out the palm leaf. In London the feud broke out into an open quarrel. On one occasion Pavlowa gave evidence against Mordkin in a lawsuit which cost him hundreds of dollars.

It looked for a time as though the Russian ballet was completely disorganized.

Hamlin Garland, who has become secretary to the board of directors of the Chicago Theatre Society, announces that the first season's plays given under the auspices of this society will he "joyous" in character. "It is the intention of the society," said Mr. Garland, "to give Chicago ten weeks of truly modern drama. Special attention will he given to the best English and American drama. It is the hope of the society that the people of Chicago may he brought to an appreciation of the real drama and turn aside from the frivolous so-called musical comedy." Mr. Garland's sympathy with the stage and stage people is attested hy his novel, "The Light of the Star."

Philadelphia is to have a new four-million-dollar convention hall, to cover, with its gardens, fourteen acres.

A Merry "Romeo and Juliet."

The original tired husiness man was King Frederick William IV, King of Prussia, who did not propose to have his domains made doleful hy unpleasantness (ohserves the Chicago *Tribune*). He wanted fat, rollicking, happy suhjects, except when it was his pleasure to make them miserable. This was a royal prerogative, and not to he surrendered to every Tom, Dick, and Harry who might write plays or books or talk of political scandal.

They did as he said at the Royal Theatre. The ends of all the tragedies were rewritten. Juliet's dagger inflicted only a slight flesh wound, which Friar Laurance deftly bandaged. Romeo opened his eyes and swore at the apothecary for a confounded cheat who had adulterated his poison. The parents entered, remarking that things had gone far enough; they had had their lesson and were thankful it was no worse, only Juliet must he married over again as soon as the dressmakers could get her ready. "For," said the king, "Romeo and Juliet were nice young people, and it was an outrage to treat them so, and whilst I have any authority in Prussia they are going to have each other and he happy."

There is much these days to give a comfortahle creature pain, hut, except for the lord chamberlain in England, there is no kindly autocrat to hring our Romeos back to life to curse the apothecary and wed the Juliets.

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THE BIG STATE FAIR
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The programme and arrangements now completed settle it that the State Fair this year will be the biggest and best ever held in California. Besides the largest industrial and live-stock exhibits, the biggest purses and best races, the programme includes:
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VANITY FAIR.

We have all heard of Mrs. Edith Gambier. The sensational newspapers of New York have seen to that. But for the benefit of ignorance it may be said that Mrs. Gambier wishes to be divorced from her husband or he wishes to be divorced from her, and as they are wealthy people their troubles are naturally a matter of national concern and there is no privacy of their lives that is not displayed from the housetop with all the other laundry. Mrs. Gambier's dissatisfaction with her lawful spouse is partly due to the fact that he refrained from kissing her during the otherwise blissful weeks that followed the wedding. It may have been a mere oversight, but the fact remains. Mr. Gambier may have been a veritable cauldron of seething amatory passions, but he omitted to show them in this precise way. Perhaps he was inexperienced, perhaps he was shy, or nervous, or terrified. No one but his Maker can enter into the psychology of Mr. Gambier, who thus neglected his opportunities and amply deserved to lose the trade.

There are some features in connection with this case that are calculated to bring a blush to the damask cheek of a cottontail rabbit. Heaven forbid that we should dwell upon incidents suitable only for young people and all too likely to endanger the morals of their elders. It shall never be said that this journal has given added publicity to details that should be confined to the high school sorority or to the medical journal. In any case they are irrelevant. The only point at issue is the extent to which a man ought to kiss his wife, and the steepness of the descending osculatory scale that bridges the wedding day and those periods that stretch away into the desert of experience that follows the honeymoon, when the only kiss of the day has been described as an oatmeal kiss.

Several ladies of New York have been asked to give their opinions on this weighty matter. It belongs to the news of the day, and but for its opportune appearance the newspapers might have been actually forced to print something about Congress, or the Reciprocity bill, or the chances of a European war, and where should we have been then? There is evidently such a thing as a newspaper providence, and it provided the unkissed Mrs. Gambier in the nick of time.

Most of the ladies seem to think that a wife should be kissed early and often. It is an old-fashioned view and we feel it to be unworthy of the progressive spirit of the day. Mme. Nordica thinks that husbands and wives do not kiss half enough. Usually there are only four. There is the good-morning kiss and the before-going-to-work kiss, but these are often bracketed as the oatmeal kiss after breakfast. That makes only three. Then there is the after-work kiss and the good-night kiss, but these, too, are often a merger and a combination in restraint of trade, and that leaves two. And even these, says Mme. Nordica, are only "pecks," and not real kisses in the true scientific sense of the word. What a pleasure it is to talk with a woman who really understands these things.

But now comes Mrs. Sophia M. Loebinger, who is editor of the *American Suffragette*, and we feel at once that we are lifted to a higher plane. We smooth the wrinkles of risibility from our faces and prepare for a draught of wisdom unadorned. We remember that Mrs. Loebinger once slapped the face of a young man who "said something" at one of her meetings and told him to go away and to say that he had been slapped by a woman and had to take it, which was inconsistent of her, to say the least of it. There was a time when a kiss was a fair return for a slap, but the young man was either unambitious or untempted.

Now Mrs. Loebinger is cautious. She says that husbands and wives should kiss each other very seldom "as the term kiss is generally understood." Generally understood? Is there some new or occult way to kiss? We thought we knew all about kissing, theoretically of course, but Mrs. Loebinger opens vistas of speculation. It is like saying that Mrs. Jones has black hair as the term black is generally understood. Why, Mrs. Loebinger, a kiss is a kiss, and long may it wave. Surely every one knows that.

A kiss on the mouth, says Mrs. Loebinger, should not be allowed, presumably by the police, but no one wants to kiss the police. Far be it from such. Fancy kissing a policeman. Or is it the kissee, the wife, who should not allow it? Why, bless your hygienic, deodorized, quarantined, isolated, and disinfected heart, that is exactly where they like to be kissed and where we like to kiss them. It is only in novels that they kiss the tip of her pearly ear, and nine times out of ten that is only because she turned her head in response to an insincere bashfulness or an inaccurate calculation. There are no such errors in real life, and there never will be. There is the close, but kissless, embrace, says Mrs. Loebinger, that will do just as well. Will it? We have our doubts. Not that we would say anything against the close embrace. We believe it to have merits, but it is a means, not an end, a preliminary, not a conclusion, a preface, not a postscript. But the perfection of all salutes, says Mrs. Loebinger, is the kiss on the hand, and as for the wife "she may kiss her husband's forehead." Thanks awfully.

Talking of kisses, Mr. C. H. Workman tells a story of the late W. S. Gilbert. He says:

"As Jack Point in 'The Yeomen of the Guard' there is one scene in which, standing between Elsie Maynard and Phœbe, I used to kiss the cheek of first one and then the other quickly and repeatedly, and Sir William thought there was too much kissing for a Savoy audience.

"'You would cut the kissing, then?' I said.

"'I would not,' he returned drolly, 'but I must ask you to.'"

They have a new one-act play in London which is intended as a glorification of the woman who smokes. It is called "Il Segreto di Susanna" and it tells the story of a young bride whose husband objects to tobacco—poor, miserable, slinking, misguided wretch. One day he smells tobacco in his wife's hair and he naturally thinks wildly of a rival, which is, of course, a thing to be suspected by the kind of man who objects to tobacco. Then comes trouble, accusations, innuendoes, broken furniture, kicked cats, and all the other things that are used on the stage to mark uneasiness. Finally the husband flies from the room in a rage and slams the door. They always slam the door. He comes back in a few minutes, having forgotten something, hymn-book probably, and finds his wife with a cigarette. Contrition and apologies are in order, and to seal the compact of reconciliation the husband also takes a cigarette and smokes forever after. It is quite a touching scene and is watched in breathless silence, broken only by the occasional scratch of a match.

Professor Flinders Petrie seems to think that there has been a good deal of human nature about even in those early ages that interest him so much. He has been finding a number of portraits of Egyptian women, and he believes that they range in date from about 50 A. D. He reaches this conclusion because the women dressed their hair in the fashion then favored by the Roman empresses, although be allows some fifty years for the fashions of Rome to reach Egypt. We can do better than that nowadays. Fancy waiting fifty years for a Paris fashion. We get them now in about ten minutes, and they are gone again in another ten.

The professor can almost tell what sort of women these were by looking at their pictures. There is one that bears the name of Hermione Grammatike. Obviously she was a teacher of grammar, and she looks it. We know her well, this long dead and yet still living Hermione who taught grammar and still teaches it. Her mummy, with the attached portrait, has "the delicate features, the narrow jaw, the wavy black hair laid smooth and a noticeable absence of jewelry."

And close at hand is another. They are united in death, but not in life. We are not told her name, but it may have been Phryne. It is the mummy of "a young woman in a red robe, loaded with gold chains, five necklaces, and pearl earrings. Her cast of features is quite consistent with her superfluity of adornment." There they lie, side by side. They have been dead for two thousand years, and in two thousand years more they will be still alive, and still side by side. *O tempora! O mores!*

A dispatch from Boston says that "women's feet are growing larger." Now that is a brutal way to put it, and unworthy of Boston. Let Boston speak for herself.

But the verdict comes from the convention of the boot and shoe dealers that happens to be meeting at Boston, but we may say at once to the convention that if it is going to talk in this subversive, seditious, and revolutionary way it will be necessary to do something. Free speech is all very well as an abstract proposition, but liberty is not license, and men have been slapped, and slapped hard, too, for saying less than this. Let the boot and shoe convention beware.

The No. 2 size in women's shoes has practically disappeared, says one of the dealers. Has it indeed? On the contrary, it is safe to say that a woman can go into any shop in the United States and be supplied with an assortment of No. 2's of every known style and of every known dimension, from those that would fit a baby to those that would grace the feet of a policeman or a grenadier guard. The shops are full of No. 2's, and no woman who asks for them is ever sent empty away. The idea.

The New York *Sun* reports a meeting of the American Society in London held in celebration of Independence Day. Most of the guests were Englishmen, and the usual references were made to the happy state of affairs that made it natural for Englishmen to enjoy American hospitality upon such an occasion.

Among the stories told was that of an American, Chester C. Mercury, who arrived at Lokoja on the Niger and went at once to the wharf to take passage down the river to Forcados, where he could board an ocean-going steamer. He thought himself lucky when he found a fine boat moored alongside and went aboard at once. His boys brought his baggage and the traveler had it placed in the best stateroom he could find.

Returning to the saloon he found a white man sitting comfortably in a chair and invited him to have a drink. The hospitality was readily accepted, and before long the boat started on its three weeks' trip down the Niger to Forcados. Until they reached their destination Mr. Mercury and his solitary fellow-passenger exchanged hospitalities, and nothing the boat could supply was too good for Mr. Mercury to order for himself and his new friend.

At the end of three weeks they reached Forcados and Mr. Mercury, in a hurry to get to a steamer, asked for his bill. His fellow-passenger, Mr. Watts, then assured him that he had no bill to meet, that he had been Mr. Watts's welcome guest on Mr. Watts's private yacht for the past three weeks.

Commenting on Mr. Rutland Barrington's story of the barber whose only comment on one of his impersonations was to the effect that his hair was rather long, the *Westminster Gazette* recalls a tale which used to be told in relation to the late Dr. Joachim and another member of the fraternity. This knight of the scissors was also struck by the undue length of his victim's locks and suggested a reduction accordingly, adding confidentially, in support of his recommendation, "Makes you look like one of them fiddler chaps, sir." Joachim's answer is not recorded.

Yet another barber story in relation to Joachim tells of the astonishment aroused among the practitioners at one establishment who knew not that they were entertaining angels unawares, when Joachim and two or three comrades of the bow all happened to be having their wants attended to simultaneously. As each indicated in turn a tender spot beneath the chin for which special consideration was besought, the only possible conclusion which suggested itself to one and all was that these must be members of some secret society and that this curious behavior must be part of their ritual.

Queens at their best are but women. Said Mary of Modena once in her days of exile: "It took all the jewels that all the goldsmiths could procure to decorate my crown." She was "powdered" with gems, which Fountainhall says "made her shine like an angel." And Queen Caroline, too, the wife of George II, used to allude to Lord Hervey's rather personal remark that her crowning dress "was as fine as the accumulated riches of the city and suburbs could make it, for, besides her own jewels, she had on her head and shoulders all the pearls she could borrow of the ladies of quality at one end of the town, and on her petticoat all the diamonds she could hire of the Jews and jewelers at the other."

Organ building has been completely revolutionized within the last ten years, and the orchestral organ of today is fast pushing its way to the front as a concert instrument in public halls. The remarkable success attending such concerts at a popular-priced admission as tried in the Pittsburg Carnegie Institute, the Atlanta City Hall, and the Ocean Grove (New Jersey) Auditorium, gives but the slightest hint of the work the modern concert organ is destined to accomplish in the near future, in cities where the maintenance of a symphony orchestra would be an impossibility.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Hop Sing is a Chinese laundryman with a cheerful, though somewhat unusual philosophy. After hewailing the hard times and lack of business he added, smilingly: "Bimeby evrybody he lich, velly lich, himeby." "How's that?" "Alla poor people got no money; no can eat. Then alla poor people die."

He approached the clerk in a pawnshop and, looking all about him, inquired: "Keep telescopes here?" "Yes, sir," replied the clerk, "want to see some?" The man nodded and the salesman soon returned with a spyglass. "Here's the best one we have in the place." The stranger looked at the glass in disgust a moment and then he hlurted: "That's a fine thing to put clothes in, isn't it? Do you take me for a hurlesque actress?"

An actor once played in a small German principality for a fortnight. The grand duke, to his disappointment, failed to decorate him. He mentioned this oversight at a court dinner to a chamherlain, and the next day he was sent for. "My friend," said the grand duke, handing the actor a hox, "here is something to rememher me hy." The overjoyed actor departed, hut his cah had hardly gone ten yards when, ordering it to return again, the actor was once more ushered into the grand duke's presence. "Oh, sir," he said, "I had to drive hack. There are two crosses in the hox." "Oh, no matter," said the grand duke, "give the other to the cahman."

Representative Brownlow of the First Tennessee District was a man who knew how to get things for his district, and was especially successful in procuring offices for his constituents. He had a colleague, Henry Gihson, who was unahle to get anything to speak of. Brownlow was hig and good-natured. Gibson was small and somewhat irascihle. "Brownlow," said the little man one day, "I should like to know how it is that you get so many places for people in your district. I can't get anything for my district." "Gihson," and the hig fellow looked down on the smaller man with mock seriousness, "if there was anybody in your district that could pass a civil service examination, you wouldn't he in Congress."

Will R. McDonald, of Washington, rented a farm a few miles outside of the city to escape the din and noise of town, hut he soon tired of the trouhle of looking after the place. "I'm going to hire a manager to look after this farm," he told his family at hreakfast one morning. "Then I won't have any more trouhle. He can occupy a room on the top floor, and we will all have a quiet, easy time." MacDonald leaned hack and smiled serenely in anticipation of the coming rest and peace. That night as the new manager passed through the hall on his way upstairs MacDonald stepped out and asked him if he cared to have the afternoon paper. "No, thank you," replied the fount of rest and quiet. "I have a flute on which I always practice two hours hefore going to hed?"

At the cluh lunch the Man-who-had-just-come-hack was telling of his experiences. At one of our possessions in China a lady had exhausted the European community with her missionary efforts, and purse strings were tightly drawn. Struck with the splendor of a sudden thought she went off to try the native community, and called on a rich merchant, Mr. Ah Sing. She asked for Mrs. Ah Sing. Into the "Europe drawing-room" sailed a stately woman unmistakahly English. "I am afraid," said the lady with a mission, "there is some mistake; I asked for Mrs. Ah Sing." "I am Mrs. Ah Sing," said the other with dignity. The collector of subscriptions gasped, hut rose to the occasion hrilliantly. "I am so glad to meet you," she said, shaking hands warmly. "Do you know I have a sister that married a Scotsman!"

The new reporter was assigned to gather the news in a rather unimportant suhurh. He did fairly well for a few days, though he was terrihly late in getting his copy up. But on the fourth day he came in much earlier than usual. He was visihly excited, and he wrote rapidly. Finally he took his stuff to the city editor's desk, and said, "May I go now, sir?" The city editor looked over the copy. "Mr. Brown is thinking of huilding a new house." "Mr. B. F. Jones has started on his vacation." "A new drinking fountain is proposed for Front Street." And so on. "Is this all you have?" asked the city editor. "Yes, sir," answered the reporter. "I just left, and there wasn't another hit of news." "All right—you can go. But what makes you in such a hurry?" "Why, a man murdered his wife, just as I was leaving, and I want to go out and help lynch him!"

A poor foreign musician was doggedly wrestling with his tromhone outside a village inn. He knew "The Lost Chord" was somewhere in that instrument, hut the latter seemed loth to part with it. At length the landlord appeared at the door. The poor musician howed, and, doffing his cap, said: "Musig hath jarms," and smiled. The innkeeper smiled also, and kindly. "Well, not always," he said. "But try that tune outside the red hrick house and I'll give you sixpence." Three minutes later the trombonist was hack again, mud-hespattered and forlorn. "You vos right," he said slowly and sadly. "Musig hath jarms not always—no. A mad vellow of dat house came und me mit a hrigg he knocked down—yes. He not like that tune—no, no," and he turned the hack of his head. "I thought he wouldn't," said the landlord. "He's just done a month's hard lahor for stealing a clothesline from a hack garden."

THE MERRY MUSE.

One Fast Color.

Just a year or two ago
Alice blue,
As all stylish people know,
Was the hue.

Now that tint is going out,
So I think,
For the girls are wild about
Helen pink.

Over divers tints girls rave,
It is seen.
But we always seem to have
Hetty Green.
—*Woshington Herold.*

Wanderlust.

Mother travels for her health,
Doctors told her—sure;
Spends a pretty pile of wealth
Taking every cure.

Sister travels for a heau,
Though she won't admit;
Mountains, seashore, to and fro—
Always on the flit.

Brother travels for his boom
Up and down the land,
Thinks he sees an office loom
That will just be grand.

Father travels for the firm,
North, south, east, and west;
He's the unconsidered worm
Paying for the rest.
—*McLandburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.*

Why She Chose Him.

She chose him out of all the crowd
Of men that came and went;
His voice was low, his tie was loud,
But she was well content.

The first man's education was
Perhaps more finished—and
Another's manners gave her cause
As heing much more grand.

Another's garments fitted him;
Another's hair was curly;
Another's name was "Arthur"—Jim
Was chosen by this girlie.

And not for wealth and not for love
Was Jim by Mahel chosed—
But that he was the one man of
The whole lot that proposed!
—*Boston Troveler.*

The Glory of the City.

How fair the city looks to me,
How hright its towers, how sweet the air;
Let others wander to the sea
And suffer hard discomforts there
Or wander to the far-off hills
If discontentments weighs them down;
Serenest joy my being fills,
And I shall linger here in town.

How heautiful the city seems,
How green and clean the lawns appear;
Let others hunt for habhling streams
Or seek the mountain atmosphere,
If wanderlust is in their hearts
And duty is a thing they'd shun;
But in the crowded, busy marts
My daily pleasures shall be won.

How fair the city looks, how proud!
How good it is to walk the street,
To mingle with the moving crowd
Where many streams of commerce meet;
Let others go to splash in brine,
Or rest in distant woodlands seek;
The gay old, glad old town for mine—
I have been camping for a week.
—*Chicago Record-Herold.*

A Vacation Diary.

Atlantic City, July 17.—I'm coming home by the pedal route. I'm coming thus for my funds are out. I've put my links and my ring in soak, but even then I am cold, stone broke. I went about in a rolling chair, rubbering eagerly here and there. When I asked the hill I received a shock. I could have purchased the blooming dock and the whole boardwalk from end to end with the dough with that pusher I had to spend. I then hought a paper from my home town, and the sum of a nickel I pungoed down. I started away, but was not in time. The highwayman shouted, "'Twill cost a dime." I bought a lunch in a hig hotel. They stuck me there and they stuck me like—well, like leeches, until I had paid the check. My roll was hy this time a perfect wreck. So I'm coming home by the pedal route. My collar's soiled and my feet are out. I feel as though I had really bought a controlling share in this swell resort. Next time when the sights I am strong to see it's little old Coney, you het, for me.—*New York Globe.*

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The Argonaut advertising rates are less than one-half those of the big daily newspapers. Among Argonaut advertisers are many who have had space in its columns for years. They know that advertising in the Argonaut pays.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Klink have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Janet Klink, to Lieutenant Robert L. Irvin, U. S. N., who is attached to the *Yorktown*, which is now at Mare Island.

Judge Charles L. Weller and Mrs. Weller have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Anna Weller, to Lieutenant Earl R. Shipp, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. *Lawrence*. The wedding will take place next month in this city, and the young couple will establish themselves in Annapolis, where Lieutenant Shipp has been appointed instructor at the Naval Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Boyd have announced the engagement of their daughter, Mrs. Agnes Boyd Tanner, to Mr. Robert J. McMullen, son of Colonel J. C. McMullen and Mrs. McMullen of Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Easton Mills of San Luis Obispo have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ruth Mills, to Mr. Paul Fisk Youngling of Pasadena. Miss Mills is related to the late Mr. D. O. Mills, and to Mrs. Adelaide Easton of Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Emily Chapman, and Mr. Benjamin Sturtevant Foss, which is to take place Wednesday evening, August 23, at high noon in Grace Pro-Cathedral Church. Miss Henriette Blanding will be Miss Chapman's maid of honor, and the chosen bridesmaids are Miss Mauricia Mintzer, Miss Agnes Tillmann, Miss Avis Sherwood, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Esther Foss, Miss Helen Foss, Miss Virginia Newhall, and Miss Florence Williams.

Miss Natalie Hammond Hunt, younger daughter of Mrs. Randell Hunt, will be married Wednesday evening to Mr. Herbert Baker, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker. The wedding will take place in St. Luke's Church on Van Ness Avenue and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride. Miss Floride Hunt will be her sister's maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Elena Brewer, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Doris Wilshire, and Miss Marian Marvin. Mr. Baker will be attended by his brother, Mr. Philip Baker, who will act as best man, and by Mr. Alfred Holmes, Mr. Ralston Curtiss, Mr. Albert Fulton, and Mr. William Patterson, who will be the ushers.

The wedding of Miss Camille Lytton and Mr. Launce S. White, of Redlands, California, took place Wednesday, July 26, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. M. G. Lytton, on Leavenworth Street. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. D. O. Kelley of the Episcopal Church. Mr. White was attended by his brother, Mr. Montague White. After a visit of several months in Kent, England, Mr. and Mrs. White will reside in this city.

Miss Grace Haley, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Haley, was married Tuesday morning, July 25, to Mr. Roy S. Folger. Only the intimate friends of the bride and groom were present at the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. M. P. Ryan of St. Vincent de Paul Church. Miss Esther Haley and Mr. William Folger were the only attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Folger will reside in this city upon their return from their wedding trip.

Miss Maybelle Bertha Barlow, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allison Barlow of Los Angeles, was married Thursday evening in the southern city to Mr. Tudor Hermann Alexander Tiedemann, son of Mr. T. J. A. Tiedemann. After a wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Tiedemann will reside in Los Angeles.

The wedding of Miss Mary Beatrice Campbell and Mr. George Beckley of Honolulu took place Tuesday afternoon in St. Mary's Cathedral. Mrs. Robert Shingle of Honolulu was her sister's matron of honor, Miss Miriam Pond of Berkeley and Miss Mary Osborne of Fresno were the bridesmaids, Mr. Albert Nixon of Nevada acted as best man, and the Messrs. Fred and Robert Shingle of Honolulu as ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Beckley have gone to Del Monte for a brief visit and upon their return will reside at the Hotel St. Francis.

The wedding of Miss Katherine Devol and Mr. Albert G. Bates will take place August 24 in Panama. Miss Devol is the daughter of Colonel Devol, U. S. A., of the Quartermaster Department, who was stationed here for a number of years. Mr. Bates is a brother of Mr. Harry Sears Bates and a son of Mrs. Albert Gerherding, who with her daughter, Miss Beatrice, are now en route to Panama to attend the wedding. Mr. Bates and his bride will reside in this city.

The wedding of Miss Henrietta Wade and Mr. Louis Decoto took place in Colon, Panama, July 25. The bride is the daughter of Mr. C. F. Wade of Merced County. Mr. and Mrs. Decoto will reside in Burrenguillo, B. C., where Mr. Decoto has mining interests.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Farrish gave a luncheon Friday at the Hotel St. Francis in honor of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Collbran, who have returned from their wedding trip abroad and are en route to their home in Korea.

Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt of Chicago was the guest of honor at a tea which was given Tuesday afternoon in Santa Barbara by Mrs. Harriet P. Miller at her home, Earlton Lodge. Miss Marguerite Doe was hostess at a dinner at her home, Le Chalet, Saturday evening in honor of Miss Kruttschnitt. At the conclusion of her visit in Santa Barbara Miss Kruttschnitt will visit Mrs. Frederick Pickering in this city.

Miss Marie Withrow gave a reception Wednesday, July 26, at her studio in honor of Mr. Bernard Willson, who will spend the next few years in Florence, Italy.

Mrs. George H. Howard was hostess at a picnic luncheon last Thursday in the woods on the Howard estate in San Mateo. The affair was in honor of Mr. Kenneth Howard, who has since returned to his home in Manchester, Massachusetts.

Miss Celia O'Connor was the guest of honor at luncheons given by Mrs. J. J. Moore and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland. Miss O'Connor has been spending the past few weeks with Mrs. Max Rothschild at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Theresa Harrison was hostess at a tea at her home on Washington Street in honor of Miss Muriel Williams and Miss Lucy Harrison, who have recently announced their engagements.

Mrs. Erwin, wife of Captain Isaac Erwin, U. S. A., was entertained at several affairs at the Presidio prior to her departure for Detroit, where she will spend a month with relatives before joining Captain Erwin at his new post at Fort Leavenworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond B. Splivalo entertained a number of their friends at a dinner Saturday evening at their home in San Mateo.

A vaudeville entertainment will be given September 17 in the grounds of Miss Jennie Crocker's home in Burlingame. The affair will be for the benefit of the Armitage Orphanage, of which Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson is president.

Mrs. Percy Moore was hostess Saturday at a tea at the Montecito Country Club in honor of Mrs. Frederick Van Devender Stott.

Lieutenant W. S. Fulton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Fulton entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Hotel Jefferson.

Mrs. Abney Payne was hostess at a tea at her home in the Presidio in honor of Miss Lucille Cates of St. Louis, fiancée of Lieutenant Francis Hardaway, U. S. A.

Mrs. J. M. Wheeler, wife of Captain Wheeler, U. S. A., entertained at a bridge-tea last Friday at her home in the Presidio.

A farewell reception was given Saturday evening at the Hotel Bristol by the friends of Herr Alexander Heinemann, who left Tuesday for his home in Berlin.

A theatre party will be given Tuesday evening, August 8, by the Army and Navy Club.

Mrs. Samuel Blair gave a theatre party recently in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran.

Mr. Armin Muller of Berne, Switzerland, entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party the evening before his departure for Europe. Mr. Muller, who is related to the Howard family of San Mateo, has been visiting here for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin entertained Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Miss Carol Harriman, and the Messrs. Harriman at a luncheon Sunday in Burlingame.

At Linden Towers, Menlo, the home of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood, an entertainment will be given August 19 for the benefit of the Episcopal Church in Menlo.

Miss Isabella Beaver and Miss Marian Crocker will be the guests of honor at a dance Tuesday evening, August 8, at Century Hall, given by Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase entertained a house party over the week-end at their home, Stag's Leap, Napa County. Their guests were Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Martha Foster, Mr. Millen Griffith, and Mr. Herbert Bonnifield.

The new and beautiful Cort Theatre, on Eliis Street, above Market, is being rushed to completion, and when it is thrown open for the first time Sunday evening, September 3, it is promised that a playhouse that would be a credit to any city in the world will be displayed. The attractions to be offered are the very best to be obtained and the opening bill will be "Baby Mine," the delightful comedy that ran for a whole year at Daly's Theatre, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Avery Campbell (formerly Miss Marian Wright) are being congratulated upon the advent of a daughter in their home.

No married man in Vienna is allowed to go up in a balloon without the formal consent of his wife and children.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT

Henry Miller will produce for the first time at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night a three-act play by Florence Lincoln, entitled "The End of the Bridge." The actor-manager will create here the big rôle of the drama, a physician of the ultra modern school. He will be supported by a remarkably strong cast chosen from members of "The Havoc" company and well-known New York players who have been brought to San Francisco especially to appear in important parts in the new piece.

"The End of the Bridge" derives its name from an allusion in the play to the metaphorical bridge which one crosses in forming a momentous decision in the crisis of a lifetime. The character played by Mr. Miller is Dr. Garret, a famous nerve specialist. On the eve of his departure for Germany to accept a call from a big university in Berlin his plans are halted by the grave mental condition of the young daughter of his oldest friend. This young woman, Joan Mannering, has become a victim of psychoneurosis, superinduced by long vigils at her father's deathbed and morbid brooding over his demise. A nurse, who is detailed by Dr. Garret to take charge of the young woman's case, succeeds in diverting her mind from its melancholy trend of thought by the mental suggestion that it was her father's last wish she should marry Dr. Garret. When the physician discovers the state of affairs he tries to avert a step which may prove ultimately ill-advised for the girl as well as himself, but, after the reactionary effect upon her mental faculties have driven her to an attempt at suicide, he falls in with the plan and they are married. The big clash of character in the play comes when the girl, after recovering her health, discovers the sacrifice that Dr. Garret has made, and believes that he married her only through pity and a keen sense of obligation to her father.

Mr. Miller will present "The End of the Bridge" for one week only. It will not be seen in any other city until it is produced in New York at the beginning of next year. Although the life of the play this year will be just six days, the actor-manager is giving "The End of the Bridge" one of the most elaborate productions he has ever offered to San Francisco playgoers. During the week the usual matinées on Wednesday and Saturday will be observed.

The Orpheum bill for next week will have as its headline attraction Amelia Stone and Armand Kalisz in the little operetta, "Mon Amour." There is said to be an alluring beauty about the entire production. Both artists sing well, look attractive, and act cleverly. Miss Stone is handsome and displays smart frocks of the latest modes. Mr. Kalisz, who is responsible for the music and the lyrics, is a French musical-comedy tenor who came to this country under the management of Charles Frohman and appeared in "The Hoyden," "The Waltz Dream," and other successes. The book is by Edgar Allen Woolf. A special feature of the new programme will be "Scrooge," as played with success in Great Britain for the last five years. It is the only sketch that had the distinction of appearing before the late King Edward at Windsor Castle by special command. Mr. Terriss produced and adapted the playlet from Charles Dickens's "A Christmas Carol." Mr. Willis Clark, who plays "Scrooge," was a member of the late Sir Henry Irving's company. Miss Maude Leslie, who plays Mrs. Cratchit, supported Sir Beerbohm Tree in several big productions. The sketch depicts all the well-known types in the story, such as Old Scrooge, the ghost of Jacob Marley, Bob Cratchit, and Tiny Tim. The Original Four Londons, champions of the air, will be seen in a daring and finished casting act. Lou Anger, the German soldier, will deliver his famous monologue about the trials and tribulations of those who engage in battle. Next week will be the last of Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich, the Dandies, and M. Nederveld's simian jockey. It will also conclude the engagement of "The Darling of Paris," which is proving one of the greatest theatrical sensations this city has known.

"The Girl in the Taxi" is announced for a return engagement at the Columbia Theatre, beginning Sunday night, August 13. The cast this season will again be headed by Pearl Sindelar, who will appear as The Girl, while the rest of the company will be composed of popular players, among them being Roy Summers, Philip Branson, Isabelle O'Madigan, Cecile Breton, Charles Pierson, Richard Bartlett, Grace Walton, Estelle St. Clair, Jules Ferrar, Francis Gaillard, James Graham, and others.

Ferris Hartman and his company returned to San Francisco last week from Seattle, where they ended a successful tour over the Cort circuit in "The Toymaker." They will proceed immediately into rehearsals for a big production of Walter de Leon's musical play, "The Campus," which will be one of the opening attractions at the Savoy Theatre.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel M. Moran has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Margaret Irvine, accompanied by her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, left San Francisco on Tuesday of this week for Europe to remain several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., are motoring in Switzerland. They expect to return home next month.

Mrs. Stetson Winslow and her daughters, Miss Ruth Winslow and Miss Marie Louise Winslow, returned Tuesday from Castle Crag. They were accompanied by Miss Gertrude Hopkins. Mrs. Winslow and her daughters are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard at their home on Broadway.

Mrs. Charles Farquharson has returned from Los Angeles, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lombard.

Mrs. M. La Fontaine of Maine has been visiting Colonel J. C. W. Brooks, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brooks at their home in the Presidio.

Mr. Frederick W. Hellman has arrived from New York and is visiting relatives in this city. Mrs. Hellman is traveling in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Orr and their daughter, Miss Florence Orr, are visiting the principal cities in Southern California.

Colonel John Biddle, U. S. A., who has been stationed here for the past three years, has arrived at his new post in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lombard of Los Angeles will sail September 6 on the *Tenyo Maru* for the Orient. They will tour the world before their return home and will be in India about the time of the Durbar.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Hamilton have returned from a two weeks' visit in Los Angeles.

Baroness von Schroeder has returned to her home in San Luis Obispo County, after spending a few days in town.

Mrs. Douglas Fry has returned from Ross, where she was the guest of Miss Frances Martin.

Miss Helen Bertheau has recently been spending several days in Ross as the guest of Miss Gertrude Thomas and the Misses Otis.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson has returned from Burlingame, where she has been visiting Mrs. J. B. Crockett.

Mrs. W. C. Morrow is spending a few weeks in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick of New York is visiting her aunt, Mrs. John F. Swift, at her home in Berkeley, and will later be the guest of friends in this city. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is the daughter of the late Mrs. Charles Torbert of this city and a sister of Mrs. J. S. Fearon of China and Mrs. Valentine Snyder of New York.

Dr. Ernest Dwight Chipman and Mrs. Chipman will sail next month for Europe. They will be accompanied by Miss Erna St. Goar.

Miss Emily Conwright of Cincinnati is the guest of Miss Leonora Wuest at her home in the Presidio.

Merza Ali Kuli Khan, Persian minister in Washington, D. C., arrived a few days ago with his son to make a brief visit in California.

Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick and her son, Master Bowie Detrick, have returned to their home on Jackson Street, after spending several weeks in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Chipman have returned from their wedding trip and are established at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mrs. Nathaniel T. Messer has returned from a month's visit in Southern California.

Mrs. Hennen Jennings, Miss Catherine Jennings, and Mr. Coleman Jennings have gone to Santa Barbara, after a visit at Lake Tahoe. They spent several days in this city at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Coleman, en route to Santa Barbara.

Miss Elva de Pue and Miss Corinne de Pue have recently been the guests of Miss Marian Crocker at her country home in Cloverdale.

Captain H. E. Johnston Stewart of the British army, who has been stationed at Lucknow, India, arrived last Friday from the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Collhran (formerly Miss Mahel Farrish), who were married in April in Yokohama, arrived in this city last week, after a trip ahroad. Thye are now en route to Korea.

Mr. Joseph D. Drexel of Philadelphia is a recent arrival at the Hotel St. Francis and plans to remain a month in California.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dickinson Sherwood and Mr. and Mrs. Gay Lombard of Portland are enjoying a yachting cruise on the Atlantic coast. Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood have been visiting Mr. Sherwood's mother and sister, Mrs. Harrison Sherwood and Miss Jennie Sherwood, at their home on Long Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Foster and their daughters, Miss Marie Louise and Miss Enid Foster, and their niece, Miss Minna Van Bergen, were at last accounts in Berlin. They expect to return home in November.

Mrs. William A. Hogan of Boston is visiting her parents, Dr. Gerald J. Fitzgihbon and Mrs. Fitzgihbon, at their home in this city.

Mrs. Richard P. Hammond and her sister, Miss Julia Langhorne, left Sunday for Colorado Springs, where they will spend a few weeks camping with friends. Miss Langhorne will spend the month of September with Miss Martha Calhoun at her home in Cleveland, Ohio, and will later be joined by Mrs. James Potter Langhorne and Mrs. Hammond.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Arahella Schwerin, and Master Dick Schwerin will spend this month in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stewart have returned from Half Moon Bay, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. Porter Ashe.

Judge James A. Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, and Miss Ethel Cooper have returned from a visit on the McCloud River.

Miss Jennie Crocker has arrived in New York from Europe and is expected home next week.

Mr. Melville Bowman and Mr. Herbert Yerrington left last Saturday for the Big Meadows, where they will spend ten days fishing.

Miss Amalita Talbot has been visiting Miss Myra Josselyn at her home in Woodside.

Miss Marian Marvin has returned to Mill Valley, after a visit with Miss Harriet and Miss Marian Stone, who with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eghert Stone, are spending the summer on the Russian River.

Miss Innes Keeney spent the week-end at Stag's Leap, where she was the guest of Miss Ysobel Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney will go down to Del Monte in September.

Miss Ysohel Brewer spent a few days last week in town with friends and is again at her home in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fuller have engaged apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will spend the winter. They will remain a week longer in Napa County, where they have been during the past two months.

Miss Helen Carlisle has returned from a visit with Mrs. Phche Hearst in Pleasanton.

Lieutenant Dalrymple of the British army and Mrs. Dalrymple arrived recently from the Orient, and were guests at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Earl E. Brownell and Mrs. Brownell were week-end visitors in Menlo, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer.

Mr. and, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and their daughter, Miss Doris, are again occupying their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, after a two weeks' visit at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo.

Bishop William Moreland and Mrs. Moreland and their family, of Sacramento, are estahlished for two months in the home on Broadway of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore.

Mr. William Blair and his sister, Miss Jennie Blair, have returned, after a month at Bartlett Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins have returned from a visit to Lake Tahoe, where they chaperoned Miss Sarah Coffin, Miss Louisiana Foster, and Miss Alexandra Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond left last week for Los Angeles, where they joined Mr. and Mrs. Norman Whiteside.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Burke, Miss Burke, and Miss Alherta Touchard arrived last Friday from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Somers and their little daughter are estahlished at the Peninsula Hotel for several weeks.

Dr. Bradford Leavitt and family have returned from a trip to Southern California.

Miss Agnes Tillmann spent a few days in town last week and returned to Aptos, where she entertained Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, Miss Elva de Pue, and Miss Frances Martin, who were her guests over the week-end.

Mr. Douglas Alexander returned Thursday from Lake Tahoe, where he has heen spending the past two weeks with Mr. Lloyd Tevis and Mr. William Tevis, Jr.

Mr. Willard Drown bas been visiting his hrother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman, at their home in San Rafael.

Miss Margaret Casserly is estahlished for the next few months in San Mateo, where she is occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker spent a few days in Paris with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, and left in an automohile for the Rhine country.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse, Miss Metha McMahon, Mrs. William Matson, and Miss Lurline Matson have returned home from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Welbore Stewart are living in Novato, where they have huilt a hungalow.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell and Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer have returned from a motor trip to the Country Club on the McCloud River.

Lieutenant Harold Naylor, U. S. A., and Mrs. Naylor (formerly Miss Peggy Simpson) arrived today in Honolulu, where Lieutenant Naylor will be stationed for the next two years.

Dr. Grant Selfridge and Mrs. Selfridge have returned from a visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper have bought the Elliott property adjoining the Burlingame golf links, where a home will he huilt in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen have returned from Palo Alto, where they have been visiting Mrs. Van Bergen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Tourny.

Dr. David Starr Jordan and Mrs. Jordan will sail next Wednesday on the *Chiyo Maru* for Japan. They will return late in Octoher and will spend part of the winter in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Rohert Hayes spent the week-end in St. Helena, where they were the guests of Mrs. Rémi Chabot and her daughters.

Miss Virginia Joliffe has returned from Santa Barbara, where she spent two weeks with Mrs. Willard Drown.

Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet and her daughter, Miss Julia Van Fleet, have returned from Inverness and are at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. James Cunningham and her daughters, the Misses Sarah, Mary, and Elizabeth, will arrive today from New York and will occupy their home on Broadway.

Mr. Willard Barton spent the week-end in St. Helena, where he was the guest of Mrs. Rémi Chahot.

Mr. Allan Van Fleet returned Tuesday from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Dunne have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. George Almer Newball bas returned from a week's visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton and Mrs. Worthington Ames sailed Wednesday for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Pease and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Watson left last week hy motor-car for Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rogers and Mrs. M. L. Nokes motored to Southern California, where they have heen visiting the various points of interest.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., will arrive here shortly to take charge of the Department of the West. His present duties as assistant chief of the general staff will he assumed by General William H. Carter, U. S. A., who has been directing the manœuvres in Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Olney and Miss Anna Olney have heen spending the past two weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Gladys Heppenheimer has returned to her home in New Jersey, having been called by the alarming illness of her mother, Mrs. William Heppenheimer. Miss Heppenheimer came to California two months ago witb Mrs. Harriet Peterson Miller, whose guest she has since heen in Santa Barhara. Mrs. Miller accompanied Miss Heppenheimer on her trip East.

Miss Fernanda Pratt left Wednesday for Alta, where she will spend a month with friends.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall returned to Santa Barbara Monday evening, after having spent a few days in town. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Athole McBean, who will spend several weeks at the Hotel Potter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzi Avenali spent the week-end as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore at their country home in Montesol.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone have returned to Burlingame, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn at their home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Huhert Vos of New York arrived this week in Paris, where they joined Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, who are spending their honeymoon ahroad. Mrs. Gould, who is the daughter of Mrs. Vos, was formerly Miss Annie Miller Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy and Mrs. Claus A. Spreckels are at present at Dieppe. They have heen traveling recently in Germany and Switzerland. Mr. Spreckels, who has returned from Europe, will soon arrive here for a hrief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali were the guests over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. William Graf (formerly Miss Ottilie Schucking) of New York, niece of the late Mayor Adolph Sutro, is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Theodore E. Schucking, at 2926 Pierce Street.

Mr. John Arundel and daughters, who have heen spending a year at the Fairmont Hotel, motored down to Hotel del Monte for a week's rest and quiet, but will return soon to the Fairmont.

Miss Julie Heynemann is heing entertained hy her sister, Mrs. Arthur Eloesser, at her home in Mill Valley. Miss Heynemann spent several weeks at Lake Tahoe, en route to this city, and will later go to Portland and Seattle, where she will make hrief visits hefore returning in Novemher to Kensington, London.

The Author of Musical Comedy Not to Blame.

Revelations by theatrical producers tend to the belief that the author of musical comedies is not entitled to so much credit, or discredit, as has been given to him. Ned Wayburn, a well-known producer, asserts that the author has an easy time, and the producing manager, too, as all tbe work is done by the industrious producer who knows how.

"The author, the composer, the leader of the orchestra, are spoken of," complains Mr. Wayburn. "The people on tbe stage are all discussed at length, even down to some little show girl who has a couple of lines and some business that she has heen drilled and drilled in for days. But how about the man who drilled her, who taught her how to read her lines, who showed the comedian how to get his laughs and planned every movement and every effect? All the credit he receives is an occasional line at the end of the review, saying that 'the piece was produced by so-and-so.'

"Look at George Marion, who has made barrels of money for Henry W. Savage! And Herhert Gresham, who is the brains of Klaw & Erlanger's staff. And Julian Mitchell, who has made Ziegfeld what he is today. And R. H. Burnside, who made the success of the Hippodrome possible! How many people outside of the theatrical profession know about them and the work they are doing?

"Usually the author gets his main idea and his scenario handed to him with his contract. Mr. Fields, for instance, has a faculty of thinking up attractive titles for shows, such as 'The Summer Widowers,' 'The Never Homes,' 'The Midnight Sons.' Then he tells the author what he wants and the author comes back with the merest skeleton, for criticism and more ideas. And when he gets through the producer has to set to work and rewrite what he has done. Why, I wrote practically the whole of 'Havana.' I never saw a book that didn't have to be largely rewritten."

Alfred Noyes's verse play, "The Forest of Wild Thyme," is to be produced with a spectacular cast and setting at His Majesty's Theatre in London for the 1911 Christmas season by Sir Herbert Tree. The play has much of the fairy quality of "The Blue Bird," and Sir Herbert believes it to be even more beautiful than Maeterlinck's drama. Mr. Noyes has written another drama which also is being considered by Tree, entitled "Sherwood," and dealing, of course, with Robin Hood. Negotiations are now under way for the stage production of both of these plays in the United States.

The announcement made in London that William Heinemann is preparing a complete English edition of the works of Dostoievsky will be received with great satisfaction by all lovers of literature. Mr. Heinemann's edition of Turgenev is one of the soundest feats of translation ever accomplished, and it is good news that Mrs. Edward Garnett, who was responsible for the Turgenev, has also been intrusted with the English version of Dostoievsky.

Balloons are not airships, the attorney-general of Connecticut has decided.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—No, I know nothing about golf; I don't even know which end of the caddie you use.—*London Tatler.*

Wigg—Henpeckke has bought a motor-boat and named it after his wife. *Wagg*—Can't manage it, eh?—*Philadelphia Record.*

Nurse—You have been badly hurt, and I must give you an alcohol ruh. *Patient*—Are you sure I am not hurt internally?—*Smart Set.*

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a diplomat? *Pa*—A diplomat, my son, is a person who can prove a man a liar without calling him one.—*Tit-Bits.*

"Do you think a gentleman has any excuse for getting into a barroom fight?" "Not unless he has his gang with him."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Optimist—A gran' morning the morn! *Misanthrope (grudgingly)*—It's no a'thegither ill—*(brightening)* but, eh, mon, think o' the national debt.—*Sketch.*

Mrs. Exe—I can always tell when my husband has been drinking the moment he kisses me. *Mrs. Wye*—And I can always tell when mine has heen drinking by his not kissing me.—*Boston Tronscript.*

"I wish I knew some way to make religion more attractive to the masses." "Why not have a description of heaven written by one of these men who write descriptions of summer resorts for the railroads?"—*Houston Post.*

The Drummer—Would you helieve it, each sample costs us ten cents apiece. *Friend*—Indeed? And what does the finished product cost? *The Drummer*—Three cents a dozen. We have to make the samples good, you know.—*Puck.*

His Better Half—I think it's time we got Lizzie married and settled down, Alfred. She will be twenty-eight next week, you know. *Her Lesser Half*—Oh, don't hurry, my dear. Better wait till the right sort of man comes along. *His Better Half*—But why wait? I didn't!—*Throne and Country.*

He—How is this? I come back unexpectedly from my trip and find you flirting with another man. You have deceived me. *She*—Not any more than you. You told me you would he away eight days and here you are back again the next day. Have you not also deceived me?—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Rifleman—Do you know that I am quite a firm believer in the old saying tbat we have lived before in some other state? *Highlander (who has just paid for the twelfth drink)*—That's very likely. *Rifleman*—I was just wondering what I was in my last existence. *Highlander*—Well, mate, if there's anything in heredity, I should say a sponge!—*Tit-Bits.*

He Didn't Care.

"Now, John!" cried Mrs. Prill in tones of exasperation.

Prill continued removing his coat. Then he tossed it through the open window from the screened porch into the living room. Next he determinedly shed his vest, his collar, and his tie, and with a relieved "Whew!" sank into the hammock.

"You are perfectly maddening!" went on his wife when she had witnessed his deed. "How can you——"

Thud! Thud! Prill's shoes hit the porch floor as he kicked them off. Next he sighed with content.

"If the McSloys should come now——" tearfully oegan his wife.

Prill raised himself in the hammock and spoke heatedly. "For four consecutive nights," said he, "I have sat on my own front porch in starched and melting agony, all for fear the McSloys would call! I have worn a coat that was constructed by a fiendish tailor for arctic exploration work and a vest that originally started out in life as a mustard plaster. I have endured the glare of the lights from within the house which you insisted on keeping lighted so the McSloys would know we were at home. I have choked to death up to a late hour because you wouldn't make any lemonade till you finally gave up hope of the McSloys for that evening. Now I'm through!

"Why, the dumb animals in the parks are treated with more consideration by their keepers than I have been treated in my own home!"

"You might consider me a little!" retorted his wife. "You know perfectly well that Mrs. McSloy doesn't include every one in her calling list, and she is one of the membership committee of that club I want to join—and Mr. McSloy runs out to the golf club in his machine Saturdays, and it would be splendid if he liked you and would pick you up sometimes, and I should think——"

"I know you would, Celia," interrupted her emancipated husband in languid content, from the hammock. "I know just what you would think, and I am going to spare you the recital, because the weather is far too hot for you to exert yourself by talking when you don't have to! I know your every little thought, darling! And somehow at tbis minute it wouldn't make a blitbering bit of difference if King George himself in his coronation robes and with his crown tucked under his arm should walk up those front steps. I should rely on his common sense as a man to understand that nobody but a lunatic on a night like this would keep on his coat and the trimmings if he didn't have to!"

"Men," observed Mrs. Prill, agitatedly, "are the densest, stupidest, most selfish things! If you knew how it would make me feel if Mrs. McSloy should catch you looking like this you'd put on your coat and shoes and collar at once! That is, you would if you had any heart! Mrs. McSloy always looks as though she had just come out of a bandbox, and——"

"She can go right back into a bandbox, for all of me!" persisted Prill, airily. "I'd have you understand that I'm just as good as the McSloys! And all their relations! This toadying makes me tired! Isn't this my own house? Why should I have to consult McSloy about my wearing apparel? You'll he wanting me to telephone him to ask whether I shall wear my blue pajamas or my pink ones! If Mrs. McSloy's delicate constitution can't stand the shock of seeing a man without a collar I don't think I'd bother about knowing her if I were you."

"Their first call, too!" mourned Mrs. Prill. "And first impressions count so!"

"Fudge!" said Prill. "You are a slave to conventions——"

"John!" hissed his wife as she sprang to her feet. "There are the McSloys!"

An automobile was chuggingly slowing down before the house.

Then came the sound of a large body heaving and scrambling. Prill tumbled out of the hammock. He hurtled through the open window into the living room, in whose dark fastnesses reposed most of his wearing apparel. As he disappeared there was a crash. He had overturned the fernery.

"Tbrow in my shoes," he called, softly.

There was a hang and a growl as he bumped into a rocking-chair. Something tore as he struggled with his vest. When he groped for his coat his head encountered a corner of the piano. Finally, gasping, breathless, with his vest on upside down and his collar twined in weird convolutions under one ear, Prill desperately ventured out on the front porch to meet the McSloys.

"John," said Mrs. Prill when he appeared, "this is the agent for that new refrigerator I was telling you about—he thought he'd find you at home if he came in the evening!"

"What are you giggling about?" growled her husband. "I was just going to put on my things anyhow—I think the weather's turning cooler."—*New York Globe.*

In the metropolitan theatre the house physician has a seat given him for each performance. He is supposed to he there every evening. Naturally, there comes a time when the play begins to pall on him. One evening not long ago the stage manager of a local playhouse rusbed down the aisle to the doctor's seat and whispered: "Come back at once—the leading lady has an attack." In the lady's dressing-room all was confusion. "What'll we do, doc?" cried the stage manager. "Have you poured water on her head?" "Yes—a whole bucket—out of the one that says 'Not to be used except in case of fire.'" "Then don't pour any more—I fear you have made a fatal mistake. Run out to the drug store and get this filled." When they had run out the lady opened her eyes. "Doc," she gasped, "you're a good fellow, aint you? I know you know there's nothing the matter with me. I want a day off and I don't want to go on in this act. Can you fix it?" "I sure can," he answered, wringing her hand sympathetically. "I aint a doctor—I came in on his ticket. We'll fix it."



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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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A Prophecy.

Under authority of Mayor McCarthy and his aides work has been started in Geary Street preliminary to the construction of a municipal railroad. It has been determined that the work shall be carried through, not as a business project under the contract system, but by day's labor, and the several gangs of men now on the job are working under this plan. It does not call for a world of practical sagacity to see the reason for this policy. It will enable the mayor to billet a lot of his personal friends and supporters at the municipal crib as superintendents, assistants, foremen, inspectors, messengers, etc. It will also enable him to maintain a considerable army of workmen at the cost of the city in readiness for next election day. In brief, it is a plan under which the mayor can organize and support at the public cost a selected and drilled political army. It hardly needs to be added that the scheme is a much better one regarded from the standpoint of politics than from that of business. The *Argonaut* ventures the prophecy that if the Geary Street road shall be carried to completion under Mr. McCarthy's system of day labor its cost will be double the ordinary cost under the contract system, and that the period of construction will be double the time which it should legitimately occupy. The enterprise was conceived in disregard of political and economic principles; it has been started in contempt of business principles; it will end in confusion and scandal. But it will have served its purpose. It helped to land McCarthy in the mayor's chair two years ago, and it may help to keep him there this coming November.

The President and the Country.

Many circumstances bear witness to the growing prestige of President Taft with the country. It is not a mere matter of "popularity," for Mr. Taft has always been popular. It is rather the development within the public mind of an abiding faith in the unselfishness and wisdom of Mr. Taft's policies, with perhaps a corresponding development in Mr. Taft himself of more definite purposes and a more impressive skill in urging them before Congress and the country. His success in dealing with Congress this past winter, particularly in the matter of the Canadian reciprocity treaty, has had something to do with it; likewise his success in the sphere of higher diplomacy reflected in the great peace compact which was signed, sealed, and delivered only last week. But prior to these achievements the country saw his steadfastness in holding to a right course in the "conservation" contentions; and it saw his courage and generosity, even where it saw his mistake, in dealing with the results of last year's tariff legislation. Other men who have sat in the presidential chair have declined in public respect as the personalism of their aims and plans have developed. Mr. Taft has grown in public respect because it is plain that he has no merely personal aims, no lust for display, no instinct or taste for individual and showy exploitation.

It was a common opinion at the end of Mr. Taft's first year in the presidential office, even on the part of many who thought they understood his mind and who admired and liked him, that he was a judge rather than an administrator, a philosophic observer of political movements rather than a determined and effective leader. The country was rather more than less impressed with the idea that despite the manifest honesty of his heart and the breadth of his intellect, Mr. Taft lacked the particular kind of sagacity and individual force desirable and even essential to the attainment of positive results in the presidential office. It was a common remark that the President didn't seem to know where he was going. In view of the leading events of the last half-year the injustice of this conception becomes manifest. No man in the presidency in recent times has known so well where he was going nor has proceeded with such unswerving directness, with such concentration of moral purpose, or with such eminent success, as has Mr. Taft. His tasks have been tremendous, for he had to clear up the demoralization of eight years of internal neglect, extravagance, and confusion, to reorganize an internal administrative system which had run to lawless and even riotous excesses, to bring back the working forces of government to the guidance of the law. It is not unthinkable that in the midst of embarrassments implied in these tasks Mr. Taft may have had his fits of discouragement; it is quite possible that there may have been moments when he did not know precisely where he was going. But it is now evident that if the President did not clearly see the road before him, he knew his direction and was fixed in his aims. He knew that he was going when, with the way cleared before him he should be free to go his own courses, to regularity and legitimacy in administration under the law, to the enforcement of the principles in government he had always maintained and declared, to the carrying out of the promises of his party, to the unlocking of our internal resources, to the strengthening and liberalization of our foreign relations, to the advancement of the United States as a force in the world's higher progress. The plan was a mighty one; the achievement under it measured by events of the last half-year has been been amazing.

No one incident perhaps has so illustrated the increased understanding and appreciation of Mr. Taft with the people of the country as the proceedings of the Nebraska Republican State Convention held at Lincoln ten days ago. Nebraska lies within the zone which has been most profoundly infected with "insurgent" notions. It has been a centre of sensational agitation designed and promoted in behalf of La Follette politics. Perhaps no state in the Union might have been expected to be less friendly in its attitude towards the President, less conscious of the significance of his achievements. Yet we read in the platform put forth by the Lincoln convention this striking phrase: "The President is proving his devotion to the right policy of conservation of our national resources." This, coming from a storm centre of censorious agitation, exhibits with singular clearness how impossible it has been to disguise and discredit the purposes of Mr. Taft, to conceal from intelligent men the essential justice, unselfishness, and wisdom of his courses. It is told in the reports of the Lincoln convention that if it had been possible the convention would have made a Taft delegation to the next national convention. This course was not practicable because under a new statute delegates to party conventions must be elected in Nebraska in open primaries. Practically the result will be the same, because, if we may credit authoritative reports, Nebraska will be represented in the next national convention by a solid Taft delegation. Nebraska, a state which has been represented as committed to the ideas of insurgency and scheduled for La Follette, cordially accepts Mr. Taft's leadership and points the way to her sister states.

Some Fruits of "Heathenism."

Unlike another naval hero whose name for a full century has filled the resounding trump of fame, Admiral Togo appears to be as wise on land as he is skillful and brave on the quarter-deck. His observations in the course of his visit to the Western world have everywhere been marked by judgment and taste and by a philosophy which exhibits the Japanese character in its highest and best form as worthy of the respect which it asks from the Western nations. Of his many utterances, perhaps nothing is more worthy to be noted than the remark that "the best contribution any man may make to the world in which he lives is to be a soldier"; and being a soldier in this conception is to be a disciplined and self-controlled man. To give one's self wholly and freely to one's duty in small things and great is, said Admiral Togo, "to be a soldier." If philosophy or religion or the complex thing we call civilization has any better lesson than this for the individual man or woman, it has yet to be declared to the world. It is the sum of all honorable motives, the kernel of all moral teaching, the fulfillment of all that the lights and guides of the world have urged since the race emerged from the rule of appetite and license.

It is a significant reflection, many times illustrated in Admiral Togo's utterances, that the Japanese in recent years have challenged a theory held by the Western peoples perhaps too long and with too much complaisance. It has been the assumption of Christendom that the things most worthy in character and conduct have had their root in our particular form of religious faith. We have regarded courage, fortitude, the standards of truth and the ideals of integrity as virtues fundamentally Christian—as proceeding from Christian teachings and character, and founded in them. But we are forced by events of recent years as well as by the declared wisdom of men of the Togo type to confess that other gods and other systems may yield a product of character, alien perhaps in all respects and only half comprehended in some respects,

matching our own highest standards and our best practices. When we see a war like that between Japan and Russia waged bravely by a "heathen" people of limited numbers and of relatively small resources, it is presumptuous to speak of courage and fortitude as exclusively Christian virtues. When we see an army commanded, victualed, and transported without scandal or waste, it is assumptive to speak of efficiency in administration as an exclusive product of Christian character. When we see victory followed by victory, and in reports from the field read not one overwrought word of exultation or brag, but only a plain tale of achievements attained, we are bound to admit that there is reflected a modesty and reserve quite the equal of anything to be found in the records of warfare on the part of Christian nations.

The old conceit that Christianity is the sole source of the virtues which dignify and ennoble the race must give way before demonstrations, now emphasized in the records of war and peace, that the very highest qualities may appear as products of other faiths, other systems, other practices than our own.

Controller Bay.

President Taft's message on the Controller Bay incident shows how deeply he was moved by the aspersions recklessly cast upon his personal motives by those who allow no decency to stand in the way of their political spite. The President is habitually a man of temperate speech. His equable bearing is ordinarily proof against the personalities that are incidental to his position. But upon this occasion he evidently felt that patience had ceased to be a virtue and he allowed himself to voice the indignation that he shares with all reputable citizens. He speaks of the "wicked fabrication," the "viciously false statement," and the "malevolent scandal mongering" of which he was a victim, and there would be no honest mind to condemn him had he used terms even more vigorous than these. In a sense the President of the United States is in a peculiarly defenseless position, inasmuch as he is debarred from any action that might involve a lowered official dignity. But he should be in no need of such defense. He should be able to feel that there is no section of the public mind receptive to personal slander and that he is safe from this meanest of all assaults. Still more should he be able to feel that his personal veracity is among the things taken for granted by Congress and by the official world of which he is the head. That he finds it necessary thus to defend himself is not a matter to be looked upon with equanimity.

The facts need not be recapitulated except in barest outline. The President is charged with opening Controller Bay, not in pursuit of public policies, but in order that his own relatives—in point of fact his brother—might reap some sort of illicit profit. The accusation is dirty and disreputable enough in all conscience. It is the kind of thing that ill-conditioned and mangy people are always ready to whisper about those whose rectitude is naturally a mystery to them. But here we have something more than mere malevolent gossip. We have a carefully planned appeal to the gutter and to the sort of shoddy intelligence that can always be tickled by stolen letters or mysterious documents. A young woman, whom no one ever heard of before or wishes to hear of again, professes to have found an incriminating letter among the official records, a letter explaining Mr. Taft's reluctance to open Controller Bay until family pressure was brought to bear, when his reluctance at once disappeared. If the actual letter could be produced it would be obviously either false or forged. But the investigating reformer has a soul that is far above mere evidence. It need hardly be said that the original letter can not be produced. All that we are allowed to see is a copy that the young woman in question asserts that she made, and that with a sort of vacuous innocence is reproduced in facsimile and seriously advanced as corroborative testimony. Beyond this preposterous "copy" there is not a shred of supporting fact, not a solitary incident that can be adduced. And this childish fairy story is advanced as an impeachment of the veracity and personal honesty of the President of the United States. There may be lower depths to which the national dignity can fall, but it is hard to believe it.

It need hardly be said that every one who knows the facts has denied the existence of any such letter. Neither the supposed writer nor the supposed recipient has ever heard of it. The clerks in the office never heard of it. The secretary who is supposed to have shown it to the young woman in question never heard of it. No one ever heard of it. But the reformer is satisfied and content. He has the testimony of the young woman who says she made a copy of it. And the public ought to be content, too, for have they not a facsimile of the copy? What more can be wished?

That this farrago of wickedness should find admission to the press is natural enough. That is the kind of press we have, but what shall we say to a Congress that deliberately institutes an inquiry, not into the sanity of the young woman, but into the truth of her story, involving the ordinary honesty of the President? Miss Abbott, we are told, will be examined tomorrow, or Miss Abbott will produce her copy of the notorious letter, or Miss Abbott is expected to make some startling disclosures. Miss Abbott is treated with impressive distinction, as though she were a sort of savior of her country, but if Miss Abbott is speaking the truth then the President of the United States is a common trickster.

It is hard to see where this sort of thing is to end short of some still unfathomed disgrace. It would seem that no one is too mean, no story too shameful, to be welcomed by the official investigator, who reserves the whole warmth of his welcome, the whole wealth of his credulity, for clumsy and brutal slander. And it would seem, too, that no one is too exalted to be beyond the reach of that slander, and that even the personal honesty of the President must be put upon one side of the scales if only some egregious person like the Abbott woman can be found for the other side.

Mr. Bryan and Mr. Underwood.

Even Mr. Bryan can hardly fail to see the significance of the Democratic cheers that greeted Mr. Underwood when he defended himself against the charge that he was actuated by self-interest in his policy toward the steel duties. Into the economic merits of that policy there is no need to enter. Inasmuch as the Democrats are in control of the House it is a matter for Democratic determination. Mr. Bryan does not approve of even the semblance of delay or of a deference to orderly methods. That Mr. Underwood might possibly be actuated by self-interest, seeing that he is engaged in the steel industry, is proof positive to Mr. Bryan that he is so actuated, and the plain and brutal accusation followed as a matter of course. Mr. Underwood's indignant repudiation was received with sympathetic cheers by the House Democrats, and if Mr. Bryan is still, or yet, sensitive to the opinions of his party he must have heard those cheers and understood their meaning.

The incident has no particular importance except as an indication of the position to which Mr. Bryan has now descended. He seems to have abandoned all weapons but those of vilification. He has all the rancor of the impotent dictator who can not bring himself to the point of abandoning his pretensions. There is no man in the House more deservedly respected than Mr. Underwood, who, in this particular matter of the steel duties, seems to have been honorably sensitive of his own position and to have withdrawn from participation in the party councils. But this avails him nothing with Mr. Bryan, who seems to stand upon his head when looking at ethical questions. That he did so withdraw is proof of lukewarmness, in fact of dishonesty, and so the charge comes hurtling from Nebraska along the well-worn path and to the familiar end. Mr. Underwood's defense is received with sympathetic cheers, and Mr. Bryan is once more reminded that things are not now as they once seemed to be.

We need hardly wonder that the Democratic heart is cold toward Mr. Bryan and warm toward Dr. Wilson. The governor of New Jersey has nearly all the virtues that Mr. Bryan has not. He never forgets that he is a member of his party, and his attitude is always that of one who takes counsel with his comrades. He never assumes the pose of dictator or slave-driver, he never bans nor excommunicates any one, and he never hesitates to change his mind in front of new facts, nor to say that he has changed his mind. His opinions may be politically objectionable—they often are—but he always carries with him a certain cordial human atmosphere that lubricates his path and makes friends. Dr. Wilson's ambitions may be doomed to disappointment and he may yet develop weaknesses that will be prejudicial to his leadership, but it is safe to say that they will not be the weaknesses of arrogance nor of the domineering temperament that have been fatal to Mr. Bryan.

Without these weaknesses, so quickly resented by the democratic mind, Mr. Bryan might have gone far. He has the sort of constructive dexterity, the showy political agility that is deplorably in favor just at present. But he has allowed his temperament to discount his success.

The Arbitration Treaty.

While the signing of the new arbitration treaty between America and England is an event of the first magnitude it is well to remember that the real importance attaches to the sentiment that has made this possible. A few years ago such a proposal would have been negatived by public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic. Today it is accepted after a season of calm deliberation and without any of the fervid appeals that are so liable to reaction. In other words, there has been a gradual change of feeling that has now taken a definite form in parchments and signatures. Obviously the world does move.

So far as the fervid appeals are concerned, they came only from the opponents of the treaty. Mr. Roosevelt, for example, was stirred to the depths of his patriotic soul by the horrid suggestion that after two thousand years of Christianity we should agree no longer to cut each other's throats upon points of honor. Mr. Roosevelt obtained some throaty cheers from a street crowd on the Fourth of July, but reputable opinion maintained a saddened silence. The absurdity of the war game—to put it on no higher ground—had gradually filtered into and saturated the common conscience and it was hard to understand the motive of a man who would thus deliberately inflame the most ruinous passion that has ever scourged humanity. Mr. Roosevelt's appeal found no echo anywhere. It was dead before it was born.

The omission of what may be called the honor clauses distinguishes the present treaty from all of its predecessors. There have been many arbitration compacts since the establishment of The Hague Tribunal helped to bring common sense into the domain of international politics. But for the most part they were halting and ineffective affairs. They were little more than agreements between individual nations that henceforth they would not fight unless they wanted to very much. Points of national honor were always excluded from the operation of these treaties, as though countries ever went to war for anything else. But these earlier treaties served their purpose. As binding obligations they were hardly worth the parchment they were written on, since every quarrel involves the honor of the disputants and is therefore out of court. But none the less they were the expression of an intention, an evidence of a new point of view, a testimony of a changed, or changing, heart. Something more valid was certain to follow. After it was once recognized that nations are no more than incorporated individuals it was clear enough that the law governing individual relationships was bound to prevail. Individuals have learned to arbitrate their quarrels whether points of honor are involved or not, and nations will do the same. The individual who resorts to the big stick or to the revolver to redress his wounded honor, or his wounded vanity, is regarded as a nuisance and a pest, and although we are still lamentably disposed to tolerate him in exceptional cases the principle has been established beyond all challenge. Every police court is a court of arbitration, and without arbitration civilization is unthinkable. In fact civilization means nothing else.

Of course there will always be infractions of any established principle. An arbitration treaty is no more than the expression of an intention, and a wave of popular passion might make short work of any agreement ever written. The millennium is still a long way off, and it will not be inaugurated by presidents, senates, or ambassadors. But there is much virtue in an intention, especially when it is expressed deliberately and with formal solemnities. Thus expressed, it becomes a landmark, and a moral obligation that has a certain insistent power about it. It becomes a moral obligation not lightly to be set aside, a perpetual reminder of good resolutions. And such resolutions are contagious. They are a new element imported into world affairs and an element that must be reckoned with. Already the agreement between America and England has decidedly modified the treaty between England and Japan. Henceforth neither nation can be called upon to aid the other in defiance of its own arbitration treaties, and so Congressman Hobson is deprived of his customary amusement of depicting the united Anglo-Japanese forces in their descent upon

these shores. To abash Mr. Hobson is in itself no small feat, if indeed it can be done. Other nations are already showing a disposition to follow a good example and to enter into broad and honest understandings for the preservation of peace, and understandings that shall not be vitiated and neutralized by exception clauses. Without expecting the impossible or asking too much of human nature we may congratulate ourselves upon a large forward step and a substantial gain for the cause of international amity.

The Des Moines Case.

It would indeed mark a long step towards industrial and social peace if the courts had power to enforce arbitration between contending groups representing capital and labor. But it is difficult to believe that Judge de Graff of Iowa has found in the laws an authority so long overlooked by all other judges and lawyers of the country. Wanting fuller information, we shall suspect that the adjustment at Des Moines proceeds more from the high personal character of Judge de Graff and upon the wish of all parties in interest to return to work than upon the discovery of any new principle or new force in existing laws. However, the Des Moines incident ought to emphasize the practical value of the principle of responsibility under the law as applied to all parties concerned in labor contentions. It should impress upon the country the necessity of making capital on the one hand and labor on the other responsible under the law for the carrying out of contracts, leaving the interpretation of contracts and the solution of differences arising under them either to the courts or to some authority other than that of the parties themselves. Every public service company or corporation stands under fixed obligations to the public; every workman engaged in any public service likewise stands under fixed obligations to the public. For these two parties, on account of differences between themselves, to impose burdens upon the public is wrong from every standpoint. The public has the right to insist in relation to every public service that differences shall be adjusted by processes less wasteful, less a menace to social order, than the strike and the lockout with the attendant and demoralizing circumstances which inevitably accompany them. Judge de Graff, if he has not found a way under the law, has at least taken a course which suggests what the law ought to be. The public service corporations, if not already responsible before the courts, should be required to make themselves so; all groups of men engaged in public service labors should be required likewise to make themselves responsible. Until this shall be done there will be no dependable industrial peace, no assurances safeguarding the rights of the public even in matters where its interest is profound and vital.

The Astor Incident.

Since Mr. John Jacob Astor's remarriage is not likely to impose special burdens upon society, it would seem the part of common sense and common decency on the part of the public to leave the matter to the parties interested. In other words, it is a case where the public ought to mind its own business. Abstractly the marriage of a man of forty-six with a woman of eighteen may be a matter out of keeping and out of taste; but not the general public and certainly not the yellow newspapers are commissioned under any theory of propriety to sit in judgment. There can be no legitimate public interest in marriages of private persons wherein there is involved no likelihood of public obligations flowing from them. The public has indeed the right to protest against any marriage if its consequences are in the way of imposing public burdens great or small; but where the conditions do not involve this probability, objection is gratuitous, impertinent, even vulgar.

However, the immediate incident with its attendant circumstances does serve to emphasize the failure on the part of Mr. Astor and others of his kind to elevate themselves into an aristocracy founded upon wealth. This effort had its beginning something more than forty years ago, and it has now come to a palpable breakdown. The reason is not far to seek. A class or group which undertakes to carry itself with a special and sustained prestige must in the very nature of things possess and practice exceptional moral qualities. Social brilliancy, social display, may easily flaunt itself wherever money is freely at command and liberally spent; and there will always be those to bend the pregnant hinges of the knee before full coffers, and wherever champagne is freely bidden to flow. But no aristocracy was ever yet founded or sustained upon this basis.

The weakness of the New York "set" of very rich people has been their lack of the common virtues, as illustrated quite notably in the history of the family of which Mr. Astor is the reigning head. Where there is not virtue enough among men to live by the rules essential to domestic integrity, wherever there is not virtue enough among women to exalt domestic above fashionable interests, pretensions of superiority must quickly fall. For at bottom society in the broad sense will not hold in respect those who do not hold themselves in respect and carry themselves with at least a reasonably sustained consideration for the fundamental canons of social integrity. No measure of expenditure can win and hold consideration for a group so weak in its moral fibre as to put license before duty and honor. The pose of a special prestige is surely lost to any group or caste when it contributes disproportionately to the license and the scandals of its day and generation and when it is forever appealing to the divorce court as arbiter in its affairs and as a regulator of its moral infirmities.

Nobody need take seriously in relation to this incident the somewhat frenzied outgivings of the Rev. G. C. Richmond. This is a very palpable case of vanities seeking exploitation and advertisement.

Cheap and Futile.

It is a cheap game of personal and factional politics that is being played at Washington under the banner of tariff reform. The Democratic House of Representatives has no expectation of framing a measure that will find its way to the statute book. It is not seeking to accomplish anything in the way of reform or even to declare its own fixed ideas, but only to put President Taft in a hole. Nor has the insurgent group any idea of really doing anything with the tariff; what they want is simply to put the President in a hole. This high-minded conspiracy may succeed—probably will succeed—in patching up and putting through both houses of Congress a bill bearing the brand of tariff reform, but it will be a thing of shreds and patches, based on no fundamental or sustaining principle, aiming at nothing worthy the name of reform and getting nowhere. It will not even answer the purpose of its makers, for it will not put Mr. Taft in a hole. Mr. Taft has already set in motion machinery designed to rewrite our tariff laws upon a scientific and equitable plan and by the only process practically possible under our legislative system. He will insist that this machinery be allowed to work in its own way to its own ends; he will not consent that a conspiracy of trafficking politicians shall embarrass and sidetrack it. If a half-cooked measure shall be passed up to him, as seems likely, he will place his veto upon it; and he will set forth his reasons in terms that will exhibit the trickery behind it and bring confusion upon those who have sought through it "to put Taft in a hole."

Editorial Notes.

So President Simon of Hayti has gone the way of his predecessor, General Nord Alexis, whom he displaced and exiled some three years ago. The rock on which Simon split was the financial one, and this is always a danger to negro administration, whether large or small. The finances of Hayti have been in a chaotic state for some time, and the taxpayers have been growing correspondingly restive. A few weeks ago the United States government offered to send some one to Hayti who knew the multiplication table and who could be trusted to use the cash register and to establish some sort of sympathetic relationship between revenue and expenditure. The offer was heartily indorsed by Germany and England, who were already doleful about their interest collection and who saw a ray of hope in the American offer. But President Simon would have none of it. He was intensely interested in the Haytian revenue, but the Haytian expenditure always bored him. As a result there was a little revolution, and now there is one more ex-president in Jamaica and General Cincinnatus Le Conte will sway the mighty destinies of the negro republic until he in turn becomes unbearable. But perhaps his impressive name may save him if he only tries to live up to it.

It is to be hoped that the investigation into the state printing office will not be allowed to die a natural death. There is not an intelligent observer in California who does not know that this concern has been a nest of misbehavior almost from its beginning and that it is mainly the parents of school children who have been asked to pay the bill. Why the state printing office should have so far escaped a sadly needed overhauling is one of those mysteries understood only by the politically elect, but now that the door has been opened it should be kept open until we can see exactly what has been hidden for so long. This is not a matter of a few excessive prices or of a few exorbitant orders to be explained away in the approved manner and then forgotten. It is a good opportunity to ascertain exactly what basis there is for a universal suspicion that has now been a long-continued public scandal.

The public is getting an emphatic hint of where one element of Mr. McCarthy's support is coming from in the flaming placards which adorn every low saloon in town. As he was supported before by the vicious elements and by every interest which finds profit in vicious things, so he will be supported again. He stands beyond question or doubt as the representative of all that is least worthy in the life of San Francisco, and it remains to be seen if San Francisco wants this sort of man in the mayor's chair.

It is announced that the Republic of Nicaragua, which is a large operator of its own public utilities, has made a contract with a California company for crude oil, which is to be substituted for coal, hitherto imported at heavy cost. The incident emphasizes a development which has wrought almost a revolution in California within a few years. It is only a little while ago that California was a large importer of fuel. Every wheel that turned here was driven under power drawn from imported coal. But under the development of our oil fields and with the utilization of our water power, California has supplied her own need and has turned exporter. That which we once bought at great cost we now sell to our great profit. Oil has become a greater bonanza than the silver of the Comstock or the gold of the Sierra foothills.

No state ought to be allowed to come into the Union with a constitution in conflict with the principles of the national constitution. Arizona has drafted such a state constitution and Congress, in its complaisance, has accepted it. Now it is profoundly to be hoped that President Taft, who comprehends as fully as any man living the enormity of the Arizona proposal, will find resolution to put an executive veto upon the whole business. It might make a howl, but it would do good by calling the attention of the country to the significance of fundamental principles.

The case of Anna Langley is not one to be regarded with equanimity by any civilized community. It is one of those incidents where hysteria has been allowed to override discretion and where a laudable sympathy for a persecuted woman has degenerated into a condonation of premeditated crime. The law expressly provides for the protection of such victims of brutality as Anna Langley. A word to the nearest policeman would have secured for her infamous husband a far more severe punishment than the instantaneous death that she inflicted. It was in no way one of those cases where outraged honor might find its own redress or go without. The revolver was purchased with the calculated intention to use it, and it was used, murderously used, in the public street and to the danger of innocent people. There was no suggestion of sudden frenzy or of uncontrollable passion. Now it is certain that no one would wish to see any serious punishment inflicted upon this poor woman, but it is equally certain that she is not a fit subject for the heroine monger. That she should be immediately acquitted, decked with flowers, and escorted to her home in an official automobile is simply an evidence of judicial hysteria, and a rather disgusting one. If we are prepared to establish the principle that a woman may murder her husband for an offense that is already and heavily penalized by specific laws we are likely to find that principle a dangerous one. Some way should have been found to mark the law's disapproval of this willful murder. At least the law should not have applauded it.

The new cavalry equipment board of the War Department has designed a new sabre, said to be equally suited to cutting and thrusting. And this just as those pleasing exercises, "cutting and thrusting," are about to come to an internationally ignominious end. Except for French and German duels, of course.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Rudyard Kipling has collaborated with Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher in the production of a history of England. Mr. Fletcher is comparatively unknown to fame, at least upon this side of the Atlantic, and we shall be inclined to look askance upon Mr. Kipling as a writer of history. Mr. Kipling has, of course, his merits, but a calm and dispassionate view of the relative virtues of his own and of other countries is not among them. No one would think of putting Mr. Kipling upon a board of international arbitration. He will never get a seat on The Hague Tribunal. His gifts do not lie in that direction. And he ought not to write a history except as a vehicle for metrical expression and with an understanding that facts don't matter. Here are three of his stanzas on the Norman Conquest, a period so remote that the facts really do not matter very much:

England's on the anvil—hear the hammers ring—
Clanging from the Severn to the Tyne!
Never was a blacksmith like our Norman King—
England's being hammered, hammered, hammered into line!

England's on the anvil! Heavy are the blows!
(But the work will be a marvel when it's done.)
Little bits of kingdoms can not stand against their foes.
England's being hammered, hammered, hammered into one!

There shall be one people—it shall serve one Lord—
(Neither priest nor baron shall escape!)
It shall have one speech and law, soul and strength and sword.
England's being hammered, hammered, hammered into shape!

The work has already been called the "Big Drum" history of England, but why is it that two people writing a book like this in collaboration so often refer to themselves as "I"? We have a dozen such sentences as "I fear," "I wish I could say," etc. Is this literary carelessness, or do Mr. Kipling and Mr. Fletcher believe themselves to be in some mysterious way the personified spirit of English history?

M. Emile Wauters, the Belgian painter and art collector, has a reputation that excludes all likelihood of self-deception in the matter of the statue of the Virgin and the Child that has just come into his possession. Moreover, the Chevalier de Stuers, fine arts minister of Holland, says that this statue will do for Gothic art what the Venus of Milo has done for the Greek, and when two such experts agree it is well to give heed. Mr. Wauters tells a curious story about this statue. He says that after the separation of church and state the good monks of the seminary at Meaux were much exercised in their pious minds as to the inventories of their property about to be undertaken by the government. They had no idea what their statue was worth, but they knew that it was worth something, and so they set themselves to work to conceal whatever value it might possess. They had read Holy Writ to some purpose and they resolved to be not only as harmless as doves, but also as wise as serpents. So they painted their beautiful marble statue in glaring reds and yellows, so that it should look like some tawdry wooden image, and evidently Providence blessed their efforts, for they were successful. When the officials arrived they merely glanced cursorily at the crudely decorated statue and passed on their way. Then the monks cautiously advertised their property and sold it for $80. Probably they thought they had done rather a good thing, and so they had from their point of view. But the purchaser had done still better, for he sold it to M. Wauters for $500, and probably thought in his turn that he also had done a good thing. But now the Louvre has offered $20,000 for the statue, but the Belgian artist refuses to sell. He says it belongs to the fourteenth century and comes from the school of the Ile de France of the Gothic period of French sculpture, and that it is the greatest of all the Virgins of that epoch of virgins when there were probably more virgins of marble than of flesh and blood.

Speaking of statues, another remarkable find has been reported from Campiobbi, near Florence. A workman discovered some fragments of broken statuary while digging in a garden. He carried the pieces to Professor Costantini, who paid him $100 for them and set to work to reconstruct, and succeeded very fairly. The head was missing, but a missing head is a trivial matter to a statue. Then the professor offered the headless statue to the government for a substantial price. The experts looked it over superciliously, as experts do when another man's discovery is concerned, and they said it was not a statue at all, but a number of pieces belonging to many statues ingeniously glued together with intent to deceive. So the professor went away, found a rich American who would believe anything, and sold the statue to him for $60,000. Then the government descended upon him. They argued correctly that no American could possibly be deceived as to the genuineness of a work of art and they ordered the statue to be seized. But it had been already seized. The American had seized it. It was gone. Now the professor is in some kind of trouble, and he is doing his best to persuade the authorities that the statue was actually valueless. But the authorities in their turn are asking: Would the American have paid $60,000 for it if it had been worthless? Obviously no. An American can not be deceived in art values. So the professor is under surveillance and the officials are anxiously searching for the missing head. The statue itself is probably on the briny deep by this time.

Humanity has always had a weakness for medical prescriptions, and the quack medicine is by no means an invention of modern times. Here, for example, is an old Scotch remedy for consumption that was once much in vogue. You catch twenty-one large earthworms which must be "wiped clean." Soak them in a quart of old Malaga for twelve hours. Then drain them off and add to the wine a sliced nutmeg, a little saffron and a piece of gold leaf. It was to be taken in three glasses "as long as you think convenient." By leaving out the earthworms it is easy to believe that this was a good and comfortable medicine and that it would prove "convenient" for quite a long time. Another favorite remedy was the baked lungs of a fox mixed with white sugar, steeped in water and bottled.

A clever young woman in New York has just taken out her final naturalization papers, and she informed the judge that she intends to go at once to Ireland, marry a young man whom she has already selected for that purpose, and bring him to America as an American citizen. The judge was a little dubious about this, but the young woman has convinced him of its legality. The law provides that when any person marries an American that person becomes thereupon a citizen. The judge explained that the law referred to American men who married foreign women, but the applicant pointed out that the law made no such distinction and that it could be applied just as much one way as the other. And she persuaded the judge to that effect after he had exacted a promise of an invitation to the wedding, which seems like bribery and corruption.

Mr. d'Arcy Power has contributed a paper to the London *Loncet* dealing with the question of the eyesight of Samuel Pepys and the physical reasons that caused him to discontinue his diary at the age of thirty-six. It seems a little late in the day to be prescribing for Samuel Pepys, but Mr. Power tells us the exact prescription that he would have written and he makes no doubt that he could have removed the trouble and so prolonged the incomparable diary for many years. Pepys himself makes frequent references to his trouble, which at that time was beyond the reach of optical skill. He closes his diary as being "all that I douht I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my journal." He used such magnifying glasses and "tubes" as the science of the day could suggest, but actually, says Mr. Power, his trouble was a slight one and could have been remedied quickly by the modern optician.

France has done her best to get rid of religion, but apparently she can not do wholly without some sort of ethical ceremonial. Christian baptism having been abolished, a civil baptism has taken its place and the duties of citizenship are imposed, not in the name of God, but in the name of the "universal principles of free thought." Just at the present time France is suffering under that peculiarly hateful form of mental tyranny known as free thought, and it is therefore fitting that the goddess should be invoked solemnly at the Mairie where infants are brought for dedication. Here are the injunctions that are imposed after a ritual modeled upon the abolished rights of the church:

(1) You shall honor your country, your father and your mother, and shall be dutiful to them.

(2) You shall with all your power sustain truth and justice.

(3) Your greatest fear shall always be that of doing any injury to your neighbor.

No doubt it is all very impressive and we can believe that the infant becomes subconsciously actuated in the direction of the good, the beautiful, and the true. But are there no memories of the artificial religion invented by Robespierre during the "glorious revolution of 1789" and the derisive execration in which it ended? And now here we have another attempt. Perhaps some bold spirit will presently ask why we must not injure our neighbors, and what will the civil authorities say to that? But then questions are not allowed at the Mairie.

This is not the first occasion in English history when a ministry has threatened the House of Lords with a "swamping" creation of peers. The first great reform bill was passed in this same way, although the Lords prudently capitulated in the nick of time. On May 17, 1832, William IV granted an audience to Lord Brougham, who asked for authority to create the necessary number of peers. It was granted at once. "Sire," said Lord Brougham, "I have one further request to make." "What," replied the king, "have I not yet conceded enough?" "I do not wish to ask any fresh concessions of your majesty," replied Lord Brougham, "but simply to request you to put in writing the promise you have made us." So the king wrote:

The king grants permission to Earl Grey and to his chancellor, Lord Brougham, to create such a number of peers as will be sufficient to insure the passing of the Reform bill—first calling peers' eldest sons. WILLIAM, R.
WINDSOR, May 17, 1832.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

A fairly enthusiastic volcano is one of the world's freaks as a wealth producer. Bongo, the volcano in question, is located in Japan, and produces refined sulphur, which by this natural method of production escapes the import duty charged by this country, amounting to $4 a ton. The owners of Bungo naturally have no desire to part with their fiery source of income.

Virginia has an old law, dating back to the days of Patrick Henry, which prohibits rights-of-way being procured by condemnation proceedings through an orchard for a public road. Why an orchard was particularly designated for favoritism is not quite clear in these advanced days.

Science, with an eye to the manufacture of artificial wood from straw, is now experimenting in London. At the outset it is proposed to utilize the process for the manufacture of matches, and it is claimed the cost will be lessened.

Palestine makes a pleasant wine which, next to mother-of-pearl articles, constitutes the principal item of export to the United States from Jerusalem. The industry is steadily growing.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Flowers.

Buy my English posies—
Kent and Surrey May,
Violets of the Undercliff
Wet with Channel spray;
Cowslips from a Devon combe
Midland furze afire—
Buy my English posies,
And I'll sell your heart's desire!

Buy my English posies!—
You that scorn the May
Won't you greet a friend from home
Half the world away?
Green against the draggled drift,
Faint and frail and first—
Buy my Northern blood-root
And I'll know where you were nursed!
Robin down the logging-road whistles, "Come to me,"
Spring has found the maple-grove, the sap is running free;
All the winds o' Canada call the plowing-rain.
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
Here's to match your need.
Buy a tuft of royal heath,
Buy a bunch of weed
White as sand of Muysenberg
Spun before the gale—
Buy my heath and lilies
And I'll tell you whence you hail!
Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—
Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless sky—
Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
You that will not turn,
Buy my hot-wood clematis,
Buy a frond o' fern
Gathered where the Erskine leaps
Down the road to Lorne—
Buy my Christmas creeper
And I'll say where you were born!
West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin—
They that work at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn—
Through the great South Otay gums sings the great South Main—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
Here's your choice unsold!
Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,
Buy the Kowhai's gold
Flung for gift on Taupo's face
Sign that spring has come—
Buy my clinging myrtle
And I'll give you back your home!
Broom behind the windy town, pollen o' the pine—
Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the *ratos* twine—
Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!—
Ye that have your own
Buy them for a brother's sake
Overseas, alone.
Weed ye trample underfoot
Floods his heart abrim—
Bird ye never heeded,
Oh, she calls his dead to him!
Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas.
Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these!
Unto each his mother-heach, bloom and bird and land—
Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Life and Time.

Time sits in silence, patient, at his loom,
And throws untired his shuttles of moon and sun,
And weaves with flying strands of dark and light,
And weaves again forever, as it wanes,
His pageant of the living hours that die—
Night treading lonely through a land of sleep;
Dawn that has dreams of Night within her eyes;
Day with the bloom of Morning on her cheeks;
Day flushed from labors in the stress of Noon;
And Eve whose eyes are sad with dreams of Day.

And circling in the dazzle and the dark,
In all the ever-fading, growing gloom
And glory, swings the clamorous world of men:
Clamor of Peace, who sows her happy fields
Or feasts with all her sons at harvest-home;
Of War, that wields his lightnings like a god
And thunders god-like from his clouds, and swirls
His red rain on the fields that Peace has sown;
Of joy, who brims his cup and shouts his songs
Exultant in a bubble-heaven that bursts;
Of Death, who snows his Winter where he will,
And walks amid a wailing as of winds;
Of Hope, who, blinded by his first sunrise,
Waits for the slow tomorrow and dies today;
Of Love, whose earth and hell and heaven are one;
Of Loss, that whimpers at the heels of Love;
Of Pity and Hate, of Anguish and Despair—

Clamor of all the voices of the world
Moan to him like the murmur of his loom;
But heedless whether men may laugh or weep,
And careless ever though they live or die,
Time sits in silence at his spanless web
And throws untired his shuttles of moon and sun,
And weaves anew his pageant as it wanes—
Dawn that has dreams of Night within her eyes;
Day with the bloom of Morning on her cheeks;
Day flushed from lahors in the stress of Noon;
And Eve whose eyes are dim with dreams of Day;
And Night who loiters saddening still for Dawn.

—*A. St. John Adcock.*

One of the most unique gardens in the world is the Alpine Garden of Botany, said to be the highest in the world, at an elevation of 7150 feet. It was laid out by the late Canon Chanoux, formerly rector of the Hospice of Little St. Bernard. Here are to be seen blooming almost all species of mountain flowers, not only those common in the Alps, Pyrenees, Carpathians, the Caucasus, and the Balkans, but even from afar off Himalaya. The canon conceived the idea in 1888, but it was not until 1902 that his project became effective. In the latter year the community of Thuile gave him the land.

COLONEL ASTOR'S ENGAGEMENT.

Miss Gilder Comments on the Advantages of Wealth, and Its Disadvantages.

The announcement is just made of the engagement of Colonel John Jacob Astor to Miss Madeline Force, a débutante of eighteen years of age. Colonel Astor is forty-seven and his son Vincent is a year older than the girl who is to be his stepmother. Colonel Astor's first wife divorced him about two years ago and the courts ruled that he can not marry in the State of New York for five years, and not even then without special permission. I do not know just what this means. It is not necessary for a man to marry in New York when every other state is open to him. The first Mrs. Astor got her divorce on statutory grounds and had no difficulty in getting it.

Immediately the divorce was granted Colonel Astor gave a ball to celebrate the event, and it was attended by people of whom one had a right to expect better things. Of course there were many invited who did not go, but the majority went, although they freely expressed their opinion of their host. But it was a great social event, and such an original idea—to give a dance in celebration of the divorce that his wife got from him, not he from her, mind you.

I suppose that society will congratulate Miss Force upon her coming marriage to one of the richest men in the world. Her parents it is said are delighted with it and did everything in their power to bring it about. They are not well off, but even if they had been rich it would have been all the same, for Colonel Astor is richer than almost any one else. I dare say that as the girl is very young she is dazzled with what her beauty has done for her. She will not only be rich beyond the dreams of avarice, but she will be Mrs. Astor, a, if not the, leader of New York society. People of whom she has read in the society columns of the newspapers will kowtow to her, and there is nothing in the world that will not be hers—except happiness.

Perhaps if the divorced wife of Colonel Astor told her all that she knows she might hesitate, but only for a moment. The fiancées of divorced men believe, or try to, that the divorced wives are prejudiced and that they did not know how to manage their husbands.

While one may excuse an immature girl for being carried off her feet by an offer of marriage from a man of Colonel Astor's wealth and social position, what can one think of the parents who not only give their consent but who are pleased and proud of the match? Is money the only thing in the world? One would think so by the way that those who have it are regarded. It is enough to make one a hermit. A man with money or a title, no matter what his life is, will be welcomed with open arms into the bosom of most American families. There are some exceptions; we still have a few fathers and mothers who think more of character than of money or titles, but there are not many.

No date is fixed for the Astor-Force nuptials, but when they do come off there will no doubt be a great time. The social world will crowd to the show, the girl will be congratulated by people who will get together and predict the worst for her future and laugh and wink at each other when it is all over. But there will be others who will only feel the pity of it, and I will be one of those.

It is time that the outcry against European tipping was stopped. The palm belongs to us now. In New York, to take the nearest example, tipping has become what the men describe as "an infernal nuisance." The last straw is the hat-checking system in the hotels. A man can not go into a hotel café or restaurant that his hat is not seized by a boy, or sometimes a young woman, and held until he leaves the place. It is the regular thing, and there is no getting away from it. The fee is 10 cents, or as much more as he feels inclined to give. Perhaps he is not going to stay very long and he wants to keep his hat, but he is told that it is "the rule of the house" to give it up, and if he hesitates it is snatched from his hand. A voluntary tip is one thing, but a "hold-up" is quite another. The hat-checking tip nuisance is a hold-up pure and simple. There has been so much talk and complaint about it that the matter has been investigated, and it is discovered that men pay thousands of dollars a year for the privilege of checking hats. At the Knickerbocker the "padrone" is said to pay $9000 a year for the privilege, and when the Café de l'Opera was opened $12,000 was paid by an over-sanguine Frenchman. Every one knows what happened to that much advertised restaurant—it died of its own reputation! People were scared away by the high prices and the insistence upon evening dress. Now it is the Café Louis Martin and seems to be doing a good business.

Louis Martin is the brother of J. B., the original Martin, and was with him when the latter started business at University Place and Ninth Street. Louis saw J. B. making pots of money and wanted more out of him than he was inclined to give, so he left and set up for himself in a side street near by. J. B. was indignant, but Louis did not prosper, and rumor has it that he left New York and opened a French restaurant in Danbury, Connecticut. The hatters of that town apparently did not appreciate French cooking, and I don't know just what happened, but in time he and J. B. made up, or appeared to have done so, and he was seen at the Fifth Avenue restaurant. Then came another separation, and now we have two Martin restaurants. So that there may be no mistake, Louis has his full name emblazoned in electric lights over the door of his Broadway place, but all Martins are alike to the average New Yorker—until he discovers the difference.

J. B. Martin's is the one that is always called Martin's, and is an institution of this city. When J. B. and his wife—his first, who was a Frenchwoman—came up from Panama, where they had kept a hotel, the University Place house was called the Hotel de Panama. It was at that time the most foreign hotel in New York. There was only one dining-room and a café. In the latter Mme. Martin sat behind a white marble desk, with "Martin" engraved upon it in gold letters, making it look exactly like a tombstone, and acted as cashier. The patrons of the place were mostly French people and their tastes were catered to. There was no such eating of its kind in New York, and no more inviting place. I wrote a letter about it to a Boston paper in its early days, and one day when I was dining there I asked Mr. Martin if he had seen what I had written. "No," he said, "but I have heard from it." I looked pleased. "People have spoken of it?" "Yes, the proprietor of a Boston hotel came on here and took my chef back with him." "I'm sorry for that," I said, "for I had meant to do you a good rather than a bad turn." "It makes no difference," he replied; "I always have one just as good in readiness. My under chef is always as good as the first." So no barm was done and a Boston hotel got a really good French cook, and things went on in much the same way at the Hotel de Panama.

Mr. J. B. Martin was the first restaurateur to charge a higher price for dinner without than with wine. The first time that I noticed it the bill of fare read dinner with wine $1.25, without wine $1.50. I thought it was a misprint and called Mr. Martin's attention to it. "That's all right," he said; "I charge them more when they don't drink wine; I don't want my dinners washed down with ice-water." The plan worked well, and now almost all the table-d'hôte restaurants have adopted it. And there are very few dinners washed down with ice-water in New York.

But to return to tips: Delmonico's, the Waldorf-Astoria, the Manhattan, St. Regis, Gotham, Ritz-Carleton, Holland House, and a few others do not sell the cloak-room and lavatory privileges, and the guests may tip or not as they please and still be sure of polité service. In the hotels that sell the tipping rights it often costs a man 30 cents to get a ten-cent glass of beer.

Jeannette L. Gilder.

New York, August 3, 1911.

Loss of a leg is essential to a job with a Chicago firm. All but two of its 102 employees in the factory and in the branch offices wear one or two artificial legs. The institution manufactures artificial lower limbs, and the employees leave their work to show the newly fitted patients how well they can walk, run, and jump with the artificial article. Makers doubt if there ever was such a thing as a "cork leg"—in which cork entered in any considerable extent into the making of the limb. Some of them claim that the name was derived from one Cork, who made artificial legs early in the last century in New York. In the present day they are manufactured from English willow, covered with a thin parchment or enamel, or of wood and leather.

Another art treasure, a painting depicting a striking incident in the life of Queen Elizabeth, from the brush of Solomon J. Solomon, has been added to the collection of the Palace of Westminster. The artist has not had recourse to fresco work, which is unsuited to the climate. The picture is the gift of the late Lord Swaythling, and occupies a large panel on one of the landings of the staircase leading from the central hall to the committee-room corridor of the House of Commons. It is entitled, "The Commons Petitioning Queen Elizabeth to Marry." The monarch is seated on her throne, and, holding a ring high in the air, is exclaiming, "With this ring I was wedded to the realm."

At one time the cutty stool was the seat of repentance employed in the Scottish church for the exposure of offenders against the moral law. The transgressor having been deprived of church ordinances and duly taken to task privately, was then compelled to make a public acknowledgment of the misdeed prior to being restored to favor. Each culprit did penance by occupying the cutty stool in the presence of the whole congregation and was openly lectured by the minister on the enormity of the offense.

Medical scientists have arrived at the conclusion, after various experiments, that the blood of persons living at a high altitude is much richer and therefore much more capable of resisting disease germs than the blood of persons living near sea level. They also claim that lack of oxygen in the atmosphere at a great height is the cause of mountain sickness.

Originally intended to be operated by the physical exertion of one man, the lathe has now reached such a state of development that in many cases forty to sixty horse-power, or the equivalent of 600 men, is necessary to operate it. It is one of the earliest forms of tool to be driven by machinery.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Jens I. Westengard, who developed marked ability as a student of civic and national problems in Chicago, is now chief advisor of the King of Siam. He has been knighted a *hya kalaya*. Under his direction all matters of government and foreign affairs are concluded, and Siam is beginning to consider modern ideas.

Miss Constance Mather, who is going to Labrador to engage in missionary work on that bleak coast, is an heiress to millions in Cleveland, prominent in society, and is a niece of the late John Hay. She plans to undertake the beginning of a great work among the children of Labrador and Newfoundland, and will probably establish schools or classes for the teaching of domestic science and modern methods of home-making. She will also take up kindergarten work among the younger children.

John Kenlon, the new fire chief of New York, has been in the department since 1887. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, fifty years ago, going to sea at the age of thirteen. For fourteen years he followed the life, and when he gave it up he had both a chief engineer's license and a commanding officer's license. When the marine branch of the New York fire department was created, it was made a requirement that the deputy chief must have a master's certificate. Kenlon was the only candidate who had one.

Dr. Felix Adler, originator of the Universal Races Congress, the first one of which has just been held in London, is a professor of social ethics in Columbia University. He has been made chairman of the honorary committee of the congress in recognition of his efforts on behalf of the great peace movement. He was born at Alez, Germany, in 1851, and inherits his humanitarian nature, his father having been a rabbi. Much of his education was obtained in Berlin and Heidelberg. One of his best-known works is "Religion of Duty."

Harry Snowden Stabler, who has just resigned as paying teller of the National Bank of Commerce of Baltimore to devote his time to literary work, has been with the financial institution since he was nineteen years of age. While successful as a banker, he has been equally successful as a writer during the last three years, having won a place with leading magazines. He likes to write negro dialect stories, but has produced able banking articles. He was born in Lynchburg, Virginia, left high school in his first year and took up banking. He is an ardent sportsman and a sailor of ability.

Leonard Crunelle, who first won recognition as a sculptor through his models of babies, came of poor parents and worked as a coal miner near Decatur, Illinois, until the attention of Lorado Taft was called to his aptitude. He was born in France less than forty years ago. The family came to America and found work in the coal mines. After work the lad amused himself by modeling figures out of coal. He was also learning to speak English. Taft came to Decatur to lecture, heard of the boy, and looked at his coal figures. At once he recognized the genius of the young Frenchman. Then came the world's fair at Chicago. Taft sent for young Crunelle to work as one of the modelers for the buildings. In due time he located in Chicago, studied under Taft, and won a name for himself and his work. "The Squirrel Boy," perhaps the most popular of Crunelle's later studies, has been purchased by the Chicago Art Institute.

Congressman James Thomas Heflin, of the Fifth Alabama District, is a sartorial dream, and it all comes from the Alabama mills, from the talkative cotton necktie to the white cotton shoes he sometimes hides his blushing cotton socks in. In warm days the "cotton congressman" dons his soft ecru cotton shirt, packs his wildly communicative cotton vest away, and coolly goes about his business in the House of Representatives, keeping in mind the things his constituents sent him there to get for them. Down in his home district they raise cotton and they operate mills. And Heflin is a grand advertiser of home products. Up in Washington they wear smoked glasses and turn on the electric fans when he appears in full cotton regalia. The Honorable Thomas smiles genially, sips his mineral ice-water, and when he goes back home his people look him over and decide he looks a heap like another term because he has not returned with an outfit that looks like a college clothing advertisement.

Frank Bloom, an enlisted man at Fort Myer, Virginia, against whom Colonel Joseph Garrard raised the objection that he was a Jew and the son of a post tailor when the young man applied for opportunity to take the examination for a commission, has brushed Garrard aside through the intervention of President Taft. Learning of the commandant's action, the President promptly directed an investigation and then asked the Secretary of War to reprimand the offending officer, and warn him not to repeat the offense. Bloom, intensely patriotic, bright and capable, in the beginning asked influential men to have Mr. Roosevelt, then President, to give him a West Point education. Mr. Roosevelt was not inclined to do so, and advised young Bloom to try the recruit route. He did so, only to meet Colonel Garrard's un-American prejudice, though the officer indorsed on his application that he possessed all the virtues and qualifications necessary for the rank.

THE UNCLAIMED BOX.

And What It Held.

We have a cozy little bungalow of our own now. It nestles among the trees and flowers on a gently sloping hill back of Mill Valley. We call it "Dreams-Come-True," because long before we got the reward money we had planned and hoped for just such a home, but, as Jack was only a "scrub" reporter then, the realization of our dreams seemed far distant.

And Jack has developed a healthy respect for the curiosity of women and their love of bargain-hunting, for if I had not possessed these "weaknesses of the sex" I would not have gone to the unclaimed baggage sale and there would have been no week of adventure, no bronze image, no reward, no "Dreams-Come-True." We would be living yet in our tiny three-room apartment in the foggy city, and Jack would still be "doing" police news.

But one morning, more than a year ago, I chanced to spy an announcement in the newspaper, and then our adventures began. It read:

A sale of 3500 pieces of unclaimed baggage, consisting of trunks, boxes, suit-cases, hampers, etc., will be held at the Southern Pacific warehouse at ten o'clock a. m. on April 15.

That ad suggested a bargain and a mystery, and the combination was irresistible, so when Jack said he had orders to attend the sale to look for some bits of local color for his paper, I eagerly coaxed him to take me with him.

"You don't mean you would trudge through the mud and rain on a cold day like this just to see a few boxes and trunks auctioned off?" Jack exclaimed.

"Yes, I would." I replied. "The vision of all those packages, all shapes and sizes, and *unopened*, positively fascinates me. Why, Jack, you don't know what treasures they may contain."

"It is customary, I presume, for people to leave treasures around in check rooms and fail to call for them," said Jack, sarcastically. "However, if you want to go, I'm sure I'd be glad to have you."

I needed no second invitation, and in a short time was ready to start, togged out in raincoat and overshoes.

When the warehouse was reached we found all the available space occupied by men and women from all stations in life, who seemed to take a keen interest in the proceedings, regardless of the cold and dampness. We, too, soon forgot our discomfort in the excitement of bidding for something we needed no more than a headache, just to keep some one else from getting it. I had to let the most tempting trunks and suit-cases go by with never a bid, as I had promised Jack to buy nothing I couldn't carry home. As the auctioneer took up a small box, neatly wrapped and tied with a purple string, I was surprised to hear the man just back of me whisper to his companion, "There it is."

Turning to Jack, I whispered in his ear: "I am determined to possess that box if I have to spend all that remains of my month's allowance for it."

As I expected, the man made the first bid. Jack raised it. Just then a telegram was handed to the auctioneer, and he stopped to read it. He was probably confused by the interruption, for when he resumed the sale he knocked the box off to Jack without asking for further bids.

Then the man behind me rushed up to the desk and remonstrated excitedly with the auctioneer, but that pompous person would not permit any criticism of his actions, and while the two were mixing words right merrily, Jack and I got our package and quietly departed. The man's companion deserted him, too, and came back to town on the same car we did. In fact, for days it seemed every time I turned around I came face to face with that man. I was beginning to feel squeamish about it when I learned that he occupied the apartment adjoining ours, so it was natural that we should often travel in the same direction.

In our excitement we had almost forgotten our purchase, but as soon as we reached home I eagerly opened it, and after taking off many wrappings of tissue paper a most unique little bronze Chinese god was disclosed to our delighted gaze. It was an effigy of Maitreya, the Buddhist Messiah, conceived as an obese Chinaman with smiling features, and was beautifully molded and chiseled. It was, indeed, a bargain, and yet, to my mind, this did not satisfactorily explain the conduct of the man behind us. He seemed prosperous and cultured, and not at all the kind to make a scene in public for the sake of getting a ten-dollar article for two dollars.

Jack interrupted my puzzled thoughts by suggesting that the idol would make a novel and charming wedding present for Mary Ralston, my girlhood chum, who was to be married the following week. I immediately acquiesced, for it was really a little beauty, and I knew its value would be enhanced in Mary's eyes when she learned how we acquired it. Mother was going to Hillsdale to attend the wedding, and when she left that afternoon she carried in her traveling bag our present to Mary.

The next few days were so filled with preparations for a little trip we were planning to take that the incident of the sale was forgotten, except when I encountered my neighbor, which was often, and sometimes in places men seldom frequented.

We left on a Saturday for Mount Tamalpais, where we secured a room at the tavern, and settled ourselves for a week of solid enjoyment. Early the next morning we started for our initial tramp over the mountain trails. The unaccustomed exercise soon tired us, and we were back at the tavern by three o'clock. There I found the following note from the manager of the apartment house where we lived:

Dear Mrs. Dawson: When the house-boy went into your apartment this morning he found everything in the utmost confusion. The contents of every drawer were turned out upon the floor and the whole apartment has the appearance of having been ransacked by burglars. Upon inquiry I found that no other apartment in the house had been entered, so before reporting to the police I want to ask if, in your haste to depart, you left things in the above condition. If so, pardon my intrusion, but I thought it best to let you know. Please telephone me as soon as possible, and if the apartment has been entered I will notify the police at once.

Very sincerely, Carrie Davis.

Now here was a pretty kettle of fish! I most certainly had not left my apartment in that condition, and yet how could any one get into it? Bright lights burned in the halls all night, and the desk of the telephone operator was located to command a view of the stairs and elevator. True, an iron fire escape ran just outside our window, but our apartment was a corner one, and one taking that route would have to pass the windows of the four apartments on the same floor, and so run the risk of being seen or heard. And why should a burglar choose our apartments in preference to others which were occupied by people of wealth? We certainly had no valuables to tempt them. However, if our little belongings were not costly we were at least fond of them, so we decided to catch the next train to San Francisco and see just what was the extent of our loss. We hurried to our room to change our clothes, but when the door was opened we stopped in amazement. Our steamer trunk and suit-cases were turned upside down, and the contents scattered all over the floor. The hotel proprietor, when questioned, could give no explanation. He said the servants were all trustworthy, the key to the room had not been taken from the office, and no other room in the hotel had been entered. Our room was one of a suite, but the door between it and the next room was locked and the proprictor had the key in his possession. The usual big Sunday crowd had been to the tavern for the day, and the room had been rented to two men who wished to rest for a couple of hours after their climb from Mill Valley. Their names did not appear on the register, and they left on the three-o'clock train. Not a thing was taken, not even Jack's watch, which he had left in the trunk. We regarded it as something more than a coincidence that our rooms, both at home and in the hotel, should be entered, and we were sorely troubled. However, we had little time to worry, for the last train left the tavern at four o'clock and we had to hurry to make it.

When we reached our apartment we found things as Mrs. Davis had described them, but much to our relief nothing was missing. We decided it would be useless to notify the police, for they would take small interest in the capture of a burglar who would break into a house and steal nothing. I confess I was rather nervous by this time, and a foreboding of impending evil had settled upon my spirits, but after hours of searching our brains for some motive, with no result, Jack and I decided that it was just a coincidence after all, and we would go back to Tamalpais in the morning and forget about it.

When we awoke the next day we were greeted by a steady downpour of rain, so we postponed our return to Tamalpais for another day. Jack was content to spend a lazy morning in the house, but by afternoon the inactivity wore on his nerves, and he said he would go down to the office for a few hours and watch the other fellows work.

"Have dinner a little earlier than usual, and I will get tickets for the theatre tonight," he called back, as he started off in high spirits.

Our dinner hour came, but no Jack. Seven, eight, nine, and still he had not come. I was making a mighty effort to be brave, but when eleven o'clock struck and he had not come I was almost frantic. It was so unlike Jack. He was the most thoughtful of husbands, and even if he had found an interesting assignment at the office and had rushed off to fill it he would certainly have telephoned me.

Recent events had unnerved me, and all kinds of horrid fancies took possession of my brain. In one nightmare I pictured Jack as having been run over by a street-car; and again as wandering the streets in a fit of mental aberration. I had heard of such cases. Then I fancied he might have deserted me, foolish as I knew the thought to be, and there flowed great tears of self-pity. And all the time I was listening for the sound of the latch-key in the door.

With a great effort I recovered my mental health, and tried to think only of the probable and reasonable causes of his absence, and to decide the sensible thing to do. After midnight I telephoned to the office, but I had waited too long. The paper had gone to press and the few straggling reporters still on duty had not seen Jack. I shrank from the publicity attached to reporting his absence to the police, and decided at least to wait until morning.

Mr. Marshall came up from the office in the early morning to offer his assistance. Jack was very popular with the boys, and they were just as anxious about him, and fully as puzzled as I was. He spent the morning visiting the hospitals and viewing the bodies in the morgue, but found no trace of Jack.

In the late afternoon a letter came from Jack. With trembling fingers I tore it open. The cool audacity of it dazed me. It read:

Dear Wife: Do not worry about me. Had to go away on a little business trip. Will be back within a week and will then explain all. Yours, Jack.

I found myself unconsciously cutting open the envelope so I could see the inside of the flap that glues down. When Jack and I were sweethearts we both wrote shorthand, and in our letters we always put some little message of love in shorthand on the inside of the flap of the envelope before sealing it. It seemed so much more personal tucked away in the dark, where only one who knew the secret could find it. Always I looked for the little "I love you" before reading the letter. And we had never abandoned this sentiment of our courtship days. I scarcely expected to find such a message in this letter, but to my delight there were the well-known little curved outlines, though written so dimly with pencil I had difficulty in reading them. And I began to doubt I was reading aright, so astonishing was the message:

I am held a prisoner, but am well treated. Don't worry about me. Telegraph Mary Ralston to put Chinese God in safe immediately, and let no one——

Here it ended abruptly. Though bewildered, I was happier than I had been since Jack left. Now I knew he was not away of his own volition. With feverish zeal I set to work to carry out his instructions. I knew Jack had some good and sufficient reason for making such an unusual request, so I telegraphed Mary and was confident she would do as I asked.

Then I had a long talk with myself as to the best method of finding Jack. Somehow I did not like to tell his business associates about that message on the envelope flap. It seemed so melodramatic and unbelievable that such a thing could occur in the heart of a big city. In my perplexity a most illuminating thought flashed through my brain. Why not take my troubles to kind old Mr. Drake? He and grandfather had been to college together, and there an attachment was formed that lasted throughout the nearly seventy years of grandfather's life. Every summer Mr. Drake would spend his vacation at our home, and among my most pleasant recollections were the long summer evenings when I sat on the porch steps and listened to the marvelous adventures of San Francisco's most famous detective. Since grandfather's death we had heard nothing of Mr. Drake, but I instinctively felt that he was the one for me to appeal to if he were still in the city.

From the telephone directory I learned that his home was only a few blocks away, so my resolve was scarcely made before I was speeding on my way to see him. I found him the same kind old man as of old. His keen, penetrating eye and energetic movements seemed to put to rout the mute testimony of the beautiful snow-white hair and proclaimed him still a young man. Real pleasure at seeing me was shown in his greeting, and before he would let me talk of business he insisted that I drink a cup of tea with him while we talked of bygone days. So deftly did he guide my thoughts that I had almost forgotten my distress, and it was with a guilty start that I recalled the object of my visit. Then he said: "You look much better now, dear, and have a bit of color in your cheeks. I am sure you are much more fit to tell me what has brought you to seek my counsel. I can see it is serious, so omit none of the details, no matter how trivial they may seem to you."

So I related the whole story, beginning with the purchase of the box at the sale.

With an occasional well-directed question Mr. Drake brought out some point I had omitted, or kept me to the main events when I was inclined to digress. He insisted upon my describing to the minutest detail the appearance of the young man who occupied the apartment next to ours. This I was able to do accurately, and the old detective's face evidenced great satisfaction as I proceeded.

When I had finished Mr. Drake took both my hands in his and said: "Now, Dorothy, drop all your fears about Jack, for before many hours I shall restore him to you. Providence has directed you to me, for not only will we rescue Jack, but we will capture the cleverest thief in San Francisco. You must leave matters entirely to me. You need a good rest, so while I am on the trail of your hiding husband, my housekeeper will make you comfortable in one of the guest rooms. Before you retire, however, please write out an order on your friend in Hillsdale to deliver to my son the Chinese image, for it is essential that I secure that at the earliest possible moment."

The excitement under which I had been laboring, coupled with the loss of sleep, had completely exhausted me, and I submitted readily enough to the motherly housekeper who insisted upon putting me to bed at once. Feeling that I could leave everything to the kind old detective, I soon drifted into a dreamless sleep.

When I was awakened it was to look into Jack's smiling eyes and to be clasped in his arms. It was early morning, my sleep having remained unbroken through the long night. Breathlessly I listened to Jack's recital of his experiences since his departure for the office.

As he walked down the corridor to the elevator, he was met by the young man of the neighboring apartment, who greeted him in a friendly manner and asked him if he was interested in pictures. When assured that he was, he invited Jack to inspect his latest canvas. Thinking it but an act of neighborly friendliness, Jack

entered the open apartment, only to have the door closed and locked behind him and to be confronted by an ugly revolver. Taken entirely by surprise, he was unable to offer resistance and was compelled to enter an interior room, where he was kept under the constant surveillance of one of the two men who occupied the apartment. He was informed that he must disclose the whereabouts of the image, and so soon as his captors had secured possession of it he would be given his freedom. They allowed him to write the one letter to me, so that I would not take steps to find him, but otherwise he was so closely watched that communication with the outside world was impossible. At first he refused to give the desired information, but, tired of his imprisonment, he was on the point of doing so, when Detective Drake and his men descended upon the apartment and took them all into captivity.

At this point breakfast was announced, and having made a hasty toilet, Jack and I descended to the dining-room to find Mr. Drake awaiting us. I was eager to learn how he knew where to find Jack, and my curiosity was satisfied by the detective's recital as we partook of the delightful breakfast set before us.

"You see, Dorothy," he said, "when you told me your experiences yesterday and described your neighbor to me, your story dovetailed so well with a case I was already working on that I felt sure I knew where Jack was. I did not want to tell you, however, until I had proved my theory to be correct. While you slept, I took a number of my men and went to the apartment adjoining yours, where Jack was rescued and his jailors were taken into custody." Then, turning to Jack, Mr. Drake asked: "Do you recall the theft of Mrs. Crew's necklace some two months ago?"

Before Jack could reply, the door flew open and Richard Drake rushed in with the Chinese image in his arms. With almost feverish haste, Mr. Drake unwrapped the image and felt over its entire surface. Suddenly, with a little click, the head flew back, disclosing to view a velvet-lined receptacle. When overturned, there rolled out the most wonderful chain of sparkling diamonds I ever saw.

"The Crew necklace," shouted Jack, the details of the whole case flashing through his mind, for he had been assigned to the task of writing up its disappearance for his paper.

"But how did it get in the Chinese image, and why was it left at the check room?" I asked.

Mr. Drake hastened to explain. One of the prisoners had been a guest at a large dinner party given by the Crews at the Belmont. Under the pretext of admiring the necklace which Mrs. Crew wore, he examined it closely, and dextrously weakened the clasp so that it easily parted later when he assisted her with her wraps. Afraid to keep it on his person, he had concealed it in the image. He called at the hotel the next day and slipped the image in a hand bag carried for that purpose. Still afraid to retain it in his possession until all suspicion had passed from him, he conceived the plan of checking it, believing he could readily bid it in at the unclaimed baggage sale.

When Mr. Drake was called into the case he scrutinized the guest list and found all of them above suspicion except the young man, who was a stranger, though he bore excellent letters of introduction from people in the East. In spite of all his efforts, however, Mr. Drake has been unable to secure any proof to confirm his suspicions, but he had not lost sight of the young man and believed some day he would trap him.

"And remember, Dorothy," Mr. Drake said, as he finished his explanation, "there is still a reward outstanding amounting to $40,000 for the return of those jewels, half of which is yours, for without your assistance I would never have found the necklace."

And thus we came to have our "Dreams-Come-True."

San Francisco, August, 1911. Jane Dahl.

Dr. Emile Berlinger, the Washington scientist and inventor, who produced the telephone transmitter and the gramophone, and who has been vigorous on the pure milk question, and especially on the use of raw milk, was a German immigrant, glad to obtain work by the day when he landed in America at the age of nineteen. For a time he washed bottles in a chemist's shop. His inventive faculties were turned in the right channel by a chance copy of a book on physics, and he began experimenting with the telephone. The transmitter was one result of his labors. He was also the first to use an induction coil in connection with the transmitter. Since then he has given the world many other useful patents.

Mountain climbing, now a popular part of an outing at home and abroad, was regarded in a far different light in its earlier days. "Murray's Guide to Switzerland," published in 1838, in the section devoted to Mont Blanc, soberly related that "it is a somewhat remarkable fact that a large proportion of those who have made this ascent have been of unsound mind." This quotation will console many timid souls.

Once despised as a useless desert shrub, the wild guayule plant of Texas is now recognized as a factor in the rubber field. For over two years a factory has been operating at Marathon, extracting rubber from the plant. It is said to obtain its best growth on land which is practically worthless for anything else. It is propagated both by seeds and by cuttings.

ONE "IMMORTAL" VOTE.

A French Workman Aspires to Be One of the Forty.

Democracy is certainly making headway in France. When a poor sempstress can produce a "best selling" novel and almost capture the Academy prize, M. Pons need not despair of becoming an "immortal." Now M. Pons is a workman, and hitherto the French Academy has kept its circle inviolate from his class. A native of Nimes, Michel Pons began to earn his living as a shepherd, an occupation which left him free o' nights to meditate on the stars. His next employment was the more mundane toil of a railway navvy, which he soon exchanged for the heavy responsibilities of a café waiter. From that position it was a natural transition to an employer of waiters, that is, a full-blown restaurateur.

But all the time Michel was living a dual life. Not in the immoral sense, be it noted. On the contrary, his life within a life was devoted to so spiritual a purpose as the cultivation of the muse. For Michel is a poet. Whether herding his sheep, or contemplating the stars, or hurrying to and fro with café orders, his chief delight has been in turning a sonnet or molding a lyric. The inevitable result followed. Being an excellent waiter, Michel's verse was read by his customers in a lenient mood, and their advice to publish a sample volume fitted so thoroughly with his own desires that it was acted upon.

And the volume was well received, so well, indeed, that the praise of the critics kindled a vast ambition in Michel's breast. What was there to hinder him from becoming one of the forty "immortals"? True, the French Academy had never admitted a mere workman within its portals, but if he were the genius the reviewers declared him to be, why should not an exception be made in his favor? The proposition seemed so reasonable to Michel that the oftener he turned it over in his mind the more he became enamored of the ambition. Let no cynic suggest that Michel's object was the advertisement of his restaurant; as a poet he was superior to such mercenary motives.

Waiting until the chair of a poet became vacant, the good Pons then set to work in the orthodox fashion. The first step was to concoct a persuasive epistle to the academicians directing their attention to his verse, urging his claims for the vacant chair, and intimating that he would in a few days call and support his application in person. Michel carried out his programme to the letter.

But how did the "immortals" receive him? That was a dark secret. It was a secret, however, which so burned in Michel's bosom that he has been compelled to share it with the world. Hence the little volume in which the restaurateur poet gives a lively picture of his interviews with the academicians. His letter had had one practical result; each "immortal" bought a copy of his book and read it. And, on the whole, they were favorably impressed. Michel's verse appealed to not a few of them as fresh, and beautiful, and quaint. At any rate, its author was evidently a man to be received with a smile and a word of encouragement. Besides, a restaurateur was a desirable acquaintance. But why insist upon the grosser side of an "immortal's" life?

Altogether Michel had a happy time with the academicians. As became a poet, Jean Richepin was sympathetic. "Don't be discouraged if you are not elected the first time. I had to try twice, and Victor Hugo three times." After the manner of his diplomatic kind, Albert Hanotaux rode off on a side issue, but was careful to use the opportunity for political ends. Workmen who cultivated the art of writing were, he said, worthy of the highest esteem. "Ah," he continued, "if it were Mistral making the application, he would be elected at once." The Provençal poet was a convenient tag for others besides M. Hanotaux; there was M. Mézières, for example, who cited the example of Mistral for the good Pons's encouragement, reminding him that if he failed with the Academy he might emulate Mistral in capturing a Nobel prize. That he was only a workman was no defect in the opinion of the Marquis de Vogüé. "You have no fortune," he said, ignoring the profitable nature of Michel's present occupation, "but your pen can burn and your verses have wings. That is all that is wanted to enter the Academy." René Bazin had promised his vote, but he was of the same mind as M. Richepin. "Don't be discouraged at once. The Academy, like a great lady, wants a lot of courting."

One of his hosts warmed Michel's heart by alluding to his book. "I have read your work," said Paul Deschanel, "and have already told you in a letter that I like their strength and inspiration." Emile Faguet, however, sought refuge in topography. "Tell me," he asked, "what part of the south do you come from? Nimes? Ah, if Gaston Boissier were still with us, he would take up your cause." Paul Bourget was in a philosophical mood. Perhaps he had in mind the worthy Michel's restaurant when he offered him the consolation, "Even if you are not elected, all France will know you now." And so the visits went on; in every house the workman poet was received with true French politeness. Even the Comte d'Haussonville, the chairman of the railway on which Michel was once a navvy, greeted him with "Bon jour, mon ami," while Thureau Dangin repeated the "never despair" advice of MM. Richepin and Bazin.

All these courtesies must have been particularly soothing to the soul of the one-time railway navvy. But they could not hide the fact that he was not making much progress in his vote-catching expedition. True he had sold more than thirty copies of his book, and had been compared with Mistral and hailed as "mon ami" by a live count; but apparently he was as far from the Academy as when he watched the stars in his shepherd days.

But he had one more call to make. The last on his list of academicians was Maurice Barrès, politician and novelist. Now M. Barrès is a pronounced individualist and applies his gospel to letters as well as life. He is also the apostle of aspiration, for are not the seven young Lorrainers of "Lés Deracinés" seekers after fortune? Michel Pons might have anticipated his reception, yet when he heard M. Barrès declare, "Yes, Pons, I will vote for you," he felt stunned. Nor has he yet recovered from the shock. For M. Barrès performed as well as promised; the records of the Academy bear that he did actually cast his vote in favor of the poetic Michel.

Whether Michel will ever get another vote is an item of history still to be revealed. Perhaps he does not really care. One thing is certain: as long as Michel lives and the Academy exists, he will be a perpetual, standing candidate for any poetic armchair that falls vacant. The vote of M. Barrès surprised him; according to his own confession, he did not expect more than politeness and a few encouraging words. That he has had a thirty-sixth chance of becoming an "immortal" has left him in a mood of delicious content.

And if Michel studies the history of the Academy he will find other reasons for satisfaction. He will learn that even Balzac was but one point better off than himself, for the famous novelist commanded only two votes when he sought election, and never got any nearer an armchair than that. Besides, Michel can reflect upon the countless French authors who have become immortal without being "immortals," such as Pascal, Descartes, Rousseau, Gautier, Zola, Flaubert, Guy de Maupassant, and Verlaine. Because he was an actor, too, even Molière was never an "immortal." True, the Academy has done its best to remove that reproach by adorning its meeting-place with a bust of the dramatist inscribed "Rienne manque à sa gloire, il manquait à la notre," and who can tell that, failing recognition by his contemporaries, the persistent Michel Pons may not be so distinguished in a distant age? Henry C. Shelley.

Paris, July 25, 1911.

A great colorist, a rare draftsman, and unexcelled by any living painter in rendering mediæval objects, Edwin Austin Abbey, the American artist, has passed away in London. He was born in Philadelphia in 1852, his father being a tobacco manufacturer. At the age of four the lad's genius manifested itself, and at twelve his drawing, "Thanksgiving Among the Early Puritans," appeared in *Harper's Weekly*. When nineteen he left the school of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts to enter the art department of the Harper publications. In 1878 he went to England, where he quickly attracted attention. One of his most important works, "The Quest of the Holy Grail," a large fresco, adorns the Boston Public Library. Recognizing his gift, King Edward commissioned him in 1901 to paint the picture of the ruler's coronation. As a writer he was also successful, having produced numerous books on art and kindred subjects.

New Jersey has a new law, which went into effect this month, aimed against the trimming of hats with plumage of rare wild birds. In part the statute reads: "No person shall within the limits of this state kill or catch or have in his or her possession, living or dead, any wild bird other than a game bird, or purchase, offer, or expose for sale any such wild bird after it has been killed or caught, and no part of the plumage, skin, or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale."

In the days of mailed knights and battleaxes there was safety at a distance of 400 yards. That was about as far as the best archers could shoot an arrow. Neade, a famous archer under Charles I, states that the ordinary range of the bow was between 320 and 400 yards, though it is on record that one man was shot a distance of 463 yards with the wind. Compared with this is the latest naval gun with a range of fifteen miles.

James B. Hammond, grown wealthy as a typewriter inventor, has started on a cruise of the world which is scheduled to last twenty-seven years. He seeks rest and peace, and should he live to complete his itinerary he will be 101 years of age when he again lands in New York. He sails in a yacht especially fitted for his purpose.

Plans have been drawn for a hundred-story building perhaps to be erected in New York. It would be 1260 feet high, or just sixty feet less than a quarter of a mile. The entire building would occupy a space roughly estimated at about forty-five acres.

Angora goat hair, from a selected Texas flock, will be used by makers of hair goods to produce beautiful switches. It is twenty-eight inches long, fine and silky, and has a beautiful natural wave.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND MILES BY STAGE.

Mrs. Carrie Adell Strahorn Tells of Early Pioneering Days in the Far West.

We have had many pictures of the West as it existed thirty or forty years ago, but few enough of them are from the hand of a woman. It is a point of view that we can not afford to miss, if only for its antithetical value. The life of the pioneer West was so essentially virile that only the woman observer can give to it the proper effect of the contrast or supply the relief adequate to its realization.

Mrs. Carrie Adell Strahorn can speak with a knowledge that must be nearly, if not quite, unrivaled. She was married thirty-three years ago, and within a week of her wedding her husband received an invitation from the Union Pacific Railroad to compile a descriptive volume on the whole of its western territory. He consented, but only on condition that he be allowed to take his wife with him, a condition that was strongly resisted. But eventually the company capitulated, and probably Mr. Strahorn himself would be the first to proclaim that the resulting volume from the pen of his wife is superior to anything of the kind that mere male intelligence could accomplish. Mrs. Strahorn traveled fifteen thousand miles by stage, and this, she says, was but an incident in the strenuous years of this Western life. Her volume of nearly seven hundred pages is none too large for its record.

Mr. Strahorn's knowledge of the West was already extensive. He was at the battle of Powder River, where the fight waged for hours while the little band of besieged waited for the relief that was held back by a timorous officer:

> The soldiers with Major Moore heard the incessant firing and could even see the terrible battle from their safe vantage ground on neighboring bluffs and begged to go to the rescue of their comrades. Fearing a mutiny at his refusal, the commander said he would have the first man shot who started to the Indian camp. Finally Colonel T. H. Stanton, of the pay department, like Barbara Frietchie and her flag, stepped from the rank and said, "Shoot me if you will, but I am going to help our comrades. Come, boys, how many of you will go with me?" Out sprang eight men only who dared to disobey their commander, but away they flew yelling like a band of Indians and calling loudly to the boys in the battle: "Hold on, we're coming." Down the mountain they flew, making such a din with their yelling and their rifle volleys that the Indians were deceived in the number of the party and took to their ponies and their heels in a panic. Help had come none too soon, for twelve of the forty-seven were already past the fighting stage, and lay dead and wounded by their rifles.

At the time of the author's first visit to Laramie the city was the home of Bill Nye, who had already won as great a reputation for his courage as for his wit:

> Laramie was then the home of Bill Nye. He edited the Laramie *Boomerang*, which brought him into prominence as a humorist. Bill Nye was a funny man with his pen, but not with his tongue, and it was seldom he could give quick, bright repartee in speech. Once in his home town his wit did come in a sudden flash on an occasion when he went into a bar for his favorite beverage. As he put his foot up on the rail and leaned over the mahogany, a stalwart stranger gave him a shove that aroused the funny man's ire. Turning about and indignantly scoring the great bulk of humanity beside him, he said he would give him just two minutes in which to apologize. The great six-footer eyed Mr. Nye's diminutive form from his bald head down to his shiny boots and back again, taking nearly the limit of his time in his scrutiny. Then, without a gesture or smile, he simply said, "I apologize," and walked out. The manipulator of cocktails let go his breath with a noisy "phew!" as he asked Nye if he knew who that man was. Mr. Nye replied that he did not and didn't care as he had apologized. The man behind the bar was so excited he could scarcely articulate, but he bawled out: "Why—why—why, that man is John L. Sullivan; now what would you have done if he had not apologized? I say, what would you have done?" "Well," said Nye, as his eyes widened with the thoughts of his miraculous escape, "I would have extended his time!"

Returning from Montana, the author spent the winter in Omaha, then going on to Denver and Idaho. She went by special engine to Blackfoot, her first night in that centre of civilization being "a terror." It was considered to be the special property of the cowboys, and they took frequent and turbulent possession:

> On this particular night we had hut just arrived when a fusillade of shots and yells filled the air, as if a hand of Indians had turned loose to destroy the town. No one knew what might happen when such a mêlée was once begun, and at such times it was generally the innocent who suffered. They began by first riding into a saloon and shooting the lights out; then ran their ponies like the wind up and down the streets firing at every light they could see, regardless of what they might hit. They rode their ponies right into stores and saloons, yelling like maniacs, and no one dared to check them lest he would get the next bullet. It was more than an hour before the sheriff and posse of men got out and chased them for miles out on the highroads, but they did not capture the fleet-footed cowboys, who had left two men shot to death and a cyclonic wreckage that would be hard to describe.
>
> Our old pioneer friend, T. T. Danielson, who was postmaster and one of the leading merchants of Blackfoot, was so familiar with cowboy ways, and so considerate of their comfort, that he constructed a double-ended building with wide doors at both ends, so that the boys could ride right through, and do away with the confusion and wreckage naturally resulting from a band of bucking bronchos turning around in the middle of a country store. The song of the cowboy does not half express his characteristics.

The arrival at Lost River Junction was the occasion of a stern experience in the realities of pioneer travel. There was absolutely no accommodation for travelers, and when Mr. Strahorn asked where a bed could be obtained he was reminded that the whole State of Idaho was in front of him and that he could take his choice. The postoffice and general store represented the sole architectural ambition of the place:

> I was the only woman, but there were twenty-six men, all looking for a place for a few hours' rest; yet almost with one voice every man demanded that I should have his blankets, insisting that he did not need (?) them, and instantly putting them in a pile down by the stove. We earnestly thanked them and declined more than necessary for our use. Our blankets were spread next to the stove (as the place of honor and comfort), and when all were ready to sleep the anxious merchant built a roaring fire. There was but one small window in the room and that was closed, but there was an aperture under the door wide enough to let in a whole winter. It was a strange night and I wondered what the good folks at home would think if they could have had a glimpse of our surroundings. It was a long night, too, and day had not yet come when some one began quietly to renew the fire. Groping about the floor in the dark for some kindling, the fire-builder got hold of my foot and it scared him nearly out of his senses, for those were days when men died for less cause than that. His apologies were profuse and sincere, and although we have made several trips through his place since, he always alluded to the incident as his "narrow escape."

At Challis the accommodation was just as bad, there being fourteen people for two beds. Some of the guests were triumphant snorers and the rain came through the roof in pitiless torrents:

> A gentleman well known in the community started out a few days before our arrival with his dog for a hunt of a few hours. Spying some game in the distance, he started on a run across a sagebrush flat, paying little attention to his footsteps, but throwing the bushes aside right and left with his hands, and hurrying on, for it was already dusk, when, without warning, he tripped and fell into a den on a mother bear and her cubs. She had dug a big hole under the spreading branches of the sage, where she deemed herself safe from intrusion.
>
> Her instinct prompted preservation for herself and young, and before the poor victim could collect himself for action the monster had him in her cruel embrace. She broke both of his arms almost instantly, and was tearing him to pieces with the claws of her hind feet. At this juncture his dog appeared and began biting and plaguing the bear until she loosened her hold on the man and turned on the dog. The man, bleeding and almost helpless, crawled out of the den and found shelter under a neighboring sagebrush, but the dog and the bear continued their parley until the bear finally ran away with her babies.
>
> The dog soon found his master's hiding-place and commenced licking his wounds and face as his only way of expressing his realization of what had happened. With the aid of his teeth and a stick the wounded man attached a piece of his bloody garments to his faithful dog's collar and instructed him to go back to town for help.
>
> The poor brute looked wistfully at his master as if he did not want to leave him, but a second command sent him running off at full speed. When the dog reached the village he ran through the street with such a dreadful howl that every one turned to look at him, and some men who knew the animal loosened the bloody rag from his collar. As soon as this was done, the sagacious dog wheeled around and started back to his master as fast as he could go, followed by men on horseback, and they found the man more dead than alive. The wounded man's condition was critical, but it was thought he would recover.

The journey from Lake City to Wagon Wheel Gap was "one of those never-to-be-forgotten trips that were occasionally sandwiched into our unusual experiences." The stage-driver was a confirmed woman-hater who revenged himself upon the sex in general by treating the author to a blood-curdling exhibition of dangerous driving. But she passed the ordeal successfully and learned afterwards that she was not the first traveler to disappoint the sensational Jehu:

> "He came out to take his run one morning and looking over the passengers selected a small, pale-faced man, and invited him to climb up beside him. While the pale-faced man was mounting to the front boot the driver whispered to the rest of his passengers and said: 'I picked him out to skeer him to death, and I'll bet I'll do it.'
>
> "When they struck that corduroy road—it's mighty steep down one side you know, and that bridge over the creek aint got no railin' on it—Jake just laid on the whip. When he run close to the edge of the precipice the pale-faced man coolly told him that he was only about four inches from the edge that time, and old Jake just kept on trying to do mean things, but the man never lost a puff of his cigar.
>
> "Three or four miles farther on the driver tried his man with another curve. In his determination to make a close call of it one wheel ran off the edge of the precipice, and only a sudden effort of the horses saved the coach; the passengers inside were flung in a heap and frightened half to death.
>
> "Finally Jake asked the feller if he wanted to drive plumb over the precipice that was a thousand feet high, and he was pretty nigh knocked off his seat himself when the feller told him that he had come West to die, and it made no difference to him how quick he did it. It just knocked the sand out o' Jake for once, and I aint heard of his doin' nothin' of that kind since 'til today."

We have some interesting information about Mr. H. A. W. Tabor, who ranks among the pioneers of Denver. He wore $500 nightshirts, while his matrimonial experiences were distressing even to that day:

> Many stories were told on Mr. Tabor, and one of the best ones occurred on a railroad train en route east from Denver. Several card sharks had been trying for several hours to engage him in a game of poker, and, suspecting a snare, he would only play "seven up." At last one of the party exclaimed how much he wished he was playing poker with the hand just dealt. "Well," said Mr. Tabor, "if you will give me that queen on the table we will make a jackpot of this deal." The burly Jew who had proposed the change was more than delighted, and round and round went the betting until every one in the car grew excited and watched the jackpot grow, and when at last the call was made the excited Jew threw down his four kings and reached for the pile of gold. Then Mr. Tabor cried, "Hold on, don't be so sure, my friend; that gold is mine," and he laid down four aces. The Jew was dumfounded, as he had staked his all on the supposition that Mr. Tabor held the four queens, and in an agonized voice cried out. "But mein Gott in Himmel, Mr. Tabor, vat has de kveen to do mit four azes?"

Hostile Indians, or Indians who had recently been hostile, were encountered at Spokane Falls. The young bucks compelled the travelers to dismount, and for a time the outlook was decidedly gloomy:

> The young bucks stroked the ponies on their flanks and talked rapidly in their own tongue while making themselves familiar with the trappings about the saddles. One big buck was squeezing all the saddle-bags and all of them made signs by pointing to the mouth and tipoing the head back. We thought they were after whisky and by signs and words kept repeating that we had none at all. But they were not satisfied and opened everything up until they got to the little medicine case, and the big fellow gave several grunts and pointed to a tepee and made us go over there. Inside his squaw was writhing in agony, but I did not dare give her anything and shook my head again. The old buck began to look pretty ugly, and his manner was so imperative that I finally took the case, doled out a large dose of bicarbonate of soda and with many flourishes of doing some wonderful thing I gave her the simple dope. If I ever sent up an earnest prayer for help I did it then, for when medicine men fail among Indian tribes it is a serious matter and often means death to the doctor. We had not long to wait, for the medicine came up again in short order and brought relief to the favorite of the camp. All we could understand as the Indians muttered among themselves was the one word "Skookum" and we heard that so often that we knew the spell had worked. I then started to put up the case when the big buck came and took the bottle of soda, and he would not give it back to me. I begged for it as if it were a precious parcel, and the more I begged the more determined his "ugh! ugh!" and the shake of his head.

Puget Sound and its fishing opportunities naturally suggest a fish story, and if we seem to have heard it before we may remember that this was over thirty years ago and that the author may actually have been present at the birth:

> The old rounder cast a glance around the room to see that he was given the proper attention, then said: "Well, friends, I had a little experience of my own once that just knocks the color off these salmon of today. I went up Hood's Canal to visit an old friend. He had often told me of the splendid fishing there, and I was anxious to try it. It was late in the evening when I got there, and I retired early, so as to be ready for the fun next day. I asked how far it was to the creek, and they told me it was only a few hundred yards, just beyond the fence. Before light next morning I was up, and, securing a good tackle and a little bait, started off toward the creek. The fog was heavy, for it was woods-burning time and I could not see any distance ahead of me, so groped my way as best I could across the little clearing. Reaching the fence I climbed over, and picked my way carefully, for I did not want to fall in the creek. I proceeded slowly down the slope until I thought I must be near the water's edge. Baiting my hook, I threw it forward, and just about time enough for it to strike the water I felt a pull, and with a jerk I brought in a fine fellow. For ten minutes I stood there and pulled them in, and then, fearing that I would spoil the day's sport, I regretfully returned and by accident reached the house through the fog. After breakfast the fog lifted and we got ready for a day's enjoyment. You may imagine my surprise when, on going to the place where I had caught so many fish early in the morning, I found that it was a full hundred yards from the bank of the creek. The truth is, I had not touched the water but just stood there and caught them out of the fog."

And here, by the way, is another story which has long since passed into the domain of the classical. The incident actually occurred—for the author says so—while she was on her way from Oakland to Southern California. There was a lady on the train whose needs were many and various:

> At last she began to call for ice; she must have some ice or she would die. "George" repeatedly told her there was not a bit of ice on the train, but that only made her want it the more. An accommodating passenger finally assured her by saying he would get some for her the first time the train stopped, and from that time on he was kept hunting for ice at every station. Where he got it no one knew. At last even the accommodating passenger said he could not get any more, but as night came on and she still kept up her cry for ice the gracious gallant grew impatient at her demands and ingratitude and told her that he did not dare to bring any more for fear the *body would not keep* to the end of the journey. She turned her great eyes upon him with a look of horror, then she gave one big scream and settled down into her seat wholly subdued for the rest of the evening and the ice-man made no more trips to the baggage car. The train had stopped for a late supper at Lathrop and soon after that we were all tucked away for the night with only an occasional plaintive cry for "George" to disturb our slumbers.

Mr. and Mrs. Strahorn enjoyed several days of camp life at Lake McDonald, but, supplies running short, Mr. Strahorn went into McCarthyville to obtain them. The town had a bad reputation, but the hotel-keeper assured his visitor that the bridal chamber should be specially reserved for him:

> Pard looked the town over somewhat nervously, and returning asked mine host whether he was to have the bridal chamber. He answered cheerily, "Yes siree: they can't expect me to hold a room like that on an uncertainty. A dollar please. That's right; now go upstairs to number 49 and make yourself to home. Can't miss it; first room to the right at the head of the stairs; you'll find light and everything all right; if you don't, just ring."
>
> Pard climbed up a narrow, rickety stairway and found a long, low, dimly lighted room with canvas roof. Three rows of rough board bunks ranged the entire length of the room, each bunk having its number painted on the headboard in large figures, number 49, the "bridal chamber," not differing from the rest. It was grim, coarse, McCarthyville humor. The bunk had a thin straw pillow, one blanket for a mattress, and one for a cover. The night was cold and frosty and Pard got in between the blankets without undressing.
>
> A few others had already retired and were singing nasal melodies in various keys and the notes swelled—until more than fifty were sleeping as best they could with the night revelry ringing in their ears. Pard was suddenly startled by something passing along over his body like a man's hand tugging at his blankets. He soon discovered it was the landlord leaning over him and trying to pull off the covering.
>
> Anticipated robbery or something worse his revolver was wheeled like a wink into the man's face. Then came a muttered call not to shoot and the same voice added that it was so awful cold he must get a blanket from somebody, and he shuffled down the aisle until he could strip some poor devil of his blanket, which he rolled himself in with a snore of content and grunted himself to sleep.

Here we must leave a delightful book, a book without a dull page or a dull paragraph. Mrs. Strahorn is an ideal traveler, and all her experiences were over rough, untrodden, and even dangerous paths. Her picture of the West in the early days is unique, and as historically valuable as it is interesting.

Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage. A Woman's Unique Experience During Thirty Years of Path-Finding and Pioneering from the Missouri to the Pacific and from Alaska to Mexico. By Carrie Adell Strahorn. With 350 illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Glory of Clementina.

It is always comforting to read a novel by Mr. W. J. Locke, because we know that it is intended only to amuse and that there is neither problem nor pedagogy hidden under the sugar coating. And it amuses without ever a descent into silliness, buffoonery, or suggestiveness. It may even tempt us to think that we are thinking.

"The Glory of Clementina" is a genuine Locke story and one that shows most gratifyingly the romantic possibilities of middle age. Why should all the philandering and the love-making be done by children when the experience of maturity can do them so much better? It is true that Mr. Locke gives us a couple of giddy young people by way of having a line out on each side of the boat, but it is easy to see that his heart is with Quixtus and Clementina. Young people are very much alike when it comes to sentiment, but their elders give to it an individuality and therefore strength.

But Clementina is only thirty-six. She is a great artist, and with the carelessness of genius she is also a slattern, and she has a tongue like a two-edged sword. We suspect Clementina's possibilities in the way of womanhood almost from the first, but we are hardly prepared for her full "glory" when she puts herself in the hands of the milliner and emerges radiant and triumphant. Why should not a woman of thirty-six awaken suddenly to the delights of wife and motherhood? And, thus awakened, why should she not put on the whole armor of her sex at one sitting? We fall in love with Clementina.

Ephraim Quixtus is just as delightful, so far as a man can be delightful. Rapidly on his way to become a scientific pedant, he experiences a series of volcanic shocks when his partner betrays him, his uncle cuts him out of his will, and he discovers the supposed infidelity of his dead wife. Then Quixtus becomes a man, and tries to be a bad man, in revenge for the strokes of fate. He fails lamentably. He can not do a single wicked thing, try as he may, while the woman whom he selects for a terrible retribution on her sex nearly turns the tables on him. She would have done so but for the skilled intervention of Clementina, and there you have it. We do not hope that they will be happy ever after. We know they will.

It is all very attractive and diverting. It is not the best thing that Mr. Locke has ever done, but it deserves the hearty round of public applause that it will certainly receive.

The Glory of Clementina. By W. J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company; $1.30.

Orchids.

No finer work on orchids has ever been published than the handsome volume that comes from the pen of Charles H. Curtis, F. R. H. S. Mr. Curtis was once keeper of the orchid collections at the Royal Gardens, Kew, and is therefore in the front rank of authorities. He writes as an enthusiast and as a nature lover, and with the aim of interesting and aiding those who would grow orchids for themselves.

Mr. Curtis follows a plan that is somewhat new in the arrangement of his work. He groups the orchids according to their value for general cultivation, so that beginners may be saved from the disappointment and loss that are sure to result from a bad selection at the start. Thus the first group contains the kinds that may be wisely chosen by the novice with due regard to beauty, interest, ease of culture, and cost. The best ways of culture are described, and the small details that make the difference between success and failure. Those who achieve some success will thus be encouraged to try their hand at the rarer and more delicate varieties whose peculiarities are subsequently described.

Even to the horticulturally unambitious the illustrations in this fine volume will be a delight. There are fifty-three fine colored plates and forty-three illustrations in black and white by T. Ernest Waltham, F. R. H. S. This sumptuous book is well designed to popularize the growing of orchids and it should have a welcome wherever it is horticulturally possible to follow its precepts.

Orchids for Every One. By Charles H. Curtis, F. R. H. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $6.

Chinese Missions.

The protest against the missionary has usually come from the white man himself, but now we have the most effective appeal of all from the pen of a Chinese scholar who is not only a master of English, but also of the many phases of theological dogma and thought. Except in interested quarters there will be no disposition to impute exaggeration to Lin Shao-Yang. What has already been said a dozen times he says again, and with the authoritative emphasis of his nationality. He protests against the importation into China of an outworn theology that no intelligent congregation of Westerners would tolerate for a moment. He asks why the old dogmas of hell-fire, the old methods of the camp-meeting that have been discarded elsewhere, should be considered still good enough for the Chinaman, and why the Chinese child should be weaned from the faith of its people only to be delivered to some other deity who visits a lack of faith with penalties so awful that the Chinese hells in comparison therewith become pale and insignificant.

Such small successes as have fallen to the lot of the missionary are readily explained by the author. There is a natural tendency to truckle to the representatives of white power, while the principle of extra-territoriality which includes the convert as well as the teacher is regarded as a sanctuary by natives, who may have their own reasons to fear the domestic jurisdiction. Sometimes whole villages have embraced "Christianity" in order to secure support against rival communities, while the prestige of civilized armaments, always identified with civilized religions, must always have their weight with ignorance or barbarism.

But Mr. Lin Shao-Yang is always impartial, or tries to be. He is by no means indifferent to such benefits as may rightly be accredited to the missionaries, but he wishes to show the picture as it actually exists, and especially to defend his countrymen from the aspersions of missionaries, who are naturally prone to exaggerate the need of their own presence. His volume has already aroused much controversy in Europe. It ought to do the same here. If we are to expend vast sums of money in an effort to convert the Chinese to our faith we ought at least to see that it is our faith, and not that of our grandfathers.

A Chinese Appeal Concerning Christian Missions. By Lin Shao-Yang. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Thorpe's Way.

Thorpe's way will probably commend itself to the intelligent reader who is not too much of a stickler for the proprieties and who is willing to be vicariously unconventional. Thorpe is a brilliant magazine writer and novelist with a reputation for daring, a highly ethical atheist, and the terror of the elect in society and religion. Under necessity he is invited to dine with the Fletcher-Myttons, who used to be called Mutton, and finding at the dinner-table that their charming daughter Molly is bored by Shakespeare and is not afraid to say so, Thorpe proposes to her on the spot. She does not accept him at once, but we know that she will, and then comes a long tug-of-war between her insufferable parents and the ardent lover. The Fletcher-Myttons are fair types of arrogant vulgarity, and we wonder where Molly could have come from until we meet her amazing grandmother, who carries perpetual havoc into the social circle by a fixed determination to call herself Mutton and by persistent misuse of her aspirates, and who stands always ready to defend Molly in any imagined unconventionality. It is a grim struggle, described with delightful exuberance, and we are ready at once to back old Mrs. Mutton, Molly, and Thorpe against all comers.

Whether Mr. Roberts is a reliable guide to modern girlhood as represented by Molly and by Thorpe's sister Miriam must be left to the expert, but a specimen of his quality may be given. Miriam is in every way a charming girl, and this is how she talks:

"Don't let's talk of it," said Miriam. "You will have children. I give myself two years to fall in love——"

"And then?"

"I'll—adopt one," said Miriam. She twisted Molly about and looked her in the eyes.

"Will you speak to me then, Molly?"

"Yes," said Molly, with a strange dry voice.

Do girls talk in that way? Perhaps they do.

It is a clever story, a story of strong but generally unobtrusive opinions, and told with a certain buoyant humor that captivates.

Thorpe's Way. By Morley Roberts. New York: The Century Company.

Resurrection.

It is over ten years since Tolstoy wrote "Resurrection," but now for the first time we have a translation into English. And yet no story could better represent the author's philosophy nor the tenacity of the morbid introspection that is one of its features. Nekhludov is an average young man full of the good impulses and ideals of youth, but these are destroyed by the experiences of military service as they must necessarily be in nine cases out of ten. He becomes a voluptuary and a sensualist, a type of the Russian army officer whose passion for pleasure sweeps away all the restraints of humanity. Summoned as a juror, he witnesses the unjust conviction of a degraded woman whom he recognizes as one of the victims of his sensual career. She was then young, innocent, and pretty. She is now a squalid virago, and Nekhludov is swept off his feet by a horrified realization of his own handiwork. It is the turning point in his career. In an agony of self-abasement he resolves on a life of atonement that shall include a marriage with the woman whom he has ruined. There we have the whole idea of the story, but those who know Tolstoy can imagine the atmosphere of sweat and anguish in which it is set forth and the scenes of prison and convict life that are portrayed with a ferocious accuracy and implacable justice. The moral of the story may be said to be the value of the youthful ideals that can be preserved as a guide in life, and we hardly need the introspective passion of a Nekhludov to convince us of such a truth as this. And yet the author seems to overlook the fact that a fallen and repentant Nekhludov is a much higher and finer figure than a Nekhludov that needed no repentance. The ideals that are regained have more vitality than those that have never been lost. The story must take a deservedly high rank, not only as a work of sombre art, but as an example of Tolstoy's best work.

Resurrection. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoy. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.25.

Other Laws.

This is the sort of story—it may be called an "affinity" story—that some writers tell coarsely and others delicately, but the idea is the same and it is immeasurably old. It need not be said that Mr. Parkinson tells it delicately if without any new illumination.

Hawkins is a wealthy traveler whose hobby is African exploration. On one of his visits home he falls in love with a girl, but will not marry her until he has made one more trip. Then he is reported as dead and the girl marries some one else. Hawkins returns, and we know at once what must happen. The wife deserts the husband for the lover and we leave them facing scandal without a tremor.

But why "other laws"? We are all well aware that there are natural temptations not only to adultery, but to every other form of self-indulgence, and if we wish we can dignify these promptings by the name of laws. Evolution consists of the triumph of the larger law over the lesser, of the moral law over the animal law. If we succumb to the laws of passion we do not exculpate ourselves by the plea that they are laws. We inculpate ourselves by the admission that the higher law is impotent and that we are controlled only by the lower. Obedience to natural law is no extenuation for broken vows except on the basis of ignorance of a still higher but equally natural law that vows shall be kept and marital pledges observed. In this case the wife deserts her husband because she prefers another man. We are not helped by the recognition that self-gratification is still a law in the lower reaches of human nature.

Other Laws. By John Parkinson. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25.

Briefer Reviews.

The American Book Company have issued a "Latin Primer," by H. C. Nutting, Ph. D., intended for the upper grades of the grammar school. The price is 50 cents.

"The Good Old Days," by Charles Wheeler Bell, with illustrations by Fontaine T. Fox, Jr. (A. C. McClurg & Co.), is a humorous comparison of past and present, very much to the disadvantage of the present. The author says, "In the good old days if you had a pin scratch or a sore toe, it was not deemed essential to send for three doctors and two trained nurses and sterilize everything on the place, from the baby's rattle to the bath-room outfit." And so on.

Armistead C. Gordon is one of the best known of contemporary Southern poets, writing always with a strong individual touch and a poetic insight and power that give both dignity and beauty to his verse. His last volume, "For Truth and Freedom," contains ten poems of a commemorative nature, all of them nearly faultless in form and the expression of a lofty and scholarly mind. The collection is published by the Neale Publishing Company. Price, $1.25.

"Legends of Indian Buddhism," with introduction by Winifred Stephens, has been added to the valuable Wisdom of the East series now in course of publication by E. P. Dutton & Co. (60 cents). This volume is translated from "L'Introduction à l'Histoire du Buddhisme Indien" of Eugene Burnouf. The scholarship of the author and the interest of the subject, as well as the admirable mechanical workmanship, should assure to the little volume a welcome from the Orientalist.

Lovers of William Sharp (Fiona Macleod), and their name is legion, will rejoice in the publication in volume form of his "Songs and Poems, Old and New" (Duffield & Co.). The volume has been issued under the editorship of Mrs. Sharp, who explains in a biographical note that "the present selection has been made to be a representative volume of the songs and poems of William Sharp, and a companion to his other volume of verse, 'From the Hills of Dream,' by 'Fiona Macleod.'"

Clayton Sedgwick Cooper is the author of a volume entitled "The Bible and Modern Life" (Funk & Wagnalls; $1), and claims that "it makes the Bible attractive." It seems rather to be a plea for the dissemination of the Bible and for the formation of Bible classes than a study of the Bible itself, and it may be said, moreover, that the Bible is always attractive until the theologians get hold of it. Mr. Cooper's work has the merits of sincerity and enthusiasm.

If you know any one who would be helped by cheerful, uplifting books, send these two

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A chapter of human experience which carries a message to all in affliction. The victim of a stroke of paralysis, all but helpless, shows how, by the sheer exercise of will-power he overcame his circumstances and developed unexpected powers and sources of enjoyment. It was this little story which the war correspondent Edward Marshall said pulled him through when he was shot through the spine in Cuba. Many requests have reached Mr. Lummis to issue it in book form.

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Scientific Primers.

D. Appleton & Co. are to be congratulated on the series of scientific primers now in course of publication. These tastefully decorated little volumes are of pocket size and are intended for the layman whose life is too short and too busy for profound scientific study, but who needs some adequate and condensed presentation of scientific accomplishment. The series is under the general editorship of Dr. J. Reynolds Green and now includes the following volumes:

"Chemistry," by W. A. Tilden, D. Sc., F. R. S.

"Geology," by J. W. Gregory, F. R. S.

"Botany," by J. Reynolds Green, Sc. D., F. R. S.

"Biology," by R. J. Harvey Gibson, M. A.

The text is lucid and well arranged and the illustrations are numerous and good.

New Books Received.

Malory's King Arthur and His Knights. Edited by Henry Burrowes Lathrop. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; $1.50.

The text is based on Sommer's reprint of Caxton, with which the editions of Wright and Strachey have been compared. Illustrations in color by Reginald Birch.

A Buckeye Boyhood. By William A. Venable. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Company; $1.25.

A veiled autobiographical narrative relating to Southern Ohio during the period beginning in the year 1836 and ending with the election of Lincoln in 1860.

Playground Technique and Playcraft. Vol. I. Edited by Arthur Leland, B. P. E., and Lorma Higbee Leland, B. C. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

A popular text-book of playground philosophy, architecture, construction, and equipment.

Harmonic Part-Writing. By William Alfred White. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co.

The aim of the author is to give a mastery of the foundation of all composition—four-part writing.

The Queen's Fillet. By Canon Sheehan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

A new novel by a popular Irish author.

An Introduction to Mathematics. By A. N. Whitehead. Evolution. By J. Arthur Thomson. The Science of Wealth. By J. A. Hobson. Mediæval Europe. By H. W. C. Davis. The Animal World. By F. W. Gamble. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents per volume.

Issued in the Home University Library under the general editorship of Herbert Fisher, M. A., F. B. A., Professor Gilbert Murray, Litt. D., LL. D., F. B. A., Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M. A., and Professor William T. Brewster, M. A.

A Reversion of Form and Other Horse Stories. By George W. Harrington. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1.20.

Nonsense Novels. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company; $1.

A literary burlesque of ten types of novels, from the detective story to the seafaring yarn.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage" has at length been translated into French and appears as "La Conquête de Courage." *La Revue* praises the hook highly.

Whether or not a real liking for poetry still exists, the making of anthologies goes on steadily. Henry Holt & Co. announce for publication in November "Favorite Poems in English," compiled and edited hy Burton E. Stevenson. The volume will have about 3000 pages, India paper, and contain 3500 poems chosen from 1100 authors. Especial efforts have been made to include later contributions than have been given in preceding collections.

The new and revised edition of the "Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia and Atlas," which is to appear within a few months, will contain a great many new features, including a chronological history of the world and a chronological history of literature. It will have also a great numher of full-page illustrations, covering automohiles, aeroplanes, furniture, dogs, ceramics, rugs, and many other subjects.

Katherine Cecil Thurston, whose latest novel, "Max," was published last fall, is soon to he married to Dr. Alfred Buckley Gavin, son of a wealthy ironmaster in London. A heautiful house in Berkley Square is to he her home, and it is prohahle that the successors to "Max" and "The Masquerader" will he written there. Mrs. Thurston is the daughter of a former mayor of Cork.

Is there a law governing immigration as scientifically exact as the law of gravitation in physics or Gresham's law in finance? In the second volume of Mr. A. Maurice Low's "The American People, A Study in National Physchology," which will he one of the important hooks on Houghton Mifflin Company's list this autumn, immigration is discussed at considerahle length as one of the important influences in the creation of American character. Mr. Low, who takes a view of immigration contrary to most writers on the subject, asserts that the effect of immigration can he stated in the terms of an exact law. If his deductions are correct, he has made a valuable contrihution to sociology.

General Henry B. Carrington, whose name figures so prominently in the opening of the West and the Indian campaigns there, and who lately celehrated his eighty-seventh hirthday, has just seen a second edition appear of the latest successful hook he has edited. In this volume "Army Life on the Plains," written hy his wife, the thrilling Western history appears in which he was a factor.

Romain Rolland, whose "Jean-Christophe" (that remarkahle imaginary hiography of a great musician) has been successful in the New World as well as the Old, is well known in France as a musical critic and specialist He is a skilled pianist, president of the music section of the Ecole des Hautes Etudes Sociales, vice-president of the Societe Internationale de Musique, and lecturer on the history of music in the Sorhonne. The sequel to this hook, "Jean-Christophe in Paris," will appear here in English in November.

The Century Company will issue this fall a revised and enlarged edition of John Muir's "Mountains of California," with a complete new index and many new illustrations.

Princess Louisa of Tuscany, ex-crown princess of Saxony, has written a hook, "My Own Story," in which will he puhlished for the first time the authentic history of the events which led up to her sensational escape from the court of Saxony. As she refused to conform to the ways of the court at Dresden, it was resolved to crush her, and to this end all the machinery that spite could devise was put in motion. In the last extreme of desperation and fearing that she would he ahducted from Switzerland, whither she had escaped, and incarcerated in a mad-house, she determined to take a step which would render her return to Saxony impossihle. Though innocent throughout, she allowed herself to he compromised in the eyes of the world hy sending for M. Giron, with whom the tongue of scandal had associated her name. Protesting against such a sacrifice, M. Giron, in his loyalty to the princess, followed her hehest and visited her in Zurich for a few days. G. P. Putnam's Sons will hring out the volume.

The volume of selections from the poetical works of Swinhurne recently issued in a new edition edited hy Watts-Dunton is of interest to the critic hecause the poems are said to have heen selected in most cases hy Swinhurne himself, as representative of his work. It is worth noting in this connection that the volume contains almost none of the poems which created the greatest sensation when they were first published, such as "The Leper" and the "Laus Veneris." It would seem that Swinburne preferred to he regarded as a poet of the sea or as a philosopher, rather than as preëminently the poet of passion. On this point Theodore Watts-Dunton says: "The fact is that he would have gained immensely as a popular poet if he had heen ahle to warm the lines written in his riper years hy as much sensuousness as Rossetti could pack into a single sonnet, as Tennyson could pack into 'Merlin and Vivien,' and as Browning could pack into certain poems of his." The new volume, containing the poems Swinhurne chose, is called "Selections from the Poetical Works of Swinhurne," while the title of the earlier volume is "Selected Lyrical Poems of Swinhurne."

TWILIGHT OF BAYREUTH.

The Wagner festival now heginning at Bayreuth is of peculiar interest hecause it may he the last in that historic series (says an editorial writer in the New York *Globe*). Originally founded to provide stage representation for "The Ring" cycle, the festivals have now for many years owed their prestige not to "The Ring," hut to the exclusive possession (so far as Europe is concerned) of "Parsifal." All the other operas, from "Rienzi" on, passed long ago into the general repertory, and those who have wanted to hear them under special conditions have often found the Wagner festivals of the Munich Opera more interesting than those at Bayreuth. Indeed "The Ring" was not staged at all at Bayreuth hetween 1876 and 1896, though "Parsifal," "Tristan und Isolde," "Die Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," and "Tannhäuser" were given meantime. "The Flying Dutchman" was neglected at Bayreuth until the present century, and "Rienzi" and "Die Feen" have never heen given there. There is no need to recall to mind the hitter opposition on the part of the Wagner family to the production of "Parsifal" in America. The attendance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth does not, however, seem to have heen seriously affected hy the American performances. The jingle of American gold still sounds pleasantly in the sleepy Bavarian town, for many a pilgrim feels that "the real Parsifal" is only to he had in that particular spot.

The "Parsifal" copyright runs, however, only until 1913, and prompt to the day of release a production of the work in Vienna is already announced for January 1, 1913. Thereupon "Parsifal" will undouhtedly he staged at all the leading opera houses of Europe and the divinity that has hedged ahout the Bayreuth performances will he gone forever. Prohahly the Wagner family will depart from the custom of allowing a year to intervene hetween festivals and signalize the last year of their exclusive rights hy giving special performances of "Parsifal" next summer at Bayreuth. Whether the Bayreuth festivals will continue after the loss of "Parsifal" seems open to grave douht. The eccentricities and the autocratic methods of the aged Frau Cosima Wagner have greatly diminished the prestige of the festivals among musicians, and when the English and American patronage is decreased hy the ahsorption of "Parsifal" into the general European repertory, they will hardly have a reason for existence.

It is true that not only "Parsifal," hut "Tristan und Isolde," "Die Meistersinger," and "The Ring" as well, gain greatly when performed under special conditions. But it is also true that an estahlished company like that at Munich, with the aid of distinguished "guests," has facilities for carrying such a festival to success with infinitely less trouhle than a festival at Bayreuth, where the entire company has to he assemhled from without, necessitates. If Bayreuth were the seat of precious and authoritative traditions, its chances of survival would be hrighter, hut Bayreuth traditions have long heen regarded as mainly the whims and crotchets of the present Wagner-Liszt clique.

Nevertheless the current Bayreuth festival offers much that is attractive to Americans. In the first place the venerahle Hans Richter, loyal to the Wagner family, is one of the four conductors, and Dr. Karl Muck is another, the remaining two heing Michael Balling and Siegfried Wagner. In the title-rôle of "Parsifal," Van Dyck, who used to sing here, and Hensel, who will next season, are the alternates. The Kundry is Edyth Walker. Besides "Parsifal," "Die Meistersinger" and "The Ring" comprise the summer's repertory. In "Die Meistersinger," Soomer, who has left the Metropolitan to join the Dresden company, and Weil, who succeeded him first when he left Leipzig for the Metropolitan and now will succeed him again here next winter, are alternating as Hans Sachs. Minnie Saltzmann-Stevens, the American soprano, who has had such remarkahle success in Europe as Brünnhilde and Isolde, sings Sieglinde for the first time. The Brünnhilde is that Bayreuth standhy, Ellen Gulhranson of Norway. Frau Reuss-Belce, who was here once and is now Frau Cosima's chief lieutenant in training the singing actors to the ways of latter-day orthodoxy, resumes her old rôle of Fricka. Frau Matzenauer, the mezzo-soprano from Munich who comes to the Metropolitan next season, and Urius, chief tenor at Leipzig, who has heen engaged for Boston, are also in the company. If the present festival prove the last Bayreuth is destined to see, it will not, despite all drawhacks, rank as the least.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Return.

This is my home, mine own abiding place!
Mine be its loneliness! Mine is its grace!

These pines my father set, he curved the road,
The cherokees he twined, and when the load
Of years o'ercame him, here at night would wait
His collies, whining hy the hroad-bowed gate.

The mocking birds are singing on the vines!
A hush of mystery is in the pines!

The great white house is like a shrine to me;
Across the lovely valley to the sea
My mother looked, as though her patient eyes
Might somehow sight his sail against the skies. . . .

Long have I loved the lure of unknown lands;
Long loved the wind that blows o'er olien sands!

Yet now I find no night too far away
To hear his faithful dogs; no distant day
So rare and beautiful I do not see
Her eyes that seem to search for him and me.

My home! Shall I alone forget thy gate
When birds return, and where his collies wait?
—*Winifred Webb, in the Craftsman.*

Rondeau—To a Lady of Loves.

Lady of loves, I pray thou love not me!
Let me go hence lacking my sovereignty,
Nor lead thee to a dawn that lifts too late.
Hold me for mere desire, like them that wait—
Spoilers of love, willing with want of thee,
Such want is great as all thine ecstasy,
Such service greater than the want of thee,
Thou flame-flower to the eyes, and delicate
Lady of loves.

Fain are thy hands—look then, I let them he!
And these thy kindling lips, so vainly free—
Wherehy no man shall know thee consecrate,
Whereto thou mightst have drawn him for thy mate.
Yet and thou wilt!—I have dealt manfully,
Lady of loves!
—*Charlotte Rudyard, in Harper's Magazine.*

A Song of the Marshes.

Man is the lord of the land and the moon is the queen of the sea.
But the marshes have neither lord nor queen, the fair wide marshes are free.
Their hlossoms flaunt in the wind, which sows what the frost doth reap,
And all the marsh is astir with a life that never knows sleep.

Swallows twitter and dart, while in the sun-glad weather,
Grasses and rushes and rippling reeds dance down the wind together.
Oh, the idle, sunny marshes so juhilant and free!
The shimmering, singing marshes, that neither are land nor sea!

Sparkle of myriad fire-flies, frogs that twang through the night,
Whirling of water-beetles on pools where the moon shines white;
A stir of things in the darkness, lurking where shadows ahide,
Things that are hungry and stealthy, things that raven and hide.

The water-rat gnaws at the roots and the night-heron cries for his prey,
Till the dawn-wind sighs in the reeds, and the marsh-wren heralds the day.
Sound and movement always—life is so eager and free,
In the whispering starlit marshes that neither are land nor sea.

Then summer ends in the marshes, and all their singing is done;
Gone is the flashing of wings, and the glancing of fire-flies gone.
Only the wind sighs on through the rushes, withered and sere.
Earth yields harvest, and so does the sea; hut none reaps harvest here.

Untasked—untaxed for their treasure, unfurrowed hy share or keel,
The marshes are left alone, while the chill gray sea-mists steal
Over the stiffening reed-beds—the clinging mists from the strand—
Veiling the sorrowful marshes that neither were sea nor land.
—*Maud Going, in Success Magazine.*

Mrs. Humphry Ward, the English novelist, loves America almost as well as her native shores, although her latest hook, "The Case of Richard Meynell," to he hrought out in the fall hy Douhleday, Page & Co., deals in part with the characters of her early novel, "Rohert Elsmere." When she made her visit here in 1908, Mrs. Ward met Mrs. Charles Schaffer, author of several hooks on flowers, and they traveled together into the Canadian Northwest, only to part at the little station whence Mrs. Schaffer started on an expedition of exploration for a lake only known to the Indians hitherto. The lake was found and duly reported to the Geographical Society of Philadelphia. The little pamphlet recording the facts and a few photographs of the lake were sent to Mrs. Ward as one interested. In a few weeks hack came a note inclosing this request: "May I carry the closing of my story, 'Lady Merton,' to your lovely lake? The coming of your pamphlet gave me the inspiration for the closing chapter." Consent was given, of course. "Lady Merton" was puhlished and Lake Maligne, under the title of Lake Elizaheth, first hecame known to the world at large.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will hring out soon Romain Rolland's "Life of Tolstoy,"

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"THE END OF THE BRIDGE."

Well, good for young Florence Lincoln! For the presumption is that she is young, since she attends college and has won the prize for the best play in one of the now celebrated classes of Professor Baker. We unquestionahly have astonishing youngsters in our American literary world, for these young people, before they have lived their lives, and experienced their emotions, crystallized their convictions, and heen molded into characters, have a way of reënforcing their own hungrily keen observation of life by means of literature and hearsay, and turning out interesting and well-written fiction and drama.

Not that it is to be deduced that "The End of the Bridge" is the Great American Play; nor is it informed with the Great American Motive, whatever that may be. But it is a nice little cozy, interesting, romantic play, which captures the average theatre-goer at the start, and keeps him absorbed and sympathetic until the conclusion.

The important male character—or, rather, the centre of the romantic interest—is a renowned doctor, which is an idea appealing strongly to feminine sympathies, since great doctors pass their lives in an enervating atmosphere of womanly adoration, and, on the whole, contrive—the truly great ones, at least—to emerge comparatively unspoiled.

But, more particularly in America, the doctors are gods; not little tin gods, hut big, costly, bronze ones. They reap large harvests of worship and coin. They pass triumphantly through lanes of loyal disciples, deferential, implicitly obedient and incense-swinging nurses; and worshiping, ohlation-pouring, and loudly advertising patients. They—the great doctors—work like nailers, hut they enjoy life to the last drop of the cup. Fortunate, thrice fortunate, they! They are round pegs in round holes. They are a prodigal lot, generous, often, to their poorer patients, or to those whom they particularly like, and though they live in mansions, sit on silken cushions, and drive satin-coated high-steppers, or the latest and costliest thing in motors, they rarely die wealthy.

So, although you will rarely find a European, or at least a Continental doctor figuring as the central character of a romance, in America they are, in their own circles, a great galaxy of rival stars, and make effective figures in the drama.

Miss Lincoln's Dr. Garret, however, is not modeled on those genial, easy-mannered, magnetic Joves of the consultation room. He is silent, serious, absorbed; a single-minded savant. Whether knowingly or not, I think Miss Lincoln scored a point there. Dr. Garret is labeled for purposes connected with the plot as the greatest nerve specialist of America, and I am inclined to think that that specialist who has reached his pinnacle gravely and single-mindedly unconscious of the incense of self-conscious gratitude and self-interested worship ascending to his nostrils has reached it just so much more quickly because of that. Too many competing petticoats obscure the scientific outlook.

Dr. Garret has had no romance. His is the inarticulate nature. His manner, except to the one close friend who understands him, is abrupt, rather dry. His attendants, although devoted to him, take no liherties and expect no privileges. They spring automatically to do his bidding, for he wins the perfect, unquestioning service of the leader who is feared as well as loved.

When *the* patient comes along and we see that the nerve specialist has the job cut out for him of unsettling the fixed idea of a hysterical woman, we feel a passing apprehension that Miss Lincoln is going to serve up to us a dish of pathological drama. But not a bit of it. The young dramatist merely skirts long enough on uncomfortahle ground to start the current of the drama on its way, and we are off with it in full sympathy.

Miss Lincoln has had the happiest of ideas in creating the character of Peter, whose "back was mended" by the great Dr. Garret. Peter is a serious-minded youth of tender years; a waif from nowhere, who has never learned to smile. This deficiency in his education is corrected in the course of the play; but not by Dr. Garret. The great specialist has never learned to smile, either, and Peter, once he has learned the art of laughter, is an unconscious agent in dissipating the sad and settled gravity of his renowned benefactor.

There are some famous scenes in the play, just glimpses that we catch of the course of Peter's education in this respect; for Peter learns his lesson from the obsessed patient of the first act, whose healing has come about in the second.

There were times, Monday evening, when I almost suspected Peter of being the hero of the play, hut the fact is that Miss Lincoln, being new and fresh at the husiness, dared to defy tradition, and keep no one person in the limelight. Humble little Peter had almost, if not quite, as much to say as any one. Of course he was what is known as "an old-fashioned child," which means, in this case, a boy who does not go whooping through the house like a wild Indian, throwing his school hooks on the floor, stealing the jam, tempestuously slamming the doors, and in various other ways making himself a lovable hut barely endured nuisance. The "old-fashioned boy" is generally content, on account of peculiarities of temperament or limitation of health and strength, to put up with grown-ups instead of his peers for companionship. And he generally captures the grown-ups. What grown-up is insensible to the sweet, penetrating flattery aroused by a child's preference? And what childless house is not the brighter for a child's passing presence? So all three of the grown-ups in "The End of the Bridge" wanted Peter.

Florence Lincoln and Henrietta McDannel contrived hetween them to bring the magic of childhood before us. For Miss McDannel gave a singularly pleasing impersonation of Peter, in that it was full of childish unconsciousness. Peter indulged in no airs, nor graces; no histrionic "interesting child" effects marred the simplicity of the portrayal. For instance, when Laura Hope Crews, who plays the rôle of the young lady suffering from melancholia, sings "The Bubhle-hoat" to Peter, what more natural than the little lad's intensely solemn enjoyment? That is the way so often with children, in moments of deepest hliss. Sometimes the grown-ups, who have planned a great pleasure for some loved and petted youngster, are disappointed at the culminating moment that he does not caper like a joyous puppy, unknowing that his profound gravity marks a child's deep, inarticulate bliss.

So that was a pretty and pleasing scene, when Joan sat at the old piano playing a sweet murmur of accompaniment, and crooned in simple, natural wise, the nursery song that filled Peter with the dreamy, unreasoning joy with which children so often listen to only half-understood things.

One would think that no one could write a novel or a play who did not understand human nature; that is, who could not penetrate helow the deceptive surface of things. Yet there are books read and plays acted which are founded entirely on the purely superficial, or stereotyped, point of view. But Miss Lincoln in her pretty and appealing play has, in spite of some slight extravagances of youthful sentiment, shown a perception of the queer little softnesses under the sad little hardnesses of the human mask. For instance, Dr. Garret's longing that people should not fear him, so characteristic of many people of a chilly, reserved exterior. Notice how easily they are won by the sunny matter-of-factness of the naturally unterrified, who gayly dissipate their unfortunate and self-hated aura of cold reserve without a thought, taking their friendliness for granted, just as much as that of the rest of the world.

That was the sort of friendship that existed between Dr. Garret and Felix Marriott. Two contradictory temperaments that hlended like oil and water.

So, as may be seen, the theatre haunter that wants a play of pleasant, appealing sentiment, youth-inspired romance, and with numerous touches of simple, every-day humanness, as embodied in the character of Peter, will find it in "The End of the Bridge."

The dialogue is neither pretentious nor brilliant, but it is concise, and to the purpose. The humor is kindly and makes its point. There are no raggednesses of construction, and the characterization, while not deep, is quite sufficient to the working out of the idea.

Miss Lincoln can go deeper, an' she will. It is evident that she has studied the psychology of the human soul at first hand, as well as from hooks.

The performance of "The End of the Bridge" shows the careful rehearsal of which Henry Miller makes such a specialty. All the rôles, down to the doctor's attendant, are done with finish. Extreme carefulness, rather than inspiration, is what the director of this competent company is able to cnforce. Henry Miller is a very competent actor, and he has a standard that has heen the means of bringing to us many a good company and many a good play.

Mr. Miller plays the rôle of the doctor with admirahle restraint, and equally admirable suggestion. He draws the sympathies to him in his temperament-induced solitude and wins our everlasting gratitude for the correct instinct and good taste with which he suggests, rather than carries out, the success of the doctor's wooing in the half-embrace of the closing scene.

Miss McDannel's perfect success in the rôle of Peter has already heen commented upon.

Laura Hope Crews, by the contrast afforded in the present rôle to the adorahly silly heroine of "Her Husband's Wife," shows a good measure of versatility. She satisfies thoroughly, both as the almost demented victim of melancholia and as the recovered wife coming back to the joys of youth and the tremulous hopes and renunciations of a stifled love.

Francis Byrne makes evident just the least little creak of the hinge in the rôle of Felix Marriott, and yet at the same time satisfies his audience. The rôle is not exactly easy, except in spots, and I fancy that, except in those spots, the actor is doing hard and creditable work all the time.

Esther Rujaro, as the nurse, has rather an impressive personality for a comparatively small rôle, and indicates consistently in her two or three scenes the care and sense of responsibility with which a trained nurse of the superior class assumes her responsibilities. Once or twice, in the first act, the scenes between doctor and patient and doctor and nurse were too heavily charged with a stately solemnity, but generally speaking they were successful in conveying a sense of an imminent crisis.

Daniel Pennell's German, and Virginia Nelson's attendant, were small links in the finely wrought chain of carefully finished histrionism which made up an excellent performance.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL" DRAMATIZED.

Perhaps Tom Terriss has found the best way or the only way to dramatize that most appealing of Christmas stories, Charles Dickens's "A Christmas Carol." Many playwrights have attempted to stage a Dickens story; few have achieved any measure of success. Joseph Jefferson played a version of "The Cricket on the Hearth" which was more notable for his impersonation of the tender-hearted toymaker, Caleb Plummer, than for its dramatic value. Henry Miller found greatness in Sidney Carton, from "A Tale of Two Cities." Fanny Davenport and others made capital of the melodramatic scenes from "Oliver Twist." Jennie Lee gained a name as poor Jo in "Bleak House." Lotta and Katie Putnam played Little Nell and the Marchioness in a drama made from "The Old Curiosity Shop," that was also merely a procession of Dickens characters—Dick Swiveler, Quilp, Sally and Sampson Brass, and Mrs. Jarley—before the footlights. Other plays have come from the almost inexahustible list of Dickens creations—probably every one of the books has been dramatized, not once merely but many times—yet for some reason the dramatizations have never had the interest and force that make the stories inimitable.

Mr. Terriss has succeeded better than many of his predecessors. He introduces Scrooge, the ghost of Marley, and Boh Cratchit as continuing features of his little play, and gives glimpses of Nephew Fred, Mr. Topper, Mrs. Cratchit, Tiny Tim, and others, during the course of that memorahle Christmas Eve in the dusty offices of Scrooge & Marley. Suddenly illuminated tableaux are shown through the transparent wall of the office, by the power of Scrooge's ghostly visitant, and they finally bring ahout the softening of the old skinflint's heart. It is an effective presentation, made so by the good characterization of Wallis Clark as Scrooge. His part is a test of any actor's emotional power, and he leaves little opportunity for acid criticism. Tim Ryley is an excellent Boh Cratchit. Henry E. Humphrey accentuates the charnel-house suggestions in Jacob Marley's post mortem appearance to the limit of forhearance, hut reads his warnings to his former partner with more genuine impressiveness. Tiny Tim, with his crutch, speaks but the one memorable line, but it hrings to the throat that same constriction which we experienced when we first read the story.

With even the ordinary accompaniments this Dickens sketch, given hy a competent cast of English players, would make the Orpheum bill this week a distinctly worthy one, but the accompaniments are much above the ordinary. "Mon Amour," a musical romance, by Armand Kalisz, and played and sung by the composer and Amelia Stone, is more pretentious in scheme and settings than in its dramatic and musical realization, though Miss Stone has a charming stage presence, sings well, and dances with grace. The Four Original Londons are really the "champions of the air" that their announcements describe. Two of the gymnasts are swung and whirled and thrown about and caught safely in fifty sensational ways hy the other two. Lou Anger gives his military monologue with German dialect distractions, and tells more truths about war in ten minutes than one can read anywhere. Never were plain truths told in a funnier way. With the excision of a dozen lines his address might well be distributed as an effective document in the campaign for international peace.

These are the acts new this week. Chief of the holdovers is "The Darling of Paris," the opulent divertissement noticed last week. It is a remarkable programme throughout.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

"California" at the Turin exposition occupies a large room, beautifully decorated. ahout one-seventh of the entire United States government huilding. The exhibit has heen attractively displayed and forms beyond doubt the most interesting room. The processed fruit is a great curiosity and the people crowd eagerly about asking questions and securing literature. All of the lecturers using the stereopticon room are showing California views and two lectures are given daily on the "Panama Canal" and the "Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, 1915."

John Mason will resume his starring engagement in Augustus Thomas's play, "As a Man Thinks," next week in New York, to continue indefinitely, but the Shuherts do not expect to send him on tour as far as the Pacific Coast until next year.

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VANITY FAIR.

If a bachelor is asked if he is married it is usual for him to couple his reply with a polite expression of regret. He will say that he feels himself to be too young, or too old, or inexperienced, or inadequate, or something of the kind that will convey a delicate compliment to the sex. His department of the interior may be filled with rejoicings. Subjectively he may be throwing up a metaphorical hat and filling the caverns of his soul with a Te Deum, but outwardly he will assume an attitude of a chastened and a stricken sorrow. Who am I, he will seem to say, that I should thus aspire? Such is the etiquette of the situation, and it is only the social ahorigine who breaks out in the pæan of thanksgiving:

Aint I glad I'm single?
Aint I glad I'm free?

Of course there are dangers. It was ever so on the path of duty. Take, for instance, the case of Mr. MacVeagh, who is the son of the Secretary of the Treasury and one of the bright stars of Chicago's firmament. When Mr. MacVeagh was asked recently if he was married he groveled in the appropriate way, successfully repressing the wave of exultation that mounted to his face. But to his horror he was taken seriously and an inundation of offers began to pour over his devoted head. The number of women who were willing to sacrifice themselves to his happiness was something appalling. Fifteen letters, he says, arrived in one day. They represented every known aspect of feminine virtue and several unknown ones. Musicians, cooks, brunettes, and affectionate dispositions crowded each other in the mail, and several of the applicants proposed to call personally with samples. Mr. MacVeagh now wishes it to be known that he has acquired several ferocious bulldogs with a peculiar and deadly antipathy to unmarried women. But he should try a mouse.

The degeneracy of the modern young man is a fit topic for an age that is distinguishing itself by special efforts to recognize, and correct, other people's shortcomings, but never its own. What can we expect, we are asked, of the jeweled and perfumed daintinesses that have taken the place of the stalwart youths that helped to "make our country what it is," as if that were something to boast of? How idle they are, how effeminate, these young exquisites who lounge away their time in elegant leisure and whose vacuous minds admit no other ideas than those of self-adornment. The vituperation of others is always a pleasant pursuit. It produces that glow of conscious rectitude that so resembles virtue.

There is one of our social censors who writes a whole column on the "hateful luxury" of the young man of today. If he is invited to a country house he expects new milk and whisky to be brought to his bedside and bottles of perfume must be emptied into his bath. Mr. Whiteing describes one of these dandies in his "No. 5 John Street." His valet says of him: "The goods come in from the tailor almost too fast to put 'em away. But he's the best dressed man in town by a long way. I know it and I'm proud of him. But I'm hardly equal to the strain of it. It's the plannin' that makes the work. To match him throughout right down to his very gloves and scarfpin, in two or three suits a day, is a fearful strain on the mind." The bathroom of a young Parisian exquisite is described as follows: "Walls and floor were covered with a mosaic representing lotus flowers on a marble ground. At one side stood a silver bath and beside it a copper and nickel shower-bath. Opposite was a large mahogany table topped with a thick slab of pink porphyry and covered with a prodigious number of objects: bottles, perfumes, vaporizers, pastes, brushes, small steel implements, little spirit lamps. One would have thought it the toilet-table of a fashionable woman. Investing himself in a mauve silk nightshirt, he threw himself upon the bed."

It must be very jolly to have all these nice things, and our hearts yearn for the milk, with or without the whisky, served at the bedside in the morning. We should all be doing this kind of thing if we could afford to. To see other people doing it is, of course, repulsive, and stirs our democratic souls to the bottom, but most of us go just as far along the paths of dalliance as the payroll will permit.

We talk a good deal too much about degeneracy and rarely stop to wonder what we mean. Why should it be degrading for a young man to surround himself with pretty and luxurious things and to be fastidious about what he eats and wears? We are quite aware that our forefathers did not do these things, poor wretches, but our forefathers had a good deal to learn, and we don't propose to model ourselves upon them. What is our particular standard of virtue that we talk so airily about degeneracy, and how do we know that it is virtue? There is hardly one of us who does not stand toward some other class in just the same relation that these dandified young men stand toward us. The bobo despises us for using a toothbrush just as we despise the exquisite for putting rose-leaves and eau-de-cologne into his bath. It is all a matter of degree, and it will be found that ninety-nine men out of a hundred have all the luxury that they are able to pay for and a good deal that they can not pay for.

And there is no evidence that dandyism is a sap to manhood. Indeed the two seem more often to go together than to be separated. Wellington gave testimony to the valor of the dandies who fought at Waterloo. The French aristocrats who awaited death with a smile and a quip in the prison of the Conciergerie were as perfect dandies and as perfect heroes as ever lived. The instances of a combined foppism and heroism are indeed so numerous that we are justified in wondering if there is not some natural connection between them and if it is not in the ranks of the dandies that we must seek the hero.

How thankful we ought to be that the *Tailor and Cutter* stands ever ready to tell a sartorial tale and to point a sartorial moral. But for the energy of this gifted newspaper we might never know precisely what King George wore when he visited St. Patrick Catbedral in Dublin. But as it is we do know, and so we can go and do likewise, at least if we have the price, which we haven't. He was dressed in a "D. B. frock coat made of black dull-surface cloth, and this was faced with bright silk to the end of the boles. The lapel rolled to the waist, but the fronts were made to button two. The top of the lapel was horizontal and the collar was somewhat narrower than the lapel. The sleeves were short enough to show a fair amount of cuff. His vest was of the D. B. style and made from light material. The trousers were of a neat gray-striped cashmere and were of ample width in the legs. Frock coats were worn by most of the gentlemen in attendance."

This is a style of dress, states the *Tailor and Cutter*, which is coming into favor considerably, and we notice that quite a number of men are now wearing it for all the more dressy occasions.

The London *Times* has its moments of ponderous frolic. Moreover, it keeps its eye upon the really great events in American affairs. When Judge Long of Springfield, Massachusetts, declared that "the husband must be absolutely lord and master of the exchequer" these fateful words were cabled forthwith to the *Times*, and the staff poet of that great institution sat up half the night in an effort to do poetic justice to the occasion. Here is the result:

In distant Massachusetts, fearless Solon,
It's easy—on this point we'll both agree—
To try to put a full stop or a colon
To Woman marching on to liberty.
O'er there you do not court the least disaster,
Nor do you tread upon a crater's brink,
When you proclaim that Man is lord and master—
But would you try it here? I scarcely think!

'Tis well you live in those delightful regions,
For there you can the flag of Man uplift
Without a fear that Amazonian legions
Will hring upon you vengeance dire and swift.
But if you uttered such a dictum here, sir,
Where suffragists are going fairly strong,
Well, all that I can say is that I fear, sir,
Our "militants" would make short work of long!

Dr. Lee de Forest has a grievance. At least he thinks he has. It happened in this way: He married the daughter of Mrs. Harriet Blatch, and there is no need to say that Mrs. Harriet Blatch has views, and that she imparted these views to her daughter. We do not quite know what Mrs. de Forest means when she says that "man is a biological necessity but a social excrescence," but it is because she holds this opinion that she now wants to be divorced from her husband and that he wants to be divorced from her. There is, of course, a meaning that can be attached to this expression, but it is hard to suppose that a "perfect lady" like Mrs. Blatch's daughter must be could have bad such a meaning in her mind.

It is quite a mysterious case. Dr. de Forest says that Mrs. Blatch allowed her daughter to marry him "for biological reasons." Then he goes on to say that a daughter was born, that his wife now refuses to live with him, and that Mrs. Blatch has offered him $5000 if he will surrender his rights to the child. Apparently there is nothing to be said against Dr. de Forest except that he is "a biological necessity but a social excrescence" in common with the whole of his degraded sex, although this in itself seems a good deal to say about any man. We may suppose that he was hired, so to speak, for the "biological reasons" afore hinted at, and that those reasons having been met he is now to be discarded. It seems to be an evidence of nature's stupidity that she still blindly insists upon coöperation between the sexes, but doubtless we shall teach her better in time.

The relic collector who wishes to preserve some tender souvenir of the coronation had better telegraph his orders quickly, but he will probably find that he is already too late. Fancy being the proud possessor of a chair that was used by a peer at Westminster Abbey. All these chairs are to be sold, preference being given to the peers who used them. But when their lordships have declined the offer it will remain open to just ordinary people, who will thus be able to bathe in a sort of second-hand aroma of aristocracy. These chairs are of mahogany with leather seats and the price is about $7 each. For those who feel that such an honor would be too much for them there is an inferior brand of chair that was used by the members of the House of Commons, and these may be purchased for $6 each. Then there are the footstools that were used in the nave of the abbey, and these are on sale for the absurdly low price of $1.25. They were used by quite commonplace people, but nevertheless they partake somewhat of the sanctity that not even the dust on the walls can have wholly escaped. Rumor says that some of these touching relics are already on their way to America.

It was difficult enough to see the coronation, but the difficulties there were nothing in comparison with those that await the visitor to the Delhi Durbar. A P. & O. liner will make a special journey to Bombay with Durbar visitors, but a passage in her will cost about $500 and servants will have to pay about half as much. Sir Donald Robertson, who has charge of all the official arrangements, is quoted as saying: "Outside the government arrangements there is no accommodation for visitors in any building in Delhi. The hotels are just sufficient to deal with normal traffic, and they are all taken. The government has the Cecil Hotel and the Curzon House, and the Maharaja of Mysore has taken Maiden's Hotel. Catering and furnishing in Delbi have become so expensive on account of the Durbar that it is considered quite impossible that any private persons should be able to put up camps for visitors which will be thoroughly comfortable. This is the reason why the government is erecting camps. They will accommodate 400 people, but this number includes a camp at $10 a day reserved for residents in India, and one at $22, which is already full. The government does not expect to make any profit out of the matter. Those who take room in the government camp will be entitled to admission to all the official functions. I believe a few private persons are now putting up camps for visitors. What they will be like I can not say."

Accommodation in the government camps will cost from $30 to $40 a day for each person, and no one can engage accommodation for a shorter period than twenty days.

An amusing discussion on the relation between beards and success appears in the current issue of the *Eton College Chronicle*. "What famous men," the historian of the *Chronicle* asks, "did not wear beards? Cæsar and Napoleon did not, it is true, but their ends were unhappy. Who knows but that beards might have saved them? Try to imagine Abraham, King Arthur, Shakespeare, Raleigb, and Tennyson without beards. The effect is ludicrous. Browning, it is true, once shaved his off, but the result appears to have in no way pleased his wife. . . ." The significance of shaving is thus described: "Every morning we undergo a voluntary mutilation; a voluntary loss of self-respect, a voluntary emasculation. . . . Artists are supposed to worship the beautiful, and they nearly all wear beards."

"Very few people," the writer adds, "have reason to be proud of their chins; in most this is the weakest feature. But a beard hides all trace of the receding chin of the feeble-minded man, neatly and artistically finishes off the lower portion of the square face of the prize-fighter, and in a fat man and one reluctant withal to admit his fatness, covers a multitude of chins. . . . It gives character to the feeblest face."

A writer in a current magazine, discussing "The Psychology of Colors," quotes a "shrewd observer" as saying: "Whenever the day is overcast, or I have to do a piece of work calling for unusual mental exertion, I always wear a red or yellow necktie. I find that either color has a beneficial effect on my thinking apparatus."

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Omaha	60.00	Washington	107.50
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Kansas City	60.00	Philadelphia	108.50
St. Paul	73.50	Boston	110.50
Minneapolis	73.50	New York	108.50
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mrs. Taft's epigrams are the joy of Washington society. Her latest epigram was on the subject of beauty. "She is beautiful but not at all accomplished," a lady told Mrs. Taft of a Western matron. "My dear," Mrs. Taft answered, "there is no accomplishment more difficult than to be beautiful."

It was at the private theatricals, and the young man wisbed to compliment his hostess, saying: "Madame, you played your part splendidly. It fits you to perfection." "I'm afraid not. A young and pretty woman is needed for tbat part," said tbe smiling hostess. "But, madame, you have positively proved the contrary."

The teacber, after having taken great trouble to explain tbe difference in the meanings of the words "dream" and "reverie" addressed the class. "Now, could any of you give me a sentence with the word 'reverie' in it?" A small youth put up his hand. "You, John!" sbe uttered in astonishment. "Well, what is it?" "Please, ma'am," said the urchin, "the 'reverie' blew his whus'le and stopped the game."

The wife of a literary man, it is said, once undertook to raise a brood of cbickens. They turned out badly. She told a neighboring farmer's wife that they seemed to he doing all right at first, but in the course of a few days they all died in the coop. "What did you feed them?" asked tbe farmer's wife. "Feed them!" exclaimed the author's helpmate. "I didn't feed them; I thought a healthy young pullet like that ought to have milk enough for ber cbicks."

Two little boys were selling lemonade to earn circus money. A thirsty old gentleman stopped at the stand of the first little boy and drank three glasses of the beverage. He then passed to the stand of the second little boy. "Are you aware," he asked pleasantly, "that the little hoy across the way only asks three cents a glass for his lemonade, while you charge five?" The lad addressed answered very readily: "Yes, I know, mister, but his lemonade is what tbe puppy fell in."

Dr. C. W. Aked responded to the toast of "Eloquence" at a banquet. "But it is far better to be silent," said Dr. Aked in conclusion, "than to be eloquent hy unfair means. There was once a divine whose good wife said to him: 'James, dear, the Rev. Dr. Tenthly has made over $200 hy the publication of a volume of sermons. You preach much hetter than Dr. Tenthly, dear. Why not print a few of your sermons?' 'My love,' the man whispered hoarsely, 'they were all printed long ago.'"

Orville Wright, at a banquet in Dayton, told of an ohstinate old Daytonian who, looking up one still afternoon at the Wright hiplanes circling smoothly and steadily through the air, said: "When people first told me about this here flyin', I called 'em liars. Tben, when I read ahout it in the papers, I said it was a fake." The old man, watching the biplanes moving in great curves like lazy birds, shook his head thougbtfully. "By crinus!" he said, "I aint what ye mout call convinced yet, nuther."

A very pretty girl wbo recently returned from Ireland tells of an encounter with an Irish cabby in Dublin. She had started out from the hotel to do some shopping, but decided instead to make a tour of the city on a jaunting-car. Arriving at the first car-stand, and having selected the smartest-looking vehicle, she told the driver tbat she "wanted to engage him for the day." Pat, never backward in paying homage to beauty, earnestly replied: "Begorra, ma'am, you are welcome. I only wish it was for life!"

At a well-known club in New York the other day one of those hores who are the bane of all clubs drew his chair up to Robert W. Chambers's and said genially: "Chambers, you are writing at the rate of two, and sometimes three, novels every year, to say nothing of your annual sheaf of short stories. Aren't you afraid that a time will come when you will have written yourself out." "My dear sir," Mr. Chambers replied, "I have no such fear. Just look at your own case. You have been talking for more than sixty years and yet you haven't talked yourself out, have you?"

A haggard Englisbman entered the office of the treasury solicitor, and waited diffidently for an hour to get a word with him. Finally he obtained audience with the official, who asked him wbat his business was. "I've cheated the government!" whispered the haggard man, nervously fingering tbe hat in his hands. "And you want to make restitution?" inquired the official. He had heard of such cases. "How did you cheat the government—evade the customs duty, or steal something from the mint?" "No, no; none of those things." "Did you embezzle from a postoffice savings bank, perhaps?" "No; never had anything to do with a bank." "Did you overcharge on a contract?" "Not that, either." "Then how did you cheat the government?" "Why, you remember the census, don't you?" "Yes, yes; go on," said the solicitor. "Well," hissed the man, looking over his shoulder furtively, "when the census man came to my house I didn't give him my middle name."

Among the coffee drinkers a high place must be given to Bismarck. He liked coffee unadulterated. While with the Prussian army in France he one day entered a country inn and asked the host if he had any chicory in the house. He had. Bismarck said: "Well, bring it to me; all you have." The man obeyed and handed Bismarck a canister full of cbicory. "Are you sure this is all you have?" demanded the chancellor. "Yes, my lord, every grain." "Then," said Bismarck, keeping the canister by him, "go now and make me a pot of coffee."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Marriage Is a Lottery.

Oh, marriage is a lottery!
That fact no one assails.
Therefore love letters should not be
Permitted in the mails.
—*Town Topics.*

Doctor Wiley.

"What makes the Potted Ham so green?" said Files-on-Parade.
"It's feelin' fresher than it is," the Color Sergeant said.
"What makes the ranks so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.
"They're dreadin' what they've got to eat," the Color Sergeant said.
"For they're bouncin' Doctor Wiley, you can hear the Microbes cheer,
And the Germs is all a-singin' 'Wiley's goin' away from here,
And we're comin' back far stronger than we've been for many a year,
For they're bouncin' Doctor Wiley in the mornin'.'"

"What makes the canned goods work so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.
"They're fixin' for their Jubilee," the Color Sergeant said.
"What's made that front-rank man fall down?" said Files-on-Parade.
"He's eat cold-storage sassidges," the Color Sergeant said.
"They are bouncin' Doctor Wiley, and those sassidges of old
Are swarmin' from their prisons where they've lingered in the cold,
And they've brought their ptomaines with 'em in a manner free and bold,
For they're bouncin' Doctor Wiley in the mornin'." —*Harper's Weekly.*

The Devil's Invention.

The Devil came up to the city one night
To visit his friends and give fancied delight
To the souls of the hardened and sinful.
When his object was gained and his mission was o'er,
He came to my house and he knocked at my door;
I of course let him in, as I'd oft done before,
And the Devil, of mischief was skinful.

I knew what he wanted, so gave him a drink,
Which he gulped with a nod and a knowing old wink,
And then seated himself for a chatter.
We argued the points of men, women, and life,
The good points of husband, the bad points of wife,
Of things that are harmful, of things that are rife,
And of subjects that really don't matter.

"I want to invent," said the fiend, with a smile,
"A weapon that's deadly and brutal and vile,
A weapon that's dreadful and awful.
It must wound, it must torture and harrow and grind
Much worse than the thumbscrew or things of that kind,
Or other nice things that have now slipped my mind,
Like racks, guns, and things that are lawful.

"It must beat the swift bullet, outstab the keen knife,
Cause the victim to scream whilst the victim has life.
I am seeking a glorious invention!
Just think of the pains and the tortures you've known,
Which have caused men to squirm and fair women to groan,
Little children to whimper, good old people to moan—
Is there nothing you think you can mention?"

I arose and I went to my desk and I took
A weapon that lay on my old blotting book,
And held it up over me, crying:
"Here's the deadliest weapon, and the most feared by men!
Can the Devil improve on a foul, poisoned pen?"
Old Satan jumped up, roared and chuckled, and then
Said, "My dear friend, I do not mean trying!"

He took up his hat and he bade me good-bye,
With a fiendish old glance in his fiendish old eye,
As he thought of the scribblers inhuman
Who torture the helpless, the erring, the weak,
Who can not hit back, who have no chance to speak,
And the Devil went out with his tongue in his cheek
And returned whence he came, like a new man.
—*Town Topics.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will he found in the following department:

Mrs. T. Halsey has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Ernestine Feidler, and Mr. Lawrence Allen, son of Mr. and Mrs. David H. Allen of this city. Miss Feidler is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Feidler, pioneer residents of Marin County, and a cousin of Mrs. Redmond Payne, Mrs. Bjornstern, wife of Captain Bjornstern, U. S. A., and Miss Irene Sabin. Mr. Allen is related to the late Judge Van Dyke, Dr. Edward C. Van Dyke, of this city, and to Mrs. Montgomery Bangs and Mrs. Aldrich, of Oakland. The wedding will not take place until next year.

Captain John C. Linne, U. S. N., and Mrs. Linne, of Yerba Buena, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Adelaide Christine Linne, to Mr. Charles Court Beadon of Devonshire, England. Miss Linne is a sister of Mrs. Parker, wife of Dr. Edward G. Parker, U. S. N., and Mrs. Stone, wife of Lieutenant L. P. Stone, U. S. N. Mr. Beadon is the son of Mr. William Court Beadon of the Indian Civil Service, and a grandson of Sir Cecil Beadon, K. C. S. I. He is also the nephew of Lady Plowden, wife of Sir Meredith Plowden, and Lady Glyn Petre. Mr. Beadon distinguished himself in the Boer War in South Africa and won special honors for meritorious service.

The wedding of Miss Natalie Hammond Hunt and Mr. Herbert Baker took place Wednesday evening at St. Luke's Church on Van Ness Avenue, the Rev. Robert McFarlane officiating. The bride entered the church on the arm of her cousin, Mr. Spencer Brown, and was given in marriage by her mother, Mrs. Randell Hunt. Miss Floride Hunt was her sister's maid of honor. The bridesmaids were the Misses Dorothy Baker, Doris Wilshire, Elena Brewer, and Marian Marvin. Mr. Baker was attended by his brother, Mr. Philip Baker, as best man, and by the Messrs. Alfred Holmes, F. W. Patterson, Ralston Curtiss, and Alexander Fulton, who served as ushers. Following the ceremony a reception was given at the home on Pacific Avenue of Mrs. Randell Hunt. Mr. and Mrs. Baker left Thursday for Southern California, and upon their return in September will occupy the home in Ross of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Dana Jones of San Rafael and Dr. Edgar Davidson Congdon of New York took place July 20 in Vienna. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Jones of San Rafael and a niece of Mrs. Frederick King, who for the past few years has been residing in Annapolis. She is a cousin of Mr. Boswell King, Mr. Thomas Starr King, and Mr. William King. Dr. Congdon is a professor of biology at Cornell University and with his bride will reside in Vienna.

The wedding of Miss Anita Meyer and Dr. Franklin Dray took place Thursday at the bome nn Pacific Avenue of the bride's parents, Captain H. L. E. Meyer and Mrs. Meyer. Only relatives of the two families were present at the ceremony, which was followed by a dinner. Dr. Dray and Mrs. Dray will reside on Fillmore Street near Pacific Avenue.

Miss Dorothy Bryan was married Wednesday at the Palace Hotel to Mr. John Griffiths Roberts of Modesto. The bride was attended by Miss Gwendolin Barton of Fresno and the Misses Evelyn Woodworth and Helen Sinclair. Mr. Frank Roberts was his brother's best man. After the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Mr. Waterman of Fowler, the guests were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. George McLaughlin at a wedding breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts are spending their honeymoon in San Diego.

The wedding of Miss Helen Sidney-Smith and Mr. George Hood of Philadelphia will take place the latter part of this month and will he a very quiet affair. Miss Sidney-Smith will be attended hy her sisters, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale and Mrs. George Pillsbury. A reception will he given at the family residence on Broadway and Webster Street.

The wedding of Miss Marie Louise Elkins and Mr. Christian de Guigne, Jr., will take place in November at the home in Menlo of Miss Elkins's grandfather, ex-Senator Charles Felton. Miss Elkins is at present in Philadelphia with her mother, Mrs. William Nielson (formerly Mrs. Kate Felton Elkins), who with Mr. Nielson will come West to attend the wedding.

Miss Estelle Fay and Lieutenant Kirby Crittendon, U. S. N., will he married August 30.

The wedding of Miss Florence Cluff and Dr. Edward Janss of Los Angeles will take place September 2 at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Isabel Beaver and Miss Marian Crocker will be the guests of honor at a dance which will he given Saturday evening, Septemher 8, at Century Hall hy Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet.

Mr. John Lawson was host at a dinner which be gave recently at the El Cerrito Country Club. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton and Mrs. Worthington Ames, who sailed on the *Manchuria* for Honolulu.

Mrs. J. R. Lane gave a picnic recently at Lake Tahoe, where she and her daughter, Miss Otilla Lane, are spending the summer. Among Mrs. Lane's guests were Mrs. George B. Willcutt, Miss Pierre Olney, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Helen Dean, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Joseph Rosborough, and Mr. George H. Willcutt.

The twenty-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Towne Shaw of Los Angeles was christened in the Chapel of the Transfiguration in the woods near the Tavern at Lake Tahoe. The little girl, who was haptized Julia, is the granddaughter of Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and great-granddaughter of Mrs. A. N. Towne. Captain Charles A. Harlow, U. S. N., and Mrs. Harlow were the sponsors. The Rev. Father Lathrop of the Church of the Advent in this city performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by a number of friends, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Duane Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bliss, Mrs. Duane Bliss, Sr., and Miss Hope Bliss.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger entertained the young friends of their daughters, the Misses Genevieve and Evelyn Cunningham, at an informal dance which they gave Saturday evening at their country home in Woodside.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party last Friday at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Amalia Simpson entertained a number of her friends at a tea Friday at her apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve entertained a house party of young people Tuesday at their home in San Mateo in honor of their daughter, Miss Rebecca Shreve, who leaves next month to attend an Eastern school. The guests enjoyed a hay ride and moonlight picnic in the evening.

The Misses Marie and Helen Withrow gave a tea recently at the Palace Hotel, where they entertaind a number of friends.

Mrs. Phche Hearst has been hostess at several affairs recently at her home in Pleasanton. Among Mrs. Hearst's guests were Merza Ali Khuli Khan, the Persian diplomat, his nephew, Prince Armin, Dr. Reisner, the well-known archæologist, and Mrs. Reisner.

Mrs. George Edward Crothers (formerly Miss Elizaheth Mills) was the complimented guest at a luncheon given Friday by Mrs. Eleanor Davenport.

Mrs. Selden S. Wright entertained the members of the Alhert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., Tuesday afternoon at her home on Lombard Street.

Mrs. Charles H. Belknap was hostess at a luncheon in her new home in West Clay Park. The guests of honor were Mrs. John Bradley and Mrs. Alexander Andry of Carson, Nevada.

The Army and Navy Club gave a theatre party Tuesday evening at the Columhia Theatre. A number of supper parties were given at the club.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor gave a children's party at their home in Menlo, the occasion heing the fifth hirthday anniversary of their son, Augustus Taylor, Jr.

An organ recital was given Thursday in the Church of St. Matthew in San Mateo hy Professor Joseph Smith. The occasion was the presentation of a pipe organ which has been given to the church hy Mrs. Adelaide Mills Easton and her son, Mr. Ansel Mills Easton.

Mr. Peter Martin was host at a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club. Mr. Martin's guests were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Anna Weller, Mr. Eugene Murphy, Mr. Stewart Lowery, and Mr. Horace D. Pillshury.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran entertained at a dinner Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., and Mrs. Sands W. Foreman.

A dance was given Saturday evening at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barhara, following the final performance of the kirmess. The guest list included Mr. and Mrs. Athole McBean, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Devender Stott, Mrs. Eleanor Doe, Mrs. Walton Hedges, Mrs. W. G. Henshaw, Mrs. H. P. Miller, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Merritt Reid, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Marguerite Doe, Miss Florence Henshaw, Miss Arahella Schwerin, Miss Ruth Winslow, Miss Katherine Kaime, and Miss Laura Kaime.

Captain William A. Carleton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Carleton gave a tea Thursday afternoon at their home in the Presidio in honor of Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Allyne von Schrader, and Mrs. Sherrard, three of the brides of the Presidio, and Mrs. Charles A. Clark and Miss Alberta Clark of Manila, who are the house guests of Captain and Mrs. Carleton.

Henrietta Crosman hegan her season this week in New York in a new comedy hy Catherine Cushing, called "The Real Thing."

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The attraction for the Columbia Theatre for two weeks heginning Sunday night, August 13, will he the comedy hit, "The Girl in the Taxi," which will he remembered as one of last season's successes. Returning this year for a limited stay of sixteen nights and four matinées, the play will no doubt attract the attention given to the piece on its first visit. The original manuscript of this play was in French, and its author, Anthony Mars, is one of the recognized playwrights of France. Under the title of "Le Fils a Papa" the Mars play was given its first public presentation in Paris, and after establishing a record run of one thousand nigbts, the play was adapted for use in several other European countries. The adaptation for the American stage was made hy Stanislaus Stange, who has prepared many successful plays. The company to offer "The Girl in the Taxi" this season is practically the same as seen last year, consisting of Pearl Sindelar, who has the rôle of "The Girl," Roy Sumner, Phil Branson (of Tivoli Opera House fame), Cecile Breton, Isahella O'Madigan, Grace Walton, Francis Gaillard, Jules Ferrar, Charles H. Pierson, Richard Bartlett, James W. Ashley, and many others. The production is one of the most lavish ever given a stage story. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Nana, the beautiful Parisian danseuse, whose tempestuous performance created a sensation in Europe and New York, will be the headline feature of next week's Orpheum hill. She will he assisted hy M. Alexis, a terpsichorean artist of international repute. Speaking of this act the Chicago *Daily Journal* of Octoher 11, 1910, said: "The discreetly daring young woman of this team, one of the greatest acrohatic dancers we have ever seen, gives a series of amazingly energetic dances, discounting and putting out of commission for all and all the pallid imitators of the French dancers of her kind." Jack Connelly and Margaret Wehh, a hright pair of entertainers, will contrihute a musical ahsurdity, "A Stormy Finish." It is rife with originality and cleverness. Miss Wehh is a pretty young woman who wears handsome gowns and sings tunefully, and Mr. Connelly is thoroughly at home on the piano. Deiro, the genius of the piano accordion, will be a feature of the new hill. Deiro plays selections from grand operas, love songs, and rag-time with remarkahle expression. Morny Cash, "the Lancashire lad," one of the most popular comic singers in England, will he heard in songs of exclusive and eccentric order. Next week will he the last of "Scrooge," Tom Terriss's adaptation of Charles Dickens's "A Christmas Carol." It will also conclude the engagements of the Original Four Londons, Lou Anger, and Amelia Stone and Armand Kalisz in the miniature operetta, "Mon Amour."

The cozy and comfortahle Savoy Theatre will he reopened under the management of Charles Muehlman, an experienced theatrical man, Sunday afternoon, August 20, when the favorite German comedian, Max Dill, will hegin an engagement limited to one week in "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer," the musical comedy which has occasioned so much glee in this and other cities. Mr. Dill, who has just completed a successful tour of the Northwest, will he supported by a capahle company, including Lillian Coleman, the well-known prima donna, last here with the Rogers Brotbers; Lucille Palmer, a fetching soubrette, Marta Golden, Edith Whitely, Melville Stokes, Alf Goulding, Jack Pollard, and Lou Chaney, and the feminine portion of the chorus will he made up of thirty of the prettiest, hest voiced, and most nimhle-footed girls seen here in many a day. Jack Raynes, one of the hest known of musical directors, will conduct the orchestra, and the costumes will he many, gorgeous, and costly. There will he three regular days for matinées at the Savoy, Sunday, Thursday, and Saturday, and the prices will he unchanging and popular, ranging from twenty-five cents to a dollar, while the Thursday and Saturday matinées will he hut twenty-five and fifty cents. Reserved seats will he ready Thursday morning, and that Max Dill will he greeted hy large and enthusiastic audiences for his hrief season goes without saying.

Following "The Girl in the Taxi" at the Columhia Theatre comes the first hig musical attraction of the year, Richard Carle in Hoschna and Hauerhach's latest effort, "Jumping Jupiter." From all accounts Carle in this piece is funnier than ever. And his company, which hy the way is headed hy petite Edna Wallace Hopper, is a very large organization.

Florence Roherts, Thurlow Bergen, and Theodore Roherts will follow "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" at the Savoy Theatre in an elahorate revival of "Jim the Penman."

Pbil Branson, who was one of the famous stars of the old Tivoli Opera House Company, will he seen here at the Columhia Theatre as John Stewart, the sprightly old gentleman in "The Girl in the Taxi."

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereahouts of ahsent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have returned from a visit to Santa Cruz. Mrs. Scott and Mrs. J. B. Crockett will leave Tuesday for Del Monte, where they will spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, the Misses Ethel, Mary, and Helen Crocker, Mr. William H. Crocker, Jr., and Master Charles Crocker arrived Tuesday from Europe and are again at their home, New Place, in Burlingame. They were accompanied hy Mr. Gerald Vernon Wallop, who will join his father on his ranch in Wyoming.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan will sail August 19 on the *Lusitania* for America. After a brief visit in New York City they will return to San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Carolan have heen away a year, and were joined last December hy Miss Carolan, who accompanied them to Egypt.

Miss Mollie Phelan has returned from a visit to Del Monte and Santa Barhara.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern have been spending a few weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Clarissa Davidge, daughter of the late Bishop Potter of New York, arrived Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and their family.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Wbite and Miss Dorothy Boericke are at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Edwin S. Breyfogle is the guest of her nieces, the Misses Dorothy and Sarah Collier, at their country home in Lake County.

Miss Alice Klein, formerly of this city, accompanied Miss Jennie Crocker on her homeward trip from Europe, and after a visit in New York she will return to Paris, where she has resided for the past six years.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron have been spending the past two weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Captain Edward Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long (formerly Miss Georgia Shepherd) sailed last Saturday for the Philippines, where they will remain indefinitely.

Mrs. Charles Milton Sadler is expected home next month from Europe. The wedding of her daughter, Miss Ruth Sadler, and Mr. Bertram York, will take place in Octoher.

Mrs. James W. Keeney, Miss Helen Keeney, and Miss Laura McKinstry will go on a visit to Santa Barhara, where they will he the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr.

Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., and Mrs. Sands W. Foreman sailed Wednesday for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shiels will spend the next few months traveling in the Orient.

Mrs. Edward H. Harriman, Miss Carol Harriman, the Messrs. Averill and Roland Harriman, with their guests, the Messrs. John Applegate and Halliday Philbrith, left last Saturday for Idaho, where they will spend several weeks on their ranch.

Mrs. William H. Smith and Miss Belle Smith have returned from St. Helena.

General Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A., Mrs. Bliss, and Miss Eleanor Bliss have arrived in Washington, D. C., where they will reside indefinitely. They were accompanied on their trip East hy Lieutenant Arthur Poillon, who has been appointed aide to General Bliss.

Miss Myra Hall, daughter of Mr. F. W. Hall, is at Del Monte, where she will remain until after the golf tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott have returned from Glenburn, Shasta County, where they have heen spending the past two weeks.

Miss Helen Chesebrough left Wednesday for Santa Barhara, where she is the guest of Mrs. William Mayo Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois and their daughter, Miss Jeanne Gallois, have returned from a visit in British Columhia.

Mr. and Mrs. Bronte M. Aikins have returned from their summer outing and are occupying their apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Oddie are established in their new home on Broadway near Steiner.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hellman have leased for two years the bome on Broadway of the late Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker have rented the home on Laguna Street of Dr. Adolph Barkan and Mrs. Barkan. The residence is in the immediate neighborhood of Mrs. Crocker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Kellogg have leased an apartment at the Lafayette, where they will reside after October 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan will spend the winter in the home on Laguna and Sacramento Streets of Mr. and Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, wbo have been occupying the home on Laguna Street of Dr. Washington Dodge and Mrs. Dodge, will move next month to the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. George Almer Newhall returned to Del Monte last Saturday, and was accompanied hy Mrs. Eugene Murphy. Mr. and Mrs. Newhall and their children will remain at Del Monte until late in September.

Miss Janet Coleman left Friday for Santa Barbara, where she will spend a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Hennen Jennings, of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. George F. Ashton and her daughter, Miss Bessie Ashton, returned Wednesday to their apartments at the St. Xavier, after spending two months in San Rafael.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston will leave September 6 for a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. George Volkman, Miss Jobanna Volkman, and Miss Edith Treanor have returned from Castle Crag.

Mr. Paul Verdier returned last Sunday from Europe.

Miss Virginia Joliffe has joined her sister, Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt, at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl have returned to their home in San Mateo.

Mr. Allan Van Fleet has returned from a visit in Cloverdale, where he was the guest of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred P. Redding, wbo are residing at the Keystone, have sold their bome in Fair Oaks to Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heller of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bull Pringle and their children are at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Jennie Crocker has arrived from Europe and is at her Burlingame home. Miss Crocker returned from New York in her private car and was accompanied hy her aunt, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, and the Misses Harriet, Janetta, and Mary Alexander, who will spend several weeks in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Pike have arrived from the East and will spend two weeks at the home on Pacific Avenue of Mrs. Pike's father, Captain A. M. Simpson.

Mrs. William S. Tevis, Miss Lily O'Connor, Mr. Gordon Tevis, and Mr. Lansing Tevis have gone to Vienna, after visiting in Paris and Munich.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Augusta Foute, and the Messrs. William Berry, Robert Sharon, and Timson were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant and their children spent a few days last week in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Stoney and her daughters, the Misses Katherine and Helena Stoney, are at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Jennie Hooker has returned from San Mateo, where she spent a few days at the home of her hrother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker.

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg are occupying their apartment at the Hillcrest, after having spent two months in San Rafael, where they leased the Harrison Dihblee house.

Former United States Senator Thomas Kearns and Mrs. Kearns have been spending the past week at the Hotel St. Francis. They divide their time between Salt Lake City and their ranch in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome B. Landfield (formerly Princess Lohanov-Rostovsky) have returned from the East and are at the Hotel Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loring Cunningham have returned from their ranch in Saratoga, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Todd have returned to their home on Pacific Avenue, after a visit with the Rev. Bradford Leavitt and Mrs. Leavitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., and their children have returned to Sonora, Mexico, after a visit in this city with Mrs. Kruttschnitt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pickering.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Morawetz left Sunday in their private car for their bome in New York. During their two weeks' stay here they enjoyed a camping trip in Mendocino County.

Mrs. Silas Palmer has returned to Menlo, after a visit with Mrs. Robert McMillan at the Blakeman ranch in Sonoma County.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall has returned from Santa Monica, where she was the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Senator J. P. Jones and Mrs. Jones, who are now en route to Europe for an indefinite stay.

Dr. Ernest Dwight Chipman and Mrs. Chipman arrived in New York Sunday and have sailed for Europe. Tbey were accompanied by Miss Erna St. Goar, who will go to Germany to visit her aunt, the Baroness von Turcke.

Mrs. Fanny McCreary and her nephew, Mr. Clark Van Fleet, are traveling in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. William Booth of Chicago have returned from Inverness, where they were the guests of Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet.

Mrs. Talbot and her daughter, Miss Amalita Talbot, of Washington, D. C., have returned from Lake Tahoe and are the guests of Mrs. Talbot's mother, Mrs. Bowman, at her home in Alameda.

Major Robert H. Noble, U. S. A., of the Twelfth Infantry, left here Friday for Washington, D. C., where he has been assigned to duty at the Army War College.

Colonel William H. Sage, U. S. A., left last week for the East, where he will remain until November.

Colonel John P. Wisser, U. S. A., and Colonel J. C. Brooks, U. S. A., returned Saturday from Fort Rosecrans, where they went to witness the night-firing practice of the Coast Artillery Corps troops. Captain Louis Chappelear, U. S. A., who also went to Fort Rosecrans, has gone to San Diego for a ten days' visit.

Mrs. John Murtagh and Mrs. Hamilton, wife of Lieutenant Hamilton, U. S. A., of Fort Leavenworth, have been visiting Mrs. James King Steele in Mendocino County.

Mrs. W. J. Cuthbert has arrived from the Orient to attend the wedding of her sister, Miss Amalia Simpson, who will he married to Mr. William Hough on September 6.

Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Miss Louise McCormick, and the younger members of the family have returned from Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker bave returned from an automobile trip to Webber Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus are spending a few weeks at Independence Lake.

Mrs. Harry L. Dodge and her sister, Mrs. Gale, are in Santa Barbara for a brief visit.

Dr. Kaspar Pischel, Mrs. Pischel, and the Misses Inez and Sepha Pischel are motoring in Europe. They have apartments at the Hyde Park Hotel in London.

Miss Ernestine McNear has returned to her home in Oakland, after an extended visit in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. Alfred Wilcox, Mr. Knox Maddox, Mr. Robert Coleman, Jr., and Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Jr., returned by motor-car from Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Robert L. Coleman and Mr. William Coleman, who were with the party during their ten days' visit, returned by train.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver have closed their cottage at Inverness, after a month's visit. Mrs. Beaver, Miss Isabel Beaver, and Miss Dora Winn have been spending the past week at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Lucio Mintzer and Miss Mauricia Mintzer returned to town Monday from Woodside, where they spent the week-end with friends.

Miss Merritt Reid is visiting in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin arrived Wednesday morning from Mammoth, where they have been residing, and have taken an apartment at the El Drisco, where they will he during their temporary stay in town.

Mrs. Stetson Winslow and her daughter, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, next month will again occupy their home on Pacific Avenue, which for the past two years has been leased to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanslor.

Miss Ruth Winslow is visiting the Misses Katherine and Laura Kaime at their home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William H. Taylor, Sr., has returned to her home on Pacific Avenue, after spending four months at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall, who returned recently from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Olney and their daughter, Miss Anna Olney, are again at the St. Xavier, after a visit of several weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Selden S. Wright has returned from Tacoma, wbere she has been spending two months with her son, Mr. Brooke M. Wright.

Mrs. D. H. Allen, Miss Edith Allen, and Mr. Harry F. Allen have returned from a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Morris Meyerfeld, Jr., returned this week from a four months' visit to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Molyneux Worthington have returned from their summer home on the Russian River, and are now at their residence, No. 2984 Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Knight are expected to arrive from Europe next Monday, and will be at home at No. 1650 California Street.

Dr. David Starr Jordan was at Del Monte last week for a short rest.

The G. A. Newhalls, who are summering at Del Monte, had as their week-end guests Mrs. Eugene Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. Kiersted.

Dr. and Mrs. Shortlidge, Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Ruth and Miss Marion Zeile, were among the week-end guests at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon L. Roos are at Del Monte for a more or less extended stay.

Among recent arrivals at Ætna Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Tom C. Grant, Mr. H. Merou, Mr. Charles Carpy, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft, Mr. Huhert Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Larzalere, Mr. and Mrs. James Jerome.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. H. B. Stedman, Mr. C. E. de Camp, Mr. and Mrs. Griggs Holt, Mr. B. F. Alexander, Mr. George Bean, Mr. R. C. Peck, Mr. Percy L. Davis, Mr. J. Handlon, Mr. and Mrs. Leland S. Lathrop, Mr. Leland S. Lathrop, Jr., Miss G. Ranken, Miss Grace Ranken, Mr. E. R. Cawles, Mr. J. McDonald, Mr. W. G. Henshaw, Miss E. Shelford, Miss Elizabeth Doane, Mrs. F. Massey, Miss Clotilda Massom, Mr. F. P. Massom, Mr. and Mrs. Dent H. Robert, Mr. C. H. Pearson, Miss Lillian Hagel, Miss Charlotte Bennett, Mr. T. F. Quinlan, Mr. A. W. Colby, Mr. A. T. Hobson, Mr. R. D. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Edwards.

Coming Musical Attractions.

The Metropolitan Musical and Literary Bureau of this city, which Manager S. H. Friedlander established a short while ago, has been successful in engaging many of the leading artists and concert companies to appear in San Francisco. Lillian Nordica and company, including Myron B. Whitney and Romayne Simmons; Cecil Fanning, America's greatest haritone (first appearance here); Mark Hamhourg, the eminent pianist; Herhert Witherspoon, the famous basso; Paulo Gruppe, the great 'cellist; Enid Brandt, California's gifted young pianist; Holger Bikerod, the Danish royal singer; Charlotte Lund, the great Swedish prima donna, with Inga Hoegsbro, the Danish pianist; the Royal English Glee Singers (first appearance in America); Jules Falk, violin virtuoso; Erl Elsa Ruegger, America's great 'cellist; Erwin J. Feldes, German lieder singer; Maud Morgan and company (the brilliant harpist); Josef Konency and company (Bohemian violin virtuoso); Josef Erard, France's Caruso (first appearance in America; the Metropolitan Concert Company; the Neapolitan Trouhadours, from Naples, Italy; the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, from Cardiff; Luella Cbilson-Ohrman, prima donna soprano; Florence Austin, violin virtuoso, are among those already secured. Dates will soon he announced.

Noah Brandt, the well-known violinist and composer, who for several years has been in New York City, has decided to return to San Francisco shortly, possihly with the view of again making this city his home. Mr. Brandt has just completed a new Chinese comic opera which he will endeavor to place with Ferris Hartman for the opening of the new theatre on Mason and Eddy Streets.

Since Nance O'Neil finished her season in "The Lily" she has heen resting at Del Monte, where she has heen much fêted. Miss O'Neil is to play an engagement in repertory in this city soon, appearing in "The Lily," "Magda," "The Jewess," Sardou's "The Sorcerers," and "Trilhy."

Sam Bernard, who has never appeared on the Pacific Coast, will come next season in "He Came from Milwaukee."

Gahy Deslys, the famous music-hall favorite, is coming to New York.

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He—I dreamed last night that your mother was ill. *She*—Brute; I heard you laugh in your sleep.—*Tit-Bits.*

Visitor—Poor man! Have you been disappointed in love? *Hermit*—No, lady—only in matrimony.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Maid—Please, mum, there's a man at the door with a wooden leg. *Mistress*—We don't want any today, thank you. Sarah.—*Simplicissimus.*

"By some she is considered the leading emotional actress of the day." "And she has never married, you say?" "A little, I believe—in the amateur way."—*Puck.*

Delighted Mamma—Oo—professor, what do you think of little Arthur as a violinist? *Professar*—I like the way he puts the fiddle back into the case.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Ethel—The professor says that my hathing suit is exiguous. *Alice*—Is that a compliment? *Ethel*—I don't know. There isn't a dictionary in the hotel.—*Bastan Transcript.*

Miss Racksey—But, papa, George is a hard-working young man. *Old Racksey*—That's it exactly. The man I wish you to marry must he ahle to make money without working.—*Life.*

Old-Fashioned Party (with old-fashianed prejudices)—Ah! very clever, I dare say. But I see it's written hy a lady, and I want a hook that my daughters may read. Give me something else!—*Punch.*

"What do you think of it?" asked the proud Gothamite as he pointed out the skyscrapers. "Wal," replied the miner, on his first visit to the metropolis, "it looks like a permanent camp all right."—*Success Magozine.*

"Now that we've spent so much money fixing up the house, perhaps you won't go away," said her hushand, hopefully. "Oh, yes, John, I will, hut," she added, encouragingly, "I'll he more cheerful ahout coming hack."—*Harper's Bozar.*

"Art and business have nothing in common," said the idealist. "Oh, I don't know ahout that," replied Mr. Cumrox. "The value of a painting, like the value of a check, depends a great deal on whose name is at the hottom of it."—*Woshington Star.*

She (gushingly) — What a magnificent Great Dane! And of course his name is Hamlet? *He (the owner)*—Not exactly; you see, I—er—couldn't consistently use that name. The hest I could do was to call her Ophelia.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

"I understand you have civil service in your department?" "Yes," the New Yorker replied, "we have civil service—and it's perfectly good civil service, too. It's fixed now so they can't discharge you—unless they want to!"—*Clevelond Plain Deoler.*

"What is that tall chimney for?" said a visitor to Kansas, pointing to a farmyard. "Is somehody putting up a factory in this lonely quarter?" "No," was the reply. "That's just Joe Miller's well. Cyclone turned her inside out."—*Washington Star.*

Mrs. Finefeather—Are you taking your hushand ahroad this year? *Mrs. Bonton*—No. I decided last year when he insisted upon speaking of the Venetian gondolas as canal hoats that the real charm of Europe is lost upon him.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

"See that measuring worm crawling up my skirt?" cried Mrs. Bjenks. "That's a sign I'm going to have a new dress." "Well, let him make it for you," growled Mr. Bjenks. "And while he's ahout it, have him send a hookworm to do you up the hack. I'm tired of the joh."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

"It is the duty of every one of you to make at least one person happy during the week," said the Sunday-school teacher. "Have you?" "I did," said Johnny, promptly. "That's nice. And what did you do?" "I went to see my aunt, and she's always happy when I go home again."—*Philodelphia Ledger.*

"Yes, he had some rare trouhle with his eyes," said the celehrated oculist. "Every time he went to read he would read douhle." "Poor fellow," remarked the sympathetic person. "I suppose that interfered with his holding a good position?" "Not at all. The gas company gohbled him up and gave him a lucrative joh reading gas meters."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"You know that fellow, Jim McGroitarty, the lad that's a'ways comin' up an' thumpin' ye on the chest an' yellin' 'How are ye?'" "I know him." "I'll het he's smashed twinty cigars for me—some o' thim clear Havannys—hut I'll get even with him now." "How will ye do it?" "I'll tell ye. Jim always hits me over the vest pocket where I carry me cigars. He'll hit me just once more. There's no cigar in me vest pocket this mornin'. Instead of it there's a stick of dynamite, d'ye mind!"—*Clevcland Ploin Dealer.*

Trial Marriage.

"T'anky, sah; t'anky!" gratefully said a ramshackle-looking colored citizen who had percolated into the office of a prominent attorney of Polkville, Arkansas. "And dis yuh am what yo' kin do for muh, cuhnel, if yo' please: I wants to git dis trial marriage dat I's into husted up so's I kin git out'n it ag'in."

"Trial marriage——?" echoed the legal luminary.

"Yassah! Dat's what it's done heen—a trial—fum de heginnin' twell plumh yit! Trial, sah—trial and trihhylation!—all de time! And I knowed how 'twould he hefo' I got into de trap. Didn't want to marry, nohow; allus was uh-skeered o' de marryin' notion, and now——"

"Well, then, why did you marry if you didn't want to?"

"Who?—*me?* Uh-kaze I hatter, sah! *Hatter do it;* dat's why! Dar wa'n't no way 'round it; *'twuz de law!* When dat 'ar yaller lady fell into de creek at de picnic an' I plunged in an' drug her out at de risk o' muh life, right dar, sah, I got up a'gin de law—de marry-law! De young white men told me 'hout it, soon 's dey found out what I'd done; hadn't uh-told me I'd uh-gone 'hout muh hidness like a fool twell I landed in de penitenchy for muh ignunce. Dey done told me what I was 'hleeged to do—man saves a 'oman fum drowndin' he's sho' gotter marry her. Fo'ced to do it, sah, an' I done did it. An' now, cuhnel, for goodness' sake won't yo' please tell muh how to git out'n de scrape? Kin I git a divo'ce, or suppin', or must I take de lady down to de creek whuh I drug her out, an' th'ow her in ag'in?"—*Tom P. Morgan, in Puck.*

MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur.

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celehrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed hy the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcihle removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herhs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resemhling the monks' product.

In ahout all substantial details the claims of the monks have heen upheld, except that the defendant company has not heen held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade-mark did not constitute ahandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.—*New York Herold,* June 20, 1911.



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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Mayoralty.

Mr. Rolph's setting forth of principles and purposes in connection with the mayoralty is admirably broad and admirably candid. He stands openly for the ideals of good government, including equality of right and privilege of all classes. There is nothing extreme, nothing arbitrary, nothing "cranky" in his platform. That Mr. Rolph ought to be elected goes without saying; and if in San Francisco the majority is for right things as distinguished from bad things, he will surely be chosen in preference to the man who stands against him. But for all the merits of his character, for all the integrity and dignity of his purposes, Mr. Rolph will not be elected unless the respectability and decency of San Francisco shall put themselves actively behind him. He is opposed by organized greed, organized vice, organized vulgarity, organized criminality. The power of the municipal government under the authority of P. H. McCarthy will be arrayed against him. The campaign to be waged will find promotion in every centre of sordid interest, great and small, throughout the city. It behooves good citizens to be up and doing, to stir themselves in behalf of a candidacy which can not in the nature of things fight the devil with fire, but must hold itself up to higher levels of propriety and decency. The time for which the mayor now to be selected is to serve covers the period of the coming exposition. We have therefore not only the ordinary motives for wanting the right sort of man in the mayor's chair, but the special motive of wanting a man who will represent what is best instead of what is worst in the life of San Francisco.

The President's Veto.

President Taft did the wise and the essential thing when he imposed his veto on the bill conferring statehood on the territories of Arizona and New Mexico. His own direct and forceful words are a sufficient explanation of a course so emphatically demanded by his duty to the country. He believes that the judiciary recall would place the judges of the land "under legalized terrorism"; that it would be "destructive of independence in the judiciary"; that it would "subject the rights of the individual to the possible tyranny of popular majority," and that it would be "injurious to the cause of free government." These are no new opinions. They were known to be the views of the President. They are held by every judicial mind in the country, by every mind versed in the history and theory of government, by every mind that is jealous for popular rights and for the liberty of the individual. That the territories in question could have omitted the recall and subsequently have amended their constitutions to include it, that they can still do this, has nothing to do with the matter. The President was called upon for his opinion of the constitutions as they were submitted to him, and it was his duty to place his veto upon propositions believed by him to be subversive of the spirit of our government, fatal to judicial integrity, and dangerous to the rights of individuals and of minorities.

It is hard, indeed impossible, to believe that political penalties will follow this action of the President. If such were the case it would augur ill for the future of the country. It is certain that the President himself is indifferent to such adverse results, and those who are indifferent to the adverse results of duty are found rarely to encounter them. And the President will not encounter them. Even those who are disappointed by his action will at least recognize that the steadfast performance of duty is the highest of human attributes and one that has rarely been found wanting in Presidents of the United States. We have always expected it from them and we have usually received it. It is almost the one essential to that office and its possession is the highest of qualifications. President Taft has more than once flouted the futile threats of time-servers, and he has now done so again. It is the road, the only road, to popular esteem, and it is always found when it is unsought.

That the territories in question are the victims of a grievance is an untenable proposition. Admission to the United States is not a right and never has been. It is a status conferred as a privilege upon communities who are ambitious for that status and who avow their readiness to adhere to the spirit of the larger Constitution and to incorporate themselves with the sentiments and the ideals of this nation. Arizona and New Mexico are young communities, relatively unversed in the national life and without experience of its proved and tested principles, which are also the principles of the whole of civilization. It would become them first to imitate rather than to originate, and to signalize their entry into the Union by an observance of its ideals rather than by their subversion and destruction.

The recall proposition thus rejected by the President of the United States is about to be submitted to the people of California. It is hard to believe that the wise and weighty words accompanying this veto will be without their effect upon the popular judgment.

Judge Lawlor Rebuked.

Every fair mind has felt this two years and more that Judge Lawlor ought, in legality and common sense, either to bring the so-called graft cases to trial or to dismiss them. The indictments were found more than four years ago. Four out of the fourteen—the cases being identical—have been tried without the development of testimony competent to convict. It has been plain to everybody that there was no possibility of conviction. The persons indicted have appeared in court some scores of times and demanded trial. The prosecuting attorney has again and again stated in court that he had no evidence warranting him in further procedures. In the face of these circumstances Judge Lawlor has continued the cases from time to time in violation not only of the letter and spirit of the law, but of every suggestion of legitimacy and propriety. His stubbornness had reached a stage where it amounted to an exhibition of brutal passion exercised in the spirit of arbitrary power against persons whom he appeared to regard as personal enemies, and whom apparently he wished to hold in indefinite subjection to embarrassments and humiliation.

More than three years ago it became manifest that Judge Lawlor had ceased to be an impartial and therefore a competent judge; that he had become an extreme and embittered partisan, willing and eager to employ the powers of his office under motives nowise legitimate, and wholly regardless of the spirit of the law. It ceased long ago to be a matter of guilt or innocence on the part of the persons criminally charged; it had become a "fight," with Judge Lawlor enlisted as an impassioned factionist. His position was so grossly out of accord with every mandate of propriety as to excite condemnation and resentment among fair-minded men, even among those whose sympathies were not with the parties at bar.

The Appellate Court, to whom appeal was made some months back, has done what every lawyer knew it must do and what every fair-minded citizen has hoped it would do. It has ordered Judge Lawlor to dismiss the pending indictments; and in so doing it has administered a rebuke to one who has arbitrarily misused the powers of his office, none the less emphatic because it has been long postponed.

The dismissal of these indictments ought to clear the moral, social, and political atmosphere of San Francisco. They have too long separated the community into factions on the basis of divided judgments, sympathies, and resentments. All this has been reflected in our social life, in our municipal politics, and even more seriously in questions involving the integrity of the administration of justice.

None too soon a cause of civic disturbance, almost a cause of civic strife, has been swept from the boards. It is profoundly to be hoped that we shall not again have to face so serious a disturbance to our social and civic peace.

The Senate and the Treaty.

It is too soon to assume that the Senate intends either to reject or to mutilate the arbitration treaty submitted to its approval. But even its postponement is unfortunate. It gives a note of contention to a measure that should be unanimous and harmonious. It is a disagreeable check to a proposal that should have been hastened by general and effective good-will. The President is well advised in allowing the matter to rest until next session and so giving the Senate an opportunity for reflection, but it is to be hoped that there will be no serious or continued resistance to an agreement so emphatically dictated by patriotism and by humanity.

If the Senate is actually resentful of the comments upon its prerogatives that were made by Mr. Bryce

twenty years ago in his "American Commonwealth" then we must regret that the Senate should allow itself such a display of childish petulance. Mr. Bryce was not then an ambassador, and probably it had never occurred to him that he would become one. His work is the standard authority on American institutions not only on the other side of the Atlantic, but also upon this, and it is singularly free from ill-considered or carping criticism. If he actually said anything that is not justified by facts it has been left to the present Senate to discover it. No one else has ever done so, and it is hardly credible that the Senate proposes to emharrass a treaty made in the year 1911 because one of the signatories to that treaty said something unpalatahle ahout the Senate in the year 1892.

But Mr. Bryce said nothing that should be unpalatable. He pointed out that treaties must he ratified by a two-thirds vote of the Senate and be said that "this gives great power to a vexatious minority." That is obviously true, and never more so than now. He said that local and party interests might weigh unduly in the consideration of a treaty and that senators might be actuated by a desire to emharrass the President. The Senate can not deny this fact by proving it to be true, as they seem now to he doing. Mr. Bryce further remarks that the executive is naturally anxious to heal diplomatic wounds because they are an annoyance. whereas the Senate may be willing to keep them open so long as some advantage can be sucked from them. That also is obviously true at the present time, seeing that the President has negotiated an arbitration treaty in order to heal all present and future diplomatic wounds, and the Senate is delaying this same treaty in order to derive advantage for itself. Evidently Mr. Bryce's offense was an uncomfortable accuracy, and the Senate is making it clear to us that this particular chapter of bis work needs no revision.

The Senate does right to stand upon its dignity, but it is doing it in the wrong way. Tbere are other matters far more injurious to senatorial dignity than an arbitration treaty can ever be, and the Senate would show a better sense of the fitness of things by setting its own house in order rather than hy standing in the path of a peaceful human progress. Human progress will not suffer at the hands of the Senate, but the Senate may suffer at the hands of human progress.

The Recall and the Public.

Some modern philosopher has advised us never to assent to a general proposition until we have reduced it to personal and practical terms. Thus when we are told that "women are yearning for the higher spiritual life," or any of the other things that we are so often told, we should slightly alter the terms of the statement so that we may look at it in a more intimate way. In this instance, instead of saying that "women are yearning for the higher spiritual life," we shall recall the names of a few of our respected neigbhors and we shall say instead "Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Rohinson are yearning for the bigher spiritual life." Then we shall appreciate the proposition as we never did hefore.

The same idea can be applied to the recall of the judiciary, and fortunately we can call upon the State of Oregon for the practical examples. There is a certain judge in Oregon whom the reformers want to remove for supposed misdirection of the jury in a murder case, and so they have addressed the statutory petition to the secretary of state. The petition states that the said judge has "demonstrated his gross incompetency and unfairness by giving to the jury in said case, at the instance and request of the defendant's attorneys, unfair and erroneous instructions as to the law. intended to bias the jury in favor of the defendant and secure an acquittal and did so bias the jury and cause an acquittal, while at the same time he failed and refused to give tbe jury fair and legal instructions which were asked hy the prosecution, all of which contrihuted and brought about the defeat of the ends of justice."

Now that such a complaint as this should be submitted for adjudication to "the people" may seem plausible to a few extreme radicals who have been afflicted of Providence in tbe matter of intelligence, hut to get its full inwardness we must apply the personal and practical test advised by the philosopher already quoted. Instead of supposing this complaint as suhmitted to "the people" let us recall the names of half a dozen or so of our best-known neighbors, add to them the names of the milkman, the garbage man, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, and see how the proposition looks then. Instead of asking "the people" to decide whether the accused judge "failed and refused to give the jury fair and legal instructions" we will ask Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Robinson to do so, aided hy the legal omniscience of the butcher's young man, the penetrating intellect of the garhage collector, and the enlightened citizenship of the Italian fruit dealer, whose commanó of the English language and of the subtleties of jurisprudence are matters of notoriety. Let these distinguished citizens snatch a brief moment from the cares of their crowded lives and determine whether the said judge did actually give "unfair and erroneous instructions as to the law." And if tbey decide that he did do so—really it won't take them a minute—let them oust him from his position forthwith and disgrace him as incompetent and corrupt.

The Old Order Changeth.

The old order changeth in the country wbich has long held the leading responsihility in world civilization. By a parliamentary act the British Constitution is to he fundamentally remodeled. An authority which Peers and Commons have long shared witb shifting degrees of authority is now to be the exclusive possession of the Commons, subject only to temporary cbeck at the hands of the Peers.

It is worth while to consider briefly the character of an institution which has been so closely connected with the world's affairs and out of which there has come so much that is fixed indelibly in the structure of civilization. The Lords of England, if we may go hack as far as the Conquest, formed in the mediæval conception of things the social and military buttresses of the Throne. They were originally a group of military chieftains endowed with wealth to the end that the supreme authority in the state might have the environment of interest and loyalty allied with power. Tbe authority of the Lords was drawn, not from the people, hut from the Throne. But there came a time when the Lords, under considerations of interest and patriotism, hecame not so much a support of the Throne as a cbeck upon its rapacities and its weaknesses. In the thirteentb century they wrung from a king who needed to he checked and guided a formal concession out of which has developed through many changes the constitution and government of England. The Lords differed from corresponding castes or groups in other countries in the sense that very early tbey took upon themselves definite responsibility not more in relation to their own immediate interest than to that of England as a nation. There bave been varying periods of power and weakness in the career of the Lords, but in tbe main they have played a nohle part in the things that have marked the advancement and the prestige of England.

If in recent times the Lords have not made the most of tbeir opportunities, if they have exhibited now and again the cloven foot of self-interest and of class arrogance, it must he said for them that they have still wrought mightily for the welfare and honor of their country and for the world's progress. If the House of Lords has not been in the modern sense a representative body, it has nevertheless represented England in the spirit of her largest cbaracter and aims and of her highest achievements. For it has been through the Lords that the Government of England has brought into association and coöperation with the national life the highest spirit and the best talent of the country.

Under our own system we have somehow missed this special and highly important element of social and political power. By accident or design our system eliminates the strong men—makes it difficult or impossihle for them to participate in political affairs. Our Coopers, our Girards, our Emersons, our Beechers, our Edisons, our Huntingtons, our Morgans, our Harrimans are rigorously detached from the scheme of public life. On the other hand, England through her House of Lords invites and attacbes her men of talent and achievement, incorporates them within her system, enforces attention and responsibility upon them, brings them into participation in her public life. Scarcely a man notable for strength in any great sphere of activity has been permitted to hold to a strictly private career in England this hundred years and more. All, practically as they have arisen and demonstrated their powers, have been brought into the public scheme, in a sense compelled to give their talents and powers to the service of the country. Tbe House of Lords has been the agency through which this most admirable result has heen attained.

In its recent constitution the House of Lords, while nominally a hereditary body, bas heen in a far truer and broader sense an assemblage of the most distinguisbed and successful men in the kingdom. The hereditary principle bas worked in recent times not so much to fix the character of the House of Lords as to attract to it men of special talents, dignity, powers, and ambitions.

The charge that the House of Lords as a non-elective and therefore a non-representative body is in this age an anachronism is not without logical and moral force. Yet it is to he said that in a large view the Lords are as worthily representative as the Commons. It has long been inevitable that under modern ideas and standards a non-elective hody must lose the coördinate authority in legislation which it has nominally though not actually held. The spirit of the age—the liheralizing tendencies illustrated in the widening franchise—all bave served to undermine its authority and powers. Perhaps if there had been a higber wisdom or a more shrewd diplomacy the Lords years ago would have ahated their pretensions, have ahdicated some part of tbeir traditional authority. Be this as it may, the result as it bas been worked out tbrougb recent months was preordained; and perhaps it is a better and more stable result than could have come about through methods less radical and coercive.

Nothing can be more certain than that the people of England would not willingly witness the absolute ending of the Lords. Few indeed are so imhued with the spirit of iconoclasm as to consent that an institution so glorified in tradition, so honored by history, so useful in commanding the participation in government of first-class contemporary talent. should at a stroke be eliminated from the scbeme of national life.

The new order, radical though it be, still leaves to the Lords, in the authority to hold hack legislation by a two years' veto, a tremendous measure of power; and if this trust shall he accepted in the right spirit it may still he sufficient to the purposes of conservative restraint, sufficient to sustain in the House of Lords an agency attractive enough in its dignities and powers to win and command first-class talent as it may arise in the varied departments and functions of British life.

The means employed in the "mending of the Lords" are unpleasantly suggestive of lowered standards in English political life. They demonstrate that the game of politics is not, as our English cousins have so often asserted, a peculiarly American development. We recall nothing in the field of political debauchery in America more calculated to grieve the judicious, if we may borrow Washington's lofty phrase, than the scheme devised by the Asquith ministry to break tbe power of the Lords. This is not saying that the game was not skillfully conceived, for in truth the trick was turned with a deftness which makes a mark in the art of parliamentary connubiation that may well stir the envy of the most adroit masters of sinister politics.

The circumstances are interesting. Mr. Asquith's following, the source of his power in the Commons, was a motley coalition made up of groups having little in common except an intense dislike and repugnance for each otber. The core of his support was the Liheral parliamentary group hopelessly in the minority. In combination with it there was the Irish group devoted to the single purpose of winning home rule for Ireland, even against the desire and over the protest of the most prosperous but least populous part of that distressful country. Then there was the labor group, the socialistic group, with other fag-ends of political reaction and disaffection. The task of Mr. Asquith, Mr. George, and Mr. Churchill was to hold these uncertain and more than less discordant elements to coöperative action in furtherance of a common policy. It was the world-old prohlem of fighting an emhittered and persistent fight with mixed and unsympathetic forces. It was necessary to make the scheme broad enough to give each group what it wanted in sufficient measure to attract and bold it in support of the general project. The scheme was worked out cleverly on this sinister line. To the Liheral group there was given the promise of social and political revenge. To the Irish group there was given the pledge of home rule for Ireland, none the less attractive because it ignored the protests of Protestant Ulster. To the lahor group tbere were given the sop of old-age pensions, of insurance against non-employment, of a freer hand to organized labor. To the politicians, the socialists, and the malcontents there were given special concessions, including the provision of salaries for service in the Commons, increase of taxes levied upon the rich, etc. Thus placated and ca-

joled, the varied elements of Mr. Asquith's parliamentary army advanced in full coöperation against the Lords. Drafts, wherever the scheme involved them, and it did so involve them at every point, were made against the public treasury; for in England as in America it has become a fixed principle in reform politics to make the public pay the bills. Jones he always pays the freight.

It now remains to be seen if a scheme thus organized, promoted, and successful may be made to carry itself in a country which has hitherto instinctively looked with doubt upon social and political innovations. It remains, too, to be seen if a project so revolutionary may be sustained against the fixed habit and the conservative instinct of the British race. And it remains further to be seen if under this scheme the public treasury may be made to supply the means and if the general social structure can be made to hold together. That there are those who resolve these questions in the spirit of a bland optimism goes without saying, for otherwise the movement could never have been carried through. On the other hand there are many who gravely doubt—who feel profoundly that a way must be found to undo what has been done if the fabric of British prestige is to be saved from destruction. And it must be said that those who hold most positively to this view are representative of the traditional spirit, the traditional patriotism, and the traditional culture of England. It is certain that those who have so earnestly protested against the plan which has just been carried to success are earnestly hoping for some turn in events which may afford opportunity to reconsider and reconstruct the British Constitution upon lines which they deem more harmonious with tradition and policy, more in accord with what they hold to be the essential spirit and genius of the English race.

In the conflict which has just reached its climax it has been interesting to observe the curious insufficiency of Conservative methods in dealing with popular issues. The prestige, the best intellect, the highest character have been on the negative side. Measured by all accepted standards, the Conservatives have had the best of the discussion. But Conservative zeal and eloquence has been wasted because it has not known how to reach the sensibilities of the more numerous but less cultivated classes. Take, for example, the splendid plea of Mr. Balfour; it is hardly equaled, certainly not surpassed, in parliamentary annals. It ran the full gamut of the loftier chords of sentiment, reason, and noble passion. But regarded from the standpoint of political effectiveness it was flat and futile because there was in it no appeal to other than a mind imbued with a high culture and a lofty form of patriotic sensibility. It did not answer the demand of the political iconoclast; it did nothing to placate political and class resentment; it excited laughter and derision on the Irish benches; it shot clean over the heads of the smaller groups whose support had been won to the coalition scheme by bribes of special legislation or of largess from the public treasury. One who listened to Mr. Balfour's lofty and glowing periods, in intense intellectual sympathy with the splendor of his mind and the magnetic passion of his utterance, could none the less but feel that to all practical intents and purposes he was wasting his breath. One could not but be moved to the reflection that if British conservatism is to make effectual appeal under the new order of things in England it must find champions better endowed with the spirit of popular understanding, it must find tongues more aptly attuned to the ear of mediocrity and to the spirit of contemporary life.

But whatever reflections may apply in relation to these matters of practical detail—of mere policy and diplomacy—there remains to be reckoned with this mighty fact, namely, that the England of today is not the England of yesterday. Leveling tendencies are at work there with an intensity not easily conceived in a country which has known only in the forms of echo and reaction the forces of ancient and historic tradition. There has come a condition analogous if not parallel with that which had its brief day in France prior to the bloody deluge of revolution. One whose privileges in the little world—or perhaps we would better say the great world—of social London bring him into touch with spheres of social and political interest can not fail in these days to discover among the English people, even among many highly placed, a spirit which aims at nothing less than to unbind the restraints of tradition and experience, to cut loose from all moorings and to put England at the forefront of movements at which the conservative mind stands aghast. It may be only a transient fashion, a mere fad, that will have its day and then pass to the limbo of discredited and forgotten whimsies. Be this as it may, the fact remains that the iconoclast, the leveler, and the nihilist are having an inning in the contemporary social and political life of England.

The Steel Trust and the Panic.

The Stanley committee that is investigating the Steel Trust has drawn a prodigious amount of attention to itself and to its individual members, and may therefore be said to have fulfilled whatever real mission it ever had. The modern reformer feels that "all's right with the world" so long as some one is being investigated and while he gets his daily iniquity under scare headlines served up with his breakfast. That nothing ever comes of it, ever can come of it, or is ever meant to come of it, is nothing to him. That there are no new facts to discover troubles him not at all so long as there are old facts to be served up with a new dressing. The Stanley committee has now been sitting for a long time, and we know exactly as much about the Steel Trust and the panic as we did before. Not a single new fact about anything or any one has been elicited, and when the committee has made its report and been dismissed it will be forgotten with all its sapient conclusions in twenty-four hours. It is but one of a dozen such time-wasting committees that have been called into existence by the querulous spirit of the day and that will be utterly fruitless except as supplying one more fret and jar to the business world.

Mr. Roosevelt's evidence was interesting, but only as a contribution to our knowledge of himself. He was asked if he had done what the whole world knew him to have done, and he replied that he had, that he was proud of it, and that he would do it again in a similar situation. He talked, in fact, as he has always talked in defense of his own mistakes, for Mr. Roosevelt is never quite so sure of himself, quite so complacently self-satisfied as when proclaiming his own errors. It is a part of his policy to boast of what other men would hide, as witness the pirating of Panama. Mr. Roosevelt is not a financier. He is not even a business man. He knew nothing of the money situation except what he was told by Judge Gary and Mr. Frick, who came to him for authority to break the law by the acquisition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company and who assured him that such a move would relieve the money pressure. He did not even make inquiry from disinterested economic experts such as any university could have furnished. He did not know that the proposed amalgamation would allay the flurry on Wall Street. He knew nothing whatever about it. But he did know that such an incorporation was a violation of the Sherman act that he was sworn to uphold, and he must have known also that it would have the effect of removing the only existing competitor from the path of the Steel Trust, since the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company was the only concern that could undersell its rival. Practically Mr. Roosevelt said to Judge Gary and to Mr. Frick, "Gentlemen, what you want to do is a violation of a national law that applies to every individual in the country—except you. But you may do what you want to—because you want to." For it is unthinkable that even Mr. Roosevelt could have supposed that an agreement between two rival steel companies could stop a panic that was spreading all over the country. No doubt Judge Gary and Mr. Frick did actually say this preposterous thing. They had to say something, but they must have laughed in their sleeves when they said it. It was a diplomatic plea of the kind that is hardly intended for credence, and no one but Mr. Roosevelt would have given credence to it. If Mr. Roosevelt can suspend the law because he is recommended to do so by two trust magnates who are inconvenienced by the law, then why have any law at all? All laws are inconvenient to those who want to break them, and it is now evident that a select few of those who wanted to break them had only to go to Mr. Roosevelt and say so.

But the immediate causes of the panic are as obscure as ever they were. Its initial causes are clear enough and they are to be found in the fact that every business interest in the country felt itself to be paralyzed by an abiding and perpetual threat. Every man who had made money by developing national resources, who had made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, felt that he was at the mercy of the forces of an insensate popular "movement" led and fed by the President. Thrift, sagacity, enterprise, and energy had become the cardinal political sins, and so a breaking point, a panic, became inevitable. The panic was a state of mind and it was produced by uncertainty of property tenure, by a dread of what would come next. And then Mr. Roosevelt became frightened. It was a case of any port in a storm, and we can hardly wonder that Judge Gary and Mr. Frick took advantage of the situation to extort a promise of immunity for their little scheme to dispose of their only competitor.

But why should Mr. Roosevelt boast of his complaisance? It is easy to understand everything but that.

Peter Robertson.

Within the special sphere of his activities Peter Robertson, dead at the age of sixty-four, realized the best standards of the professional journalist. He dealt with the theatre at a period singularly disturbed by changing purposes and methods; and under circumstances which might easily have lowered the standards of a critic less fixed in the sense of intellectual and moral responsibility. But withal, Mr. Robertson never lost the inspiring principles which distinguished his first work as it appeared in the columns of the *Argonaut*. Even in the hurly-burly of daily journalism he never cringed to authority, never catered to the merely popular, never pandered to low tastes or instincts. He did his work as it came to him, and there were times when the work was not pleasant. But through it all Mr. Robertson maintained the high ideals of artistic judgment, the fine sensibilities, the gracious appreciation of real merit upon which his professional character was founded. He never ceased to be sound in mind, sound in heart; he never under any sort of influence commended a morally bad play, he never under any pressure of influence condemned a really good one. When the times and conditions are remembered, this is high praise—praise so high that there are few critics whose work has covered the past two decades of whom it might be said. On the personal side Mr. Robertson was a singularly winning figure. He had the social instinct and the friendly instinct in balanced combination; he had the taste to select his friends wisely and the character to hold them. If fortune did not treat him generously in all ways, it at least gave him appreciation and affection in a wide circle. Many an eye was dimmed when on Thursday morning of last week the daily prints gave to San Francisco news of his death.

Editorial Notes.

On every account it is to be hoped that President Taft will find it practicable to visit San Francisco this fall and personally set in motion the working activities in our coming exposition. His presence upon that occasion will be an inspiration at home, and it will give to the enterprise a distinction abroad which should go far in its promotion. More than once we have had indications quite positive and notable of Mr. Taft's friendly regard for California and San Francisco; and we are easily assured that if he can so arrange his affairs to be with us at the formal beginning of working operations he will not fail to do it.

No one supposed that the board of supervisors would pay any serious heed to the protest of the Merchants' Association in the matter of the Clement school. The peculiar "business" involved is far too sacred for interference from such a source, and so the contractor's bill is to be paid forthwith, and presumably with supervisorial apologies for the delay. Things have come to a pretty pass if contractors may no longer use inferior material in public construction work without criticism from those to whom that work belongs. Now the *Argonaut* drew attention to this very matter of the Clement school on June 17. It said then that the work seemed to have been designed by a bricklayer's apprentice, that it was a mass of architectural absurdities and building monstrosities, and that it would be an eyesore and a nuisance. These are facts visible enough to any one but a city official, and it is therefore easy to believe that the invisible condition is worse still. Now we have the expert opinion of the Merchants' Association that the material is of an inferior kind, but on the face of all this the bill is to be paid. Of course it is to be paid. That is the end and aim of all administration work from the making of a street railroad to the building of a school—that the bill shall be paid.

Two aviators were killed at the Chicago meet. The exhibition went on.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

There can be no doubt that massacres are distasteful to the enlightened ethical mind. They belong to an age when efficacy was the only test of propriety and when the shortest way was always the best trodden. Turkey and some other countries still belong to this epoch, and so we have a spasm of indignation because the Sultan is settling a dispute with his rebellious subjects in the good old way. The Albanians are being massacred in pursuance of a Turkish policy that will have peace at any price and that prefers an orderly corpse to a disorderly tribesman. And Mr. Stead and some other quasi religionists are asking how long the unspeakable Turk is to be allowed to work his wicked will upon his Christian subjects. Really the question is hard to answer. So long as Christians massacre each other they are likely to be massacred in their turn by Turks. We can hardly ask the Turk to lead the van of humanity, and it is curious enough that we never object to massacres unless they are committed by the unbaptized. It is only a few years ago that several thousand Christians were massacred in Roumania, which has a Christian government and an immensely Christian queen. No one had much to say about it. The government of Russia for the last ten years has been one prolonged massacre, and but for the "un-Christian" Turk the whole of the Balkan states would now be Russian property. No one greatly objects to Russian massacres so long as they are carried out decently and with no survivors. But as soon as Turkey restores order in the approved way we are asked to declare a sort of holy war in order to compel the Sultan to confine himself to moral suasion. Massacre is no more than war carried to its logical conclusion. A few weeks ago Mr. Stead's country was prepared to go to war in defense of the right of France to steal Morocco, and Mr. Stead had nothing much to say about it. By all means let us stop massacres, but let them all be stopped. Not a selected few only.

The introduction of the Indian budget in the British House of Commons is always the occasion for much leisurely gossip about India. Everything becomes relevant, for finance is the one thing that unites every branch of social life. The cost of the coming Durbar, for example, justified the statement that about 100,000 persons will be present upon the great plain of Delbi as actual spectators and that about one million more would make up the great army of pleasure seeking. Many an Emperor of India has been crowned at Delhi, and the under secretary recalled some ancient occasions when the first preliminary to the ceremonial was to capture some five hundred thieves and cut their heads off as an encouragement to the others. Then came some census information. The recent enumeration shows that India has a population of 315,000,000 as against 294,000,000 in 1901, and force of habit caused the house to cheer this announcement. Why we should congratulate ourselves upon an increase of population is one of the mysteries of popular psychology, but we do. The Indian census figures were made known in nine days after taking, and this extraordinary rapidity was due to the fact that the enumerators were voluntary and unpaid. So here we bave anotber anomaly. It is the gratuitous work that is best done, a discovery made long ago in the Old World, where the high city officials are expected to work for nothing, not on the ground of economy but of efficiency. And it is no small matter to take a census in India. The people must be wheedled into compliance, or superstition is likely to put a stop to the wbole thing, and a threat would mean revolt. In one of the great districts the inhabitants were firmly persuaded that they were about to be sold into slavery. Otherwise why count them? The wily census man told them of a bet between the King of England and the Czar of Russia as to which had the most people, and so the credit of the country was at stake. It was surprising what could be done by a conscientious worker with a natural aptitude for lying.

It seems that suicide is largely on the increase in America, although Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, who devotes himself to these lugubrious statistics, has a crumb of comfort for us in the theory that we have reached the top of the suicide wave and that the coming years will show an improvement. But why does suicide move in waves, or cycles, like grasshoppers and financial panics? For the matter of that why do all things terrestrial appear to he governed hy laws of periodicity and independent of more visible causes? Mr. Hoffman, who knows everything else about suicide, does not seem to know this. The increase is larger in the cities than in the towns, and this is what we might expect. But why does San Francisco head the list of the large cities with a total of 42.2 in each 100,000 as against New York with 18.9 per 100,000? It is small consolation to say that San Francisco heads the list in everything else too. But Mr. Hoffman is to be congratulated for discouraging at least one piece of axiomatic nonsense. He says that suicide is no indication of mental irresponsibility nor of the feebleness of wits with which it is usually associated. On the contrary it is a concomitant of high intelligence and of mental development beyond the ordinary. The suicide of today is the man, or woman, who has carefully weighed the pros and cons, the charms of life and its disillusionments, and who has deliberately decided that the game is not worth the candle. Mr. Hoffman does not say so, hut may we not attribute some of the prevalence of suicide to a waning of the religious sentiments? However we may appraise the value of the personal religious instinct—and it is usually among the things that "we don't talk about"—it did at least suggest an after-death consciousness and the possibilities of uncomfortable and retributory dreams.

When Mr. Asquith was shouted down in the House of Commons a few days ago he supplied the reporters with a copy of the speech that he had intended to deliver, a proceeding correct enough under the circumstances. But it is rarely safe to part with a copy of tbe still undelivered speech and it is remembered that Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett discovered this to his cost. He gave the reporters a complete copy of his intended speech, liberally interspersed with the "hear, hear," and the "loud cheers" to which parliamentary orators so ardently aspire and so seldom attain. But Sir Ellis had delivered only half the speech when the house adjourned, and he finished it the next evening, but not before the Irish members had thoughtfully provided themselves with printed copies in order that the applause might come at the precise points foreseen by the speaker. As the speech was an attack upon home rule it will be seen that the incident had hilarious possibilities.

Dr. Bonnette, a French army surgeon, writes a curious article in the *Presse Medicale* on the physical intoxication of victory and the extent to which bodily pain can be vanquished by the sense of military triumph. The victorious army is not only insensible to its wounds, but it defies disease. It is tbe beaten army that succumbs to pain and is ravaged by epidemic. Dr. Bonnette draws his illustrations from the Napoleonic legions, and certainly they are striking enough. Members of the Old Guard raised themselves on the bleeding stumps of their amputated legs to cheer the emperor. Dr. Larrey operated witbout ceasing for thirty-six hours after Eylau and speaks of the moral exultation that raised his patients beyond the reach of pain. At Borodino he amputated the shoulder of a colonel, who at once set out to walk to France and did the journey in three months. General Zayonchek, seventy-five years old, had bis kneecap shattered by a hullet while fording the Beresina in Russia. Altbough a violent snowstorm was raging the brave old veteran had his leg amputated then and there, although the surgeons could give only three minutes to the operation. He was placed in a sledge and taken to Vilna, where he lived to the age of eighty-six years. There are many similar incidents to show how the mind can triumph over the body and paralyze the centres of pain. Perhaps the day will come when we need no longer depend on external circumstances to produce this moral exaltation, when we shall be able at will to produce these anæsthetizing states of consciousness. But it will not be soon.

The English coronation is said to have had a marked effect upon the populace of China, an effect salutary enough in principle, but disquieting at short range. The Chinaman is asking himself how it comes that a monarch is thus able to show himself without danger or loss of dignity to dense masses of the people, whereas in China he must live in a "Forbidden City" and make his appeal to the people rather as a sort of religious myth or pious abstraction than as a human being and with common attrihutes. If the King of England can drive through crowded streets and with some appearance of cordial and intimate relationships why must the streets in China be cleared as soon as the emperor approach as though it were a sacrilege to look upon his sacred person? In fact, is he really so sacred? It is a serious matter to challenge the sanctity of an Oriental potentate, but such things will happen. That they are happening in China should be a bint to the emperor to prove his divinity in some more tangible way.

To misspell Stevenson's name, and in a letter to Stevenson himself, is an achievement that most men would willingly hide. Indeed one would tbink that such an offender would call upon the rocks to cover him, but Mr. F. G. Ireland writes to the London *Spectator*, confesses his fault, which he describes correctly as "a bit of inspired stupidity," and allows us to see the letter that Stevenson wrote in reply. Here it is in part:

There are two names, Stephenson and Stevenson. The one is English, the other Scotch. The one may be the name of the devil for what I know: the other is mine. You know, by the Wellers, what immortal hatred may be kindled by a letter. And I own I grind under this which robs me, not only of my ancestors, but of my native country; and I grind the harder since I see an American publisher actually announcing my own books, and in type, under this travesty.

And now we want to know the identity of the American publisher who did this thing. The statute of limitations, not to speak of the Constitution, will save him from heing boiled in oil, but will he not follow Mr. Ireland's example and make a clean breast of it? But perhaps he is dead and has already answered for his sin to a higher tribunal, perhaps to Mr. Stevenson himselt, who evidently would not forget such an affront as to he mistaken for an Englishman.

Speaking of the *literati*, here is a story of Charles Kingsley as told hy Mr. Arthur C. Benson in the August *Cornhill:*

My father used to tell how once he was walking with Kingsley round about Eversley, when Kingsley suddenly stopped and said: "It is no use; I know you detest tobacco, Benson, but I must have a smoke"; and he had accordingly gone to a big furze bush and put his arm in at a hole, and after some groping about produced a big churchwarden pipe, which he filled and smoked with great satisfaction, afterwards putting it into a hollow tree, and telling my father, with a chuckle, that he had concealed pipes all over the parish, to meet the exigencies of a sudden desire to smoke.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

A monument has just been dedicated upon the spot where stood the cottonwood tree which gave the name to Lone Tree station, on the old California and Mormon trails, on the north bank of the Platte River, two and one-half miles from the present site of Central City. Lone Tree was an important station in the early days, when the goldseekers crossed the continent. The large cottonwood was a landmark at that period. The town of Lone Tree, afterward changing its name to Central City, sprang up there.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Isle of Lost Dreams.

There is an isle beyond our ken,
Haunted by Dreams of weary men.
Gray Hopes enshadow it with wings
Weary with burdens of old things:
There the insatiate water-springs
Rise with the tears of all who weep:
And deep within it, deep, oh deep
The furtive voice of Sorrow sings.
There evermore,
Till Time be o'er,
Sad, oh so sad, the Dreams of men
Drift through the isle beyond our ken.

—*Fiona Macleod.*

The Death-Child.

She sits beneath the elder-tree
And sings her song so sweet,
And dreams o'er the burn that darksomely
Runs by her moonwhite feet.

Her hair is dark as starless night,
Her flower-crown'd face is pale,
But oh, her eyes are lit with light
Of dread ancestral bale.

Sbe sings an eerie song, so wild
With immemorial dule—
Though young and fair Death's mortal child
That sits by that dark pool.

And oft she cries an eldritch scream
When red with human blood
The burn becomes a crimson stream,
A wild, red, surging flood:

Or shrinks, when some swift tide of tears—
The weeping of the world—
Dark eddying 'neath man's phantom-fears,
Is o'er the red stream hurl'd.

For hours beneatb the elder-tree
She broods beside the stream;
Her dark eyes filled with mystery,
Her dark soul rapt in dream.

Tbe lapsing flow she heedeth not
Though deepest depths she scans:
Life is the shade that clouds her thought,
As Death's the eclipse of man's.

Time seems but as a bitter thing
Remember'd from of yore:
Yet ah (she tbinks) her song she'll sing
When Time's long reign is o'er.

Erstwhiles she bends alow to hear
What the swift water sings,
The torrent running darkly clear
With secrets of all things.

And then she smiles a strange sad smile,
And lets her harp lie long;
The death-waves oft may rise the while,
She greets them with no song.

Few ever cross that dreary moor,
Few see that flower-crown'd head;
But whoso knows that wild song's lure
Knoweth that he is dead.—*Fiona Macleod.*

The Coves of Crail.

The moon-white waters wash and leap,
The dark tide floods the Coves of Crail;
Sound, sound he lies in dreamless sleep,
Nor hears the sea-wind wail.

The pale gold of his oozy locks,
Doth hither drift and thither wave;
His tbin hands plash against the rocks,
His white lips nothing crave.

Afar away she laughs and sings—
A song he loved, a wild sea-strain—
Of how the mermen weave their rings
Upon the reef-set main.

Sound, sound he lies in dreamless sleep,
Nor hears the sea-wind wail,
Tho' with the tide his white hands creep
Amid the Coves of Crail.—*Fiona Macleod.*

The Twin-Soul.

In the dead of the night a spirit came:
Her moon-white face and her eyes of flame
Were known to me:—I called her name—
The name that shall not be spoken at all
Till Death hath this body of mine in thrall!

And she laughed to see me lying there,
Wrapped in the living-corpse bloody and fair,
And my soul 'mid its thin films shining bare—
And I rose and followed her glance so sweet
And passed from the house with noiseless feet.

I know not myself what I knew, what I saw:
I know that it filled me with trouble and awe,
With pain that still at my heart doth gnaw:
That she with her wild eyes witched my soul
And whispered the name of the Unknown Goal.

O, wild was her laugh, and wild was my cry
When with one long flash and a weary sigh
I awoke as from sleep bewilderingly:
Her voice, her eyes, they are with me still,
O Spirit-Enchantress, O Demon-will!

—*Fiona Macleod.*

Africa is the home of the typical vipers. No species of the true viper inhabits the New World, though several kinds of snakes are commonly so called. The viperine snakes of this hemisphere belong to a subfamily of the vipers, known technically as the Crotalinæ. Under this head come the rattlesnake, copperhead, water moccasin, bushmaster, and the fer-de-lance.

Valencia, Spain, farms out its vehicle tax for a fixed sum per annum to a concessionary, who is allowed to collect under the terms of his contract a sum amounting to about $34.50 for each automobile, plus about $4.06 extra for each seat the car contains. Practically all the machines are kept for only city and park driving.

NEW YORK THEATRES OPEN.

First Offerings of the New Season—Fickle Theatre-Goers and Confused Managers.

Long acquaintance with New York theatres and a continued interest in the eccentricities of theatrical developments do not qualify the observer to explain present conditions or to predict safely of the future. It is still hot in town, so hot that any belief in impending surcease of suffering has no reasonable foundation, but the season has opened and there are a few new items in gossip of the theatres. Nothing serious is yet in sight, however, and among the first offerings and revivals of last season's successes there is but one that may be spoken of as a dramatic event by those who deal in discriminating terms. There are the usual preliminary announcements of sterling attractions to come, but they will be brought out when the summer is really over, and wisely so.

Perhaps there was once a community of interest in dramatic affairs among Gothamites, but it must have been a long time ago. Those of us who know what Wallack, and Palmer, and Daly, of the older managers, did and attempted to do, know that no one of them could depend on his patrons. Each of them had his reverses, and for a season at a time the most astute of the three could make no production that would draw profitably. When a success followed numerous disastrous attempts, as it did sometimes, no one could tell why, just as no one could say with certainty why the earlier shows failed. There are actually more successful productions now, and in greater proportion, for the number of theatres has been doubled several times. But it is the transient public that makes or mars the career of theatrical structures now. If the crowd can be started in the desired direction there would seem to be no end to the following procession.

All through the summer George M. Cohan's "Get-Rich Quick Wallingford" has gone on steadily before good houses. Though the theatre has been kept comfortably cool, that is not to be remarked as an oddity. Other playhouses, as vigorously and carefully ventilated, could not coax an audience. Fifteen hundred people clustered in any auditorium of ordinary dimensions, when the mercury doggedly hangs about the ninety mark, require something more than electric fans and vivid imaginations to be convincingly cool. The Wallingford play of bunko operations has been running almost a year, and it is because the multitude of Manhattan visitors have found its qualities just to their taste. Other shows that have continued have been even lighter in texture, with vaudeville, of course, in its regular form and patronage.

The first of the new season's productions is merely a summer show. John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, a couple widely known as vaudeville singers and dancers of the better sort, have been fitted out with a musical farce, called "The Girl of My Dreams," and it began a brief metropolitan voyage Monday night at Frohman's Criterion Theatre. W. B. Nesbit is the author of the piece, and it is not entirely to his discredit, unless its few good lines have been anonymously supplied in the rewriting. Some of Karl Hoschna's music, fitted to its songs, is distinctly taking. The two stars are as entertaining as they were in their vaudeville sketches, but their fund of originality in movement and expression is hardly large enough for the drafts made by an evening's entertainment. Other rôles and a good though limited chorus help fill the stage, but the attraction as a whole will do better on tour than in town.

Last night Henrietta Crosman brought out at the Maxine Elliott Theatre the new comedy written for her by Catherine Cushing, entitled "The Real Thing." It is a fairly good piece of work, for a first attempt, but it is doubtful if it lasts Miss Crosman longer than any one of its numerous predecessors. Frank Mills and Minnie Dupree are prominent in the company, and they give the star capable support. A week later it will be easier to say more of the play, for it may be better than it seems.

Lew Fields has begun again with "The Hen Pecks," just where he left off a few weeks ago, and it seems probable that the farce with its incidental accompaniments will draw as well as ever. Next week John Mason will reappear in "As a Man Thinks," the Augustus Thomas play which proves that its author can sustain the high standard of excellence he reached in "The Witching Hour." It will certainly last through the fall season here, and as much longer on tour as Mr. Mason cares to interpret the leading rôle. The Rupert Hughes Pullman car farce, "Excuse Me," also starts on its second season trip next Monday.

There will be other revivals soon, the Gilbert & Sullivan comic operas for instance. It will be a month or more before any new play of real importance is brought out, and then the successes of last season in London seem likely to have first call. Pinero, Barrie, and even Robert Hichens, among others, are to be represented, and we may have something that rings true. Actors and theatres and the visiting crowd are with us always, and in the multitude of experiments there must be a lucky discovery now and then.

One of the developments that has come by way of latter-day financial strength in the theatrical game is the duplication of companies under a central management, presenting on well mapped-out circuits the same play. That remarkable work, "Everywoman," a success of last season, which was first seen and acclaimed the night that Walter Brown, its author, died, is to have at least double productions. Frederick Warde has been won from his former allegiance to Shakespearean art to take a part in the company which will tour the West in this drama. "Baby Mine," which has been so successful in London, is also to have more than one representing company this season. Thus is found a means of escape from uncertainties by the indefatigable but dubious managers, though it seems merely a hastening of the harvest, after all. There can be only so much of profit in the field, and whether it is taken swiftly or with a more leisurely advance can not matter greatly, except to the desire for immediate returns. But it is not a question of art now, it is a question of money, and there are necessarily some disadvantages, even if actors and managers and some playwrights are better paid than ever before.

New York, August 11, 1911. Flaneur.

Monarchy and the pomp and circumstance which go with an hereditary crown hold the people in a grip which ages will not suffice to loosen (says the Chicago *Tribune*). The investiture of the new Prince of Wales with the insignia of his rank, one of the several events growing out of King George's coronation, was marked by ceremonies full of traditional and historic significance and full of the impressive pageantry so dear to the English heart. To the old, historic castle of Carnarvon, where for centuries his predecessors have gone through the same ritual, the young Edward walked, preceded by dukes and barons, the druids, gowned and hooded; mayors with their clerks, and maces, and sword-bearers. Heralds blew the same signals which announced the arrival of another Edward six centuries ago. Pursuivants at arms made the same salutes, and at the door of the castle to welcome the prince stood, as he always has stood, the constable of the castle. But in this case the man in knee-breeches and bullioned coat, the constable—who was he? David Lloyd George, Liberal chancellor of the exchequer, hated of all Unionists and the enemy of these proud earls who entered at his bidding.

Under a brush arbor or a mammoth canvas covering on the site where Washington Irving pitched his tent in 1832 while making his tour of the prairies will be held in 1912 a special meeting of the Oklahoma Federation of Women's Clubs. They will celebrate the eightieth anniversary of the first visit of Irving to the Indian country. It will be the first time in history that citizens of the Middle West have gathered to honor the first man to give adventurous spirits of the East an idea of the then Far West and to start immigration of whites along with the transfer of Indian tribes from Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and other Southern States. The site of the Irving camp is near the junction of Cimarron River with the Arkansas and near the town of Appalachie. When Irving left Fort Gibson, the first point in Indian Territory at which he stopped after leaving St. Louis, he followed the Arkansas River to this point.

Solid as it is, the Washington monument can not resist the heat of the sun poured on its southern side on a hot day without a slight bending of the giant shaft. The movement is rendered perceptible by means of a copper wire 174 feet long hanging in the centre of the structure and carrying a plummet suspended in a vessel of water. At noon in summer the apex of the monument, 550 feet above the ground, is shifted by expansion of the stone a few hundredths of an inch toward the north. High winds cause perceptible motions of the plummet, and in still weather delicate vibrations of the crust of the earth, otherwise unperceived, are registered by it.

Explanation is made of the great size of sea waves in high southern latitudes by the fact that south of the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn there is neither windward nor leeward shore, and the prevailing wind in all longitudes is westerly. Thus when a west wind springs up it finds a long westerly swell, the effect of a previous wind, still running. The newborn wind increases the steepness of this swell and so forms majestic storm waves, which sometimes attain a length of 1200 feet from crest to crest. The average height attained by sea waves in feet is about half the velocity of the wind in miles an hour.

Great numbers of wholly aquatic, veritable sea serpents inhabit the Indian Ocean and the tropical waters of the Pacific. They possess deadly fangs and sometimes swim in schools of thousands. When seen in great numbers knowledge of their nature gives the shipboard spectator a creepy, uncanny feeling. These snakes have a paddle-like tail to assist them in swimming. They range in size from a yard to eight feet in length, and the greater number of them are vividly ringed. By a queer touch of fate they may be generally designated as a specialized offshoot of the great non-venomous species.

Aviation has taken hold of the Chinese, and a school for manbirds is being opened at Pcking by Fuz Yu, who spent a number of years in this country and became an enthusiastic aviator. Chinese college students are also adopting athletics, and will next year send a team to participate in the Olympic games at Stockholm.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mlle. Blanche Azoulay, the first woman to be admitted to practice law in Algiers, has just taken the oath in the court of appeals. She is a native of the country and received her education chiefly in the schools at home.

The young Prince of Wales has begun his duties as midshipman on board H. M. S. *Hindustan*, which has been lying at Portsmouth. He will be treated exactly like any other youngster aboard, except that he will have his own cabin. The prince will receive twenty-one pence a day.

Colonel Edward H. Green, multi-millionaire son of Hetty Green, who is being deluged with offers of marriage by every mail, says he will marry when he meets the right woman, and that they will meet only in a conventional way or not at all. Colonel Green announces that the rumor that his mother wanted him to remain single until forty is without truth.

Queen Amelia, mother of the throneless King of Portugal, is a trained medical nurse and is frequently seen among the poor of Richmond, England, doing what she can to make others happy. Years ago she passed all the examinations with high honors. She did much to advance medical science in Portugal and to establish hospitals in that unhappy country.

Sir Philip Watts, director of naval construction of the British admiralty since 1901, will retire this year, having attained the age of sixty, though the rules of the civil service would permit him to remain for five years longer were he so desirous. During his official term he has stood for a greater navy, and the present-day Dreadnought type of battleship must always be associated with his name.

John Ridgeley Carter of Baltimore, who has just been promoted to the post of minister to Argentina, was formerly this country's representative to the Balkan States. He entered the diplomatic service in 1894 and served for fifteen years as secretary at London. Last fall he went to Turkey, pending the handling of the Asia Minor railroad concessions. He is regarded as one of the most accomplished diplomats in the service.

Sir Moses Ezekiel, the sculptor who has been honored by the commission to perfect the Poe memorial in Baltimore, has a sentimental interest in the undertaking, having been born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1844. He graduated from the Virginia Military Institute and later studied anatomy at the Medical College of Virginia. He studied art in Berlin and was the first foreigner to win the Michael Beer prize. Much of his time is spent in Rome, where he has a residence.

Antoine Simon, who has been forced to relinquish the presidency of Hayti and flee the country, is a progressive who went into office in 1908, after President Nord had been deposed. He did not know luxury in his younger days and knows what it means to work with his hands. Ambitious and determined to succeed, however, he reached the highest position which his countrymen had to give. Since going into office he endeavored to introduce more modern principles in the greater development of the country.

Sir William Willcocks, reported about to resign as adviser to the Turkish ministry of public works, has had a distinguished and extraordinary public career, having projected and designed the Assouan dam, rendering priceless service to Egypt. Born in 1852, now in the prime of life, he has served with distinction in the great countries of the East. He was for eleven years in the public works department in India before going to Egypt, and in Turkey he has been equally successful in harnessing the streams for the benefit of the country.

Congressman Ollie James of Marion, Kentucky, is a veteran in the legislative halls, though he is only forty years old and about to assume the robes of a United States senator. He is the son of a prosperous farmer and knows a lot about life in the open. At the age of sixteen he got a job as page in the Kentucky legislature, and the next year was cloak-room keeper in the state senate. Then he studied law and made good in civil and criminal procedure. In 1903 he was sent to Congress. Last spring he decided he would look better in the upper house, supplanting Senator Thomas H. Paynter. Before the primary election Paynter withdrew, giving James a clear field. He is a baseball enthusiast, likes sorghum molasses, and swears by the sassafras-cured hams put up by his father.

Ezra Winter, winner of the "prize of Rome" in the international competition of paintings at Rome, is a young American who was born on a farm in Michigan. The artistic, as portrayed in sunrises and sunsets, when combined with the strenuous physical labor of a farmer's boy, failed in its appeal, and he early decided to stick to his brush and let others operate the hoe. He developed his unusual natural ability, saved every penny, and at the age of twenty-two arrived in Chicago, where he made rapid progress. The "prize of Rome" is the offer of an endowed institution in New York, nurtured by wealthy men. The winner will receive $1000 a year for three years, with some traveling expenses added. During the first year Winter will be required to remain in Rome, the second year in Italy, and the third year he can travel in Greece and other countries.

THE POACHER.

Mickey's Burden of Miscarried Devotion.

Every morning at 4:30, the alarm-clock habit ringing in his ears, Mickey Burns awoke. After two minutes of stretching and groaning he forced bimself out of bed. He was never rested.

Hard upon the torture of rising came, as an anti-climax, the pain of dressing. A full minute he sat on the edge of the home-made "contraption"—bed by night, settee by day—nerving himself for the ordeal. Each getting-up time found his feet swollen and tender, his shoes hard and shriveled. Nerved by the dread of being late for work, fortified by the wool socks knit of his little crippled Maggie, he drew on his hobnailed brogans, the leather of which, wet and dried a hundred times, was cruel as corrugated iron. Only by desperate stamping of soles and kicking of toes against the mud floor was attained a half comfort which enabled him to totter across the room to arouse the slumbering peat fire. He literally fell forward because his normal centre of gravity was not yet established. Every morning he went as goes the evening of life, its third leg mislaid—overtoppingly. Doing the chores took, incidentally, the kinks out of his back, until some forty years slid off and left his spine but ten years too curved even for one of his class. At midday life should stand erect.

The turf wide awake, its tongue avid of the black bottom of the copper tea-kettle, Mickey Burns, still sleepy, went out to milk the goat.

Some three hundred seconds after going out he returned, to stand at the door of his hovel, a monitory thumb upon the latch. Love may be blind, but daily through the pinewood door Mickey Burns saw his little Maggie dot-and-go-one from kitchen to make-believe bedroom, scramble into place at the foot of the couch, duck under the covers, and feign sleep.

Scarce was Maggie well in the land of normal miracle when Mickey's perennial astonishment at how the fairies had laid the table in his five minutes' absence found due expression. Whereat the bed shook and the counterpane lifted in amaze.

A woman of uncertain age was Mickey's daughter. Her actual years were eleven. Aged five was her heart. Head and hands—her withered body—say, threescore years and ten. She was the "little mother" of eight boys. In her two youngest—"the twins"—her maternal pride was unbounded. Daily were they washed and combed.

At ten minutes to five Mickey, Jr., three times threatened within an inch of his life, followed his ear out of bed. Thereafter from shake-downs of every description in all sorts of nooks and crannies, emerged the seven younger members of Maggie's family.

At five to the second the ten sat down to a breakfast of warmed-over oatmeal stirabout, goat's milk, and tea. But two wore shoes. Daylight come in at the open door, or darkling penny dip, winked at hands far removed from proverbial godliness. These, however crammed mouths fresh as dawn, and the bolted stirabout nourished sun-and-air-washed bodies healthier than those of brook trout.

Daily—Sundays excepted—at exactly quarter after five, Mickey Burns set out for Mount Henry. Daily the overhanging thatch knocked his "cauheen" off his painfully conscious erect head. Daily Maggie doubled up with laughter, dotted-and-went-one for the shabby headgear, and daily was rewarded with a kiss. Then daily did she remind "Misthur Burns" that if it had not been for the thatch he would have gone off without kissing her: also, without his dudheen and dinner—which would have served him right.

Every morning, precisely three minutes late, Mickey set out again. As he shuffled along, he cut his "pig-tail"—reverently; nay, as if committing sacrilege. Daily Towser, the wire-haired "tarrier," sicked on by the little mother, jumped through Mickey's monstrous bowed legs as through a hoop—just as he halted to light his sloe-black dudheen. Daily the giant turned to shake a terrible fist and tell Maggie to "Wait till I get home!" Daily the dog, taking an unfair advantage of its master behind his back, repeated the performance and scudded home, its tail, with an almost human pretense at fear, between its legs. Daily Maggie waited.

Three-quarters of an hour, less three minutes late, it took the day-laborer to walk the two Irish miles between his one-roomed hovel and Mount Henry, country-seat of Henry Heighton, squire and resident magistrate. Twelve hours, less one for dinner, it took him to earn his daily two shillings, wherewith, and the help of Heaven, to give "the ten" each day their daily bread, and on wageless Sundays their bit of bacon.

Six days Mickey labored, but thereon did not do all that he had to do. On the seventh day, after trudging to and from early mass in Portarlington, he rested not. The woman's work that is never done—that, Dirt driving, he must needs do on Sundays. If to work be to pray, then indeed on holy days prayed Mickey Burns. To him the week's wash was the sheep fallen into a pit. The house must be kept, if not the day, Sabbaths, however, neither the little mother nor any of her charges might work. The man in the moon had, mortal, gathered sticks of a Sunday. During week days Mickey Burns's stick-gathering flock of magpies had but an earthly gamekeeper to fear.

The noon hour of each work-day of Mickey's life was the bright spot that makes livable the darkest existence. Then were the shadows most under his feet. For every day the young master came—ever since that memorable one whereon Mickey, weighted down by a whetstone, had fished him, his boat capsizing, out of the lake; a deed of which the laborer made little, as it were all in the day's work; but the magistrate much, as if it were a thing miraculous, like unto the raising from the dead of the ruler's daughter. Thereafter was Mickey to tell the time of day—get-up time, dinner-time, quitting-time—not by the vulgar sun, but by his gold watch (and chain), the face of which, if naught else, he learned to read, spelling it out laboriously.

Every day, no matter how far from the manor-house Mickey happened to be working, the young master came, walking with his hands behind his back, as if to correct his tendency to stoop. Bred-in-and-in patrician, he was very fine, tall and thin, topped with luxuriant golden hair. Slowly he came, breathing through his mouth, his great horizon-seeking lustrous blue eyes not of this world. A coughing he could not suppress told of his coming. Mickey gave no sign of hearing. Rhythmically he swung his scythe, his monstrous bowed legs spread wide apart, his never-lifted feet following the movements of his arms, leaving tracks regular as those made by the wheels of a mowing-machine.

Or he kept on turning as if to a music silent for lesser workers incredible spadefuls of the friable black soil of the resident magistrate's kitchen-garden.

Daily was Mickey Burns duly surprised at the apparition of his young master. With a mighty effort he straightened up to within three inches of his actual height; and because by his gold watch and chain it was yet a minute and a half to twelve, he took his whetstone from its leather pouch and caused the scythe blade to sing its blithe metallic song.

Else, with an oyster-shell he scraped clean his gargantuan spade.

Daily from behind his back Master Henry produced a bottle of wonderful black "tay," with a thick cream atop. The fairies must have told him how Maggie had forgotten the usual jorum of bohea and goat's milk. Daily with a legerdemain that was sincerest flattery Mickey produced a corkscrew. Something popped. What "tay"! The cream rose so fast that, foregoing proffered cut glass, Mickey had to put the mouth of the bottle in his (blessed necessity: for so he lost no precious drop, nor aught of the flavor!): but not before he wished: "Your good health, Master Henery." "Drink hearty!" bade Master Henry, heroically suppressing a cough. Then, that Mickey might drink the more at ease, the young master with his great unearthly eyes overlooked the lake where one rememberable day he had caught cold.

The bottle drained, Mickey smacked grateful lips, wiped them with the back of a salt-tasting band, and "accidently on purpose" knuckled either eye as he thought of his barefooted eight, who trotted the bogs, daily got drenched and dried in the sun, or before the peat fire, and never dreamed of catching anything more dangerous than an omniverous, unappeasable appetite.

"My, Master Henery!" daily he exclaimed, the sick boy's little joke never flatting. "My, but that tay's th' stuff to put hair on yer chist!" In proof, he plucked open the bottom button of his red flannel undershirt.

Then the gong sounded for luncheon at the manor-house, and the young master left him to eat his "snack" in peace—if, somehow, he had not lost the edge of his hunger.

Came noon one day, but no Master Henry. In lieu of magic "tay," the mower drank lake water Marah-bitter. Obsessed by the thought of a scythe-man greater than himself, he worked the rest hour through. At five he "knocked off." Going a mile out of his way, he found at the mouth of Mrs. Hogan, the cook, garrulous confirmation of his fear. Master Henry was in bed, and hadn't eaten a morsel all day. The cook was in despair. The utmost blarney of her art had been in vain. Trout—of all things in the world!—the poor darlint craved: and not a trout was to be had for love or money. The master himself had whipped the Barrow from one end to the other, and sorra a bite to show for it. The Dublin markets had been whipped, with a like result.

"An' to think th' sthrame nixt door, as ye might say, do be full av 'em! But iver since th' masthur give that divil av a Riginald Daly a week, Rathdaly don't so much as bid Mount Henery th' toime av day. War atween neighbors do be terrible, Misthur Burns. Shure an' th' masthur might 'ave let th' son av his frind aff!"

"That wouldn't 'a' been right, Mrs. Hogan. If th' master'd caught his own son kickin' up ructions, he'd 'a' done no different."

"Ah, gwan wid ye, Mickey Burns! If you an' th' masthur aint a pair av ye!"

Mickey Burns went on with him, as ever laboriously, only less the awkward celerity of everyday evenings. Had his young master not been sick unto death, merely forgetful, still, the absence of the daily bottle of Irish dinner "tay"—the total flavor thereof—had been an epoch in Mickey's life.

His way led him past the country churchyard. Twelve times a week for a thousand weeks bad he labored by it. Always he labored. Walking was work. Now, for the first time, he paused, leaned on the stone wall, to gaze at the "long home" of the Heightons. As he gazed, a desire arose in his simple heart, a pathetic desire, to give one of his eight boys to take the place of the young master there. But which one? Mickey Burns reached his mud hovel before realization of the fact that the sacrifice was not possible relieved him from the necessity of making choice of one.

The next sun rose upon a disorganized household. At the time Mickey should have been going out to milk the goat, he was coming in, caubeen-less. The fairy, caught in the act of laying the table, crumpled up, sobbing. Upon the neglected hearth the peat ashes lay cold in death. Petulantly the twins woke up to the fact that something was wrong. The boys fought not. The kettle sang not. There was no tea. The stirabout lacked its wonted warmth and the fragrant milk. The goat bleated. Towser whined. The Burns family had been happy—negatively happy.

Because Mickey wore his "boulder," sacred to Sabbath mornings and from the thatch, he must go, leaving Maggie unkissed. There being no dudheen to fill, the thoughtlessly cut and rolled "pig-tail" must needs be wasted. Hence, too, was no stationary hoop for Towser to jump through, nor any gigantic fist shaken at the delightedly intimidated little mother. Unmilked, Nannie kept bleating her discomfort. The dog had a grievance against heaven, which it made dismally audible. The human hid her face in the earth. Scarce could the All-seeing Eye miss the shaking of her misshapen shoulders.

Instead of being three minutes late, Mickey was half an hour early. In place of a dinner-pail in his hand was a market-basket on his arm, a basket himself had platted. That he had to eat—that unless a man eat, neither shall he work—he had forgotten. Sleepily he labored on. Every now and then he woke up and sent his will down into his swollen drowsy feet. His face averted, he pulled by the churchyard, on to the manor-house.

"Master Henery?" he inquired, before the kitchen door was well open.

"Spitted blood half th' night, th' poor darlint!" Mrs. Hogan shook an unkempt red wig.

Himself coughing, Mickey Burns laid his market-basket on the table and removed layer after dewy layer of shimmering grass. Embedded in the bottom were five small fishes, brook trout in all their speckled beauty, the makings of a savory mess such as the young master craved.

"Well, I niver, Mickey Burns! Whereiver did y' git 'em?"

"In th' Barrer, me good woman! Or Master Henery'd choke afore he'd swaller a wan av 'em!'"

Mrs. Hogan understood. "In th' Barrer, Misthur Burns avick!—on a stack av Bibles high as th' hill o' Howth. Howsomeiver, th' poor darlint do be that crazy this mornin' for ice-crame!"

Zealously—jealously almost—Mrs. Hogan busied herself with the freezer. Mickey trudged to the tool-house, his heart now heavy as eyes and feet, his back curved to match his legs. Yet by five minutes to six he was a mile from the manor-house, in the meadow, whence the larks, careless of eviction, rose rapturously.

The patch yet to be mowed was a day's work for an ordinary man. Mickey, however, had brought fork as well as scythe. Under the steady downpour of June sun the mown swaths had whitened on top. Even now they were ready for turning. Whetting his scythe, the expert cut his right forefinger to the bone. This made him angry: he was bent upon finishing the patch by noon.

Mechanically, somnambulantly, he toiled. Unheeded, the sweat blinded his eyes, ran into his mouth. Did he unkink his back, it was but to touch-up his scythe blade. By dinner-time the last bee's nest was exposed, the last leveret ousted from its form, the last lark evicted; the last corn-crake had flown, the last frog jumped, the last clover-blossom fallen. The meadow was mowed.

Mickey straightened up, wiped the back of his right hand on his corduroys and drew it across a mouth stubbled like the meadow. Dubiously, he observed the sun, consulted his stomach. It must be noon.

Wilted, he sought shade, dinner-pail, pipe. Under the copper-beach, he remembered. He had neither to smoke, eat, nor drink. The lake seemed distant, unattainable as a mirage. Mickey slept.

He dreamed, and was toasting: "To your good health, Master Henery!" when terrifying hands shook him into wakefulness. Four men confronted him: two Portarlington constables, friends of his, but now giving him no sign of recognition; the resident magistrate, a home-made market-basket in his justice-dealing right hand; and the head gamekeeper of Rathdaly, in one hand an imitation-fur caubeen such as peasants use, in the other, a sloe-black meerschaum dudheen, a split-bamboo fishing-pole, and a gold watch and chain, such as but one peasant in the country might use, the one who had saved from drowning a rich man's only child.

Pile the steeple of St. Patrick's upon the hill o' Howth, make a stack of Bibles that high, and thereon let the Widow Hogan swear. Not believably out of the Barrow, but out of the preserved trout-stream of the resident magistrate's sworn enemy, had come the five accusative small fishes now shriveling in the noon-day sun.

Mickey Burns was a poacher.

Admittedly as such, he took his belongings. None thought it necessary to hold them as evidence against him.

"Mickey Burns," ordered the resident magistrate, "you will appear before me tomorrow at ten o'clock to receive your sentence. Any one in Maryborough will tell you where the Petty Sessions Court is held."

"Yis, yer honor!"

With a wave, the hand of authority dismissed the two non-commital policemen and the disgruntled gamekeeper. This latter the poacher looked in a half-closed black eye—grinning, staring the fellow out of countenance.

For a moment, after the departure of the other three, the eyes of Henry Heighton, of Mount Henry, and those of Mickey Burns, of the roadside hovel, met. Then the magistrate slowly followed the two constables and the gamekeeper towards the manor-house.

It being seven minutes past one by Mickey Burns's recovered gold watch and chain, he hastened to turn hay until the evening.

The proceedings on the morrow were summary. There was no defense, no mention of extenuating circumstances. Mickey pleaded guilty. The Dalys, father and son, who had driven over in state, saw justice done.

"One year!" sentenced the magistrate.

"Maggie—th' childher, yer honor!"

"Will be well taken care of."

"God bless yer honor!"

The eyes of Mickey Burns, convict, and those of Henry Heighton, magistrate, met in glances of complete understanding.

On a sudden a groom from Mount Henry, having ridden apace on the fastest of thirty, burst into the courtroom, his bad news visible, if inaudible. The poacher voiced the news.

"God—hilp—th' poor—master!" he prayed.

Harry Cowell.

San Francisco, August, 1911.

"When I was in the Arctic," once said General A. W. Greely, "I found an aged floe-berg in which the yearly stratifications of growth could be traced with great accuracy. I measured them, and by careful calculation was able to discover that the oldest layers of that ice probably dated back to the years when Solomon was building his temple! That temple, massive as it was, has utterly perished, and men differ as to its exact site. But that ice was still in existence when I was in the polar seas and it may be is there yet. You see a bit of fresh-water ice, once immersed in a salt sea that has a constant temperature of about 28 degrees, can not very well perish. It is in a sort of perpetual cold storage plant, colder than its own melting point. And that accounts for the long endurance of what, in our climate, would have lasted perhaps but a few brief seconds!"

It is asserted sometimes that the United States have had five capitals, but the statement is not correct. The United States have had but three capitals, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. In the period preceding the adoption of the Constitution no place was legally constituted a capital. In a loose and unofficial sense it is possible to describe as a capital any city which was the seat of government. Taking the sessions of the Continental Congress as establishing a seat of government in the Revolution and the Confederation, the following cities may loosely rank as capitals: Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, York, Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton, and New York. The Articles of Confederation were passed by Congress in Philadelphia and the Federal Convention charged to prepare a constitution convened at the same place.

McGill University in Montreal has recently been given by Sir William C. McDonald a tract of thirty acres of what is described as perhaps the most valuable land in the city. This tract, which is now valued at well over $1,000,000, is intended to be used as a college campus with dormitories to be eventually built along its side. The total of Sir William McDonald's gifts to McGill is now between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000. McGill has hitherto been especially well equipped for turning out lawyers and engineers, but a new era is evidently now opening out before it in which it will be enabled by broadening its teaching in the humanities to become a strong and well-rounded university in all branches—in fact, one of the notable educational institutions of North America.

There were discontented Americans who used to complain because Mr. Morgan left so many of his art possessions in England. The former Secretary of the Treasury, Leslie A. Shaw, once asked him point blank why he did not bring his pictures and miniatures and other beautiful things to America, where the American people might have a look at them. Mr. Morgan said: "I can not afford to." "I knew you were a poor man," said Shaw, "but I didn't realize you were as poor as that." "Mr. Shaw," returned Morgan, "how much do you suppose the duties on my collections would amount to if I should bring them to New York?" "Perhaps two or three hundred thousand." "They would amount to at least six millions."

If there is to be war between Germany and England (asks the *Musical Courier*), how are the contending forces going to distinguish "God Save the King" from "Heil dir Im Siegerkranz," both of which have the same tune? The wrong band may be shot in many a battle.

Fish for Copenhagen as soon as caught are put into barges with sievelike bottoms, and so are sold alive in the market, delivered fresh and flapping out of tank wagons, at a nominal price.

BOOK-HUNTING IN PARIS.

The Happy Ground for Collectors on the Banks of the Seine.

Cheap reprints have tried to kill the second-hand bookseller in England, but the fraternity still flourishes in many continental cities, and nowhere more than in Paris.

Considerably more than a mile of the quay, on what some Londoners profanely call "the Surrey side" of the Seine, says Frederic Lees in the (English) *Book Monthly*, is lined with boxes placed on the low wall, and containing all sorts of heterogeneous reading, varying in price from a halfpenny, for a big bundle, to several shillings. There are no very expensive books, for the boxes are often but the advanced scouts of a dingy shop on the other side of the way, where the expensive tomes are stored, and the dealers who have no shops are not capitalists—nor are their customers as a rule.

Nearly 100,000 volumes are always on sale—so M. Octave Uzanne says, and he ought to know—and he calculates that about £60 is spent by the public every day in the purchase of this second-hand literature. It sounds a big sum if you multiply it by 365, when it works out at £21,900 in the course of the year, but it does not come to much when it is divided between the 160 dealers who own these "bran pies of literature."

Very curious types of humanity some of these dealers are, and the peripatetic philosopher will find them almost as interesting as their wares. Some of them have been sixty years on the quay; alternately baked by the summer sun, drenched by the autumn storms, and nipped by the frost-laden east winds, until they have come to look as yellow and wrinkled as the covers of the old books they sell. Many strange stories of bygone bibliophiles and departed Dryasdusts could these old men tell, but they are a saturnine race, and never given to garrulity. The sole occupation of a *bouquiniste* appears to be to sit on a rickety chair, on the lee side of one of the sycamore trees which line the pavement, and smoke a short pipe, with an air of helpless, hopeless resignation. Twice in the day, a stout, pursy old woman will waddle up to him with a pudding basin tied up in a napkin and half a bottle of red wine hidden under her shawl. Even to her he rarely speaks, but looks at her in a dissatisfied way, as though he were annoyed to find she had thriven on the book trade when he could not.

But he keeps a sharp eye all the time on the people who are turning over the books, whether they be Academicians or office-boys, for both will occasionally walk off with a book without paying for it. With the former, of course, the oversight is unintentional—he will put a book in his pocket in sheer absence of mind. On the whole, there are very few losses, but, on the other hand, there are very few "finds" for the bibliophile. Rare editions seldom find their way to the bookstall in these days of universal education, and even if they do they are soon picked up, for it is said that half a dozen old bookworms collect on the quay before the boxes are opened in the morning and eagerly scan the new acquisitions.

Still, there are "pretty pickings" for the literary man. Did not Robert Browning pick up at a book-stall on the steps of the Palazzo Ricardi in Florence "the square, old, yellow-book, with the crumpled vellum covers," for which he gave "eightpence English, just," and from which he wrote that marvelous poem, "The Ring and the Book"? We are not all Brownings, and though plenty of poets—of a sort, or sorts—haunt the quays, they will never find fame and money in the tattered tomes in the eightpenny, or any other box. But "there are degrees in everything," as the judge at Rouen told the elder Dumas, when he said that "if he were not in the birthplace of Corneille he would call himself a dramatist." If we can not find the matter or bring the genius to make a great poem, we can pick up many useful books, and more especially works of reference, for a mere song.

The principal—perhaps the only—chance of making a "haul," is to search the title-pages for autographs. There is a legend—which perhaps is only a legend—that a certain M. Parisot, who was known as the "king of the bookworms," once bought a copy of Cæsar's Commentaries for 9½d. and sold it again for £60. Intrinsically, the volume was not worth more than the 19 sous paid for it; but it had been the property of Montaigne, and the celebrated essayist had written his name in it.

A good deal of care has to be exercised, however, by the collector who goes in for this particular form of bibliomania. He ought to know signatures as thoroughly as a bank cashier, or he may give a good price for books which were once the property of the young man who said he had a splendid collection of autographs and he knew they were genuine because he wrote them all himself. It has even been hinted that some of the dealers make a cunning concoction of catechu and bichromate of potash, and write therewith signatures of great men on title-pages. This is probably a libel on the dealers, who are, on the whole, as honest as the public will allow them to be. A man may be scrupulously honest in most respects, but if he has a hobby his moral sense will be sorely blunted on that one side. There was one great exception to this rule, however, and his name is still revered by all the *bouquinistes* of Paris, though he has been dead for nearly twenty years.

He was an old Academician, named Xavier Marmier. For many years not a day passed that he did not perambulate the quay, and return home laden with spoils. When he went out his pockets were stuffed with cigarettes for the dealers and bonbons for their wives and daughters, and he never tried to beat down prices, as too many misguided collectors do. On the contrary, he would often buy a book for a penny or two, and a few days later present the bookseller with five francs, for "such an extremely interesting and valuable book is quite worth that sum," he would say. On one occasion (at least so the story runs) he presented a dealer with a hundred-franc note he had found pasted between two of the leaves of a book he had bought of him. "This forms no part of the book," he said as he handed back the money, "and therefore I have no moral right to keep a thing I did not purchase." Of course the dealer was saved from beggary and suicide and several other unpleasant things by this unexpected windfall; those details are needed to give dramatic interest to the story.

Old Marmier's interest in the dealers in second-hand books did not end with his life. He left instructions in his will that a sum of £40 was to be expended in giving a dinner to the *bouquinistes* "in memory of the happy hours I have spent in their society." The dinner duly took place on November 20, 1892. More than a hundred booksellers were present, and the speeches in memory of the founder of the feast were certainly not inferior to the general run of after-dinner oratory.

Perhaps one of the most curious features about the dealers is their gregariousness. Out of a total of 160 fully 140 are huddled together on the quays lining the south side of the river, and less than a score have crossed to the richer, larger, and more populous side. The reason of this—when they vouchsafe to give a reason—is that the south side is "more intellectual." It contains the Academy, the University, and the Latin Quarter, though perhaps the patronage of the last named is not worth much. The real reason is that their forefathers took up their stand there—and hence were called *stationarii*, whence our modern term stationer—at a time when the Quarter was the nucleus of the city. The Frenchman is the most conservative being who was ever blessed with a republican government, and the descendants of the old stationers still maintain their posts, though their proper title has been appropriated by the tradesman who sells pens, ink, and paper.

Long may the boxes continue to line the quays, for they serve other ends besides supplying the needs of the scholar or bibliophile. They add an Old World flavor to a city which the modern Parisian is apt to make vulgar, garish, and "up to date"; they bring to mind the smell of the long unopened drawer, amidst the odors of patchouli and musk.

And when the last old dealer has made safe his wares, by the primitive but effective means of a long iron bar padlocked to two staples, and the boxes lie shimmering in the moonlight—they afford food for thought to the philosopher as he leans on one of the boxes and gazes at the river. Here, under his hand, lie twenty-five centuries of human thought. Every kind of literary ware is clamped down under these iron bars—from the verses of Homer to the drivel of the youngest devotee of the Decadent School. How many years of patient toil! What a vast amount of cudgeling of dull brains are entombed in these boxes!

And down below, the silent river winds slowly to the sea. It was flowing there before Cadmus cut his first reed, and no doubt it will be still wending its way to the sea "when the last reader reads no more." What a host of morals could be drawn from these two incongruous objects—the black river and the black boxes! But the subject is too vast, and the reader must draw his morals for himself.

Death has called Mrs. Belle A. Mansfield, the first woman ever admitted to the practice of law in the United States. She lived at Aurora, Illinois, and had reached the age of sixty-five years. Mrs. Mansfield was admitted to the Iowa bar in 1868, two years after she was graduated from Iowa Wesleyan University. She was widely known as an educator and at the time of her death was the dean of the college of art at Depauw University, at Greencastle, Indiana, where she had been a faculty member since 1885. Previous to that time she held the chair of political science at Iowa Wesleyan University, which she took soon after being admitted to the bar.

Miss Belle Green, librarian for J. Pierpont Morgan, who has held that position for six years, is guardian and custodian of the Morgan treasures in every sense, holding the key against all comers—even against the financier's own family, it is said, unless he is present. She is dark, slender, and vivacious, still in her twenties. Before entering Morgan's service she spent several years in studying rare books, and is an acknowledged authority on all subjects demanded of the successful librarian. She is to be seen wherever there is an auction sale of valuable books or engravings and is noted as a very shrewd buyer.

Twin tunnels for vehicles and pedestrians are being built under the River Elbe by the German city of Hamburg. The cost will be about $2,500,000.

There are thirty-five senators and forty representatives in Congress who are sixty or more, and they seem to be in their prime.

A WOMAN IN THE ROCKIES.

Mrs. Mary T. S. Schaffer Tells of Two Years' Exploration in the Canadian Mountains.

Mrs. Mary T. S. Schäffer tells us that when she returned from her long tramp through the Canadian Rocky Mountains she expected to be received by her friends as a sort of heroine and that a host of imitators would follow in her trail. But she was disappointed. Her friends refused to "enthuse." They looked upon her mountain world as a place of privation and petty annoyances, and so in self-defense she has translated her diary into a book. If Mrs. Schäffer can talk as delightfully as she can write we can only wonder at the obduracy of her friends and at their failure to enthuse. Even a cripple would be tempted into mountaineering by this vivid and vivacious volume.

The author has spent two years in exploring the Canadian Rockies, and it was exploring of the real kind and with no open lines of communication with the world of shops and railroad stations. It was a long time, and also a time of longing, before the realization came to her that the delights of the explorer need not necessarily be left to the sterner sex and that the sphere of the woman might readily be enlarged by resolution. Why should her opportunities be limited by her sex, at least without a struggle:

> There are few women who do not know their privileges and bow to use them, yet there are times when the horizon seems restricted, and we seemed to have reached that horizon, and the limit of all endurance—to sit with folded hands and listen calmly to the stories of the hills we so longed to see, the hills which had lured and beckoned us for years before this long list of men had ever set foot in the country. Our cups splashed over. Then we looked into each other's eyes and said: "Why not? We can starve as well as they; the muskeg will be no softer for us than for them; the ground will be no harder to sleep upon; the waters no deeper to swim, nor the bath colder if we fall in"—so—we planned a trip.

And so the momentous journey began, with Calgary as a jumping-off place. For a time it looked as though a missing trunk packed with absolute necessities was to supply evil augury for the journey. Officialism was sure that "it must be somewhere between Montreal and Vancouver if it has not been shunted off to Seattle," but this was too vague to bring solace. Then the chief baggage-master came to the rescue and with a vigor surprising and unprecedented among baggage-masters:

> Incidentally we poured our woes into the ears of the baggage-master-in-chief at Calgary, not because we really expected sympathy, but more as a safety-valve to our pent-up despair. His actions astonished us quite as much as those of his subordinates. In ten minutes reports were overhauled, and messages flying over the wires in every direction; the trunk had passed through Calgary and the baggage-master was confident it lay between there and its intended destination. In two hours that executive and energetic gentleman was aboard the westbound train with us, and rigorously inspecting the baggage department of every little wayside station along the line to Laggan. At last our poor little tragedy had touched a railroad heart, and even were that trunk never found we would have with our new and ill-assorted garments a comforting sense of sympathy from one human soul. Our new-found friend's kindness and energy were rewarded. The trunk was calmly reposing at the Lake Louise chalet, where proprietor, baggageman, teamster, and station agent had all vowed it was not, and at least there was one cause for thankfulness, that none of the searchers had fallen over it and broken a bone, as it was found in a most dangerously conspicuous place. At sight of it all sorrow fled, and we could have hugged that dirty, travel-worn object with joy, whose every scar was by this time a point of beauty.

Much of the journey was through entirely unmapped country, such as the trail over the Wilcox Pass and through the Sun Wapta Valley, and here the desire for fresh meat led to a disappointing experience with the Rocky Mountain goat:

> As our outfit slowly wended its way down these flats on the second day Chief's gaze suddenly rested on three white spots poised at the top of the clay hank, and in a stage whisper he muttered "goat." Fresh meat at last! Quickly consulting, "K" forged ahead on his pony with his rifle ready, and the rest of us, dismounting, sat down in the open with a pair of binoculars to await results. Goat-meat did not sound tempting, but our mouths, accustomed to bacon for so long, watered for something fresh and we longed like cannibals for that kid. Alas! quick as he was, the mother and child of that family were quicker, and I shall always think that kid was out with his grandparents that day. For the old man was the only one visible to the hunter on his arrival, and with our wish for fresh meat in his mind "K" shot him. "M" and I regarded his death instantly from a sentimental point of view, and a little later from a more practical standpoint, but at any rate he was not cut down in the bloom of his youth; for though "K" pounded his steaks to a jelly on the stones, and boiled and simmered his legs for hours, he failed to be "chewable," let alone digestible, and eventually his remains were cast into the Athabaska, and no one of that party ever again sighed for goat. Some time after we tried the hind quarter of a yearling, and to our surprise found it as delicious as any civilized lamb.

But fresh meat was not the only difficulty. The travelers learned from painful experience that frequent immersions in water have a deleterious effect upon flour, that sugar shrinks with every fresh bath, and that tea and coffee swell under the same treatment. In fact the tea and coffee so far lost their identity that only he who filled the pot knew what was in it. And the mosquitos:

> My! I shall never forget the mosquitos that night. How we rolled our heads in the hot blankets and in the midst of suffocation and heat longed for the forgotten "bugnets"! How we sopped our faces with citronella till we hated the name, and applied a highly advertised mosquito "dope" which was gray and greasy and whose only virtue as a destroyer seemed to be to catch the enemy by the wings and leave him kicking and struggling on the very spot which we wished to preserve from his ravages!

The travelers were responsible for a forest fire among other things, although they steeled their consciences to that fact and wondered "what villain had done the foul deed." But retribution overtook them:

> The fire was still raging on the other side of the river when the tin wash-basin tapped out "all aboard for boiled mush!" It was a frosty morning, a small fire had been built in front of our tent, and a stiff breeze was blowing down the river as we sat down to breakfast in the open. Just as I was conscientiously choking down a mouthful of awful boiled mush my wandering eye landed on our recently reposeful domicile. There it was in flames and going up like newspaper! Of course every one jumped and rushed to save our home. How it was done I do not know, but in a trice the fire was out, and we four were standing there looking at each other and taking account of the damaged stock—one wash-cloth half destroyed, a handsome silk neckerchief riddled with holes, sleeve of a sweater gone, handle of a toothbrush snapped in the scramble, and, worst of all, one-half of the tent gone up in smoke. Moral—no more "Egyptian cloth" or paraffine-dressed tents if they do weigh one-fourth that of an ordinary duck canvas! We went back to the boiled mush, reposing expectantly on the pack-mantle table; no tragedy would ever overtake that awful stuff.

The author explains that bears were the sole terror of her journey. She never saw one all the time and so she had the added fears of imagination. She was more afraid of bears than she was of the male leaders of the party, strange as it may seem:

> As Chief and "K" wished to explore ahead a little before going in with the whole outfit, the other two of us had one of our rare days in camp. These days always began with admonitions from the departing ones "not to meddle in the kitchen department or to waste the laundry soap," and always ended with our flying at both the minute our guardians were out of sight. I must confess, however, one other idea always leapt ahead of a good morning's wash or baking during these temporary absences of our caretakers, and that was *bears*.
>
> How often people shake their heads and speak of our wanderings in the hills as "brave and courageous." How little they know about it. A bear, and that a grizzly, is the only fear I have, and as I've never met one I'm not quite sure of my ground even with him. Brown bears and black bears we have seen hurrying away from our advancing forces, but hunters have told me a grizzly courts a stand-up fight and fears no one; also that he fails in one accomplishment—*he can not climb a tree. Neither can I.* However we do much under stress of circumstances; and the first idea that pops into my head on seeing the backs of the men disappear in the distance is to look for a tree I might climb in case Mr. Grizzly should materialize. Like the hurglar under the bed, I've been looking for him for many years, and so far he has never come.

But if there were no bears there was a singularly persistent and resolute toad who came to an untimely end in his effort to cultivate human relationships:

> Our tents were pitched on the softest and greenest of moss carpets, beneath spruces which kept off the beating rays of the noonday sun, and sheltered us at night from the chill winds which swept from Columbia ice-fields. After getting nicely settled I found a little visitor on "M's" bed, a fat, comfortable looking toad. Not particularly desiring the company of toads, yet not wishing to hurt his sociable feelings, I hopped him gently outside; in half an hour there he was perched on my own bed, and looking up with intense defiance at me. Again I hopped him out. In an hour's time I saw his small phiz leering at me from a spot of refuge which he had discovered in the folds of my blankets. The time seemed ripe to deal firmly with that toad if I wasn't to have him for a bedfellow, so gathering the ugly little intruder up gently, I deposited him quite fully fifty yards from either tent, warning him off the premises on pain of absolute extinction. Then we forgot him. When the stars had come forth in the gloaming (it never seems night on the northern trail), and the owls were hooting in distant tree-tops, and the wind sweeping down the valley from the great ice-fields, each said good-night and turned into his and her blankets. A beautiful silence fell like a cloak about the camp, so beautiful I only whispered, "Where do you suppose that toad is?" Before I could get a surmising reply there was a curdling howl from the "chicken-coop," and a voice muttered, "He's squashed flat!" I had my answer.

A party of Indians, old acquaintances, was encountered on the Kootenai Plains. The author believes that Indians have a sense of beauty, for their camps were always artistically set. There were three smiling, dirty squaws who wiped their "grimy paws" before shaking hands, "but such shapely ones they were, so small and dainty, with tapering fingers that their white sister, bending from her saddle, envied them":

> The four days of September slipped away before we knew it in this ideal playground. When I hear those "who know" speak of the sullen, stupid Indian I wish they could have been on hand the afternoon the white squaws visited the red ones with their cameras. There were no men to disturb the peace, the women quickly caught our ideas, entered the spirit of the game, and with musical laughter and little giggles allowed themselves to be hauled about and pushed and posed in a fashion to turn an artist green with envy. The children forgot their rabbit-like shyness, and copied their elders in posing for us; then one of them would suddenly remember he was hungry, would rush to the tepee, seize a lump of meat or a bone from a pot swung over a small fire, and rush out again shiny with the grease thereof. Yahe-Weha might photograph to her heart's content. She had promised pictures the year before, she had kept the promise, and she might have as many photographs now as she wanted.
>
> Personal experience has shown me that the Indian has the vanity of his white brethren, but he is not going to pose for nothing. I have no belief in their superstitious dread of photography, at least so far as the Plains Indians are concerned; it is simply a matter of fair trade.

The effort to raise the status of the Indian woman was a lamentable failure in this particular instance. The author did her best, but she was lamentably worsted and retired from the combat with heavy loss:

> As Silas spoke a certain amount of English and the shrewd Sampson understood all that was said it was a good time to ask a few questions. Silas had been making a few mild jokes (it is so hard to associate jokes with Indians whom most of us have only met in books), and both of them had been laughing heartily at our lame attempts to pronounce some of their words, so the atmosphere seemed propitious. Beginning, I said: "Silas, do you really let your squaw saddle and pack your horses?" "Sure." (How well he had learned English!) "And let her fix the tepee-poles and put up the tepee?" "Yes." "And get the wood and cook, and tan the skins?" "Yes, sure!" (He was growing impatient at so much quizzing.) The time seemed ripe for some missionary work, which was perceptibly needed along more lines than one, and every one else had stopped to listen. "Now, Silas," I said impressively, "you should be like the white men, you should do the work for your squaw. *We* do not put up our tepees or pack our horses or cut the wood; our men do that." Taking his pipe from his mouth and inspecting me from head to foot leisurely, he said, "You lazy."

The travelers approached Tête Jaune Cache on their way to Mount Rolson with some trepidation. There were white men there and there had been stories about them. How unpleasant it would be to be murdered—tenderfeet to the end:

> Then "M" and I, with our hearts giving an extra jump at the thought of meeting the roughs and toughs who were supposed to have already poured in here from every direction, looked down from a hill on the city of Tête Jaune Cache as she was in 1908. What we saw was a tiny log shack and a tent pitched beside it, both inclosed by a fence, with a few spurious efforts to grow a little garden stuff just inside the fence; a little beyond was another tent. Near the shack stood a terrible-looking man clad in rough khaki, his hands in his pockets and his eyes glued on the strangers with a stony stare; by the fence lounged our traveling companions of the day before, who had arrived before us, and out from the far tent strolled two more nomads with unkempt hair, grizzled faces, ragged clothes, and moccasins. In that quiet village they had heard our outfit coming and the population had turned out to see who it was. Strange to say, those who got in ahead of us had never thought to mention there were women coming behind, so that the apparent hostility which froze the blood of the two scared ones was a case of pure astonishment, and every one, for an instant, stood dumb in his tracks.
>
> I speak for no one's sentiments but my own; but for the time being it seemed to me my hour had come. They looked awful, and stood so terribly still as we slowly filed by them into the open. (It was only later that I wondered how much charity and faith might have been mustered on the moment to welcome us, and realized that we were probably quite as rough looking in our travel-worn garments as those we rushed to condemn.)
>
> It was only a momentary pause, and was quickly broken by the first terrible party mustering a pleasant smile (unmarred by a razor for weeks) coming to greet us cordially, showing us where our horses could pasture, and offering us his own yard as a place to pitch our tent. There wasn't a tree in it to shelter us from the eyes of the curious, so Chief politely suggested moving back a little from the residential section to a place which our host sarcastically explained was "where all Indians camped." This was rather unnecessary information, for rags, bones, goat-hair, and hides stared us in the face, and yet we chose it in preference to the too close association of the city limits.

The chief ruffian turned to be a cordial gentleman from Philadelphia and his confederate was equally cordial, so a pleasant little dinner party ensued and the conventions were defied:

> Being our first and only dinner-party the entire summer, costumes might naturally be supposed to engross a good deal of thought, but that's the joy of having only a duffiebag—there was little to think of. Asking "M" what he would do toward gracing the festive board, she replied succinctly: "Wash my hands and face, and get a fresh leather shoestring to tie up my back hair." For myself, I recollected having a gorgeous violet handkerchief with a green border, which a kind relative had presented me for camp use, and which I had dutifully carried in my hag for many hundred miles, awaiting an opportunity to use it. It had never lost its pristine newness, owing to my dread of startling the horses if I ever flashed it on the trail, but the time now seemed ripe for bringing it forth. Decorated with it, another round my neck, and a pair of brand-new moccasins, we joined our men, fresh from a tussle with the razor and a cracked mirror, and strolled down the hill to the heat of the dishpan—the signal that all was ready.
>
> Our host and the two prospectors stood smilingly awaiting us at the dining-room—a little six by six roof projecting from one end of the shack. A real table hewn from logs stood beneath, around which ran a continuous bench.
>
> After introductions, the gentlemen all stood respectfully around while the ladies, with skirts on, attempted to get their feet over that bench and under the table. For some time we had heard them preparing the meal and so curiosity and appetite were both at high-water mark.
>
> We were such a curious little company gathered together in haphazard fashion in so far-away corner of the globe that, while jest and merriment went round, I watched us all, myself included, to note what a stranger might have thought. His eyes would surely have opened at the ease with which the use of a butter-knife was dispensed with, to have noted that the curious courses reposed in their original pans, and pots stood on the ground awaiting a "long arm" for second helpings; that our clothes were badly in need of repair, and that the plate which had held our bacon and beans and fish must also hold our dessert of stewed peaches and tapioca pudding.
>
> I called "M's" attention to the fact that when she was asked to have a second cup of tea she gazed into her cup and deliberately threw the cold remains on the floor behind her, and she retaliated by noting that when the dessert came round I forgot all my early training and peered into the pot, saying: "What's this stuff?" But harring these few lapses, we two sat on our log seats and received the courtesy of host and guests not to be surpassed in the most civilized regions.

The journey came to an end a few days later, but every reader of this charming book will know well from its note of enthusiasm that there must be other and similar play days ahead and consequently other volumes as fresh and as original as this one.

Old Indian Trails: Incidents of Camp and Trail Life Covering Two Years' Exploration Through the Rocky Mountains of Canada. With 100 illustrations. By Mary T. S. Schäffer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.

To make way for a modern commercial structure the ancient building which housed the first United States Mint, in North Street, Philadelphia, is about to be torn down. By act of Congress the mint was established in 1792. There were coined the Washington Liberty-cap cent of 1793 and the silver dollar of 1804 and other pieces, now rare and highly prized by numismatists.

It has been estimated by an investigator with a statistical turn of mind that the thrifty Swiss calculate the tourist crop in this manner: Half a million travelers staying long enough to make 13,000,000 hotel days, at an average expenditure of $2.40 a day.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The College Curriculum.

The value of President Foster's treatise is twofold. He gives us facts and not theories about the Elective System, and he subjects the "democratic college" to a searching and analytical criticism. There was a time when the Elective System invited nothing but theory and conjecture because it was too young to furnish facts. The data now available covers nearly 100,000 college grades, and the total experience of 4311 college students under the Elective System at Harvard College for fifteen years. There are also the data contained in the publications of two hundred colleges. All this mass of material is set forth with admirable brevity and with a cogency that appears to be conclusive so far as conclusiveness can attach to such a subject. The author finds a general verdict that the only way to safeguard the Elective System and the credit-for-quality plan is to enforce a scientific distribution of college credits. Without this all other safeguards are insufficient.

The condemnation of the college, admits the author, is the order of the day. The "democratic college" sets to work to prove that all men are created equal by producing a dead level of inferiority. If all can not rise to the heights all can at least descend into the depths. If the dwarf can not be elongated into the giant, the giant can be abbreviated into the dwarf.

The college, says the author in effect, that is not efficient ought not to be immortal. If it can not prolong its life without lowering its standards, without a huckstering clamor for students, then let it die. President Pritchett is quoted as saying that college rivalry has not only led to a most undignified solicitation of students, but to a shading of tuition fees. No student, however incompetent, must he turned away. No rule must be so stringent as to exclude any one. Collegiate athletics are promoted for the same end. To win a game is to win students, and the only test of educational efficiency is the length of the student muster-roll. The extraordinary lowering of standards to meet the demand for "democracy"—every boy in a college and a graduation for every boy—the author tells us of a youth who confessedly idled for half his time and "who fell into many vicious ways." But "it was impossible to prevent him from graduating," and subsequently he did graduate and then shot himself in his father's cellar. Of what value is a graduation that is compatible with both laziness and vice? But to penalize such a boy would be undemocratic. Moreover, it might discourage applications. It is this democratic smirking at incompetence that explains the "weakening of intellectual stamina" among students. There must be no inequalities. However glaring they may be they must be veneered out of sight. Still another evil is the sending of groups of students upon advertising trips—musical, dramatic, fraternity, debating, athletic, to the loss of time and still further lowering of already low standards.

And so on. But it must not he supposed that President Foster approaches these evils in any captious spirit. On the contrary, he is so keenly alive to the attack only because he is so eager for the defense wherever defense is possible and for counsel and admonition where defense is not possible. He writes constructively and not destructively, and he does this with such sincerity and with so much expert knowledge that his book should leave a deep mark in the educational thought of the day.

Administration of the College Curriculum. By William T. Foster, President of Reed College. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50.

The Red Lantern.

Miss Edith Wherry evidently knows China, at least some aspects of it, and from that welter of incomprehensibilities she is able to select the kind of material that will appeal to a Western audience. Even a somewhat excessive tendency to melodrama will be forgiven in a story so evidently sincere and so clearly based upon observation.

The heroine is Mahlee and she is a Eurasian. Those who know the Eurasians, whether in China or in India, will know something of the suggested tragedy that underlies the word. The struggle between the Old World and the New has an accentuated pathos when the battlefield is the mind of the individual and when the opposing forces are represented by alternating thoughts. There is another Eurasian, who loves Mahlee, and even the ascetic American missionary is not proof against the same charms. When the missionary steps back from the social precipice Mahlee becomes a female Boxer instead of a Christian, and so the statistics of the "saved" suffer to that extent. Those who want to know what becomes of Mahlee must read the book, and although we may share the skepticism of Betsy Prig and believe that "there aint no sich a person" we shall still have a warm spot in our hearts for Mahlee.

The Red Lantern. By Edith Wherry. New York: John Lane Company; $1.30.

Good Old Books.

Mr. George Hamlin Fitch is to be commended for the admirable spirit of conservatism that pervades the literary essays now published in attractive volume form. Never was conservatism in literary matters so needed as it is today, when only novelty commands attention and sensationalism alone is the measure of merit. The author marks his own mental status by the enthusiastic emphasis that he lays upon the masterpieces, by his evident delight in all the things upon which the literary world has already passed its irrevocable verdict.

Mr. Fitch's book is one of appreciation rather than of criticism, and it is refreshing to find such a power of enjoyment untinged by the querulous tendency that is so often supposed to be the mark of literary intelligence. Mr. Fitch has no new theories about Shakespeare, no recondite interpretation of the Rubaiyat, and he seems actually to have read "Paradise Lost" and the "Areopagitica." He loves the "Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver's Travels," and he shows himself equally well qualified to talk about the "Imitation," "The Divine Comedy," and the mighty works of Greece and Rome. What more can one want? It may be said safely that whoever follows Mr. Fitch's advice will lay a substratum of solid literary knowledge of the enduring kind, even though he never read one line of Ibsen, Bernard Shaw, Nietzsche, or any other of the denizens of the modern hook "zoo." If Mr. Fitch can help his readers to acquire his own power of uncritical enjoyment of the things that ought to be enjoyed he will have done no small thing.

A word of praise should he given to the technical excellence of this little volume. It is printed upon paper of a comfortable tint, while the loose leaf illustrations are of the best kind.

Comfort Found in Good Old Books. By George Hamlin Fitch. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; $1.50.

The Price.

The price is not always paid, at least so conclusively as in this novel. Mrs. Enniscourt is a society climber of pronounced stripe who tolerates her husband, but shivers with apprehension when her beauty tempts him to a loverlike kiss, after years of conventional "pecks." Mrs. Enniscourt owes everything to her husband's money, and she is naturally disturbed when Mr. Enniscourt's first wife, supposed to he dead, turns up and extracts blackmail from her in the approved way. Then comes the real emotion of her life. She falls in love with a daring aviator whose kisses produce no shiver at all, at least not of the apprehensive kind. But the aviator has a sort of conscience. He will marry the lady if her marriage with Enniscourt is voided by the resuscitation of the first wife, but he will not steal her in the more approved way. But the first wife turns out to he a fraud, a fact that might have been discovered upon her first appearance. So there you are.

The Price. By Gertie De S. Wentworth-James. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.35.

George Thorne.

The personation of the rich man's son who disappeared in youth is an old theme, but Mr. Richardson strikes a somewhat new note. George Thorne, eavesdropping on his employers, overhears a casual reference that puts him on the trail. He goes quickly to New York, introduces himself to Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone, and with considerable skill suggests, rather than asserts, that he is their lost son. With an astonishing lack of evidence they take him on trial, so to speak, and after he has been on an educational tour of the world he has so far made good that all difficulties seem to he removed. But then conscience gets to work, stimulated by an infatuation for Mr. Livingstone's niece, who is the only one who has suspected and denounced him from the first. But why Mildred should fall in love with a man whom she "hates" and whom she knows to be a fraud is one of the feminine mysteries best left unexplored. Women are said to do that sort of thing, and Mildred does it in this case and thus coöperates with conscience. Mildred rather appeals to the imagination, and so does old Mrs. Livingstone with her pathetic determination to see what does not exist, but the pictures of the men are not so good.

George Thorne. By Norval Richardson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $1.25.

Briefer Reviews.

Under the title of "From Rough Rider to President" Dr. Max Kullnich has described the early life of Mr. Roosevelt. The work has now been translated by Frederick von Reithdorf, Ph. D., and published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, $1.50.

The Little Cousin series now contains about twenty volumes, the latest addition being "Jose: Our Little Portuguese Cousin," by Edith A. Sawyer, with illustrations by Diantha Horne Marlowe (L. C. Page & Co.; 60 cents). The object of the series is to familiarize American children with the youth of other countries.

Mr. Parker H. Fillmore's sketches of child life are well known to magazine readers, who will now welcome their publication in volume form, with additional matter, under the title "The Young Idea" (John Lane Company; $1.25). Mr. Fillmore has a felicitous power to appreciate the humor of child life and an equal skill in its expression.

"The Land and the Book," otherwise described as "Biblical Illustrations Drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery of the Holy Land," by W. M. Thomson, D. D. (Harper & Brothers; $2.40), appears to be a reissue of a volume familiar enough to the suffering childhood of the last generation. Dr. Thomson's volume, the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Josephus," and "Fox's Book of Martyrs" were the main ingredients of the orthodox Sunday library forty years ago, but the juvenile vote was usually given to the story of the martyrs on account of its thrills. As a book of travels the work had, and has, much to commend it, but its narrow dogmatism is out of tune with the broader theology of today.

"Modern Geography," by Marion I. Newbegin (Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents), is a general survey of the geographical field since the year 1859, red lettered by the deaths of Humboldt and Ritter and by the publication of the "Origin of Species." The author deals with the general factors that govern geographical changes such as ice, erosion, and human activities, and succeeds in giving a condensed sketch of geographical principles without invading the domain of the school book. The work is issued in the Home University Library that is now reaching notable dimension.

Josepb Mills Hanson is already well known as the author of "The Conquest of the Missouri" and "Frontier Ballads." A. C. McClurg & Co. have now puhlished another volume from Mr. Hanson's pen. It is entitled "With Sully into the Sioux Land," and is a vigorous story of adventure with enough historical setting to give it educational value and plenty of stirring incidents of the kind dear to the heart of the boy. The price is $1.50.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Shakespeare.

This little volume by John Masefield appears in the Home University Library and is a model of condensation and of felicitous comment. Containing only 252 pages, it contains a life of Shakespeare, a chapter on the Elizabethan theatres, a synopsis and appreciation of each play, and a section devoted to the poems. Mr. Masefield has an unusual power of terse presentation and of illuminating comment. Shakespeare, he tells us, was described as gentle, and "had he been not gentle we should know more of him." Later on we are told "that we know little of his human relationships is one of the blessed facts about him. That we conjecture much is the penalty a nation pays for failing to know her genius when he appears." With the possible exception of the Droeshout portrait, the author has nothing but contempt for the "many graven images" of Shakespeare that may have been "passable portraits of the languid, half-witted, hydrocephalic creatures who made them," but not of the "bustling, brilliant, profound, vivacious being, alive to the finger tips, and quick with an energy never since granted to man."

Mr. Masefield's comments upon the plays must speak for themselves. Individual judgment may sometimes differ from his, but there will be nothing but admiration for the close packed synopses and the keen summarization that fills his pages.

William Shakespeare. By John Masefield. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents.

Wills.

Mr. Virgil M. Harris has produced a work never before attempted in America, but that will find a place in the general as well as in the legal library. Perhaps nothing of the kind is so indicative of human character as the wording and provisions of a will, and this is proved nowhere so clearly as by the collection before us.

The author has collected about five hundred wills from all periods of history and from all parts of the world. They are surprisingly interesting and illustrative of the characteristics that governed the lives of their writers. They range in tone from the solemnity that is conventionally appropriate to a satire and even a jocosity not usually to be found among those who are thus providing for their own demise.

But Mr. Harris's volume is not wholly a record. As lecturer on wills to the St. Louis University he is particularly well equipped to give the general advice on will-making contained in his earlier pages. Other chapters are on Ancient Wills, Wills in Fiction and Poetry, Curious Wills, Testamentary and Kindred Miscellany, Wills of Famous Foreigners, and Wills of Famous Americans. The volume is well arranged and with just enough comment and explanation to add to its interest, which is of a high and sustained order.

Ancient, Curious, and Famous Wills. By Virgil M. Harris. Bostoo: Little, Brown & Co.; $4.

The Downfall of the Gods.

Sir Hugh Clifford tells a story of the Cambodian Empire in the thirteenth century, but this need not frighten away the average reader, who is disposed to like his fiction hot from the fires of modern life. The author's characters are of the ancient days, but all their passions, loves, hopes, and hates are of the perpetually enduring kind, nor are we compelled to learn Orientalism against our will. The chief character is a dancing girl of the Brahman temple who aspires to be a goddess and who does actually become one for a time and with the aid of a stalwart young Sudra whom she seduces from his loyalty to the sacred Brahmans and bends to her own ambition. The picture of native life with its dominant and slave castes is one of genuine power because it deals only with essentials, while the character of the fascinating and beautiful Gunda is not one soon to be forgotten. The story as a whole has exceptional merit as a bold and strong piece of work and without any of the disadvantages that usually attend the novel dealing exclusively with native peoples.

The Downfall of the Goos. By Sir Hugh Clifford, K. C. M. G. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Howard Chandler Christy's illustrations for Rex Beach's new novel, "The Ne'er-Do-Well," are prominent among the many attractions of this story of the Isthmus of Panama and its latter-day problems and battles.

Anthony Hope, whose latest novel, "Mrs. Maxon Protests," was published in May, bas returned to London from a tour of the Continent. This month he goes to Overstrand, on tbe coast, where he has a small house, and will occupy it with his family the balance of the summer. He has not yet begun writing the successor to "Mrs. Maxon Protests."

Lilian Whiting delayed her annual trip abroad in order to read all the proofs of her new book, "Tbe Brownings: Their Life and Art," whicb will be published in the early autumn by Little, Brown & Co. "Now I am off for London and the Continent to pass September in Venice," she said before the *Cymric* sailed, "and from there make a little visit to Robert Barrett Browning, and his cousin, Miss Elizabeth Barrett, in Asolo, some thirty miles from Venice. Miss Barrett is the namesake of Elizabeth Barrett Browning."

Since the new public library was opened in New York frequent complaints of the omniscient helplessness of its attendants have been sent to the papers. It is evident that some of the Manhattan people have tried to put the library to practical use.

With Stamboul once more in ashes and rebellions in the east and rebellions in the west, the Young Turk party at Constantinople has its hands full and the outcome would be difficult to predict. In the meantime Houghton Mifflin Company announce for publication in the early autumn a new book by Demetra Vaka, the author of "Haremlik," entitled "In the Shadow of Islam," the hero of which is a leader in the Young Turk movement and the heroine an American college girl.

Mrs. Sarah Beaumont Kennedy, the only woman writer of newspaper paragraphs in the South, is the author of "Cicely," a romance of the Civil War to be brought out by Doubleday, Page & Co. this fall.

Tbe trials of senators during hot weather are amusingly depicted by Robert Conniugton in the current issue of *Harper's Weekly*. "The Senate Chamber is at the bottom of a well," writes this author. "It has no windows, nor any direct access to the outside air. The hot-house effect of this unventilated chamber is increased by its glass roof." Normally—that is, when the weather is normal—the Senate is a decently clad body of men. But when the summer comes—well, here was Senator Burton's (of Ohio) garb: "a black alpaca coat, no waistcoat, a 'stand-up' collar, black string tie, hard white shirt, duck trousers, and tan shoes," while Senator "Jim" Reid, of Missouri, "exposed himself to the general view wearing a cream-colored coat so thin that his suspenders 'showed througb.' This attire, with a flowing tie and no waistcoat, made a picture that evoked comment."

Anna Bistrup, wife of the Danish governor of Greenland, has written for the September *Century Magazine* out of the fullness of twenty-five years' life in that country, of "Eskimo Women in Greenland." The article is illustrated with pictures from photographs furnished by the writer.

Contrary to a recent rumor, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "The Shuttle" and "The Secret Garden," has not moved to England. She is spending the summer at her country home Plandome Park, Plandome, on Long Island; and she will be there till the cold weather sends her on her annual winter pilgrimage to her Bermuda home.

Cassell & Co. will publish for the coming holiday season editions de luxe of Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and "Master of Ballantrae." For each of these books Wal Paget has made twelve paintings which have been reproduced in color.

In the green and gilt series of the Oxford University Press there now appears a page-for-page reprint of "The Kilmarnock Burns" of 1786. The text is reproduced literatim, except for three or four obvious typographical corrections, which are duly noted.

Chicago seems to rival New York as a residence for writers just now. There has always been a large group connected with the University of Chicago—such men as Robert Herrick and the late William Vaughan Moody; and now the city itself is developing a "Quartier Latin." Recent additions to the Chicago group are Edna Ferber, author of "Dawn O'Hara," a novel in which Chicago is especially interested because of its descriptions of neighboring Milwaukee; and George Cram Cook, who is with a firm of publishers, and writing a new radical novel "on the side." Susan Glaspell, whose new novel, "The Visioning," is rivaling her "Glory of the Conquered," has recently been in Chicago, assisting the philanthropists behind a Chicago Child Welfare Exhibit—which has many of the same features as the recent like exhibit in New York.

It seems probable that the boys will soon have more flying-machine literature than the adults. James Otis has written "The Aeroplane at Silver Fox Farm," and it will be brought out next month by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

In commemoration of the Thackeray centenary the Houghton Mifflin Company offers a limited edition of a wholly new book containing nine letters of the novelist to relatives and an account of his home life from his marriage to his death. Thackeray's family, in conformity with his expressed wishes, have authorized no biography of him, and heretofore nothing of an intimate personal nature has been printed with their approval. Tbe recollections are those of a near kinswoman, Mrs. Warre Cornish, formerly Miss Ritchie, and these, like the family letters, are printed with the approval of Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie.

CURRENT VERSE.

Fire and Smoke.

Oh, the pungent odor of burning brush!
How all my youth in ooe uprush
Is conjured back hy the fragrant leaves
Of pine aod eucalyptus!

A harefoot boy in a wonder world,
Where fire dragons lie encurled
In the gardener's flames that hiss and dance
And die at the thrust of my wooden lance;

Or, Crusoe-like, on desert isle
I touch my match to a sea-drift pile,
To thwart the murderous cannibal
Of a toothsome small hoy festival.

Stealing into the vacant lot
We roast potatoes, piping hot,
Black as coals, hard at the core—
But oh, the savory taste they bore!

Desperate now, as buccaneer,
We overhaul a privateer,
Drag off its treasure chest with toil,
And hy our fire divide the spoil.

And wheo we tire of that romance,
Like Indians ringed round in dance,
We vault the coals with whooping note,
With tear-filled eyes and choaking throat,

Making more real the wild refrain,
Till the neighhors vow us all insane.
Oh, the poignant, palpitant sense of joy
In fire and smoke to the heart of a hoy!

—*From "Children of the Shadaw," by Harold Symmes.*

News from the North.

As I went down hy London Bridge
(And I not long on land),
I met a lad from the North country,
And gripped him hy the hand,

And said: "If you he late from home,
O quickly tell me true
How fares it now with mine own country
And with the folk I knew?"

O he looked up and he looked down,
And slow he shook his head,
And "Sure the place is not the same
This many a year," he said.

"For this one's dead, and that one's wed,
And that gone over sea;
You scarce would know the place again
So many changes be."

"Tell me no more, no more," I cried,
"These grievous news and ill;
Full well I know, where'er you go
The rouod world stands not still.

"For folk must die, and folk must wive,
Since change and chance must he
Alike for those who hide at home
And those who use the sea.

"Tell me if aoything I'll find
I've known and loved hefore;
Do the trees stand up hy Oakenclough?
The winds hlow off the Moor?

"Do magpies in our planting huild,
And hares hy Blackhrook ruo?
And at Top o' th' Lowe the grasses hlow
All ruddy in the sun?"

"Still runs the hrook, the trees stand up
By yooder cloughside still;
You can see the roof of your father's harn
Look over the windy hill."

"There will I go, and there shall meet
Old ghosts of joy and pain,
And the folk I knew in the time that's gone
Shall greet me ooce again.

"The lad that's dead, the lad that's wed,
With me shall leap and run
As they did when we were boys at home
Ere roving days hegun.

"There is no laod so lone and far,
There is no sea so wide,
There is no grave so deep that there
Shall they unheeding hide,
When the wiods that hlow in mine own country
Do call them to my side!"

—*C. Fox Smith, in London Spectator.*

August.

Who can withstand the witchery of August days,
The sea's soft blue, that seems another sky,
The subtle perfume of winds loitering hy
And veiling heauty of the low-descending haze,
The whisper of the treetops, telling, each to each,
Of young hirds pluming wings in outgrown nests,
And squirrels starting forth on plunder quests,
And caterpillars haoging cocoons, out of reach.

Who can deny the mystery of August nigbts,
When overhead, the moon, a shallop floats,
And all the stars are lamps in little hoats
That sail a shoreless sea, freighted with lost delights?
A thousand insect voices swell an endless strain,
And in the garden hushes hend and sway,
As though, unseen, some spirit passed their way;
Wearied of heaven, and earthward lured again.

Who can decry the potency of August charms?
Earth dreams, and all her dreams are warped of bliss
And woofed with pleasure, what a fahric this.
Woods green as jade, and harvest golden farms,
Beauty ahove us, and the earth transcendent grown,
Look up, my soul, he young and brave and strong,
Helping to swell the universal song
That August sings, set high on Summer's throne.

—*Lalia Mitchell, in Columbian Magazine.*

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Wait Till the Car Stops

Man can no longer boast that he alone can board moving street-cars and alight from them without landing in a heap on the pavement.

Leaving the Ferry loop a few mornings ago two pretty stenographers, just too late to catch the car at its stopping place, with all the grace of young deer laughingly sprang aboard as the car rolled slowly by, and they did it just as easily as a man would. They were not of the athletic type, either, but they radiated good health and showed by their act that they had studied street-cars to good purpose.

Women are learning, but the fact that there is a right and a wrong way to step off a car can not be preached too often. The risks they take many times a day is remarkable. Some learn the knack and some never do. Stand opposite any of the safety station for five minutes during the latter part of the afternoon and note mentally or with a pencil how many women face the front of the car (the proper way), how many trip straight down the steps, face outward, and how many actually get off backward. The two last-mentioned ways are wrong and dangerous if the car is under the slightest headway. There is but one RIGHT way—face the FRONT of the car and retain hold of the hand-rail while alighting. Remarkably free from accidents as the United Railroads lines are in this city, there would be still fewer injuries if passengers would wait until the cars come to a dead stop. Even the most experienced train hand can be hurt by taking a chance. The pavement may be wet or oily and slippery. In that event a hard fall may result which could easily be avoided were tbe passenger content to wait a few seconds until a halt was made.

After observing the manner in which people rush for cars and scramble aboard the conclusion is reached that it is little less than a miracle that so few are injured in a year. The wonder is, indeed, that many times many more are not hurt, the victims of their own heedlessness. Carmen in these days of effort and training are on the lookout for the safety of everybody concerned. They have the handling of bundreds of thousands of souls every day of their lives, and it is to their credit that they handle them so well. They are men trained for their positions and chosen for their fitness. Theirs is tbe responsibility of the captains of the great ocean liners. Keen-eyed, clear-brained, with iron nerves, minds alert to the thousand and one questions asked in a thousand and one ways day after day, they watch the track ahead for danger, watch the rear, and do not forget the traffic waves on either side.

On the P-A-Y-E cars there is no opportunity, however, for a passenger to be injured either in boarding or alighting from the car, for the very simple reason that the passenger can not get on or off until the car does come to a full stop. This safety measure is regulated by a gate at either end of the car. It closes when the start is made and opens only after the wheels cease to revolve. Eighty of these big cars are now in use here, adding just that much more to the general safety of the public.

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FOR THE MIDNIGHT CREW.

"The Girl in the Taxi" is the sort of piece tbat, in its original French form, not only appeals to the Continental taste that confines itself exclusively within those lines, but is also aimed at the prurient Briton, or the thick-jowled American who is off to Paris, wifeless for the time, on a little private tear of his own. And sometimes, many times, Mrs. Wife goes to see pieces of this type in Paris, because she is safely far from home and Mrs. Grundy's American relations, and she wants to see life.

There are mighty few people that understand the rapid, idiomatic French of the regular, conventional drama, but when it comes to pieces of "The Girl of the Taxi" kind on its native heath, it takes a real Parisian, whether transplanted or otherwise, to follow the allusions. But even Mrs. Wife, with all her boarding-school innocence fresh upon her, could not fail to see that such plays are peopled by characters whose monkeyish morals, running up against the restrictions of ordinary life, create the delicately humorous situations which set the men to guffawing with purely prurient mirth.

For slathers of men go to see "The Girl in the Taxi"; relatively few women. The name alone is highly suggestive, although the taxi does not figure in more than two or three allusions.

The congenial atmosphere of the upper floor purlieus of a French café—called Churchill's café in Stanislas Stange's Americanized version, but is as French as they make them—served as a forcing-house in which the taxi girl and her like displayed their peculiar charm. Here were the runaway husbands, fathers, and sons, escaped from the irksome domesticity of the first act, gayly engaged in touching up to a livelier hue the already shrieking colors of café life.

For it is the perennial motive: The supposedly settled, reputable, domesticated male, mated with a fond, innocent, credulous partner, being seized with an attack of red-light vertigo, kicking up his heels, and off to "join the midnight crew." The world, the wicked old hypocritical world that tries to make itself believe that it believes in itself, loves this kind of thing. The men laugh their heads off, and the smaller contingent of women laugh as gayly and whole-heartedly, and often as innocently—for there is an astonishing amount of innocence among women, even in the full sight of wickedness—as if they were never to play their part, in some real future, of guileless lambs deceived by migratory foxes.

The joke of the whole thing consists in the rapid alternations from disreputability to respectability. The first act is in the home of the oldest sinner of them all, who is apparently wedded to domesticity, philoprogenitiveness, and philanthropy. His wife venerates and adores him. His son believes in him thoroughly. This worthy gentleman lives in little old New York, but all he apparently knows of it is the respectable round which he treads daily in sight of his fellowmen.

His son is a budding youth who has aspirations to follow in his father's unseen steps, little knowing that his secret desires are a lawfully transmitted heritage. And along comes a nephew on his hiennial trip to New York, with his biennial New York cough, which sends him to bed early. All three of these dreadful sinners have a habit of retiring early, the married ones in rooms apart from their wives, so as not to disturb them by their assorted headaches, hackaches, toeaches, and graveyard coughs. And when the wives and mothers are sleeping the refreshing sleep of health, purity, and peace of mind, the wicked three arise, assume the festive black and white livery appropriate to midnight suppers, and the society of décolleté, high-kicking sirens, and silently steal away.

In the second act transpires the French café scene, in which the three revelers with various dizzy dames as quarry, or in tow, meet and are unmasked, thus becoming fellow conspirators.

In this scene we see the "girl in the taxi" in her full glory. And again we are struck by the fact that it is difficult for a woman to express moral viciousness amusingly. Perhaps it is, intrinsically, too sorry a sight. Pearl Sindelar has an appropriate type of feature, an appropriately good figure, and appropriately showy dress. She has no subtlety, however, in dealing with the situation of a mature siren's penchant for an inexperienced youth. But the men are extremely, perniciously funny, Roy Sumner, as the aforesaid youth, being particularly happy in conveying the effect of adolescent timidities merging into soaring masculine boldness in the face of new and alluring adventure. This young actor has an engaging personality, an agreeable singing voice, and considerable skill in acting, all of which, used in such a crudely vulgar play, are a bad waste of good material. He and Philip Branson, who is his father in the play, are a team, the veteran actor being still a very nimble dancer, an expert delineator of the numerous conflicting emotions that chase themselves over Stewart, Senior's, highly respectable exterior, and a skilled comedian. These two, reënforced by Francis Gaillard in the acting line, carry the fun of the play. Francis Gaillard is the head-waiter, and with Gallic shrugs and intonations makes a good deal of the part. Doubtless, in Paris, the actor in the original rôle made up to resemble some well-known waiter in a café which was modeled upon the externals of a resort popular among "the midnight crew."

Besides Pearl Sindelar, there are four women characters, two of them as highly respectable figure-heads in parts that require no talent to fill, and two other loud-voiced, leg-displaying Circes whose effulgence comes at midnight, in sight and smell of a supper purveyed by well-heeled admirers at a popular French restaurant.

"The Girl in the Taxi" is not the kind of play that is calculated to induce thought among the spectators, except among those who go there to pass judgment upon it. And even they find it difficult to think. It is vicious, hut contains a number of amusing scenes. It is bad for people of immature or receptive minds to see this sort of thing, and yet it will go on. It is enough, in itself, to start a tentative youth on the road to perdition. No need to lash one's self into a fine moral indignation. Every now and then the theatre-going public likes to put a tentative toe into wickedness and stir it up. At other times it likes to wallow in it. And then again, sensible people will go off the handle and send out showers of reprobation over a play from which one can deduce knowledge and reflections helpful to humanity, merely because it shows up wickedness from a new point of view or treats seriously what is treated flippantly in plays of this type.

So let us not bore each other with sermonizing about "The Girl in the Taxi." As I have said, the name is enough. So is the fame, for that matter. Nobody who reads the papers will go to see the piece without either expecting or desiring to be shocked, whether pleasantly or otherwise, by the spectacle of vice made amusing.

But I started to say something about one lonely reflection induced by "The Girl in the Taxi." It is this: man, wicked, woman-deceiving, vice-embracing man, has his apparent contradictions. (I speak now of the outwardly respectable man of the John Stewart type.) He wants his fun, his dip into red-light life, his woman with the impalpable morals, the leathery digestion, and the champagne spirits, to share his midnight revels. But he doesn't want it all the time. When he wakes with the usual head on, he wants well-ordered domesticity, an impeccable and implicitly trusting wife. In this atmosphere he wishes, for a longer or shorter term, according to his temperament, to wash himself clean.

When he gets tired of cleanliness he likes to feel, as he temporarily closes the door of respectability behind him, that it is there safe, ready for his next immersion. He will lie, and sneak, and bribe to keep it.

It is this aspect of his many-sided nature that the writers of this type of play have fundamentally in view when they write, and that the public intuitively knows and feels when it views as a spectator. And so the comedy, if spiritedly and sparklingly written or played, is all the more hurtfully amusing because of its underlying basis of truth. Thus of the three acts of "The Girl in the Taxi" two are in the highly respectable home of John Stewart, and only one is in the gilded halls of vice.

What a queer thing is man, what contradictions exist in humanity. So many fouling themselves with slime, so many others trying desperately to rise to height of self-denial and permanent exaltation to which ordinary humanity can never attain.

But in spite of all the girls in all the taxis, in all the red-light districts of all the wickedest cities of the world, man, conventional man, even if going through the world soiling and smirching womankind, still clings to the conception of a pure, trusting, loving woman who belongs to him alone. It is the idealism in him that demands her. And that idealizing of woman is to the man of conventional mold—and his name is Legion—the leaven of life.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

Robert Mantell will produce early this fall a play by Justin Huntly McCarthy, named "Charlemagne, the Conqueror."

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OPERA AND DRAMA IN LONDON.

Close of the Summer Season.

Covent Garden held up its autocratic white kid glove last night (July 31), and one of the husiest seasons known to musical London came obediently to an abrupt halt (says the *Standard*). Ever since our opera house, which in the summer months practically takes its time from Parliament, gave the cue so far hack as April 22, there has been a constant stream of events, calculated almost to crush art in its very activity.

The sum-total of the season's success may be said to have been embodied in last night's final bill at Covent Garden, which was given over to the Russian ballet. These dancers from the empire of the Czar made their first appearance here on June 26, and since that date they have carried all before them, defying the post-coronation lassitude and the heat-limp spirit of London music-lovers, sustaining interest in the opera to the bitter end, and bringing the season itself finally to a brilliant, triumphant conclusion.

Serious supporters of the Opera have every reason at first sight to look askance at the success of the Russian ballet. But the cynic who loves the lyric art no less welcomes anything that makes opera in England more possihle. Who knows hut what the near future may see works by British composers produced on the profits of hallet nights? Besides, although the coming of the Russians will ever be the outstanding feature of the summer season of 1911, it has not been the only event of note at Covent Garden this session. It must be remembered that singing had been going on for a clear two months hefore the dancing began, and it would be absurd to say that nothing of importance to the general opera public had taken place during that time. Mmes. Melba and Tetrazzini and Mlle. Destinn were all in town singing regularly each week; the eagerly awaited new Puccini opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," had received its London première, and several established favorites had made popular reappearances.

The Puccini novelty does not seem to have roused the sympathies of an English audience to the same extent as did its immediate predecessors from the same pen. But this need by no means indicate a complete disappearance of the work from the Covent Garden repertory, for the history of that house shows some strange vagaries in popular taste, and an outcast one year has in more than one case become the favorite of the next. Figures without facts are invariably misleading, and much misspent moralizing might be indulged in from the official list of the works heard during the season and the numher of their performances. It was only natural that the ballet, having "caught on," should be given as often as possihle; therefore, because certain time-honored operas—among them "Faust" and "Carmen"—could only be squeezed in once or twice, it does not argue that these works have lost their hold upon the affections of English opera-goers. But the single presentation of "La Sonnambula" and the total absence of "Lucia di Lammermoor," seeing that they provide "star parts," are more significant indications of the trend of operatic taste. Even more so was the fact that "Louise" headed the list, seven performances being given of this realistic picture of Parisian gayety and home life. Doubtless Mme. Edvina's success in the title-rôle of this opera led to her being intrusted with the leading part of "Thaïs," which, with "The Girl" and the charming one-act trifle, "Il Segreto di Susanna," made up the modest three novelties of the season.

Despite the fact that ten West End theatres are still open, and that all the great variety theatres are drawing large audiences, the London theatrical season is pronounced to have ended. It is generally agreed among managers that there has not been much of a financial harvest during the season that has just closed, the coronation festivities and other events having interfered with matters theatrical, while the intense heat of the past few weeks has made people reluctant to attend indoor entertainments.

It is interesting to note how long a life has been enjoyed hy some of the pieces that have been produced during the past twelve months.

"The Arcadians" began its run on January 23, 1909, and with its concluding representation on Saturday evening last made a total of 809 performances, a record which has only been excelled by "Our Boys," and approached hy "The Private Secretary." Other satisfactory runs at leading West End theatres include:

"The Girl in the Train," from June 4, 1910, to May 13, 1911, closing with 340 performances.

"Nobody's Daughter" (George Paston), with 185 representations.

"The Man from Mexico," with 150 shows to its credit.

"Inconstant George" (Gladys Unger), with 217 performances.

"Count Hannihal" (Stanley Weyman), finished with a run of 162 productions.

The pieces still running and which may, perhaps, despite the intense heat and the exodus from town for the holidays, manage to continue paying salaries until [illegible] autumn or longer are:

"The Chocolate Soldier," which began on September 10 last, and up to last night counted 359 performances.

"The Quaker Girl," which had its initial representation on Novemher 5, 1910, and will touch 263 performances when the curtain rises tonight.

"Baby Mine," presented at the Criterion on February 22, transferred to the Vaudeville on May 15, where it is still drawing excellent houses, and points to 160 performances.

"Peggy" began on March 4 last, and has heen played 138 times.

"Passers-by," dating from March 29, numbered 141 performances last night.

"A Butterfly on the Wheel," running well since April 18, 114 performances.

"Kismet" opened on April 19, and counted 117 representations last night.

"Count Luxembourg," at Daly's since May 20, has played 90 times, and, it is anticipated, will play easily through the autumn and winter.

The State Fair.

From August 26 to September 2 the State Fair at Sacramento will be one of the greatest drawing cards in recent years. In every department the features will be bigger, hetter, and more attractive than in the past, and the fair will attract thousands of visitors from all parts of the state to the capital. The horse show will be particularly interesting, hringing out the finest blooded animals in California. The trotting events will undouhtedly result in some new records, for large purses have been offered, with the result that faster animals than ever hefore will be seen on the track every day. The Wild West show, with its hard running, steertying, and broncho-riding, will furnish thrills, while Wiseman with his biplane, flying at seventy-two miles an hour, will perform daredevil feats. Agriculturists and fruit-growers have arranged for large space, and will show the finest products of their farms and orchards. Splendid hand music has been engaged and choral singing will be given. Positively new attractions in sideshows have been billed, to amuse and surprise the sight-seers. The display of fireworks will illustrate in midair warfare as it may be in the future, and many other novel ideas.

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VANITY FAIR.

The beauty doctor has been a good deal to the front just recently, and whenever this sort of thing happens we may be fairly sure that the city health board will be found making a valiant effort to get still further to the front. It is indeed a dull day when we are not made acquainted with Dr. Eaton's valuable opinions or with Dr. Eaton's new expedients for preventing us from doing something that we have a right to do.

It seems that a young woman recently died of heart disease while in the office of a beauty doctor. She might equally well have died while running after a street-car or scolding a nursemaid. But Dr. Eaton scents a public danger, also an infringement of medical prerogatives, also a chance for a new law; and we all know the perquisites that attach to new laws. If it were only possible to pass a law against Dr. Eaton!

Now we all know that the beauty doctor is usually a charlatan, but not always. So long as feminine vanity remains what it is there will always be charlatans to prey upon it. And how shall we discriminate between the charlatans and those who are really versed in the thousand and one toilet tricks that are actually efficacious in giving an added lustre to woman's beauty? Of course we might insist upon a license from the health board with the customary fee, and all the other customary things that come out later in judicial inquiries, but we are a little tired of all this. So where can we draw the line? Upon what principle can we make it illegal for the beauty doctor to strip the skin from a woman's face while allowing the corset-maker to reconstruct her whole form under hydraulic pressure? And there are scores of other trades that minister to vanity and that ought surely to be regulated by Dr. Eaton. How about the manicure? Some lady will presently get her finger pricked while having her nails beautified. This ought to be attended to in good time. And there are actually people who make lotions and washes for women's hair, dentrifice makers, and those who deal in toilet soaps warranted to improve the complexion. Strange as it may seem, there are still innumerable people who sustain their wretched and unlicensed lives by advising us to do various things for our beauty and our health and providing us with the means to do them. There are actually charlatans who counsel us to take exercise, and provide us with Indian clubs and all kinds of such contrivances. They have no licenses to give medical advice. And how about the railroad companies, who have the effrontery to advertise the salutary effects of sea-bathing and then sell us tickets to get it? Have these people got licenses to give medical advice? Not a license. Have they kowtowed to the health board, knocked their heads three times on the floor in front of Dr. Eaton, and paid the usual fees for the usual permits? They have not. But it will come. Dr. Eaton has them on the list. In the coming by and by there shall not be one among them untagged, or untaxed, by a health board that stands proudly at the post of duty with hand outstretched (palm upward) over the health and beauty of the city.

The Bishop of Worcester is responsible for the statement that King George has strong views on the discourtesy of the average Englishman. The bishop says that on one occasion when he was about to address some schoolboys in the presence of the king, who was then Duke of York, the king inquired: "Why do you not ask that at public schools manners should be taught?" The bishop asked why he should specially emphasize manners, and the king replied: "Because, as you know, I mix among all sorts and conditions of men, and it has been a positive distress to me to see how often when abroad Englishmen lose in the race with Frenchmen, Italians, and Germans because of the Englishman's want of manners. The foreigners know when to bow, to shake hands, to converse, to stand up or sit down in the presence of their superiors, while the Englishman is wanting in these manners, and when vacancies have to be filled those are the points which very often tell, and that is where the Englishman does not shine."

It is evident that we shall have to modify the contention that women can never be soldiers and therefore ought not to be allowed to do some other things that they want to do. As a matter of fact there are many women soldiers, or rather women who pretend to be soldiers for purposes of uniform only. At the forthcoming "Kaiser Parade" in Berlin there will be some half-dozen ladies who will not only be fully attired as soldiers, at least from the waist upward, but who will ride at the head of their men and go through all the appropriate motions. The empress herself will be at the head of her regiment of Fusiliers, and she will have to pass in review before her husband and her commander-in-chief. At Stettin, also, she will lead the Eighty-Second Cuirassiers, being honorary colonel of that regiment also. Queen Victoria of Sweden will be there as colonel of the Fourteenth Fusiliers, and Princess Eitel Friedrich will ride at the head of the Twelfth Dragoons, and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin at the head of the Frankfurt Regiment. Other royal ladies who will pretend to be soldiers for spectacular purposes are the Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, the Crown Princess of Greece, and Princess Augusta Wilhelm of Prussia.

After all, there seems to be no good reason why women should not be soldiers. In time of peace the life of the soldier is admirably adapted to the feminine love of ease and of display, while the hardships of actual war could easily be surmounted by a general agreement that all soldiers must be women so as to equalize the conflict.

The London authorities are having a little trouble with aristocratic householders who refuse to allow the number 13 to appear upon their street doors. Curiously enough, there is no such trouble with the poorer classes, who either hold the law in greater veneration, or are less superstitious, or who already have so much ill-luck that a little extra does not count. London is very strict about the numbering of houses and an official notification speedily brings the reluctant to boot. The proprietor of one fashionable apartment house says that she will have empty rooms on her hands if she is compelled to affix the dreaded number to her door, and householders threaten to move if they are similarly coerced. And this in the "so-called twentieth century" as the curate said, when our newspapers are never tired of telling us that superstition is dead forever and that we are now under the rule of pure reason. We may have our doubts about the pure reason, especially at election times, but who would have thought that there is so much common or garden superstition?

There is a society in London for the purpose of fighting these credulities, but Mrs. Partington, brooming back the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, had somewhat less to do. The society admits that it stands dismayed before the rampant superstition of the fashionable world. Amulets, charms, and omens are not mere fads, but objects of a positive belief, and what are we going to do about it?

Why should we do anything? Superstition is no more than a protest against materialism and it has its poetic value. Persuade a man to repudiate the supernatural element in dogmatic religion and you will find him shivering or rejoicing—which is it?—when he meets a black cat, wearing an amulet for luck, and crossing his fingers against the evil eye. Suppress supernaturalism and it will come bubbling up in some other and perhaps less desirable way. But we may as well call a halt on the folly that advocates education as a cure for superstition. It is precisely in educated classes that we find superstition to be most strong and most defiant.

The young Prince of Wales is said to be a nice boy who has never been allowed to suppose that he is better than other people who do not happen to be princes. But he needs an occasional reminder from tutors and attendants to return the salutations of passers-by. In his case the laxity is due to inadvertence and shyness, but it is remembered that on one occasion the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, brother of King Edward, needed, and received a sharp lesson against sulkiness. While in a carriage with Queen Victoria he remained obstinately covered and indifferent to the salutes of the crowd. Queen Victoria recognized the situation at a glance, and to the delight of the people she snatched off the boy's hat and soundly boxed his ears. The young duke never again thought quite so much of himself after that public humiliation, and it never had to be repeated.

Princess Beatrice was once another recipient of royal correction, but for a less serious fault. When riding with Queen Victoria she accidentally dropped her handkerchief from the window and was delighted when the stalwart grenadier officer in attendance swung himself from his horse and restored the tiny wisp of lace. So interesting an experience had, of course, to be repeated, but when for the third time the handkerchief fluttered to the ground the queen perceived the innocent little manœuvre and checkmated it. A warning finger stopped the descent of the grenadier, and a very abashed little girl climbed down into the road and recovered the handkerchief for herself.

Heaven forbid that there should be any added encouragement to the gambling spirit, but when a good tip comes along who are we that we should suppress it. The London *Daily Chronicle* tells of a solicitor who at the club luncheon was rejoicing over a win of 20 to 1. He knew nothing about horses, but when he looked over the sporting column of a daily newspaper he acted upon a system. If under the name of a horse there was a thick line (a turned rule), or a black square followed it (something wrong with an "m" quad) or some other mark that should not be there if the linotype was doing its work properly, he backed that horse. He had a collection of successful misprints of that kind and feasted his eyes on them from time to time because they had brought him in 20 to 1. The information is here passed on as a matter of academic interest and not for practical use.

The *Hairdressers' Weekly Journal* tells us that a new kind of artificial hair is on its way to us from Germany. It is made of fine silk and is not to be distinguished from the real article. It can be dyed to any exact shade desired and it will keep its curl better than any other kind. Perhaps this new hair may have the effect of ousting the product of the defunct Celestial, which has many and evident disadvantages, and which, in spite of denials, is certainly used to a large extent. Consul-General George E. Anderson of Hong Kong says that the trade has increased immensely in the last few years. In 1910 the shipments to America alone were valued at $695,137 and weighed 576,119 pounds. But the consul has something to say in mitigation of this awful news. The hair, he assures us, is not taken from the heads of paupers or criminals, nor do the shipments contain many complete queues. They are made up chiefly of the combings from well-to-do people whose maids regard them as a perquisite. Although the Hong Kong Chinamen are cutting off their queues in great numbers they are very seldom sold, such a practice being opposed to Chinese sentiment. Moreover, most of the hair is cleaned and dressed before shipment. This news is somewhat reassuring, although it must be admitted that women are not very particular as to what they wear, and probably no conceivable exposure would greatly diminish the sale of an article conducive either to appearance or to comfort.

Fashionable London is learning Hindustani, or at least pretending to, and we may be thankful enough that the fashionable world has the grace even to pretend to learn anything. The reason for the sudden fad is the approaching Durbar. Only the upper crust of the very elect have any expectation of seeing the gorgeous pageant at Delhi, but it looks well to be seen with a Hindustani grammar, as though you had already received an invitation to be present or were momentarily expecting to do so. It is said that two lessons a day for a month will enable the student to make at least some attempt at conversation, but it is hard to see why even the attempt should be made, seeing that every one at Delhi, including the natives, will speak an almost perfect English. But in the meantime the Indian students in London are making hay while the sun shines.

The German emperor is a great man for detail (says the New York *Sun*), and even the dresses worn by his fair subjects receive his attention. At Wiesbaden on one occasion he exclaimed: "In this town all the ladies dress well. But only here I wish all German women were as smart as the Wiesbadeners." When some one rallied him for finding fault with his own countrywomen he said: "But I'll do them this justice: Thank Heaven they do not make up their faces like English women. No German lady who respects herself flies to the rouge or powder pot."

A story is told regarding a dress made for the Princess Victoria Luise, in which she was to appear at a great military parade. The princess complained to the court dressmaker that the buttons were of insignificant size, and the dressmaker showed some far more attractive ones, but they cost one mark each. The princess admired them, but doubted if she would be allowed to pay such a price and decided to "ask papa." The princess didn't get those 24-four cent buttons. The emperor decided the price was too high and told the princess that she must not think of being so extravagant.

After marriage the self-made man often finds it necessary to make extensive alterations.—*Life.*

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"No, they are Pears'," she replied.
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Two lunatics conversed in the asylum yard. One had megalomania. Said he: "Had they not locked me up here, I should have been a second Napoleon!" Thoughtfully, the other contemplated a peagreen devil on the asylum wall, then remarked: "The second Napoleon wasn't much shucks."

His fellow-clerks gathered around him when the news became public property, and extended congratulations. "But," said one man, "I understand the girl you're engaged to is a twin. How do you tell the difference between her and her sister?" "Well, it's a mighty nice family," said the lucky man, "and I don't bother very much."

Aunt Mary called one day on the village lawyer. "Well, Aunt Mary," he said, "what can I do for you?" "Ah wants toe divo'ce mah husband," said Aunt Mary. "Divorce good old Uncle Bill?" cried the lawyer. "Good gracious, why?" "Bekase he's done got religion, dat's why," said Aunt Mary, "an' we aint had a chicken on de table fo' six weeks!"

Two young Americans touring Italy for the first time stopped off one night at Pisa, where they fell in with a convivial party at a café. Going hilariously home one pushed the other against a building and beld him there. "Great heavens!" cried the man next the wall, suddenly glancing up at the structure above him. "See what we're doing!" Both roisterers fled. They left town on an early morning train, not thinking it safe to stay over and see the famous leaning tower.

Tully Marshall told a story whose virtue consists, about half, in its brevity. It seems that he engaged a comedian for one of his stock ventures, some time ago, and the comedian was very had. But full of faith in himself, hope for himself, and charity for the aforementioned. After the first performance, he hurried to the boss. "I guess I made a hit tonight," be ventured. "Don't you think so? Honest, now, bow do I go?" "You go hy the Lake Shore," answered Marshall. "And tonight."

When the Scots Greys were recently marching from Edinhurgh to Barry tbey passed through a village, where their hand and soldierly hearing were the admiration of the people who flocked out to see them. When they had passed, a raw-boned, hig-footed yokel turned to a companion, who, like himself, was a member of the recently formed local "Terrier" company, and said. "Weel, Jock, what d'ye think o' thae?" "Think o' them?" was the reply. "Why, we'll bae to look oot, for wi' a little mair drill they'll soon be as guid as us."

It was Nellie's first visit to the museum, and her mother was anxious to explain all things properly. Room after room they passed through, till at length they stood before a knight in shining armor. "And this, Nellie," said the fond mother, "is a suit of armor which used to be worn by the knights of old. What do you think of it, dear?" For a few brief seconds Nellie regarded it thoughtfully, then shook her bead. "P'raps it was all right," she said douhtfully. "But don't you think, mother, it must have scratched the furniture awfully?"

Robert Underwood Johnson, the pôet and editor, declared at the University of New York's commencement that New York as a literary centre was ridiculous—that nowhere in this country was poetry more appreciated than in Boston, and nowhere less than in New York. "In fact," said Mr. Johnson afterward, "New York's love of poetry is about equal to the Earlham College boy's love of languages. In my sophomore year at Earlham this lad was visited hy his mother. 'Well, my dear,' sbe said to him, 'what languages have you decided to take up here?' 'I have decided to take up Pictish,' he replied. 'Pictish?' said his puzzled mother. 'Why Pictish?' 'Only five words of it remain,' said he."

Professor John Dewey of Columbia was talking about a legislator who bad turned traitor to the suffrage cause. "A man who could he so mean to woman," he said, "must be the original of the Clayton jail story. A convict in the Clayton jail, you know, managed to do a little flirting over the wall. He flirted for some weeks with a girl who milked the cows in a field adjoining the jail, and one evening he called to her, and they struck up a conversation. Every day after that, for a year or more, the girl came to the wall. Then the convict, getting tired of her, told her it was no use waiting for him, as he was in for life."

With the air of one who has not a moment to spare, she bustled into a booksbop. "I want a hook for my hushand, please," she began. "It's his birthday, and I want it for a present. He'll be forty-four next week, so show me quick what you have. I want nothing expensive, nor yet cheap. He's a mild-mannered man, and not fond of sports. So don't show me anything in that line, and for goodness' sake don't offer me any of those trashy novels; and, no matter how you may try to persuade me, I won't have anything in the line of history or biography. Come, I am in a hurry; can't you suggest something suitable after I have told you what kind of a hushand he is?" The assistant lifted down a small volume from one of the shelves. "Yes, ma'am," he answered, "I think I have the very thing. Here is a little book entitled 'How to Manage a Talking Machine.'"

Senator Thompson was talking about a recalcitrant witness who had appeared hefore one of the many committees of investigation in Washington. "The witness's memory," said Senator Thompson, "was faulty, superlatively faulty. But perhaps there was a reason for its faultiness, though not so open and plain a reason as in the case of Jinks. Jinks, poor fellow, visited New York during the hot spell, and for a week or more frequented roof gardens, sitting in the cool hreeze of an electric fan, a cigar always in one hand and an iced, transparent, heady drink always in the other. Jinks, at midnight one hot evening, appeared at his favorite roof garden, beckoned his favorite waiter, and said: 'Was—hic—Binks here tonight?' 'Yes, sir; he dined here, sir,' the waiter answered. 'Was I,' said Jinks, 'was I—bic—witb him?'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Touring Europe.

The roads were fine along the Rhine,
Our car was new.
We oiled the gear, ahandoned fear,
And fairly flew.

We couldn't glance at passing France
That land unique;
And Italy appeared to he
A flying streak.

Our trip, I guess, was a success,
We lucky were,
And every land, you understand,
Was hut a hlur.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Tragedies Told by the Types.

The tragedies, the tragedies
The headlines ever tell!
Like "Thought It Wasn't Loaded" and
"He Didn't Hear the Bell."
—*Los Angeles Express.*

The tragedies, the tragedies
We read on every side!
Like "Tried to Break a Record" and
"Mistaken for a Guide."
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

The tragedies, the tragedies
A lack of sense denote!
Like "Ventured in Deep Water" and
Worse still, "He Rocked the Boat."
—*Springfield Union.*

The tragedies, the tragedies
What damage we infer!
Like "Tried to Cross Before the Train"
And, too, "He Married Her."
—*Boston Transcript.*

The Chigger.

When the enterprising chigger is a-chigging,
And maturing his felonious little plan,
He loves to climh the lingerie and rigging
And tunnel into Annahel and Ann.

The chigger then with chloroform they smother;
His little hour of pleasure soon is o'er.
So, take this consideration with the other,
A chigger's life is pretty much a bore.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

Reciprocity.

Insurgency hath surged and then resurged,
Mid myriad speeches, spouted, roared, and splurged.
(Annotated with bracketed applause)
By the belligerent makers of the laws,
Nevertheless we see
(What is it?)
Reciprocity.

Great harricades against the hill were built,
Parties were rent, and scrapping hilt to hilt;
Cracker-box prophets prophesied to hoot
That Bill was getting off on the wrong foot.
Nevertheless we see
Finally
Reciprocity.

Serene and confident sat mighty Bill,
Letting opponents huck against his will,
'Til 'neath persistent pressure hrought to hear,
Pulverized, squelched, they melted into air,
And yielding finally
Voted for
Reciprocity.

Baffled opponents query now indeed,
"Upon what meat doth this, our William, feed,
That while to throw him down we lay in wait
He slipped one over on us, and grew great?"
For lo! Vox Populi
Belauds his
Reciprocity.
—*Dean Collins, in the Oregonian.*

And Where?

"I've been drugged and robbed," tbe gent did cry,
The policeman, one of those with kindly eye,
Being with such a statement tasked:
"Who was the druggist?" promptly asked.
—*Town Topics.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will he found in the following department:

Miss Lutie Collier sent notes to her friends recently announcing her engagement to Mr. Bergie Barry Beckett, an Eastern man who now resides in this city. Miss Collier is the daughter of Captain William B. Collier and a sister of Mrs. Atherton Macondray, Mrs. Royal McDonald of Oakland, the Misses Sarah and Dorothy Collier, and the Messrs. Page and William Collier.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Pence of Berkeley have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Ada Pence, to Mr. Lewis K. Underhill of this city.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Gertrude Macfarlane, formerly of Honolulu, and Captain W. W. Greene, commander of the *Chiyo Maru* and commodore-captain of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha line. Miss Macfarlane is the daughter of the late Colonel Macfarlane of Honolulu. She is residing with her mother, Mrs. Everett Mason Grimes, at her home on Pierce Street.

Colonel Archibald Douglas-Dick, C. B., and Mrs. Douglas-Dick of Scotland have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Isabelle Douglas-Dick to Lieutenant Ralph Fane Gladwin, an officer in the Scotch Guards. Miss Douglas Dick is a granddaughter of Mrs. Abby M. Parrott of San Mateo. The wedding will take place in October, when the Misses Emilie and Abbie Parrott will return from Hamburg to Scotland to be their cousin's bridesmaids.

At a dinner given by Mr. J. N. Cooper, at his home in Elmira, New York, Mrs. Minnie Sabin Cooper announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Helen Cooper, to Mr. William Mulford Cooper, who is a son of the host. Miss Cooper is a daughter of the late Dr. Charles E. Cooper, who founded the Cooper Medical College in this city. Mr. Cooper, who is a second cousin of his fiancée, is a graduate of Williams College, and a resident of Elmira, which will be the home of the young couple.

The wedding of Miss Adelaide Christine Linne and Mr. Charles Court Beadon of Devonshire took place Tuesday evening at Trinity Church. The bride is the daughter of Captain John Conrad Linne, U. S. N., and Mrs. Linne. Mr. Beadon is a grandson of Sir Cecil Beadon of England.

Miss Georgiana Jones, youngest daughter of ex-Senator John P. Jones and Mrs. Jones, will be married in Lucerne next Tuesday to Mr. Robert Walton of New York. Miss Jones is a niece of Mrs. George J. Bucknall of this city and a sister of Mrs. Farquhar of Santa Monica and Mrs. McMonnies of Paris, who is the wife of the sculptor. Senator and Mrs. Jones left recently for Europe to attend the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Helen Sidney-Smith and Mr. George Hood of Philadelphia will take place next Tuesday at St. Luke's Church on Van Ness Avenue. The bride will be attended by her sisters, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale and Mrs. George Pillsbury of West Point. Following the ceremony there will be a reception at the family home on Broadway and Webster Street.

Miss Dorothy Emily Chapman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman, will be married Tuesday, August 29, to Mr. Benjamin Sturtevant Foss, son of Governor Foss of Massachusetts and Mrs. Foss. Dean Gresham, assisted by the Rev. David Evans, will officiate at the ceremony, which will take place in Grace Pro-Cathedral Church. Miss Henriette Blanding will be the maid of honor, and the chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Avis Sherwood, Mauricia Mintzer, Dorothy Baker, Virginia Newhall, Agnes Tillmann, Florence Williams, Helen Foss, and Esther Foss. Mr. Howard Stannard will attend Mr. Foss as best man, and the ushers will be the Messrs. Wilberforce W. Williams, Ralph Rainsford, Hugh Fairlie, George H. Willcutt, Paige Monteagle, Bernard Ford, Sherwood Chapman, and Lucio Mintzer. A reception and wedding breakfast will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Chapman at the Century Club on Franklin and Sutter Streets.

The wedding of Miss Hazel Pierce and Mr. Percy Thurston Hincks will take place August 29 at the home on Chestnut Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Pierce. Miss Pierce will be attended by her sisters, the Misses Mabel and Franc Pierce, and Mr. Alfred Hincks will be his brother's best man.

Miss Florence Gibbons, daughter of Dr. Henry W. Gibbons, will be married on August 23 to Mr. Perry Evans of Berkeley. Miss Miriam Gibbons will be her sister's maid of honor and Mr. Evans will be attended by Mr. Charles Craig. Miss Gibbons is a sister of Mrs. Edward Shinkle, wife of Lieutenant Shinkle, U. S. A., the Misses Ida and Miriam Gibbons, and Dr. Morton Gibbons of this city. Mr. Evans is the son of Judge Oliver P. Evans and Mrs. Evans of Berkeley.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Taylor and Mr. Donald Parker Heminway will take place September 5 at the home on Pine Street of the bride's mother, Mrs. Thomas G. Taylor.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin was hostess at an informal luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Jennie Blair was hostess recently at a dinner and Orpheum party in honor of Mr. Rude of Seattle.

Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland entertained a few friends at a luncheon and theatre party last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt entertained at an informal dinner at their residence on Broadway and Scott Street. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, Miss Innes Keeney, and Mr. Thornwell Mullally.

Mrs. Sprague Magruder gave a tea recently in honor of her niece, Miss Dorothy Danforth, and Miss Janet Klink. Miss Danforth will go abroad with her mother, Mrs. Edward Danforth, for an indefinite stay, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fletcher in Yonkers, New York.

Mrs. William Griffith Henshaw and her daughter, Miss Florence Henshaw, entertained their friends at a picnic Tuesday evening in the grove near Mira Vista.

A picnic supper, which was given at the Hope ranch by Mr. Loring Coleman of Montecito, was followed by a dance, which was given at the Potter Country Club by Mr. and Mrs. Todd Ford and Miss Nina Jones.

Miss Nina Jones was hostess at a dinner Saturday evening at the Hotel Potter.

Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith entertained a few friends at a dinner Saturday evening at her home on Laguna Street, the guests being Mrs. Roy Pike, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, Mrs. J. C. Wilson and Miss Virginia Joliffe.

Miss Anna Weller will be the guest of honor at a luncheon which will be given Monday, August 21, by Miss Ila Sonntag.

Mr. Edward L. Eyre, Jr., entertained about fifty of his friends at a dance Wednesday evening in Menlo.

Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps was hostess at a garden fête Thursday at her home in San Carlos.

Captain Shaw, U. S. A., and Mrs. Shaw entertained at a dinner and bridge party last week at their home in the Presidio.

Mrs. Metcalfe, wife of Captain Metcalfe, U. S. A., was hostess at a bridge tea Thursday afternoon.

The officers of the Presidio will give a reception Wednesday, August 23, at the Officers' Club in the Presidio. The affair will be in honor of the officers of the four troops of the First Cavalry and the officers of Battery E, Second Field Artillery.

Miss Maye Coburn will be hostess at a luncheon Monday at the Francesca Club in honor of Miss Anna Weller.

Miss Henriette Blanding entertained a number of friends over the week-end at her home in Belvedere. Among the guests were Miss Dorothy Chapman and Mr. Benjamin S. Foss.

Golf and Polo.

Miss Florence Hopkins won the cup given Saturday by Richard D. Girvin for the ladies' qualifying round played on the Menlo golf links. The trophy donated by Mr. Edward Byrne for the men's qualifying round was won by Mr. Chapin Tuhhs.

The Messrs. Worthington Ames, H. O. Beatty, and Charles K. McIntosh arranged the plays for Sunday according to the results of Saturday's tournament. In the final score Mr. Perry Eyre won from Mr. Tuhhs, and thereby became the permanent possessor of the Beach Thompson cup, which he first won in the tournament played July 4.

Since the return of Mr. John Lawson from London and Mr. Paul Verdier from Paris polo has been taken up with renewed interest and regular matches are played twice a week in the El Cerrito and Carolan polo fields. Among the players are the Messrs. George Garritt, John Lawson, Eugene de Coulon, Harry Hastings, Elliott McAllister, Edward Tobin, Orville Pratt, Richard Tobin, Douglas Alexander, and Paul Verdier.

To overcome the heavy grade of a long, hard mountain road, shorten the distance between Carpenteria and Ventura by nine miles, and provide the Rincon sea-level houlevard the Santa Barhara Chamher of Commerce is endeavoring to raise by subscription half of the $100,000 required. Ventura County has promised the other half of the amount, which will he used to construct a steel hridge over Ventura River. The distance between the cities is now twenty-four miles. Efforts are heing made to interest all chamhers of commerce and automohile clubs in the proposition, and to that end a representative of the Santa Barhara chamher visited San Francisco this week, meeting with pleasing encouragement.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The theatrical season will he inaugurated at the cozy Savoy Theatre this Sunday afternoon, when the favorite German comedian, Max Dill, will hegin an engagement limited to one week in "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer," that amusing musical comedy hy Harry B. Smith and Ludwig Englander. The jovial little funmaker will he cast to perfection as the eccentric Hoggenheimer with the ponderous hank account, and his support will he the hest that he has ever had. Lilian Coleman, his prima donna soprano, well known in San Francisco, will he Flora Fair, and her voice will he heard to advantage in "Bye and Bye" and "In Vaudeville." Cecil Cowles, another San Franciscan, hest known for her pianistic talent, will make her musical comedy dehut as the Duchess of Bedlam, introducing a song of her own composition, "Miss Pale Pink Parasol," which she will sing with Melvin Stokes, the tenor, late with Lulu Glaser and Frank Daniels. Lucille Palmer, a piquant souhrette, will he the Amy Leigh and will sing "I've a Garden in Sweden," "I'm Glad I'm a Boy," and "The Bagpipe Serenade." Jack Pollard and Alf Goulding, young graduates from the Pollard Opera Company and singers and dancers, will have congenial rôles, and Marta Golden, a favorite here, will play Mrs. Hoggenheimer. There are a dozen other speaking parts in the cast, and the feminine portion of the chorus will consist of thirty girls. The costumes, scenic and light effects, and general accessories will all he of the hest. In addition to the Sunday matinée at the Savoy there will he afternoon performances on Thursday and Saturday.

The second and last week of the engagement of "The Girl in the Taxi" at the Columhia Theatre will hegin on Sunday night next. Matinées are given on Wednesday and Saturday. The past week at the Columbia has seen the playhouse well filled with admirers of "The Girl" and a continuation of the large attendance throughout the second week is apparent from the very hig advance sale.

The Pianophiend Minstrels, featuring Ben Linn and Ila Grannon, and consisting of Misses Dixie Crane, Audrey Kelcey, Rita Ravensburg, and Messrs. Boyd Marshall, Stewart Jackson, Victor Stone, and Jack C. Claire will head the Orpheum hill next week. It is the newest version of Jesse L. Lasky's well-known Pianophiends. This season the act is presented with all new songs. Mr. Linn is known as the singer of "No One Loves a Fat Man," and Miss Ila Grannon, the clever ingénue, has some catchy ditties. Boh Pender's Giants, English comedians and pantomimists, will also appear. Their act is called "The Long and the Short of It" and consists of a variety of stunts indulged in hy the eight artists who compose it. Carlton, the long magician, will he an entertaining feature of the new hill. He is a celehrated English music-hall entertainer, who couples fun with dexterity in his feats of legerdemain. Karl Emmy will introduce his pets to the Orpheum audiences next week in the spectacular comedy, "Isn't She Terrihle?" The pets are ten of the cleverest little terriers, who exhihit wonderful proficiency in acrohatics. Next week will he the last of Connelly and Wehh, Deiro, Morny Cash, and Nana, the famous Parisian danseuse.

The annual concert of the Bohemian Club will take place at the Central Theatre Friday afternoon, August 25, at half-past two, when the play given at Bohemian Grove last Saturday night, "The Green Knight," will receive its only public presentation. The play, the hook of which is hy Porter Garnett and the music hy Edward G. Stricklen, will he interpreted hy a chorus of sixty male voices and an orchestra of sixty picked musicians, and the Central Theatre was selected on account of its large seating capacity. As this will he the only chance for the lady friends of the Bohemians and the general puhlic to hear "The Green Knight" a packed house is assured. Seats will he ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Monday morning at nine o'clock.

The new and heautiful Cort Theatre will be opened in a fortnight, on Saturday evening, Septemher 2, with "Bahy Mine," the comedy success of two continents, which had New York in a delirium of laughter for one solid year at Daly's Theatre and which is now exciting London's risibilities at Sir Charles Wyndham's Criterion Theatre for the second year. The attraction comes under the direction of Wm. A. Brady, Ltd., and the cast includes many San Francisco favorites. The Cort Theatre is splendidly located on Ellis Street, near Market, and the box-office will open Wednesday morning, August 30.

"The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" will he followed at the Savoy Theatre hy an elahorate revival of that sterling drama, "Jim, the Penman," presented hy Florence Roherts, Thurlow Bergen, and Theodore Roberts, supported by a capahle company.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Coulon at Burlingame has been hrightened hy the advent of a son.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson has gone to Paso Robles for a stay of two weeks.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett left Tuesday for Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and their children have returned from Lake Tahoe and are again at their country home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson have opened their town house on Pacific Avenue for the season.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and her daughters, the Misses Harriet, Janetta, and Mary Alexander, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Miss Ethel Mary Crocker at their home, New Place, in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody have returned to town after their summer outing.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Arabella Schwerin, and Master Dick Schweriu have returned to San Mateo from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Stetson have returned to Burlingame, after a two weeks' automobile trip.

Mr. Frederick Whitwell has returned to Boston, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Howard in San Mateo.

Mr. Drummond MacGavin left Tuesday evening for a two months' trip through Siskiyou and Trinity counties. During his absence Mrs. MacGavin will remain in this city.

Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt returned to Lake Tahoe, after having spent several days in town.

Mrs. Alexander Loughborough and her niece, Miss Bessie Zane, are contemplating going abroad this fall to visit Mrs. Allen Wallace, who was formerly Miss Fannie Loughborough.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft and Mr. Hubert Bancroft have returned from Ætna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wores have returned from Honolulu.

Mrs. Lane-Leonard and her little daughter left today for Del Monte, where they will remain a month. They returned a few days ago from Pleasanton, where they have been spending the summer with Mrs. Hearst.

Mr. and Mrs. John Johns have returned to San Mateo, after a visit in Santa Cruz, where Mr. Johns has been convalescing from his recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Miss Etta Warren are among the recent visitors to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton and their daughters, the Misses Louise and Jennie Easton, will leave next month for Europe.

Mr. John Carrigan has returned from Lake Tahoe, where he has been the guest of Mrs. Charles Brigham.

Captain Isaac Erwin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Erwin, who have been residing at the Presidio for the past year, left Saturday for their new post at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Miss Cora Smedberg is visiting her aunt, Mrs. G. F. Ashton, at her apartment in the St. Xavier on Pacific Avenue during the absence of her mother, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, who is spending a few weeks at the Presidio, Monterey, with her son-in-law and daughter, Major G. W. McIvor, U. S. A., and Mrs. McIvor.

Dr. William E. Hopkins and Mrs. Hopkins sailed today on the *Olympic* for Europe.

Mrs. Andrew Simpson and her daughter, Miss Beatrice Simpson, and Miss Elsa Schilling returned Wednesday from Europe. Miss Schilling went directly to Woodside, where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Schilling, are established in their country home, which they purchased during their daughter's absence from Mrs. Edgar F. Preston.

Miss Edith Treanor and Miss Johanna Volkman are guests at the Schilling home.

Mr. Dudley Gunn was tbe guest over Sunday of Mr. Austin Moore at his home in San Mateo.

The Misses Ysobel, Marie, and Elena Brewer left yesterday for Los Angeles to reside indefinitely. They have been spending the past three years in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld and their daughter, Miss Margaret Scheld, will arrive from Inverness Monday, and after a brief visit in this city they will return to their home in Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. Scheld have recently purchased the Chalet in Inverness, which was formerly owned by Miss Constance Meek.

Mrs. James Cunningham and her daughters, the Misses Sarah, Elizabeth, and Mary Cunningham, arrived Friday from New York and are established in their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall have given up their flat in town and will spend the next year in San Rafael, where they have rented a house.

Mrs. Robert McMillan, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, will leave early in September for her home at Fort Hamilton. She will be accompanied by Mrs. Silas Palmer, who will go East for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran have returned to their home in Menlo, after spending a few days in town.

Mr. Robert McCleay arrived last week from Portland to visit his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant, at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green and their son, Mr. Eldridge Green, have returned from Europe.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and her daughter, Mrs. Isobel Strong, of Santa Barbara, have been visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister and Miss Ethel McAllister have returned from the East.

Monsieur and Mme. Francois de Tessan are here from Paris for a visit of several weeks. They accompanied Mr. Paul Verdier, Mme. de Tessan's brother, on his return trip from Europe, where he spent two months with his relatives.

Mr. William F. Herrin and Mr. Frank Michael bave returned from Europe.

Judge William Carey Van Fleet and his daughter, Miss Julia Van Fleet, have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Among the officers who arrived Tuesday on the transport *Buford* were Colonel Charles Richard, U. S. A., Medical Corps; Major William H. Wilson, U. S. A., Medical Corps; Major William F. Lewis, U. S. A., Medical Corps; Captain Charles C. Pulis, U. S. A., Second Field Artillery; Lieutenant-Colonel Robert H. Getty, U. S. A., Seventh Infantry; Major Henry Ferguson, U. S. A., Fifteenth Infantry. Major Ferguson has joined his wife, son, and daughter, who have been residing on Broadway during his absence in Manila.

Miss Cornelia Kempff has returned from Lake Tahoe, wbere she was the guest of Mrs. Charles Brigham.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin have returned from a visit in Ross and are again in their Menlo home.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting have returned to town for the season.

Judge N. A. Dorn and Mrs. Dorn bave returned from an automobile trip through Northern California.

Lieutenant-Colonel Richmond P. Davis, U. S. A., has gone to Washington, D. C., on official business.

Mrs. Allyne von Schrader has been entertaining her parents, Judge Bond and Mrs. Bond, of St. Louis, at her home in the Presidio. They left Saturday for Southern California.

Mr. Clement Miller of Delaware is the guest of Mr. Ward Maillard at his home in Belvedere.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker will leave September 14 for the East to place her second daughter, Miss Kate Crocker, in school. They will be accompanied by Mr. Harry Crocker, who will return to Taft's.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kip, who have been residing in Berkeley, will spend the winter at the Hotel Monroe in this city. They have as their guests their son-in-law and daughter, Dr. Guy Edie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Edie, of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Edie was formerly Miss Clementine Kip, granddaughter of the late Bishop William Ingram Kip and Mrs. Kip. Her sister, Mrs. Robinson, formerly Miss Mary Kip, is the wife of Dr. Robinson of Kansas City. Dr. and Mrs. Edie are en route to the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering and their little daughter have returned from Santa Barbara, where they have been spending the summer.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker, who came down from Castle Crag to attend the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker, returned Friday evening and was accompanied by the Misses Katherine and Christine Donahoe and the Messrs. Corbett, Joseph, and Francis Moody, Mr. Austin Tubbs, and Mr. Joseph Donahoe, who will remain at Castle Crag until August 24, when Mrs. Baker will close her cottage and return to town.

Captain William B. Collier and his daughters, Mrs. Atherton Macondray, the Misses Dorothy, Sarah, and Lutie Collier, have closed their country home at Lakeport and are again occupying their Pacific Avenue residence.

Miss Agnes Tillmann has gone to Lake Tahoe for a brief visit.

Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, Miss Isahel Beaver, and Miss Dora Winn have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Lovell Langstroth bas returned from an outing in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Cecil Marrack, widow of the Rev. Dr. Marrack, has gone to the Philippines, where she and her children will reside with her father, General Feheger, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker returned Sunday to their ranch in Shasta County, after a few days' visit with their relatives in this city. Mrs. Baker, who was formerly Miss Ramona Danner, is a bride of a few months and has resided in Seattle since leaving San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Yerrington of Carson, Nevada, are spending a few weeks in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Bliss, Jr., came down from Lake Tahoe last week to spend a few days in town.

Miss Celia O'Connor has returned from Burlingame, where she was the guest of Mrs. Max Rothschild.

Mrs. Willard Drown and her children and Miss Virginia Joliffe have returned from Miramar.

Mr. Clinton E. Worden has returned from Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Worden and her mother, Mrs. A. N. Towne, are expected home next week.

Miss Lillie Lawlor is occupying her apartment in Paris, where she will remain until October, when she will return to her studio in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter have been spending the past few weeks at the Plaza Hotel in New York.

Mrs. Marshall Field has been spending the summer at her villa, Griswolden, in Lucerne. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Beveridge (formerly Miss Katherine Eddy) and their children are at present the guests of Mrs. Field, who will return in September to Paris, where she has an apartment in the Avenue Hoche.

Mr. Frederick W. Hall and his daughter, Miss Myra Hall, will spend the winter at the Claremont Country Club in Oakland.

Miss Bessie Bowie has arrived from Paris and is visiting her aunts, the Misses May and Fannie Friedlander, at their home on Pacific Avenue. Miss Bowie bas been residing for several years in Paris, where she is studying vocal music.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin G. Lathrop, formerly of this city, are at present in London, where Mrs. Lathrop recently appeared at an historic recital which she gave at Bechstein Hall.

Mrs. Alma Graves White has returned from Los Gatos, where she has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Robert N. Graves.

Miss Grace Ewing, who is here from New York on a visit to her relatives, bas returned from a three weeks' stay in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Van Sicklen, the Misses Hilda and Dorothy Van Sicklen of Alameda, and Miss Lillian Van Vorst are at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins have returned to their home in Mill Valley, after a visit in Pleasanton with Mrs. Edward Griffiths and her son, Mr. Millin Griffiths.

Miss Persis and Miss Janet Coleman have been spending the past week in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali have returned from San Jose, where they spent a week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali.

Mr. George H. Willcutt has returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Johnston bave leased an apartment on Pacific Avenue near Steiner Street. They will remain a few weeks longer in their cottage in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Oxnard returned Monday from Stag's Leap, Napa County, where they spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase.

Mr. Allan Van Fleet spent the week-end in Aptos as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findley Monteagle motored to Del Monte and returned to town Monday. They were accompanied by the Misses Mary and Elizabeth Cunningham of New York and the Messrs. Paige and Kenneth Monteagle.

Consul-General Matsuza Nagai and Mme. Nagai sailed on the *Chiyo Maru* for Japan, where they will visit their relatives.

Mrs. Lee Cole Burnham of Oakland has gone to Banff to meet her mother and sister, Mrs. William Clift and Miss Jean Clift, who are en route home from Europe. Upon their arrival they will join Mr. and Mrs. Irving Lundborg and Miss Florence Lundborg, with whom they will go to Los Gatos for a visit of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hastings (formerly Miss Brooke Ross) are spending this month in the Adirondacks. Mr. Hastings, who accompanied Mme. Tetrazzini on her last tour here, bas been engaged as one of the soloists for this season at the summer festival at Ocean Grove near New York.

Mr. John Parrott and his daughters, the Misses Emily, Abbie, and Josephine Parrott, have recently been visiting in Hamburg. During their absence Mrs. Parrott and Miss Barbara remained at Folkstone, where the Parrott family are spending the summer.

Mrs. E. Walton Hedges and her son, Master E. Walton Hedges, Jr., will spend the next few weeks in Burlingame as the guest of Mrs. Hedges's sister, Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden.

Mr. Charles Page Bryan, who has recently been appointed ambassador to Japan, will visit San Francisco en route to his embassy. For the past two years Mr. Bryan has been American minister in Brussels, where the legation was the most hospitable centre in the Belgian capital. Mr. Bryan has been in the diplomatic service for fifteen years and is one of the most popular representatives of this country.

Governor Foss of Massachusetts, Mrs. Foss, the Misses Helen and Esther Foss, and Mr. Howard Stannard have arrived from the East to attend the wedding of Miss Dorothy Emily Chapman and Mr. Benjamin Sturtevant Foss.

Captain Louis S. Chappelear, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chappelear have returned from Southern California and are again at their home at the Presidio.

Lieutenant J. G. Ord, U. S. A., of the Thirtieth Infantry, has gone to Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, on official duty.

Captain Clarence Deems, Jr., U. S. A., First Field Artillery, will return next month from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and will sail October 5 for duty in Honolulu.

Colonel J. C. Brooks, U. S. A., Coast Artillery Corps, has returned to the Presidio, after spending several days in Bohemian Grove.

Captain Brook Payne, U. S. A., Third Field Artillery, has arrived from Washington, D. C., and will sail September 5 for the Philippine Islands for duty with a battalion of the Second Field Artillery.

Major-General Leonard Wood, U. S. A., bas returned to Washington, D. C., from Panama, where he has been inspecting the fortifications of the Panama Canal. During his absence Major-General Arthur Murry, U. S. A., was acting chief of staff of the army, and will now assume the duties of assistant chief until the arrival in Washington of General Carter, who has been on the Mexican border. General Murry will then come to this city, where he has been appointed commanding general of the Western Division. He will be accompanied by his wife and two daughters.

Miss Cora de Marville, who spent the month of July at Etretat, is now motoring with friends through La Bretagne. She will pass the month of August at La Baule, on the western coast of France. Dr. de Marville remains in Paris throughout the summer.

Miss Anna Miller Wood and Miss Mary Pierce, who have been visiting Miss Genevieve Harvey at her country home at Galt, have returned to Berkeley. Miss Wood is planning to leave for Boston August 22.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson and Miss Kate Peterson of Belvedere are visiting Mrs. H. P. Miller of Santa Barbara for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. H. Ferguson and their son expect to leave for Philadelphia during the first week in September. They will be in the East for about four months.

Among those who will go down to Del Monte to join in the golfing festivities, either to compete for honors themselves or to cheer their friends on to victory, are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kohl, Mrs. Dan Murphy, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. Richard D. Girvin, Mr. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. Harry Hastings, Mr. Carroll Cook of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell of Menlo, Mr. C. B. Wingate, Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Hayne, Mrs. G. A. Pope, Mr. W. P. Scott, Mrs. J. J. Crooks of San Rafael, Mr. Dennis Scarles, Mr. Cuyler Lee, Mr. R. M. Eyre, Mr. J. P. Neville, Mr. Wickham Havens of Piedmont, Dr. Fredericks of Claremont, Mr. W. F. Garby, Mr. Percy Selby, Miss F. E. Braverman, Miss C. Morgan, Miss Mayo Newhall, and Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado for the week included Mr. M. L. Patterson, Mr. D. L. Walter, Mr. W. A. Krug, Mr. H. I. Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Athole McBean, Mr. G. J. Scharlach, Mr. H. B. Stedman, Mr. M. A. Mooser, Mr. George Bean, Mr. Percy L. Davis.

Among recent arrivals at Ætna Springs were Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Bowman, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Mackenzie, Mr. G. R. Childs, Miss Adora Netterville, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Esberg, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, Miss Alice Duffey, Dr. Walter Winterberg, Mr. Theodore A. Bell.

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Argosy and Argonaut	4.40
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	7.00
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.20
Century and Argonaut	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	4.20
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	4.70
Forum and Argonaut	6.00
Harper's Bazar and Argonaut	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	6.80
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	6.80
House Beautiful and Argonaut	6.00
International Magazine and Argonaut	4.50
Judge and Argonaut	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut	7.00
Life and Argonaut	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut	4.40
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut	6.80
Out West and Argonaut	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	5.90
Puck and Argonaut	7.75
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	5.00
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut	6.00
Smart Set and Argonaut	5.25
St. Nicholas and Argonaut	6.00
Sunset and Argonaut	4.50
Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	6.50
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune Former and Argonaut	4.15



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Santa Fe

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Say, Henry!" "Well?" "I wish you would crank up this ice-cream freezer for me."—*Pittsburg Post.*

"It's an awful come-down for a man." "What is?" "When he's five miles up in the air and his gasoline gives out"—*Houston Post.*

"I know what Lucrezia Borgia would do if she lived today." "What?" "She'd go around wearing poisoned hatpins."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Brown—That is the worst-behaved kid I ever saw. Do you know his parents? *Jones*—His father is one of those scientific management experts.—*Puck.*

Mother—What did you do with that dime I gave you for taking your medicine? *Tommy*—I gave Jimmy half of it to take the medicine for me.—*Toledo Blade.*

Binks—Confound it! I've gone and sat down on that chair I varnished this morning. *Mrs. Binks*—Well, for once you've stuck to your work.—*Boston Transcript.*

Millionaire (addressing Sunday-school class)—Why do folks call me a philanthropist? *Precocious Child (shrilly)*—Because they don't know you.—*Toledo Blade.*

Seedy Visitor (at seaside)—Do you have many wrecks about here, boatman? *Boatman*—Not very many, sir. You're the first I've seen this season.—*Santa Cruz Alert.*

Customer—How much for that suit of clothes, if I pay cash? *Tailor*—Forty dollars. *Customer*—How much on credit? *Tailor*—Eighty dollars, half of it down.—*Toledo Blade.*

"Where are you going?" "I don't know. I'm just going." "If that's the case, why go?" "It's time for the girl next door to take her vocal lesson."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"One can accomplish much by utilizing spare moments." "That's right. That tall girl yonder has read seven summer novels this season while she was dummy at bridge."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"What has become of that man who said Mars is habitable?" "He made the mistake of convincing too many people. There wasn't enough skepticism to keep up a fairly interesting controversy."—*Washington Star.*

"Father, the duke has proposed, and we want to be married immediately." "All right. Here's a check for your million. Tell the duke to step in and I'll give him a dollar to get the license."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

First Trustee—But this ancient institution of learning will fail unless something is done. *Second Trustee*—True, but what can we do? We have already raised the tuition until it is almost 1 per cent of the fraternity fees.—*Puck.*

Mrs. Byrom—That's the kind of husband to have! Did you hear Mr. Dike tell his wife to go and look at some $100 hats. *Mr. Byrom*—My dear, have I ever deprived you of the privilege of looking at $100 hats?—*Chicago Daily News.*

"What made you tell me Philadelphia was a slow town?" said the man from the West. "I found it exceedingly rapid." "It only seems that way," replied the New Yorker, "because so many people are hurrying to get out of it."—*Washington Star.*

"That's a pretty good idea of the French playwright who is willing to fight everybody who criticizes him. I'd like to see our American playwrights imitate him." "But some of them might get killed." "Why, yes, of course."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Nothing is ever totally lost or destroyed," said the professor of physics. "In that case," said the simple frank person, "how do you explain the fact that everybody loses umbrellas when you never meet anybody who has found one?"—*Washington Star.*

"Don't you enjoy having summer boarders?" "Not much," replied Mr. Corntossel. "Most of them read the comic papers. Mandy insists on my eating with my knife and saying 'b'gosh' so as to keep 'em convinced that I'm a regular farmer."—*Washington Star.*

"Ethel," said Mr. Brown, "I want you to give that young man of yours a little message from me." "Yes, father," said Ethel, blushing. "Tell him that your mother and father don't object to his carrying the morning paper away with him when he leaves."—*Tit-Bits.*

"Some of the primitive instincts linger in the highest civilization," said the statesman. "Yes," replied the ethnologist; "many of our communities can not get away from the idea savages all have that a man who manages to get possession of a high silk hat is thereby qualified to be a leader."—*Washington Star.*

Archie—I've been takin' a course of memory-trainin'. It's a wonderful system—doubled my memory power in a month. *Friend*—Really. What's the name of it? *Archie*—Oh—er—dash it, it's slipped me for the moment; but it's near—er—you know—what's his name's in Thingummy Street.—*Punch.*

"Think of the golden moments you have wasted playing bridge," said the serious friend. "Yes," replied Mrs. Glimgilt, regretfully, "besides a lot of silver coin and paper currency."—*Washington Star.*

"I received a great reception when I called at the Browns' last evening. Why, when I was leaving the whole family came to the door with me." "Well, you see, some one took three umbrellas out of their hall-rack a few evenings ago."—*St. Louis Censor.*

"Please tell me your name and address?" asked the depot reporter of a middle-aged negress. "Ab's Mrs. Ca'tab from Co'fox." "Whom have you been visiting, Mrs. Carter?" she was asked. "Ab's been visiting de ol' colo'd woman down de track beah a couple blocks fo' about a week. Ab can't jus' 'member her name."—*Success Magazine.*

When Samuel G. Blythe, the writer, was editing a newspaper in New York State, a green reporter one night turned in a long and thrilling story regarding the rough treatment handed out to John Smith, a visitor to the town. The story related that Mr. Smith, wearing a high silk hat, had ventured down to the docks after nightfall, and, a silk hat being unusual and provocative of antagonisms in that section, Mr. Smith had emerged from among the dock hands without the hat. Nevertheless, he carried out of the mêlée so many wounds, cuts, and bruises that he had to be sent to the hospital. The article in its original form was too long, and not in keeping with the style of the paper. Accordingly Blythe started to rewrite it. This is the form in which it appeared in the paper the next morning: "John Smith, wearing a high silk hat, went down to the docks last night.—Emergency Hospital."



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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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What Is the Law, Between Friends?

The board of works has demanded from the supervisors, and is about to receive from them, a four months' appropriation for sewer and street work instead of for one month only as provided by the law. Upon this point the city charter is so explicit, so precise, and so emphatic that even a supervisor can understand it. The charter says:

> It shall not be lawful for the supervisors or for any board, department, officer, or authority having power to create liabilities against the treasury to incur, authorize, allow, contract for, pay or render payable in the present or future, in any one month, any expenditure demands or demand against any appropriation which, taken in connection with all other expenditures, indebtedness, or liability made or incurred up to the time in such month of making or incurring the same, shall exceed one-twelfth part of the amount of the appropriation for the fiscal year.

Of course there is an excuse for this piece of knavery. The time, we are told, is "propitious" for street work, and it may rain before the end of the year, a possibility that was not foreseen by those who made the charter. The time is also "propitious" for buying the votes of the laborers who are now out of work and therefore likely to vote against the administration unless they are nursed to the polls in the usual way. The only man who can stop this piece of illegality is the auditor, who has taken an oath to sustain the law and whose chance of reëlection ought to depend upon his action in this particular matter. What has the auditor to say to this impudent defiance of the charter?

The Peril of the Demagogue.

Each new "investigation"—and they are sufficiently many—into the processes of government at Washington during recent years serves to expose the characteristic qualities of Mr. Roosevelt. Two weeks ago Mr. Roosevelt himself, testifying before a congressional committee, confessed to having arbitrarily suspended the laws as they affected the operations of the Steel Trust, upon representations by Mr. Morgan and others that it would stop a panic which he—Roosevelt—had started. It was shown by other witnesses that under this suspension of law Mr. Morgan and his associates had made a deal netting them a profit of considerably more than twenty millions of dollars. This week it is shown before another committee that out of tender consideration for another trust—the Corn Products Company—Mr. Roosevelt arbitrarily reversed rulings made by boards especially commissioned to interpret the pure food law. Finding it difficult to sell glucose syrup under its familiar commercial name, the trust wanted permission to style their product "corn syrup." The boards referred to denied this application, but a reviewing board, made up of Mr. Roosevelt's own Cabinet secretaries, yielding directly to his wishes, granted the appeal. Glucose syrup was thus permitted to be put upon the market under a misleading and fraudulent name.

All of which goes to demonstrate that Mr. Roosevelt's administrative practice was lawless and arbitrary. In the presidency he made himself a law unto himself, acting in matters great and small upon the principle—"I am the state." This was apparent enough to those who looked beneath the surface of things during the period of his presidency, but it has always been denied by those so blinded by his pretensions as not to be able to see behind them. Current congressional investigations, worse than useless in relation to the things they are planned to show up, are nevertheless useful in putting before the country a series of sober and authoritative records illustrating the character of the most dangerous demagogue the country has ever known, and showing how serious a thing it is when powers of arbitrary action are put into the hands of a man who does not hold himself subject to other restraints than his chance wishes and his private will.

The Hearst papers, which the *Argonaut* does not often find it easy to commend, are doing a real service in connection with these exposures by analyzing the facts and pointing their true moral. "The lesson to be derived from the exposures of Mr. Roosevelt's character," declares an article in the *Examiner* of last Monday, "is not that the country should be on its guard against Titanic deviltry and monstrous and wilful wickedness. The lesson is that the country should be on its guard against vain and inflated men who roar like lions and run like deer." Proceeding, the article points out that men of the demagogic type are immensely useful to the interests because "predatory politics absolutely requires for its existence the services of such men." The people are never deceived by the open agents of the interests, for such men dare not face the public at the polls. The need of the interests therefore is for demagogic mountebanks who know the trick of getting themselves foisted into places of responsibility, and who may be depended upon in every emergency to deliver over their authority to be conjured with in any way that may be desired—as, for example, in the deal between the Steel Trust and the Tennessee Iron and Coal Company; and in the minor deal with the Corn Products Company. "The great monopolists," says this article, "could not live through a summer season if the truck-gardens of politics did not yield an unfailing supply of little Roosevelts"—creatures like Hiram Johnson, Meyer Lissner, and the rag-tag and bob-tail of loud-shouting and shifty "reform" as we have it in California. By a happy characterization the article defines this sort of thing as "the cult of verbal vehemence and moral cowardice." In a single word—Rooseveltism.

We have in all this the suggestion of a new and really serviceable muck-rake. The original muck-rake was an engine of detraction and destruction, especially devised to apply to men of high capacity and achievement in business affairs. The new muck-rake appears to be planned to bring to light the true character of those who set themselves up as moral lights and guides. Muck-raking in any form is not a pleasant business; it calls for qualities of mind which it is not easy to regard with high esteem. But it must be admitted that the new sort of muck-raking—that which Mr. Hearst appears to have taken up seriously—may serve a useful purpose if it be held consistently to the work which it has entered upon with such intelligence and vigor. It will be easy to overlook some of the minor abuses of the Hearst journalism if it shall give over its energies to exposing the pious frauds who have hitherto held a monopoly of the muck-raking game. The *Argonaut* would be loath to give to Mr. Hearst's scheme of journalism a certificate of moral health, but it is prepared to concede something to it if it will exercise its powers with a consistent honesty and thoroughness upon the "cult of verbal vehemence and moral cowardice." It is an evil which cries aloud for a scourge, for it has done more to destroy confidence in our system, to undermine patriotism, than all other influences put together.

Lest We Forget.

San Francisco is free at last from the incubus styled, quite irrationally, the graft prosecution. It was in no sense a graft prosecution, but rather a movement which fraudulently assumed a worthy name as a mask for dishonest purposes and corrupt procedures. So little did it seek to prosecute graft that it shamelessly trafficked with the chief criminals, even to the extent of contracting to give immunity to some seventeen of them, including Abraham Ruef, the greatest scoundrel of all. Its whole malice was expended, not in the prosecution of criminality, but in a savage attempt at vengeance upon business rivals and private enemies. Its methods were those of a vicious resentment, acting through terrorized and bribed officials and other subservient aids, all under the cover of a gross imposture of morality and sanctity.

At last, after a demoralizing career of something more than four years, this fraudulent and shameless movement is dead and buried. It now remains to be seen whether the end has come soon enough to enable San Francisco to hold a municipal election undisturbed by the intriguings and bargainings which were the natural and inevitable accompaniments of procedures so desperate. P. H. McCarthy was elected mayor of San Francisco two years ago under influences directly growing out of the so-called graft contention; and if this coming November he shall be reëlected it will be due to the same influences. Such has been the price—or part of the price—paid by San Francisco in tribute to the pride, the ambition, the greed, and the stubborn arrogance of two detestable and detested men. The third is hardly to be considered, since his part in these affairs was that of a soldier of fortune, a Dugald Dalgetty, working merely for his fee and accepting it in the most sordid spirit.

But at last San Francisco is free from this incubus.

The corpse is out of the way; and even though its ghost may for a time disturb our peace it, too, with process of years will be gone. There is natural and widespread rejoicing that a condition in many ways so obviously fatal to community prosperity has been exorcised; and we hear it said by many, as if an end had come to all our troubles, that now San Francisco may turn her face towards new things, going forward prospering and to prosper.

Men and brethren, be not deceived. The end of the graft prosecution is indeed a moral and material advantage, and as such a substantial forward step. But the graft prosecution has only been one among our disturbances. Let it not be forgotten that this movement was itself a mere sequence—that it came directly as a consequence of labor domination in our affairs. For if we had had no labor politics we would have had no Ruef, no Schmitz, no Gallagher, no Boxton *et al.;* and without these worthies we would have had no graft prosecution. The fundamental evil was that of a special and sinister interest foisted into political authority in alliance with criminality.

Now we shall have no surcease of the evils which brought on the graft prosecution and which were only accentuated by it until we shall win for San Francisco freedom in industry. It is worse than idle to talk about prosperity for this or any city while it gives itself over to the dominance of a special and sordid interest, adjusting its industry, its politics, its social order in obedience to the suggestions of that interest. Criminally organized labor, with its accompaniment of sinister politics, has practically destroyed our industries, debauched our political life, demoralized the aims and methods of our social order. And these evils will stay with us until we shall find means to rebuke the pretensions of organized labor, to break loose its grip from our industry and our politics. The condition fundamentally essential to revival of prosperity in San Francisco is the attainment of freedom in industry with its accompaniment of freedom and legitimacy in politics.

The Tariff Bill Veto.

The tariff bill cooked up by the Democrats and insurgent Republicans for the purpose of "putting Taft in a hole" has met the fate universally foretold for it. The President has vetoed it for reasons entirely legitimate and proper. It represents, he says, no definite principle, no consistent purpose, no harmonious plan. In other words, it is a creation of "politics" rather than of statecraft. Congress, the President points out, has made provision for a scientific study of the tariff scheme with the idea of imposing such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad. It is the duty of Congress, he points out, in reorganizing the tariff schedules to deal with them "on the basis of ascertained facts rather than hastily and without knowledge." He designates the bill before him as a compromise between a tariff-for-revenue and a tariff-protection bill, and he sees in it uncertainty and therefore menace. Pledging himself anew, the President declares that when he shall have information justifying such action he will present to Congress a specific recommendation for reduction of the wool schedules—this being the nominal object of the measure to which he dissents.

It would perhaps have been out of taste for the President in a formal state paper to have taken the political issue involved in this whole business by its throat and given it the verbal throttling which it deserved at his hands. The measure was gotten up at the end of a special congressional session for the express purpose of "putting him in a hole." He had with his usual frankness characterized the wool schedules of the Payne-Aldrich bill as "indefensible." The trick was to present to him a measure assuming to correct the more obvious faults of the existing law without waiting upon the processes already devised for their considerate and complete correction. It was a case of butting in with a clumsily devised, half-cooked measure upon a scheme in process of harmonious and consistent development. Its purpose was nothing less than that of embarrassing the President for any course which he might or might not take at a time presumably critical in relation to his own political fortunes.

Mr. Taft has met this attempt with a candor which has turned the point of the joke away from himself and against those who had schemed to confuse him. He has gained by his veto, gained by an exhibition of his grasp of the tariff question, gained by an exhibition of manly candor, gained by a steadfast composure under the concerted fire of opposing and unfriendly political forces. "Lord how I do love a man who aint afeared"—this remark by one of Mr. Lowell's characters finds perennial application in politics. Everybody admires a President who "aint afeared." And Mr. Taft makes it very plain that when it comes to the point of action within the sphere of his responsibilities his courage is unfailingly equal to the occasion. He is typically a man who "aint afeared."

The incident is by no means without value, because it has pledged to a readjustment of the tariff, particularly of the wool schedules, every element associated with the responsibilities of legislation, the extreme stand-patters alone excepted. The forces of private interest were strong enough three years ago to sustain a tariff scheme on wool and woolens which the President was compelled in candor to characterize as "indefensible." This would be impossible now; it is inevitable that Congress at the coming session will make changes which it ought to have made in the first instance.

The English Strike.

The transportation strike in England seems to be at an end so far as there can be an end to a world movement that measures its demands only by its opportunities. The number of men involved is somewhat in doubt. The unions assert that 250,000 members left their work, but the board of trade, probably well informed, gives the total as 150,000. But this is exclusive of the dock strike that was adjusted at an earlier date. Counting the dock laborers and the non-union men throughout the country, it is likely that about a quarter of a million persons were affected. Although the period of critical disturbance is now at an end the general results must be evident for a long time. Several men have been killed, business interests have suffered an incalculable loss, and such great centres as London and Liverpool have learned their dependence upon the narrow and easily interrupted channels through which come their food supplies. In some places an actual scarcity was experienced. Prices rose everywhere, and it was evident that a few more days of strife would bring something like famine.

The settlement was produced through the mediation of Mr. Lloyd George, the chancellor of the exchequer. The precise nature of the pressure that he applied is a little doubtful, but it was effective in persuading the employers to recede from the unapproachable and implacable attitude that was their first policy. Probably he gave them an intimation that if they refused to parley with their men, so in like manner would the government refuse to parley with the companies when the time should come for a revision of railroad rates. However that may be, there was an opening of negotiations, and with an apparently sincere desire to find a compromise. Probably both sides were shocked by the magnitude of the disaster, and well they might be. The demands of the men varied according to their precise employment and locality, but they may be summarized under two heads. The men asked that their leaders be accorded a representative status, and they advanced various claims as to wages and hours of work. The companies have now agreed to deal directly with the labor representatives, and the points at issue as to pay and hours will be seriously considered in joint discussion under the benevolent and admonitory observation of the government. It may be hoped that both sides have learned a lesson sharp enough to suggest moderation and compromise as the keynotes for the settlement of future disputes.

For the primary causes of this trouble we have to go much further back. They date from the free-trade controversy, and the dawn of the final phase of the struggle with the House of Lords. The opponents of a protective tariff in England—that is to say, the supporters of the present government—have been moving heaven and earth to refute their protective adversaries by proofs that England has never been so prosperous as she is now under her free-trade system, and to this end the statistics of the board of trade and of the transportation companies have been published broadcast. Certainly they have made an impressive showing, as judiciously arranged figures can always be made to do. They have seemed so conclusive that not only has the protection cry been momentarily silenced, but the attention of the workmen has been forcefully arrested by a transportation prosperity that had not previously been suspected. What more natural, then, than that they should demand a fuller share for themselves? Such a cause may seem remote, but it is none the less real. England is a small country wherein local interests and local politics hardly exist. The problem of the moment is discussed everywhere at the same time and, it may be added, in the same language and in the light of the same traditions and sentiments. Every workman in England was aware of the prosperity argument against a protective tariff, and of the transportation statistics that sustained that argument. These statistics were one of the immediate causes of the strike. They proved the ability of the companies to pay higher wages.

The struggle against the Lords was no less operative, although in a different and wider way. The labor movement in England, while without a declared political affiliation, is actually and practically a part of the general struggle for reform. It may be assumed that the city workman, whether he belong to a union or not, is a Liberal in politics, and that upon all the great questions of the day—the Lords, the Church, Education, Ireland, India—he will be found in strenuous support of the Liberal party. Given the fact that a man has labor affiliations and we may safely forecast his views on all the great problems of the moment. The American labor combination is usually active only along the lines of class interest. The American workman's party obligations are seldom involved, and while this gives him a creditable independence in national affairs, at the same time it taints his organization with a suggestion of the sordid and the selfish. In England the labor organization is the backbone of reform organization along all its lines, imperial as well as domestic. Some years ago it was said with authority that "there is no such thing as a Tory workingman," and while such a statement was exaggerated, as generalities always are, it represented and still represents a fact in English politics. The laboring man in the city is an all-round radical, an enemy of caste, and a staunch supporter of the democratic theories of government.

Naturally he hailed the struggle with the Lords as something that concerned him narrowly. The victory over the Lords was his victory, a triumph for his own order, a spectacular success against caste, privilege—and the employer. It gave him heart of grace, it stimulated him to a fresh effort for self-advancement, he conceived himself as occupying a new and more influential status. That he should identify the employer, as a class, with the reactionary Peers may seem unreasonable, but it is a fact in English politics. Wealth usually gravitates toward the Tory side, and the House of Lords was the Tory fortress. Moreover, the transportation interests were usually Tory, and so the identification became complete. If the Tory stronghold could thus be stormed by the party to which nearly all city workmen belonged why should it not be followed by other and equally successful assaults? Why should there be any reluctance to formulate whatever demands might seem to be just? In the light of such a situation it will be easy to see how delicate was the situation of the government in controlling a situation thus precipitated by its own adherents.

There can be no doubt that the men had real and substantial grievances, and these grievances were embittered by a slow recognition of the ignominy of caste. The English workman has belonged for centuries to an inferior social caste, and this is clearly marked in the speech and demeanor of his employers. Now the caste system works well enough while there is nothing better in sight, but the moment it is contrasted with higher ideals of human dignity it becomes shameful and intolerable. It is possible to make some kind of a plea for a birth caste that may conceivably imply some sort of inherited grace, at least theoretically, but when the birth caste degenerates into one of mere wages or employment, it becomes infamous and degrading. There is very little of this in America, although we may note its beginnings. It is very common in England, and it gives a sullen acrimony to labor disputes.

But the wage and hours grievance was also real. It was urged against the dock laborers that their strike was unreasonable, seeing that their pay averaged nearly seven dollars a week. The word average is a deceptive one, and it proves that there must have been many whose pay was much less than this. Now money goes further in England than it does here. Moreover, dock labor is a low form of unskilled work, but even an unskilled laborer in England has a right to the decencies of life, and he has also a right to a wife and family. It is evident that he can have neither upon

such pay as this. There is a reprehensible tendency in Europe to regulate a man's pay on what may be called the bachelor theory of life, with the workhouse at the end of it. It is an outrage and an affront upon nature, and certain to provoke drastic remedies and even retaliation. It can not, and it ought not to, endure. It must be admitted that the pay of the English workman is pitifully inadequate, founded as it is upon theories of social inequality and upon certain divisions of human activity that are not supposed to be crossed and that very seldom are crossed. That a movement so colossal as this strike can be engineered to a relatively successful conclusion ought to be a death blow to the insidious spirit of caste underlying it, and also to a wage schedule that is based not upon fair and sound economics, but rather upon custom and upon prejudices that are none too respectable. That the workman has a right to a proportion, rather than to a share, of profits is almost an axiom in America. It is by no means an axiom in England, although it may now become one.

At the same time it is to be hoped that the men will not be intoxicated by their partial victory. They have a right to organize, as we all have. They have a right to be heard through the mouths of their chosen representatives. They have a right to better their position, to state the price of their labor, and to refuse that labor if the price is not granted. But they have no right to intimidate others who claim any or all of these same rights. Employers all over the world, and governments all over the world, will soon have to set their faces like flint against any attempt on the part of organizations to rob the individual of even the least of his inalienable rights to work under the law in the way that seems best to him. The English government did not hesitate to make a great parade of military force and to adopt the humane and effective measure of shooting two or three rioters who supposed themselves to be above the law. Probably the situation was saved by so resolute a bearing. The organized labor of England now finds itself with new power and a new status. If it has the sense to act within the law and to respect the rights of others its influence will be beneficial. Otherwise it will encounter the disaster that awaits every attempt to replace law by anarchy.

Swinging 'Round the Circle.

In view of the unhappy history of his tour of two years ago, President Taft exhibits a certain hardihood in again "swinging 'round the circle." Theoretically it is an admirable thing for a President of the United States to visit the country, confer with representative men, learn the views and wishes of the different sections and inspire them with his own ideas and plans. But practically if he seriously attempts these things he is likely to get into trouble. If he speaks his mind, if he commits himself definitely, he is more than likely to be charged with inconsistency when in later dealings with Congress he makes the compromise necessarily involved in the practical business of legislation. A President who in free talks declares a certain tariff schedule "indefensible" finds it difficult to justify a subsequent approval of a law containing that particular schedule. And yet it is a certainty that now and again he will be compelled to make concessions of which this instance is a fair illustration.

Most of the misunderstandings which beset the first half of Mr. Taft's presidency might have been avoided but for the undiplomatic candor of utterances made in the course of his tour of 1909. Other Presidents and men of presidential ambition have suffered similar experiences. Mr. Harrison, certainly the most accomplished speech-maker who ever sat in the presidential chair, practically defeated his chances for reëlection in his "swing 'round the circle" in 1891. Mr. Roosevelt irreparably destroyed his prestige in the famous swing 'round the circle which culminated in the Osawatomie address; nor did he improve his standing by the more recent swing 'round the circle in which he blew cold against the judicial recall in Arizona, blew hot on the same subject two days later in California, and otherwise exhibited the inconsistency, the egotism, the dishonesty, and the boisterousness of his character.

The journey now to be undertaken by Mr. Taft is obviously connected with his hope for renomination and reëlection. This hope is not unreasonable nor unjustifiable. He deserves of his party and of the country the stamp of approval and confidence which reëlection would imply. That there is danger in a series of addresses on all sorts of subjects, done hurriedly and without time for consideration, is plain enough. It will be a wonderful achievement if Mr. Taft shall get through with this journey without having said things which he ought not to have said, without failing to say things which he ought to say. The course of safety is to limit his deliverances to generalities of the broadest sort. For if he shall undertake to deal specifically with the themes and problems of the hour he will surely involve himself in misconceptions that will return to plague him. No man of candid and responsible character can at one and the same time play the double rôle of moral and political doctrinaire and that of a practical factor in legislation. The one character is inconsistent with the other. For that which the former approves or condemns must sometimes be rejected or enforced by the latter. Mr. Taft's own experienee proves it; and by the same token his experience should give him caution.

A Half-Million-Dollar Fund.

The American Federation of Labor has done a stupid thing in asking for a $500,000 fund for the defense of the McNamaras. Such a demand will have an unfavorable effect upon the public mind. If the policy of the federation had been ruled by common sense it would have taken a different course from this and one that would have advantaged not only the accused men, but the cause of labor unionism in general. First of all it would have disavowed any sympathy with crime, whether the crime of the dynamiter who destroys public buildings or of the individual thug who assaults and murders the independent workman. Then it would have provided a small but sufficient fund for the orderly defense of these particular men, who have the right to the assumption of innocence that the law allows to every one. But the federation chose the evil course in the beginning and it persists in it. Within a few hours of the arrest and at a time when it could have had no innocent knowledge of the facts it sent forth a blast of defiant indignation that could be interpreted only in one way. The federation was indignant, not because these particular men should be accused of dynamite outrage, but because any labor-union man should be aecused of anything. Its voice was raised not in defense of supposed innocence, but in defense of immunity. And why not? There have been seventy dynamite outrages against steel construction works alone and no one has been even arrested for any of them. Such impotenee or such complaisance on the part of the authorities may well have seemed to give a sort of quasi-legality to dynamite. And now comes a sudden and unforeseen arrest to disturb the hitherto unbroken record, and the federation is naturally disturbed. It had not one word of reproof for the seventy murderous crimes that had already been committed, not a hint anywhere that dynamite and assassination are not commendable weapons, but the moment two men are arrested upon suspicion it breaks out into fierce denunciation, and now comes a demand for half a million dollars to defend them.

There is no legitimate way to spend half a million dollars in a criminal trial. No accused man has ever yet needed such a sum as this. Certainly innocence could have no use for one-tenth part of such a sum. Either it is intended to put this money to illegal uses or it is thought that the very magnitude of the sum will bolster up the silly fable, invented for gudgeons, of a vast conspiracy against labor.

Of course there is no such conspiracy; there never has been, and there never will be. The McNamaras will be prosecuted on precisely the same principles and in precisely the same way that a thief is prosecuted for picking a pocket. It will be a matter of evidence and of nothing but evidence. It will be urged that these men when they were arrested had in their possession certain valises containing explosives, electrical apparatus, and alarm clocks, that in their pockets were keys fitting the doors of storehouses of dynamite, that the alarm clocks were identical with the one found at Los Angeles, and that they are known to have purchased quantities of dynamite from reputable dealers who, presumably, can be produced. The federation claims that the whole story is a "plant," that the valises, clocks, electrical apparatus, keys, and dynamite were all put in position by policemen and detectives, who thus used an almost superhuman ingenuity for the express purpose of convicting innocent men. We are told that the detectives packed the valises with all this incriminating matter and tricked the McNamaras into carrying them, that the detectives placed the keys of the valises and of the dynamite stores in their victims' pockets, that it was they who bought the dynamite and warehoused it, and that it was they who conveyed the duplicate alarm clock to Los Angeles. We have not yet been told that it was the police who blew up the *Times* office in order to perfect the plot against labor unionism, but probably that will come. Well, all this may be so. It is only the Federation of Labor that is clairvoyant enough to know all the facts within a few hours of the arrest. The average citizen is willing to wait for the evidence. The detectives say that they can prove their story to the satisfaction of a jury. If they can prove it, the McNamaras are guilty. If they can not prove it, the McNamaras will be acquitted. There is no room for jugglery or for injustice. Therefore there is no need for half a million dollars.

Back to Despotism.

In the eleventh century to his justiciars sitting at the trial of Anselm, King Rufus cries in rage: *"Take heed to yourselves, for by God's face, if you will not condemn him as I wish, I will condemn you."* From that day the English people strove uncompromisingly, ceaselessly, and successfully till they won for themselves an independent judiciary. Now in this twentieth century it is seriously urged upon the American people to substitute for the haughty powers of King Rufus the arrogant pretensions of any king of yellow journalism, with his attendant train of impatient or discontented followers, to empower every one of such kings in yellow to say to the judiciary: *"Take heed to yourselves, for by God's face, if you will not condemn him as I wish, I will condemn and remove you."* This is the meaning of the judicial recall in three sentences.

Editorial Notes.

Judge Hunt has now joined Judge Seawell in upholding the constitutionality of the law prohibiting secret societies in public schools, that was passed by the last session of the California legislature. Unfortunately our legal procedure allows the troublesome children who are involved in this litigation still further to embarrass the courts of the state. The cases will now go to the Court of Appeals, and since there is no way to bring them before The Hague tribunal we may hope that the end of them is in sight.

Let us lament the sorrows of Mr. F. J. Gould, as well as the public ingratitude that forces him to turn his back upon his native land and to take up his future residence upon alien soil and under a foreign flag. Horse-racing, says Mr. Gould, has been driven from America, and therefore he is discouraged as to the future of the country. Moreover, he has been indicted as an official of the Wire Trust. Troubles never come alone, but Mr. Gould feels that he could disregard the inconvenience of the indictment if he could but be assured that the glory of the turf would be revived. But there is no such assurance, and so he will live henceforth in France, where he won $75,000 during the present season. So far the news of Mr. Gould's voluntary expatriation has been received with an equanimity that amounts almost to unconcern. The only evident sentiment is one of sympathy with France.

The demand for uniform divorce laws is one of those movements which proceed more from impulse than reason. It appears to be the idea of the proponents that uniformity of the laws of the several states will somehow make divorce more difficult and thereby tend to cure an obvious abuse. As a matter of fact uniform laws will do nothing of the kind, for the whole spirit of the time is favorable to easy means of breaking the marriage tie. Public opinion being what it is, any general divorce law now to be enacted will be liberal to the point of looseness. Nothing else would be acceptable or aecepted. Under any system of laws possible to be enacted at this time husbands and wives who wish to separate will find means of doing it; and perhaps nothing will be gained either for domesticity or morality by hedging about the process with obstructions and difficulties. The one thing which uniform divorce laws might do would be to break up the scandal of Reno. But the hope that uniform laws would result in fewer divorces or in more carefully considered divorces is futile. The way to promote a higher sense of obligation in marriage—in other words, to obviate the evils of divorce—is to augment the moral and domestic sensibilities of men and women. This we know is a method not very highly regarded by furious reformers because it doesn't move fast enough for them. None the less it is the only way.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The Portuguese do not seem to have found that the establishment of a parchment republic has ushered in the kingdom of heaven upon earth. In spite of a strict news censorship—always the last resort of childish nationalities—we read of constant rioting, demands for the abolition of the presidency as incompatible with democracy, and petitions to the government to regulate the price of food, irrespective of the value of food. But the chief grievance is the promulgation of a law forbidding strikes. It need hardly he said that strikes were prohibited under the monarchy, and one of the first acts of the republic was to remove this restriction. At once the whole working population went on a tumultuous holiday and called upon the world to witness the success of a revolution that had abolished not only royalty, hut also work. Then came hard times and a food shortage, and the alleged government reënacted the law against strikes. Now we hear of armed mobs surrounding the Cortes and threatening the legislators so effectively that the right to strike was re-established upon the spot. Evidently Portugal has nearly reached the democratic idea of government of, by, and for the mob.

A correspondent of the London *Express*, sent promptly to Agadir, in Morocco in order to keep an admonitory eye upon the German warship that is supposed to have upset the balance of power, has described the place in the most unflattering terms. It is the haunt of an abominable desolation, with no products but rocks, poor olives, and people who are in harmony with the scenery. The ocean, of course, is beautiful, as the ocean always is. It is a "bowl of purple wine," and on it "floats a tiny gray shape, like a toy warship cut out of dove-colored cardboard. That is the German warship, the *Panther*." The people have a murderous geniality about them that goes far to make the visitor feel at home. "You'll have your throat cut, Christian," said a cheery camel-driver to the *Express* correspondent on the day of his arrival. There was a suggestion of hope in his voice, a hint of delighted expectation. "There are too many Christians in Agadir already. The desert men of the Sus are coming soon to kill you all." "I am English," said the correspondent. "God save you," was the reply. "The English are good. But the desert men do not know one Christian from another." That, of course, is the difficulty. Christians look so much alike in the eyes of a true believer, and they act so much alike, too. Wherever there is a strip of desert useless enough and ugly enough to make the Christians want to own it, there they will surely he found, intent first upon blowing up the natives and then each other. The genial camel-driver was probahly correct in his forecast that the throat-cutting men of Sus would not know one hrand from another, nor would they particularly want to.

A year or so ago the world was thrilled by the news that a Frenchman had flown across the English Channel. Hundreds of newspaper columns were filled with special reports of the feat and Englishmen began to wonder if the advantages of living upon an island were as substantial as they seemed to be. But the aviation world has moved a long way forward since Bleriot made his sensational flight. Another Frenchman has just done the same thing, and he receives about ten lines of report. It is already a commonplace to fly across the Channel. In this instance it was done by Védrines, who came to England to compete in a long-distance race. The report merely states that he returned from Hendon to Paris by way of Dieppe—flying. He rested at Dieppe and went on to Paris, covering the whole distance of 278 miles in four hours, an average of sixty-nine miles an hour. If such an achievement as this is worth no more than a short paragraph in a daily newspaper it is evident that there can not he much more sensationalism left in aviation, unless the aviator should hreak his neck. Fatalities will always possess a peculiar charm of their own.

What is the "centre of population"? The question has become pertinent since the announcement of the census hureau that this mysterious point has moved westward thirty-one miles in the last ten years aud is now visible to the eye of faith somewhere in Indiana, and with great hopes of getting away from Indiana hefore the census man comes round again. Most people will take this to mean that more than half of the nation now lives west of a line drawn north and south through that Indiana point, hut this, it seems, is a fallacy. The census hureau never intended us to believe this at all, and as a matter of fact there are still more people living east of that line than there are west of it. The New York *Evening Post* is good enough to explain just what the census hureau means by the centre of popu1ation, and as it would he a pity to paraphrase so limpid an elucidation it is here given in full:

> It is a point such that if through it were drawn a line running north and south, the sum of the distances that would have to he traveled to reach this line hy all the people living east of it is the same as the like sum for the people living west of it; and if a line were drawn through it running east and west, the total travel to reach this line from the north would be likewise equal to the total travel from the south. And it is a mathematical fact that when the point has heen found that answers these requirements, this same equality of aggregate departures will hold in regard to any ohlique line, as well as in regard to the two rectangular lines. (For simplicity, we are talking as though of a flat surface.)

Can anything be more delightfully lucid?

Even the Red Indian is in revolt against the missionary. Dr. Charles A. Eastman, who is a full-hlooded Sioux, said recently: "I am opposed to missionaries being sent among the untutored red men. It will be time for the white man to teach the Indian when he has perfected himself, to some extent."

The same feeling is to be found in other parts of the world. Educated Chinamen and educated Hindus have said that Christianity would receive a warmer welcome but for the assumption of an all-round superiority on the part of those who teach it. It is too often true that Christianity is presented to native races not as the religion of Christ, but as the religion of the white man, and one that is necessarily accompanied by certain customs and even by certain clothing.

That Emerson was an incorrigible optimist is evidenced by his writings, and especially by his journals that are now heing issued. Charles Kingsley relates a story told him by Carlyle of Emerson's first visit to England: "I took him into the worst London slums and showed him what was going on. 'And noo, mon, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?' 'Oh, no, all these people seem to me only parts of the great machine, and I think they are doing their work very satisfactorily.' Then I took him down to the Hoose of Commons, and showed him ae chiel getting up after another, and leeing—leeing. Then I turned to him and said, 'And noo, mon, d'ye believe in the deevil noo?' He made me, however, just the same answer as hefore, and I then gave him up in despair." A dishelief in the devil that could survive both the slums and the House of Commons shows indeed an invincible obduracy.

In his second volume of "The American People, A Study in National Psychology," to be published this autumn by Houghton Mifflin Company, A. Maurice Low finds that "America is the one country, civilized or barbarous, in which woman bas never exercised the slightest influence on its affairs or in the least degree affected its policies or its politics; who was never the great social force that she has heen in Europe in modern times or in the East when the world was young and women wrecked dynasties and made work for the map-makers." Mr. Low declares that in all the history of America, "from the landing of the Jamestown adventurers to our own times, there have been two—and two women only—whose names are rescued from oblivion. One was Mistress Anne Hutchinson in the early days of the Bay Colony, the other was that 'charming and witty social firehrand,' Peggy O'Neal, in Jackson's time. No woman has brought confusion in the affairs of America. American history, hecause woman has neither reigned nor ruled, is at once the most decorous and dullest of which we have record."

Mr. Rider Haggard complains that the conscientious novelist is placed under a disadvantage hy the prohibitive prices of state papers. Ordinary histories, he tells us, are of no value, because they are so biased. Nothing but the original documents will content him, and he can not afford to huy them. But we do not usually associate Mr. Haggard with the historical novel, unless he wishes us to understand that "She" and "King Solomon's Mines" should be classified under that head. Even then we can hardly believe that Mr. Haggard obtained the data for these fascinating stories from state documents or that the prohibitive prices of such manuscripts is likely to hinder the production of other works of the same kind. By the way, who was that Oxford wit who looked forward to a golden age—

> When there sits a muzzled stripling
> Mute beside a muzzled bore,
> And the Rudyards cease from kipling
> And the Haggards ride no more.

Amid the clamor of argument that has been raised by the English government bill for national insurance against unemployment and sickness a note of protest has heen raised by an intelligent and therefore a not very noisy section of public opinion. It is directed against the increased powers that are likely to be given to the medical profession as the result of a scheme that will confer upon a very large number of doctors the status of government employees. Already the physician enjoys an authority that would he justified only by a knowledge that he does not yet possess, that he is known by educated persons not to possess, and that is attributed to him only by popular credulity. Science in the presence of ignorance has always exaggerated its attainments and assumed the pretensions of an initiated priesthood. Probably it will continue to do so. The science of medicine is doing this today. It has already grasped an authority incommensurate with its achievements, and that authority must he largely augmented hy the British proposals. Thoughtful ohservers in England are pointing out that the tyranny of science is the direct successor to the tyranny of religion and is probahly the more arrogant and remorseless of the two, and fully as great a danger to popular liberties. The medical profession is already, they say, sufficiently estahlished by law, and if it is now to receive a further reinforcement of authority there must he some positive measure of popular control as a corollary. Medical colleges must he placed under the supervision of laymen and the granting and withdrawal of diplomas must no longer be left in the hands of irresponsible committees who are too often actuated hy a stupid conservatism, by an *amour propre*, and by outworn ideas of professional etiquette. These ideas are well voiced by the London correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*. He speaks of the objection felt by many persons in England "toward the increasing control that the medical profession is exercising over the every-day life of the citizen. . . . They apprehend that anything in the nature of a medical hureaucracy would in operation be as tyrannical as any military or ecclesiastcal despotism."

Mr. Fred T. Jane, the chief authority on naval armaments, estimates the value of the five thousand warships now afloat as somewhere in the neighhorhood of $25,000,000,000. This represents only the material and tangihle property. To it must he added the cost of dockyards, arsenals, coaling stations, wages of men and officers, and the hundred and one accessories with which we are familiar. To obtain the approximate cost of armaments of all kinds we must add the expenditure for the armies of the world to that of the navies, and this, of course, is simply a matter of figures, seeing that the human mind can no more grasp such a sum than it can grasp the ideas of infinity and eternity. It is to be remembered also that a warship becomes obsolete in a few years and that this twenty-five hillion dollars must be replaced as often as the fashion in warships changes. Those who talk of armaments as a form of national insurance can hardly have realized the magnitude of the premium.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

OLD FAVORITES.

A King's Lament.

What is a King? His credulous subjects say
A being molded of diviner clay
Than folds their petty souls. What mountains are,
He is to them, or some far-shining star;
But to himself—speak, Felix, what art thou?
(We may be frank, for none are listening now!)
Certes, no star, or one that vainly tries
To light the utter night that round it lies,
Drinking its dying twinkle. A mountain? No.
Or such whose head is lost in clouds and snow,
Dreadfully desolate! Alas, what then?
The most unhappy of unhappy men!
O wretched state of kings! O doleful fate!
Greatness misnamed, in misery only great!
Could men but know the endless woe it brings,
The wise would die, or ere they would be kings!
Think what a king must do! It tasks the best
To rule the little world within his breast;
Yet must he rule it, and the world beside,
Or king is none, undone by power and pride!
What is the business of a king? It is
To make the welfare of his people his;
To think and act for them: their wants to know,
The well, the spring whence all their bounties flow;
Their prosperous arts in peace, their arms in war,
Their pilot steering by a certain star:
Great, wise, just, good—whatever God is, he
Whom God doth give to rule, should strive to be.
How many do? Can one such king be found?
In heaven there may, but not on earthly ground!
'Tis pitiful, 'tis lamentahle—yet
There's one thing we can say, which men forget
When they rail at kings, giving their fancies wing—
They know not what it is to be a king!
What ill attends the state, and what it breeds,
A rank, luxuriant growth of poisonous weeds:
How bad the best become, puffed up with pride,
Slaves of their will, naught they demand denied:
How they are gulled by smooth-tongued parasites,
The greatest pandering to their appetites;
How all things work to make them deaf, and blind,
Foes to themselves, and curses to mankind!
But say there be these wrongs in vain assail,
Glancing like arrows from their coats of mail,
Still must they fail of happiness, like me;
There is *no* happy king—there can not be!
Think what a king must be—what burdens bear
From birth to death! His life is one long care;
It wears away in tasks that never end:
He has ten thousand foes, but not one friend!
Not for himself he lives, but for the state—
To make his thankless people good and great,
The head that guides their hands—to plow today,
Tomorrow to grasp the dreadful sword and slay!
What's good in them must foster, check what's ill,
And save them from themselves against their will;
Do many things they can not understand,
And rule, when need is, with an iron hand;
Look for revolt at home, and war abroad,
Prepared to strike at both, and strike like God!
O doleful state of kings! O doleful fate!
O hell in which we wake, like damnèd souls—too late!
Would I could doff my royal robes, and he
One of the people who are ruled by me;
A shepherd hind, or any happy clown,
In field, or wood, or quiet country town
Long leagues away from this great city's roar,
No matter where, or who, so I were king no more!
I'd rise when dawn was glimmering in the blue,
And drive my flocks a-field through mist and dew,
Stopping to bind my crook with nameless flowers,
Or harken to the birds in neighboring howers.
Watching the snowy lambs that round me feed,
On some low knoll I touch my rustic reed;
Or sing old ditties with a quaint refrain,
How Corydon did Phyllis love in vain,
Till Cupid, smit with ruth, became his friend,
Bringing his trouhles to a hlissful end!
My Phyllis sits with me, a blushing lass,
Plucking with down-cast eyes the blades of grass,
Listening the tale I whisper in her ear—
How dear she is to me—and am I dear?
Nor does she fear my arm around her waist,
Nor start when kissed, nor shrink to he embraced!
Ye know not! O my people! can not guess
How much I envy you your happiness!
Your calm, contented days, your dreamless nights,
Your power to make life's little things delights,
Your wakes, your festivals, your antique play,
The dance upon the green around the Queen of May!
I saw today a father at his door,
A simple clown, the poorest of the poor;
He stared upon me as I hurried by,
And I stared back at him with wistful eye:
"Ah, why should I not sit like him, and see
My chubby children clamber up my knee?"
No more a child, my hoy a man has grown,
And soon will follow me upon the throne.
What I could do to make him good, and wise,
Fit to shape out his peoples' destinies,
I've done; he's generous, has a loving heart,
A scorn of low intrigue—the courtier's art:
Commands his passions better than his sire;
Not quick to take offense, though full of fire; . . .
Indeed, a noble prince, who'll not disgrace
The kingly glories of his name and race.
This he is now, but who, alas! can say
What he may be when I have passed away,
As soon I must, his tutor, and his friend?
Woe's me! my son, I can not see the end!
Knowing my own life, I am full of fears,
Nor can I help—today, at least—my tears,
Breathing in prayer my last, my sole desire—
May you be happier than your hapless sire!

—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

Theodore Stearns, composer and grand opera director, has devoted a part of his vacation to the composition of a convention hymn, to be sung by the railroad men at the mediation convention, which began its session at Mediation Meadows, Ohio, August 20.

NEW YORK MISMATINGS.

Ill-Advised Marriages Now the Topic of Society.

The matrimonial affairs of the Four Hundred were never more interesting to the Ninety Million than at the present moment. I have already written you my opinion of the Astor-Force engagement, and since my letter was mailed to the *Argonaut* the press and the clergy have come out in loud and bitter denunciation of the parents who would permit their daughter, a girl of eighteen years, barely out of school, to marry "a notorious roué." The New York *Evening Post,* one of the most conservative and least sensational newspapers in the country, has had two editorials on the subject. In the first it characterized Colonel Astor in the words I have quoted, and also as "a worthless inheritor of wealth and rank."

The *Post's* second editorial was apropos of a letter from Miss Clara B. Spence, the principal of the school at which the Force girl was a pupil. Miss Spence speaks with truth and with feeling when she says: "One of the most pathetic results that a faithful teacher occasionally sees (one is grateful that it occurs so seldom) is the deterioration that comes to a young woman after she has been for some time in the worldly environment of her mother." It is the mother, if we are to believe the report, who is the most eager for the marriage of her daughter to Colonel Astor. The father, to his credit be it said, does not feel as elated with the match as does his wife. It is, I regret to say, usually the mothers who are the most pleased with the marriages of their daughters to "worthless inheritors of wealth and rank." We see this every day in international marriages, though in those cases it is rank rather than wealth that is the moving factor.

So-called "society" is, I fear, as black as it is painted by Upton Sinclair and Frederick Townsend Martin. The way the news of the Astor-Force wedding has been received in Newport circles must fill all decent people with loathing and contempt. The fashionable world is delighted and amused and has loaded the unfortunate bride-to-be with attentions. I dare say that a great many fashionable mamas with marriageable daughters are in tears of envy that their precious darlings have not been chosen for the sacrifice.

John Jacob Astor is not a popular man in or out of society. Take his wealth away from him and see what a difference it would make! There is nothing that blinds the eyes of society like gold-dust, and although Colonel Astor is not supposed to be very lavish with it, he throws enough to blind their eyes so they blink and shrug their shoulders. The list of guests at the Astor-Force wedding will show who are the self-respecting members of New York society and who are not. I shall be interested to see it.

Judge Mills of Mount Vernon, who divorced Mrs. Astor "because of the adultery of Colonel Astor," has been interviewed on the subject of the approaching nuptials, and he says that although the latter can not marry in New York State his marriage would be legal in any other state and that he could come to New York to live. "But," added the judge, "there still remains the possibility that contempt of court proceedings might be brought against him in this state for evading the court's decree."

While the Astor-Force wedding assumes the nature of a tragedy the Geraghty-French wedding affords the comic relief. It is anything but comic, however, to the family of the foolish, heartless girl who eloped with the liveryman's son. In this case also the girl is only eighteen, and while the man that she has married is not a "middle-aged roué," he is so entirely out of her class that her marriage can not possibly turn out happily. We all remember the case of Victoria Morosini, who eloped with her father's coachman. It was a nine days' wonder. Then came a separation, and no one knows where Victoria Morosini is today. Some say that she is hidden in a convent, others that she is dead. About the coachman no one takes the trouble even to speculate. The Morosinis were wealthy, the father was Jay Gould's partner, but they were not in the same social circle with the French family. Nevertheless his daughter's conduct broke the heart of Giovanni Morosini, for Victoria was the apple of his eye.

What I marvel at is the cold-blooded way that a girl will turn her back upon home and parents for the sake of a man that she barely knows, and whom, if she stops to think, she must know that she can not live with after the novelty has worn off. I don't know anything about the home life of the Frenches, but there are not many homes that are so bad that such a one as Geraghty will take his bride to could be better. My diagnosis of the French girl is that she is a headstrong, wilful minx who would have been better off if her mother had administered the slipper with a firm hand and more than once. She has sent no message of regret to her parents for the disgrace and unhappiness that she has brought upon them, and she seems to enjoy her notoriety more than the bridegroom's family appear to enjoy theirs.

I dare say that when you get right down to hard tacks that Geraghty is a much better man than Colonel Astor. I hope for his bride's sake that he is, but he must be something more than the son of a small livery-stable proprietor to make a girl brought up as has been the French girl happy. John Keats was the son of a liveryman, but he was John Keats in spite of that, not because of it.

If Mrs. John Edward Paul Geraghty took her position a little more seriously I should think that her action was a revolt against the rottenness of the society into which she was born, but her attitude is that of a "yellow" child, not of one who sees beyond the surface of things. It will be interesting to watch this case. I have never known of one like it to turn out happily. A man may marry beneath him, as has often been the case, and if he chooses wisely all goes well, but it is not so in cases where the woman chooses from below stairs. JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

New York, August 16, 1911.

Rice made Stuttgart, down in Arkansas. Stuttgart is one of the most thriving little cities in America. With a population of 3000, it has sixty-five automobiles and lies in the centre of the great Arkansas rice belt, where it is no uncommon sight to see a farmer bossing his threshing crew from the seat of a big touring car. On Saturday afternoon Stuttgart's main street looks like an automobile show at Madison Square Garden. Arkansas has taken a great lead over South Carolina, once the biggest rice-producer in the United States, and, what is more to the point, is raising more rice, acre for acre, than South Carolina. About a decade ago Arkansas produced no rice to speak of. Today over 28,000 acres are cultivated, or about one and a half times the acreage claimed by the one-time banner state. The rice district of Arkansas lies over a subterranean lake. Wells are from 100 to 150 feet deep and the water is pumped with gasoline pumps. One well supplies up to 200 acres. Scientific methods applied to the growing of the crop and the use of modern machinery in harvesting enables the growers to put it out for less than in China, where labor costs one-twentieth that of the United States. Arkansas growers thresh it in the field, as they do wheat in Minnesota, and sell it for spot cash to the millers. Notwithstanding the constantly growing acreage devoted to rice in the Southern States, millions of pounds are annually imported to this country.

In 1902, Monsieur P. Bigot, then a student of architecture at the Beaux Arts, won the Grand Prix de Rome. It had been the custom of his predecessors at the French Academy at Rome to make restorations of the ruins of different monuments, and he conceived the project of combining what had been done in that line, and to extend the restorations, so as to form a model in plaster of Imperial Rome in the middle of the fourth century, following the death of Constantine the Great, and preceding the invasions of the barbarians—representing, in fact, the summit of Rome's monumental beauty. It comprises more than half of Rome at that time, and includes quite all of the great structures, excepting the Baths of Diocletian and the Pretorian Camp. The model is thirty-five feet long by twenty feet wide, has been seven years in the making, and is destined for the Sorbonne, the University of Paris.

In the War Department there is a portrait of more than usual interest. It is that of William Wilkins, Secretary of War in the Tyler Cabinet, who is pointed to as a man who saved his own life by a jest. He was one of the party of distinguished men who were entertained on the United States gunboat *Princeton* as the vessel made a trial trip down the Potomac. President Tyler was on board the boat also. As the usual salute was fired as the gunboat passed Mount Vernon a gun exploded, killing two of the Cabinet officers and Senator Gardiner of New York. Wilkins was on the boat, but he missed the explosion. He had jokingly remarked, "Although I am Secretary of War I do not like the firing of guns and I am going to slip away during the saluting." He thereby saved his life. It is said President Tyler at this incident met the lady who afterward became his bride.

As part of the campaign against the common drinking cup and the diseases which it spreads a health commissioner suggests the use of paper cones for cups in the absence of an individual cup of more pretentious material. He said that in the schools of Austria the children were taught to carry several sheets of writing paper in their pockets at all times. Then, when a child was thirsty, he could roll one of the sheets into a cone and make a perfectly serviceable cup which could be placed after being used in the nearest wastepaper box. How to roll the cones deftly was taught the children. The tearing of a notch about half an inch long near one end before rolling the cone serves to make the improved cup stronger.

Dancing is a part of a semi-religious ceremony held at St. Ives, Cornwall, on the day of the feast of St. James. The people dance the old Cornish "Flurry" dance and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and then sing the Old Hundredth. After that they have a banquet, and small sums of money are distributed. The custom dates from a century ago, when a fund was established for the purpose by a man named Knill. It is known as the Knill ceremony.

Brewster, Massachusetts, owns a herring brook, and at the town meeting every year, following an old custom, a committee is elected by ballot to catch the fish and dispose of them. The proceeds are turned into the town treasury.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince Christian, the Crown Prince of Denmark, will visit the United States in October, and will be received with distinguished honors. Prior to his arrival he will spend a little time at the Danish West Indies.

Lucia Sartos Parolin, one of the three sisters of Pope Pius X, is a housekeeper of rare attainments, and does most of the cooking for herself and sisters. The three women live in an unpretentious house at Riese, Italy, and do their own work.

Paul W. Flowerce, president of the Fox Hunters' Association of Rails County, Maine, has become blind, but has learned to ride after the hounds with the best hunters, and enjoys the chase as keenly as ever. His judgment of a hound is almost canny, for he can tell whether it is fast or slow simply by passing his hand over the animal's body.

Sir Luke Fildes, R. A., who will paint the state portrait of King George of England, painted the state portrait of the king in 1902, and in 1905 followed with that of the queen. Formerly he did a great many book illustrations, but of late years has practically devoted himself to portraits. He was born in 1844, receiving his art education at the South Kensington Art Schools and the Royal Academy.

The Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, priest in the Catholic archdiocese of Westminster, who has been made Monsignor Benson by Pius X, is the English novelist, author of "The Necromancers" and other novels, in addition to religious works and magazine articles. He was reared in the atmosphere of the church, his father having been an archbishop. No pale, thin scholar is he, for his robust nature huffets wind and rain during his hunting and fishing trips, into which he enters with enthusiasm.

H. C. Frick, retiring as a director from the Union Pacific Railroad, is conservatively estimated to be worth considerably more than $100,000,000, though he began life as a clerk for his grandfather, a flour merchant and distiller. One small success led to another, and he entered the coke business in a small way, finally becoming chairman of the board of directors of the H. C. Frick Coke Company, the largest in the world, a position which he still holds. His connection with the steel magnates also enriched him, and prior to his break with Carnegie he was one of the most trusted lieutenants of the Scotch ironmaster.

Frederick E. Triebel, the sculptor who designed and modeled the Robert G. Ingersoll statue which will be unveiled at Glen Oak Park, Peoria, Illinois, in October, is himself a native of the Illinois city, and has taken unusual interest in the work. Triebel was born in Peoria in 1865, attended the public schools, and after developing surprising talent, went to Italy, where he entered the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Florence in 1884. He won the first prize and the silver medal. One of his notable statues, "Mysterious Music," was purchased by the Japanese government. The sculptor is now in Rome, preparing a Vicksburg war memorial.

Miss Violet Oakley, the Philadelphia artist, who is most favorably mentioned as likely to be chosen to finish the incompleted works of the late Edwin A. Abbey, has done remarkable work in mural painting and glass decorations. She was born in New York, where she first took up painting. Early in her career she went to Philadelphia and worked under Howard Pyle. Then she studied in Paris, under Amand Jean, Collin, and Lazar. Perhaps her most notable achievement in mural painting was accomplished in New York, where she did the sanctuary and glass decorations and the windows of that most decorative of Gotham's churches, All Angels', at Eighty-First Street and West End Avenue.

Rear-Admiral Seaton Schroeder, just retired, having reached the age limit, is one of the few surviving officers who received their appointments to Annapolis from President Lincoln. He was graduated as a medal man in 1868, his first duty being with the Asiatic fleet. During the Spanish war he was executive officer of the *Massachusetts,* and was advanced three numbers for gallantry in the fight off Santiago. He was in command of the second division of the White Squadron in its voyage around the world, and March 9, 1909, he assumed supreme command. The gun-control system of the American navy owes much of its development to him. Admiral Schroeder is an interesting writer, his best-known work being the readable book, "The Fall of Maximilian's Empire."

Ivar L. Sjostrom, the young man now at the head of the United States Worsted Company, and the first to secure the admission of shares of an American industrial corporation to the Paris Bourse, was for a number of years a hard-working, struggling civil engineer. He is now observing the erection of a new $1,500,000 worsted mill at Lawrence, Massachusetts, and it is due to his efforts that French capital is largely invested in the big enterprise. His father, a dyer of Sweden, finally located in Lawrence, where he built a small plant. The son, becoming interested in the work, finally closed his office and went into it with all his energy, learned the details of the business, expanded the business gradually, and now occupies a commanding position in his field. "Organization is the great essential in business today," he announces as the keynote of his success.

THE LAND O' DREAMS.

Its Tragic Discovery.

About the last place in the world I expected to see Derriman was on board the stubby little transport that runs from Manila to Zamboanga, for he didn't belong in that part of the world. In all the time I stamped my way up and down that section of the globe which is vaguely referred to by the folks at home in an awed, mysterious tone of voice as "The Orient," I had never pictured Derriman turned loose in the Sulu Sea, south of the island of Mindanao, east of Borneo and next door to Gehenna. I had at various times imagined all my friends, men and women, in the Philippines, except Derriman. The reason I left Derriman out was because he didn't have the imagination of a codfish; that was reason enough, but when you consider that Derriman was a professor of mathematics, would suffer all day if he hadn't shaved in the morning with one of those machines they make for imbeciles and young men in a hurry, and had a pronounced soprano voice, you will readily understand why Derriman had no business in the Sulu Sea, if you have the patience to untangle this sentence.

So while we were off Pangootaran Island on a greasy blue sea that bobbed us gently enough to make us sleepy and roughly enough to tip over a stack of chips on the smoking-room table, I supposed Derriman was back in the classroom at Stanford, and wished I was in a Berkeley ferryboat. At the same time a captain of infantry was pulling my stack of chips down so that it was in no danger of falling when one of those swells gave us a shoulder.

I was trying to find another ace in my hand when the game was temporarily stopped by a soldier coming in with some sort of a book the captain had to sign in order to comply with regulations and help earn the salary of a captain of infantry.

"All right, Derriman," he said, and picked up his hand after he had made some turkey tracks in the book.

I glanced up out of curiosity to see what the other Derriman looked like and discovered that he was THE Derriman—"Miss Derriman" we called him when I was at Stanford, out of respect to the soprano tones in his voice.

Before I recovered from the shock he was gone, and in my state of mental aberration I had "stayed" with a "bob-tail flush."

"How long has that man been in the army?" I asked the captain.

"Who? Give me three cards, please."

"Derriman."

"Joined at Manila last week with a draft of recruits from San Francisco."

"'A draft of recruits,'" I repeated in amazement. "Who ever dreamed Derriman would be mixed up with a draft of recruits? Of all the——"

"When you talk like that I know you have a killing hand," said the captain. "Did you know Derriman? He seems to be a smart chap and I'm going to make him company clerk—he's awfully slick with figures, and he can twist an ordnance report around his little finger and get a proper balance first crack out of the box. I believe he can do long division in his head."

Of course the captain hadn't heard that Derriman could figure out how much the planet Venus weighed or how many fry-pan handles it would take to shingle the Rocky Mountains.

"Yes," I said inanely, "Derriman is slick at figures—one card."

"Know him?" asked the captain.

"Only slightly," I said, with a bored manner. What I said was a lie, and I was deceiving them all when I pretended to be bored, for I was just seething inwardly with what, why, when, and where in regard to Derriman being a private of infantry. It was preposterous! I felt certain I would wake up and find that I had kicked the mosquito netting down and a tarantula was biting me and giving me a nightmare. Derriman a private in the army! Derriman, who had been offered the chair of higher mathematics at Yale and had refused because he feared the trip across the continent would fatigue him and he didn't like to go so far away from California and his friends. Connecticut sounded like Lhassa or Patagonia to Derriman, who had never been away from home but two nights at once, when he went down to Monterey to a celebration of the Native Sons. And here he was on board a transport in the Sulu Sea, a private of infantry bound for Mindanao, where Datto Ali was raising hob and where privates of infantry fight Moros and sometimes get killed in action.

I looked at the card I had drawn, and seeing that I hadn't filled that flush, threw down my hand and got Peets, a cavalry veterinary surgeon, to sit in my place. After finding fault about the heat and the speed of the boat I went on deck and down the 'tween deck ladder sidewise like a crab.

The draft of recruits gasped in the canvas bunks slung from iron rods and waited for Zamboanga. The men were piled in the three-story hammock-like beds, and that 'tween-deck was a catacomb for living men and just throbbing with heat.

"Where's Derriman?" I asked the first man in the top bunk. He was naked except for a quartermaster's towel.

"Down for'rad," he said, pointing with a minimum of exertion.

I staggered between the tiers of bunks. He was in a top bunk, and I stood and looked at him a minute before I went close, to make sure that he was the real Derriman after all, and that I wasn't coming down with *dengue*.

His head was toward me, and he was propped up until his hair nearly touched the angle-iron of the deck above. He was reading, and I looked at the page title. It was "Psychotherapy." Imagine a private of infantry in a draft of recruits reading up on psychotherapy. I caught a line or two . . . "passing now to the mind, we will consider the nerves and the relation of mind to body. Finally, in order to round out the complete man, we will consider the Spirit, from various standpoints. . . ."

Before I could read more, Derriman turned his head so that he could look at me over his forehead. Then he twisted himself about, put the book down, and leaned on an elbow.

"Hello, Tom," he said. "I thought I'd run across you out here somewhere."

Now that's just like Derriman—he wouldn't give me the chance to show surprise, so I retaliated by asking him if it happened to be hot enough for him.

"Awful. A person can't sleep night or day."

"Derriman," I said, "Derriman—I can't seem to put on the mister—how did you happen to come out to this Godforsaken country, and of all things, how did you happen to come as a private of infantry, when you might have come in the geodetic survey or some such job? Maybe it is none of my business, and if that is the case say so, but if you can tell me, do so. I've been here so long now I can see pink elephants without putting a strain on my imagination, but you cap the climax—which of us is crazy?—out with it and have the agony over."

"Certainly, I can tell you," he said. "I'm here, in this way, to save my mind. It was this or a madhouse or death, so I came. Let's go on deck somewhere so we can talk in comfort and without an audience."

I took him up to my stateroom and ordered a sangaree and some real food and cigars, and after he had lunched, got him under the electric fan and told him to go ahead.

"If you will study," he began, "certain books on nervous conditions, their nature and causes, you will learn that neurasthenia, contrary to general impressions, is not a new disease created——"

"Derriman," I interrupted, "please remember that we are in the Sulu Sea, not in Stanford. Don't, I pray, turn this into a lecture. Why are you here? Short circuit the scientific stuff and make it short. Being a newspaper man I despise introductions, digressions, and roundabout ways. Why?"

"Dreams," he said, snapping it out between his teeth, angry, I suppose, because I insisted on regarding him as a private of infantry. "Dreams, Tom—not a lot of different dreams about everything and nothing, but *one* dream, about the same thing in the same place in the same way. I got it first one night after a faculty dinner at the Palace in San Francisco. I laid it to four cigars and an underdone *filet mignon*, combined with the undue excitement of the dinner and the late hours—it was almost midnight before I got to bed. Naturally, I also took cognizance of the fact that I slept in a strange bed, and had not been away from home over night before for two years. However, it never left me."

"What?" I asked.

"The dream. It was a very peculiar dream, very vivid, and I remembered every detail of it. That was the worst of it, the remembering part of it. I couldn't forget—it stuck in the back of my head all day through class. Of course you know that under the head of 'Consciousness and Experience' you will find——"

"Derriman, what was the dream?"

"As I said, it was a very peculiar dream. It began with my feeling that my foot was caught in some tangle of ropes or vines. I was lying on my back, and the sun was very hot overhead, shining right down into my eyes with a blinding, quivering glare. On the ground beside me, almost within reach, a black man, with a peculiar zigzaggy dagger in his band, was writhing, as if in awful pain. Then he tried to reach out for me with that dagger, or knife, and slash at me with it, but his blows fell short about an inch—another inch and he would hit me in the ribs below my right arm. But he couldn't quite reach me, and between his paroxysms of pain he would attempt to drag himself nearer so that he could reach me. For as much as half an hour we lay there, I tangled up in the jungle vines, unable to get away from him, and he slashing at me and missing by an inch and swearing in a strange language and showing his teeth.

"Everything was clear and coherent. My right arm was caught in something over my head, and I could see part of the sleeve of my coat as I tried to get it free. The sleeve was made of a light brown cloth.

"The black man reaching for me was some sort of a savage warrior. He had on tight-fitting trousers, with wide red and white perpendicular stripes—such a pair of trousers as the American flag would make; the stripes were about the width of your thumb. He had on a peculiar jacket, without sleeves, open in front, like a fancy unbuttoned waistcoat.

"Well, that was the dream. It was awful torture to lie there, helpless, under that burning sun, with that black chap cutting at me with the funny knife and just missing. I remember watching him squirming toward me and saying to myself several times: 'Now he will get me, sure,' but he always missed. He would snarl and slash at me, and then after groaning a few times, begin all over again, wriggling his body to get close enough to me to settle me with that dagger. He evidently had been wounded, for the white stripes in his trousers were turning red slowly, as if he were bleeding.

"Just as he was reaching for me again, some one called out: 'Get away from there—there is a battery coming down through here and it will crush you like a fly,' and that ended the dream and I woke up stiff with frigbt.

"I forgot to tell you that while all this was going on I could hear what seemed to be a lot of firecrackers going off all around me, and every minute or so an awful explosion. The nearest description I can give of the sounds is that it was as if somebody was lighting a bunch of firecrackers, and when they had all exploded a cannon was fired and then another bunch of firecrackers set off and then another cannon, and so on until I woke up. I suppose that's what a battle sounds like, but of course I had never been in a battle so I couldn't tell for sure. That's what Dr. Garland said it was, and Garland, you know, was a surgeon in the army before he went into private practice.

"The dream upset me very much, and I was almost afraid to go to bed that night. I woke several times in a fright, but I didn't have the dream. The next night it came back. I went through it all, from beginning to end, just as I had in my room in the Palace. I couldn't go to class that day—my remembrance of that black man cutting at me was too vivid.

"I told Dr. Garland about it. He said I needed a rest and asked me if I had been reading about Philippine campaigns, and if I had ever read of a man having such an experience. I said that I had never read anything about the war in the Philippines, except the headlines in the newspapers while it was going on, and that I had never been interested in the war in the Philippines or any other place. He wanted to know if I had ever heard any such story, and I couldn't remember ever hearing any such story, because I wouldn't have listened to any such bloodthirsty story.

"He told me that my description of the black man was an accurate description of a Moro warrior, that the knife he had was a kris, that the firecrackers were infantry skirmish fire and the cannon bursting shell from a light battery in action. I told him about a big leaf which was by my side and he told me it was a jungle plant common in Mindanao. He was very much puzzled and said that it was a peculiar case, but that it was probably due to strain and overwork and that a few days' rest would set me right. At that time I was working out some abstruse problems in Calculus and he laid my dream to too much concentration and too little exercise.

"I got off for a week, and in three nights the dream came back. It was the same as before. They always began with the sensation that my foot was entangled and then I seemed to wake up under a burning sun with the warrior trying to reach my ribs with the point of his dagger. They all ended when the voice said: 'Get away from there—there is a light battery coming through here and it will crush you like a fly.'

"The dreams went on for six months, and I got about three a week until I was nearly crazy. It was always the same, and I got so that I suffered as much awake as I did asleep. Toward the last they began to come oftener, until I had one each night for four nights running—then I swore I'd shoot myself if I couldn't escape them.

"Dr. Garland tried opiates without success, and then a hypnotist tried to cure me, but couldn't. A scientific man from the East heard of my case and came out to study it and nearly finished me. His name was Grunbaum, and he had made a study of such phenomena.

"His theory was that only one thing could save me, and that was to go to Mindanao. He had some fine-spun theories which reduced down to their lowest terms were that I should put myself in a condition as near to the condition of the dream as possible. The brown sleeve in the dream suggested a khaki uniform, so he said I should go as a soldier. He believed that I should attempt to get into battle and have some such experience as I was dreaming about, so that my mind—my sub-conscious mind—could have some real experience to combat the dream. He said this thing had become fixed in my mind as a sort of relief. I had hammered at mathematics for years, and nothing else. My recreation was even working out hard problems. I needed an absolute change, some wild adventure, some scene of horror, some hardship, new scenes, even danger, to break up the routine of my mind and get it out of its groove.

"Of course he did not believe that I should court danger. Said he wanted to cut some new channels in my brain, or some such remark. Finally they got me enlisted in the army, and sent to a regiment in Mindanao, and here I am on my way. As soon as I am cured I am to be discharged by order of the Secretary of War, but of course none of the army folks know anything about me or my case, and Professor Grunbaum is going to write a brochure about it. Coming out on the transport from San Francisco I had the dream once. I had a touch of it in Manila, but they woke me up when I yelled, and threatened to put me in the guardhouse if I made such a racket again. Since then I have enjoyed the first good sleep I have had in months, except that the heat bothers me, but I feel I

will be all right when I join my regiment. I am really enjoying myself as a soldier, and it seems a complete change. Sometimes I get to estimating the number of cubic feet in this boat, or counting the stars at night when I am on deck, but that is childish and harmless, and all the luxury I allow myself in the way of figures. Now for Heaven's sake, Tom, keep this to yourself, and don't betray me to my officers—they have no idea I was ever inside a university, not to mention being a professor of mathematics. I understand I am going to be company clerk, and the work will just be recreation to me."

I smuggled a bottle of mineral water to him and some sandwiches that night, and the next morning we were in Zamboanga. I saw him march away to barracks, and I went out into the hills with a flying column of cavalry after a troublesome datto and his band. The troops were all in the field and were having a lively time of it. Derriman's regiment followed us in a few days, but got back to the post before we did.

After I got my story for the day on the wire, telling my paper of the close of the campaign in the Cottobatto district and the subjugation of the last of the hostile dattos, I went down to the barracks and looked up Derriman's company.

"Derriman!" said the first sergeant, looking at me queerly. "You want to see Derriman?"

"Yes," I said, taking a chair in the orderly room.

"Derriman, who was my company clerk?"

"Certainly," I said with a trace of annoyance.

"Are you a relative of Corporal Derriman?"

"No—so he's a corporal, is he?"

"Was," said the first sergeant, taking his pipe out of his mouth slowly and spitting circumspectly.

"Was! What do you mean?"

"Corporal Derriman was killed in action at the battle of Aba River. In some manner he got tangled in vines in the trail. When we found him he was lying alongside a dead Moro, and the Moro had a kris in his hand. He had cut Corporal Derriman, but we couldn't say just how Derriman lost his life, for you see, sir, a light battery had gone over the trail and the driver didn't see the bodies—well, in time. Sergeant Baker reported that before the battery was laid he called to somebody in the brush to get out of the way. Derriman was a smart sort of a chap. Heard when the *Lal-Loc* will get in? We have a draft of recruits coming, and I haven't seen a states' paper for three months." Frederick Ferdinand Moore.

San Francisco, August, 1911.

Nearly one million patents have been issued by the United States patent office. They are coming out at the rate of about 700 a week and the million mark will soon be passed. More than sixty examiners are employed to pass on applications. Samuel Hopkins of Massachusetts obtained the first patent in 1790, for a method of making pearl ash. In 1845, when 627 patents were granted, the commissioner believed "it may with truth be said that within a very short time human ingenuity will have reached its limit." And at that time there were no telegraphs, telephones, phonographs, electric lights, or electric railroads, submarines, flying machines, or automobiles, and people walked miles to look at a steam train.

Shade-grown New England tobacco is said to excel any other, except Sumatra tobacco, for cigar wrappers. This year the 2000 acres devoted to the crop in New England represent a four-fold increase over the area of 1910. The expense of growing tobacco under cloth is said to be three times as great as that attending the ordinary method of growth in the open field, but one-third more plants to the acre are possible under shade, the tobacco weighs heavier and brings a much higher price, while the waste is less. Shade-grown tobacco is now selling at about $1 a pound.

Students of religion have known for some time that northern Africa was likely to become Mohammedan, and it has again been brought to mind by the report of Dr. Karl Kumm, a German explorer. He says that Mohammedan students are sent from Cairo into the Sudan to convert the natives to Islam. Recently, he adds, 200,000 slaves were liberated in one district, a consequence of European influences, and yet the fact did not become known to the world.

By migrating from pole to pole, the arctic tern becomes the greatest traveler in the world, and also manages to enjoy more daylight than any other bird. It has been found nesting within 500 miles of the pole. When the young are grown, the entire family leave for the south, and some months later are found skirting the edges of the antarctic. As the daylight season draws to a close in the far south, the long journey north is undertaken.

Recently the sweet-toned bell cast by Paul Revere, the famous old patriot, in 1816, and which has long hung in the tower of the First Methodist Church of Lynn, Massachusetts, was cracked while being rung. It is now silent, and may perhaps be recast. For ninety-five years it has rung for church services and celebrations.

Scientists say if the appetite of a man were as great as that of a sparrow, in proportion to his size, he would eat a whole sheep at one sitting.

"NO SURRENDER!"

An Evening with the Political Stalwarts in London.

Really it was too hot for a political meeting. Not only was it a dog-day—one of those days which Addison said he devoted to teaching the "fan exercise"—but London had been baked in days as hot for nigh two months. It was impossible to find a cool spot even under the most shady trees of Hyde or any other park; how unthinkable, then, the prospect of several hours as a unit in a mass of sweltering humanity wedged tightly in a stuffy hall.

And yet I hazarded the experiment. Perhaps it was because the political crisis made me feel young again, as young as in those student days when with another college chum I made a ticketless assault on a hall where Gladstone was to hold forth and secured as good a seat as those who had provided themselves with full admission privileges. Or it may have been that the cause was akin to that curiosity to see and hear certain notable politicians which years ago took me to a hall in Glasgow to listen to the most famous of the clan Campbell, the eighth Duke of Argyle, and resulted in my seeing the orator, after uttering a few sentences, sink back fainting into the arms of the chairman of the meeting.

Despite the heat and the possibility that it would keep the audience to moderate dimensions, I had the wisdom to apply for a ticket. In a sense it was a noncommital piece of cardboard. True it bore at the top in large type the legend of "No Surrender!"; otherwise it confined itself to an "admit the bearer to mass meeting at Holborn Hall," gave a list of the speakers, stated that the doors would be open at 7:30, that no seat would be reserved after eight, that the chair would be taken at 8:15, and that "Johnson's military band" would be in evidence for three-quarters of an hour.

Being a punctual person, I determined to be in good time for the opening of the doors, and on catching sight of the Holborn Hall clock flattered myself on being early on the scene of action. For the hands of that clock stood at 7:15, giving me, as I imagined, a full quarter of an hour for a smoke while watching the crowd gather. But a coign of vantage on the opposite sidewalk revealed the fact that there were no signs of a gathering crowd; in truth it looked as though the dog-days were to be responsible for a frost; but a second glance across the street showed that the doors of the hall were wide open and that political enthusiasts were passing in. A moment later I had joined their ranks, and on gaining admission to the hall found it already half full of excited no-surrenderites. In another fifteen minutes each seat had its occupant, and more than half an hour before the proceedings were timed to begin every foot of standing-room had been preëmpted and a second hall in the building filled to its capacity by an "overflow" meeting. And all this in the dog-days!

Thanks to the valiant services of "Johnson's military band," the hour of waiting did not drag. In fact, even without such obliging musicians, the preliminaries of a London political meeting are rarely dull. There are always a few amateur vocalists ready to oblige with party or patiotic songs, and in the pauses of their off-key solos minor politicians will undertake to demonstrate their ability to deliver more eloquent orations than the announced speakers. Failing these diversions, the audience can always segregate itself into little argumentative groups, and the chances are more than even that some of those groups will discover the fist to be a more potent weapon than the tongue. When these resources are exhausted, what can be more inspiring than the prospect of the flag-adorned walls, culminating in the vacant platform with its Union Jack background?

Promptly at 8:15, however, that platform is invaded by the speakers of the evening. They are all to a man members of the no-surrender, the stalwart, the last-ditch, the die-hard, the backwoods party. No doubt the cables have made *Argonaut* readers familiar with those names; they are aware that in the struggle between the Liberal and Conservative parties over the House of Lords the most dramatic episode has been the cleavage in the Conservative ranks on the question whether the Conservative peers should abstain from voting in favor of their own amendments and so save their house from being flooded with "puppet peers," or insist upon those amendments and dare the Liberal government to do its worst. There was no mistaking the warlike temper of the Holborn Hall meeting; with four exceptions that mass of humanity belonged to the no-surrender camp and cheered to the echo the story of Clive, who, to a bully who had drawn the loaded pistol In a duel, exclaimed, "You did cheat; shoot and be damned!"

Quite a little English history, modern and ancient, had its living representatives in the occupants of the platform. The chairman, Major Archer Shee, is the elder brother of that naval cadet who was dismissed from his training-school on a charge of theft and denied an inquiry by the government until the law courts intervened and was but the other day awarded seven thousand pounds damages for that iniquity. On his right sat the Earl of Selborne, son of that Roundell Palmer whose "The Book of Praise" has given him world-wide fame. Tall of build, upright as a soldier, Lord Selborne has a cleanly chiseled, intellectual face, and has won for himself by his administration of South Africa the right to equal distinction with England's two other notable living pro-consuls, Lord Curzon and Lord Milner. To his right was Lord Willoughby de Broke, representing in his stalwart person that ancient barony which dates back to 1491 and owed its creation to his ancestor's knightly prowess on Bosworth Field. On the chairman's immediate left sat the dapper little person of George Wyndham, descendant of the Irish rebel, Lord Edward FitzGerald, and one-time chief secretary for Ireland. His left-hand companion was Lord Robert Cecil, third son of the late Marquess of Salisbury, perpetuating in his domed forehead the most commanding trait of his illustrious ancestor, William Cecil, the faithful Lord Burghley of Queen Elizabeth's council. Last in the procession came F. E. Smith, slight in build, and almost boyish of face, the clever young K. C. and M. P. who is, as was once Benjamin Disraeli, the "rising hope of the stern, unbending Tories."

And the speaking? Of course it varied—varied from the almost academic strain of Lord Selborne to the slap-dash, cut-and-thrust style of Mr. Smith—but it was all of the resolute order and apparently compact of sincerity. What an American audience would have thought of the oratory is a problem; probably it would have voted it too deficient in humor, too highly serious in strain. And all the speakers save one had manuscript notes handy. Lord Selborne seemed to have carefully committed his speech to memory, for his sentences were strictly logical and cleanly cut and could have been put into type on the spot without the alteration of a comma; but all that did not detract from its effectiveness. So telling was it, indeed, that thrice the audience rose to its feet to cheer and brandish hats and sticks in approval. Just as effective, though on the lower plane of adaptability to the dullest comprehension, was the note-less address of "F. E." He has humor as well as argument, and his rousing reception told how already the young K. C. and M. P. is a prime favorite with the crowd. Though handicapped with the un-arrestive name of Smith, it needs no gift of prophecy to forecast the high place he will take in English political life. In the Tory camp he is an excellent set-off to Lloyd George, an orator of sparkling phrase and an understanding of what will appeal to the man in the street. Henry C. Shelley.

London, August 8, 1911.

Spiders as an aid to astronomy are recognized to such an extent that certain species are cultivated solely for the fine threads they weave. No substitute for the spider's thread has yet been found for bisecting the screw of the micrometer used for determining the positions and motions of the stars. Not only because of the remarkable fineness of the threads are they valuable, but because of their durable qualities. The threads of certain spiders raised for astronomical purposes withstand changes in temperature, so that often in measuring sun spots they are uninjured when the heat is so great that the lenses of the micrometer eyepieces are cracked. These spider lines are only one-fifth to one-seventh of a thousandth of an inch in diameter, compared with which the threads of the silkworm are large and clumsy.

To minimize the number of accidents in its works, the American Steel and Wire Company has expended $158,000 in automatic stops throughout the plant. The first installation of this kind consisted of an arrangement for closing the steam valve of an engine, controlled by electric push buttons placed at various points in the mills. Pressing the button stopped the machinery in an entire department. While no one knows how many are injured in industrial accidents annually, the Department of Labor and Commerce three years ago estimated that over 30,000 fatal accidents result every year in this country.

It remained for a Turk, wandering far from his native land, to find the largest crystal of beryl (aquamarine) ever discovered, a long distance inland in Brazil. It was dug out at a shallow depth, transported by canoe to the coast, and finally sold at Bahia, bringing the finder, it is said, $25,000. According to estimates this crystal would furnish fully 2,000,000 carats of aquamarines of various sizes.

Southern France produces and ships annually cut flowers to the value of nearly $8,000,000. A quarter of a century ago Alphonse Karr at St. Raphael gave the industry the impetus which has grown to its present proportions. Every night in winter a special train, known as the cut-flower limited, leaves Toulon for Paris, loaded with fragrant blossoms.

Stenography was known as far back as the time of the Greeks in Egypt, is the conclusion reached by Professor Friedrich Presigke of the University of Strassburg. He believes that the Greeks learned the art from the Egyptians, and bases his belief on papyri dated A. D. 155, in which claim is made that a system of shorthand is used.

At the recent annual festival of the London Gregorian Choral Association fifty combined church choirs sang music from the English service books of the eighth to the fourteenth centuries at St. Paul's Cathedral.

A NOVEL OF PANAMA.

Rex Beach Tells a Story of Love, of Reformation, and of the Isthmian Canal.

Mr. Rex Beach has chosen Panama as a setting for his latest novel, and, as usual with him, he tells us a good deal about the country and the people without allowing his special characters to leave the stage for very long. His hero is Kirk Anthony, a typical rich man's son who spends the paternal revenues in riotous living and in the night dissipations of New York. It is the reformation of this "ne'er-do-well" that we are invited to witness, and the agency of regeneration is the strenuous life of Panama and the bright eyes of one of her Spanish daughters.

But Kirk is not a voluntary exile. Upon one of his tours through the underworld with a crowd of boon companions he meets an ingratiating stranger, an embezzler, for whom the police are searching. Locke has already taken his passage for Panama and is to sail the following morning, but finding that the detectives are unexpectedly hot upon his trail, and Kirk being conveniently drunk, he manages to convey the ne'er-do-well on board the steamer in his name. When the victim comes to his senses he is already far at sea, burdened with the name of a criminal, and with neither money nor baggage. The conditions are eminently conducive to hard work, and this is well known to be the first step to the regeneration of the rich man's son.

It is fortunate for Kirk that he makes a good friend of Mrs. Cortlandt, who is his fellow-passenger. In point of fact Mrs. Cortlandt falls in love with him. She and her husband are something mysterious in the American diplomatic service and with that large and vague influence usually associated with political agents. But before Kirk is forced to call for aid from Mrs. Cortlandt he tries what he can do with the American consul:

"I came in to ask a favor," Anthony announced. "I suppose every tourist does the same."

"That's part of a consul's duty," Mr. Weeks panted, while his soft cheeks swelled with every exhalation. "That's what I'm here for."

"I want to cable home for money."

"A little poker game on the way down, eh?" He began to shake ponderously.

"I'm broke, and they won't take a collect message at the cable office. You see, I didn't know I was coming; some of my friends gave me a knockout and shipped me off on the *Santa Cruz*. The wireless wasn't working, we didn't stop at Jamaica, so this is my first chance to get word home."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Cable for me and see that I have a place to stop until I get an answer."

A look of distrust crept slowly into the consul's little eyes.

"Are you absolutely broke?"

"I haven't got a jingle."

"How long will it take to hear from your people?"

"If my father is at home, I'll hear instantly."

"And if he isn't?"

"I'll have to wait."

"What makes you think he'll wire you money?"

"He's never failed yet. You see, I'm something like a comet; he knows I'll be around every so often."

Mr. Weeks began to complain. "I don't know you, Mr.—what's the name again? Anthony? I'm a poor man and I've been an easy mark for every tropical tramp from Vera Cruz to Guayaquil. Your father may not be able to help you, and then I'll be holding the bag."

"I think you don't understand who he is. Did you ever hear of Darwin K. Anthony, of Albany, New York?"

Mr. Weeks's thick lids opened, this time to display a far different emotion. "Certainly."

"Well, he's the goat."

But the goat breaks all precedents by refusing to "come through." The consul hears of the alias on the steamer, and to crown poor Kirk's misfortunes he gets into trouble with the Panama police, goes to jail, and faces a dreary outlook of punishment and disgrace. Then at last Mrs. Cortlandt comes to the rescue, her protégé is released and shows preliminary signs of grace by becoming a conductor on the Panama Railroad. His chief introduces him to his duties and to the general conditions on the Isthmus:

"The Canal Zone is a strip of land ten miles wide running across the Isthmus—really an American colony, you know, for we govern it, police it, and all that. As for the work itself, well, the fellows at the two ends of the canal are dredging night and day to complete their part, the lock-builders are laying concrete like mad to get their share down first, the chaps in the big cut are boring through the hills like moles and breaking steam-shovel records every week, while we railroad men take care of the whole shooting-match. Of course, there are other departments—sanitary, engineering, commissary, and so forth—all doing their share; but that is the general scheme. Everybody is trying to break records. We don't think of anything except our own business. Each fellow believes the fate of the canal depends upon him. We've lost interest in everything except this ditch, and while we realize that there is such a place as home, it has become merely a spot where we spend our vacations. They have wars and politics and theatres and divorces out there somewhere, but we don't care. We've lost step with the world, we've dropped out. When the newspapers come, the first thing we look for is the Panama news. We're obsessed by this job. Even the women and children feel it—you'll feel it as soon as you become a cog in the machine. Polite conversation at dinner is limited to tons of rock and yards of concrete. Oh, but I'm tired of this concrete talk."

So much for the official life, but the social life is hardly less attractive. It is made up of the little things, of the deadlier forms of routine, of the trivialities with which intelligent people try to amuse themselves when they are driven to them:

"It's even harder on the women folks, for they can't find anything to kick about, so they fuss with one another and with us. They have clubs, you know, to improve things, but there's nothing to improve. We had a social war recently over a button. One clique wanted a club emblem that would cost a dollar and a half, while the other faction were in favor of a dollar button. I tell you, it was serious. Then, too, we're all tagged and labeled like cans of salmon with the price-mark on—we can't four-flush. You can tell a man's salary by the number of rocking-chairs in his house, and the wife of a fellow who draws eighteen hundred a year can't associate with a woman whose husband makes twenty-five hundred. They are very careful about such things. We go to the same dances on the same dates, we dance with the same people to the same tunes by the same band, and when we get off in some corner of the veranda in search of the same old breeze, which we know is blowing at precisely the same velocity from the usual quarter, our partners tell us that Colonel So-and-So laid four hundred twenty-seven more cubic yards of concrete this week than last, or that Steam Shovel Number Twenty-Three broke the record again by eighty yards. It's hell!" He stopped, breathless.

We have an interesting glimpse of the mechanical part of the work, so interesting, indeed, that we should have liked more of it:

Down into the cut the little car went, and at last Anthony saw the active pulsating heart of this stupendous undertaking. The low range was severed by a gorge blasted out by human hands. It was a mountain valley in the making. High up on its sides were dirt and rock trains, dozens of compressed-air drills, their spars resembling the masts of a fleet of cathoats at anchor—behind these, grimy, powerful steam shovels which rooted and grunted quite like iron hogs. Along the tracks at various levels flowed a constant current of traffic; long lines of empty cars crept past the shovels, then, filled to overflowing, sped away northward up the valley, to return again and again. Nowhere was there any idleness, nowhere a cold machine or a man at rest. On every hand was smoke and steam and sweat. The drills chugged steadily, the hungry iron hogs gouged out the trails the drills had loosened, the trains rolled past at intervals of a moment or so. Lines of electric wire, carried upon low wooden "shears," paralleled the tracks, bearing the white-hot sparks that rent the mountain. At every switch a negro flagman crouched beneath a slanting sheet of corrugated iron, seeking shelter alike from flying fragments and the blazing sun. From beneath the drills came occasional subterranean explosions; then geysers of muddy water rose in the air. Under the snouts of the steam shovels "dohe" shots went off as howlders were riven into smaller fragments. Now and then an excited tooting of whistles gave warning of a bigger blast as the flagmen checked the flow of traffic, indicating with arms upraised that the ground was "coming up." Thereupon a brief lull occurred; men hid themselves, the work held its breath, as it were. But while the detonations still echoed, and before the flying missiles had ceased to shower, the human ants were moiling at their hills once more, the wheels were turning again, the jaws of the iron hogs were clanking.

Politics, explains Kirk's chief, is the curse of the country, a discouragement to conscientious work, and an element of insecurity ever present to the minds of the officials:

"Oh, we'll finish it if we're let alone. Every year, you know, we receive a hatch of senators and congressmen who come down to 'inspect' and 'report.' Sometimes they spend as much as a week on the job, and frequently learn to distinguish which is the Gatun dam and which the Culebra cut, but not always. Some of them don't know yet. Nevertheless, they return to Washington and tell us how to proceed. Having discovered that the Panama climate is good and the wages high, they send down all their relatives. It's too bad Colonel Gorgas did away with the yellow fever.

"You see there is too much politics in it; we never know how long our jobs will last. If some senator whose vote is needed on an administration matter wanted my position for his wife's brother, he could get it. Suppose the president of the Clock-Winders' Union wanted to place his half-sister's husband with the P. R. R. He'd call at the White House and make his request. If he were refused, he'd threaten to call a strike of his union and stop every clock on the Isthmus. He'd get the job all right."

All this is very interesting, and there should be more of it. It leaves a deeper impression upon the mind than the not wholly convincing efforts of Mrs. Cortlandt to capture the affections of Kirk, who shows himself far less alert to the lady's sentiments than his earlier and even less reputable experiences would seem to warrant. Here is an incident that occurs while they are on an excursion and after they have been marooned by a faithless boatman:

"Oh, I'm so frightened!" she breathed, and he felt her tremble. "A drunken man frightens me——" Involuntarily she hid her face against his breast, then laughed nervously. "Don't mind me, please. It's the one thing I can't stand. I'll be all right in a moment." She lifted her white face, and her eyes were luminous in the gloom. "I'm very glad you don't drink." Her hand crept up to the lapel of his coat. "What will you think of me?" she said, tremulously.

Before he realized what he was doing his arms had closed around her and his lips had met hers. It may have been the romance of the night, the solitude, the intoxicating warmth of her breath—at any rate, he lost his head and knew nothing save that she was a woman and he a man. As for her, she offered no resistance, made no sign beyond a startled sigh as their lips came together.

But, impulsive as his action had been, it was no more sudden than his recoil. He released her and stepped back, crying:

"Oh, my God! I—I didn't mean that. Forgive me. *Please.*" She said nothing, and he stammered desperately again: "You'll hate me now, of course, but—I don't know what ails me. I forgot myself—you—everything. It was unpardonable, and I ought to be shot." He started off down the blind street, his whole body cold with apprehension and self-disgust.

"Where are you going?" she called after him.

"I don't know. I can't stay here now. Oh, Mrs. Cortlandt, what can I say?"

"Do you intend to leave me here in the middle of this——"

"No, no! Of course not. I'm rattled, that's all. I've just got a cowardly desire to flee and butt my head against the nearest wall. That's what I ought to do. I don't know what possessed me. I don't know what you'll think of me."

"We won't speak of it now. Try to compose yourself and find our lodging-place."

"Why, yes, of course. I'll see that you're fixed up comfortably and then I'll get out."

"Oh, you mustn't leave me!" she cried in a panic. "I couldn't stay in that awful place alone." She drew a little nearer to him as if demanding his protection.

A wave of tenderness swept over him. She was just a girl, after all, he reflected, and if it were not for what had happened a moment before the most natural thing in the world would be to take her in his arms and comfort her.

"I—I won't leave you—I'll stay near you," he stammered.

That ought to have been enough for the modern young man, but Kirk is unsuspecting, and when he meets Gertrudis Garavel he proceeds to court her in the most energetic way and wholly oblivious of the danger that he runs from a woman scorned, and to whom, moreover, he owes so much. But Gertrudis is not won without a proper showing of maidenly reluctance:

"Let us imagine, then, the contrary. You Americans are entirely different from our people. You are cold, deliberate, wicked—your social customs are not like ours. You do not at all understand us. How then could you be interested to meet a Spanish family?"

"Why, you're half American."

"Oh, yes, although it is to be regretted. Even at school in your Baltimore I learned many improper things, against which I have had to struggle ever since."

"For instance?"

"Ah," she sighed, "I saw so much liberty; I heard of the shocking conduct of your American ladies, and, while I know it is quite wrong and wicked, still—it is interesting. Why, there is no other nice girl in all Panama who would have talked with you as I did in the forest that day."

"But what has all this to do with my coming to see you?"

"It is difficult to explain, since you will not understand. When a young man is accepted with a Spanish house, many things are taken for granted. Besides that, we do not know each other, you and I. Also, if you should come to see me, it would cause gossip, misunderstanding among my friends."

"I'll declare myself in advance," he promised, warmly.

"No, no, no! We Spanish-Americans do not care for strangers. We have our own people and we are satisfied. You Yankees are not very nice, you are barbarous; you assume such liberties. Our young men are gentle, modest, sweet——"

"Um-m! I hadn't noticed it."

"This is the first time I have ever talked so freely with a gentleman, and I suppose it is immodest. After all, it is much better that old people who are of more experience should discuss these questions."

"But don't you want to have a voice in your own affairs?" he eagerly urged. "Do you really want your relatives to tell you whom to meet, whom to love, and whom to marry?"

She answered, frankly: "Sometimes I feel that way. Yet at other times I am sure they must know best."

The hero makes so much progress both with the lady and with her father that he is finally invited to dinner, but is blissfully unaware that such a procedure, according to Spanish etiquette, is equivalent to an acceptance of his suit:

Later in the evening he found himself alone with Chiquita and the old Spanish lady, and, knowing that the latter could not understand a word of his tongue, he addressed himself to the girl with some degree of naturalness.

"I was sorry for you the last time, señor," she said, in reply to his half-humorous complaint, "and yet it was fonny; you were so frightened."

"It was my first memorial service. I thought I was going to see you alone."

"Oh, that is never allowed."

"Never? How am I going to ask you to marry me?"

Miss Garavel hid her blushing face behind her fan. "Indeed! You seem capable of asking that absurd question under any circumstances."

"I wish you would straighten me out on some of your customs."

"What, for instance?"

"Why does the whole family sit around and watch me? I don't intend to steal any bric-à-brac. They could search me just as well when I go out."

"They wish to satisfy themselves as to your character, perhaps."

"Yes, but a fellow feels guilty causing them to lose so much sleep."

She gave him an odd look, smiling timidly.

"As for tonight, do you attribute any meaning to my father's request that you dine with us?"

"Of course. It means I wasn't blackballed at the first meeting, I suppose. After I've become a regular member, and there is nothing missed from the lodge-rooms, I'll be allowed to proceed in the ordinary manner."

She blushed delightfully again. "Since you are so ignorant of our ways you should inquire at your earliest convenience. I would advise you, perhaps, to learn Spanish."

"Will you teach me? I'll come every evening."

She did not answer, for the old lady began to show curiosity, and a conversation in Spanish ensued which Kirk could not follow.

The final reckoning with Mrs. Cortlandt is a serious matter. At last Kirk gets an insight into the lady's mind and is told—and not in diplomatic language—that she can break him as easily as she can make him:

"That night at Tahoga!" she flared up. "What about that? Couldn't you tell then? I fought—fought—fought—but I had to give up. You haven't forgotten—those wonderful hours we had together?" She began to sob, but steadied herself with an effort. "You say you didn't know, then what about that afternoon in the jungle? Oh, you're not blind; you must have seen a thousand times. Every hour we've been alone together I've told you, and you let me go on believing you cared. Do you think that was right? Now you are shocked because I admit it," she mocked. "Well, I have no pride. I am not ashamed. It's too late for shame now. Why, even my husband knows."

With an exclamation he seized her by the arm. "You don't mean that!" he cried, fiercely. But she wrenched herself away.

"Why, do you think, I made a man of you? Why did I force you up and up over the heads of others? Why are you in line for the best position on the railroad? Did you think you had made good by your own efforts?" She laughed harshly. "I took Runnels and Wade and Kimble and the others that you liked and forced them up with you, so you'd have an organization that couldn't be pulled down."

"Did—did you do all that?"

"I did more. I broke with Alfarez because of what his son did to you. I juggled the politics of this country, I threw him over and took Garavel—Garavel! My God! What a mockery! But I won't let you—I won't let that girl spoil my work." Her voice trailed off in a kind of rasping whisper. She struggled a moment for composure, then went on: "It was I who promoted you to Runnels's position—he'll tell you that. It was I who put ideas of advancement into his head. I fostered this quarrel between Jolson and the superintendent, and I've used Runnels to break trail for you. Why? Ask yourself why! Oh, Kirk," she cried, "you mustn't marry that girl! I'll make you a great man!"

Of course everything comes out right in the end. Mrs. Cortlandt relents, the course of true love runs smoothly at last, and the fatted calf is duly killed for the prodigal son, as the fatted calf always is, poor thing, in novels. The story is not the best that Mr. Beach has written, in fact it is carelessly executed, but the Panama setting gives it a distinction, while the sentiment is by no means mediocre.

THE NE'ER-DO-WELL. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.25.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

South America.

Why is it that we know so little of South America? Professor Bingham helps us to understand how little we do know, and how many different types of humanity, how many strange survivals, how many distinctive traits and living traditions are still to he found upon our own continent. It is hard to close his hook without the conviction that South America is the land of vast and waiting possihilities, the hahitat of social forces that must one day play a great part in the history of the world. South America may he asleep, hut she is not dead.

The author tells us that he visited Rio de Janeiro, crossed the Argentine from Buenos Aires to the Bolivian frontier, rode hy mule through southern Bolivia, visited Potosi and Sucre, went hy rail from Oruro to Antofagasta, and thence hy steamer to Valparaiso. He came hack hy way of the west coast of Bolivia, Arequipa, and Lake Titicaca, continuing his journey via La Paz, Tiahuanaco, and Cuzco, thence hy mules over the old Inca road as far as Huancago. He explored Chogguequirau and an Inca fortress in the valley of the Apurimac. Surely this is a journey comprehensive enough to justify such a volume as this, from which, we are told, nearly everything is excluded that is already available in statistical and other form.

It is not only an interesting hut an instructive hook, in spite of the absence of statistics, for which we can not be too grateful. Professor Bingham helps us to understand the characters of the people, why so many of them dislike us, and the many points upon which more sympathetic relations might well he established. Sometimes, he says, these people disgust us, hut then, on the other hand, we disgust them. It is preventahle misunderstandings that have led to serious commercial losses, not only in South America, but in Cuha and elsewhere in Latin American regions. But the author does not scold us for this. He does not scold at all and is content to state his facts in a lucid way, and without drawing the moral or adorning the tale. For example, he tells us of the prison at La Paz, Bolivia. One of the cells was opened for his inspection. It measured "six feet high, three feet wide, and eighteen inches deep." Inches —not feet. No wonder that "as tbe door opened, the occupant of the cell tumhled out onto the floor." Naturally he would. Let us hope that he is not still there. The more orthodox coffin would seem preferahle.

The hook might have heen hetter written. Perhaps it is unfair to expect grammar from a college professor, hut there are still old-fashioned people who like accuracy in these matters. But as a picture of South America from the human nature point of view it is unusually good.

Across South America. By Hiram Bingham. Boston: Houghton Miffiin Company; $3.50.

Greek Immigration.

There is no longer an excuse for ignorance on the suhject of Greek immigration. Mr. Henry Pratt Fairchild has said everything that can he said. There is no fact ohtainahle either in Greece or America that is not disclosed, and at least half of these facts need not have heen disclosed at all and would never he missed. The author has the usual scholastic failing of supposing that whatever is trivial must therefore he important, and so we are informed that the State of Alahama contains one fruit store owned hy a Greek and that the State of Colorado is the proud possessor of one candy store under similar proprictorship.

But inasmuch as the hook contains everything that has the faintest hearing upon Greek immigration it necessarily includes the useful as well as the superfluous. Moreover, it is written in a scholarly way and from a warm humanitarian standpoint that commends it.

Greek Immigration to the Uniteo States. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press; $2.

The Street of To-Day.

Mr. Masefield has not written a great novel, hut he has written a highly satisfactory one, a story that shows a genuine creative power and some of the illumination that comes from a study of his brother men and sister women. His hero Lionel has returned from a medical mission in Africa with the realization that he can marry and consequently with a sudden appreciation of women. He is a good, clean fellow and with a tendency to worship rather than to pursue. But what kind of woman will he marry? We see quite an assortment of them. and while we could choose for him without the slightest difficulty we have a presentiment that Lionel will make a mess of it. And yet Rhoda is a singularly delightful girl. If we detect a pre-marital fault in her it is a certain fragile delicacy, a daintiness that may fare hadly in the rough mills of experience. In point of fact she is a neurotic, although the malady is hidden hy the vigor and elasticity of youth. The honeymoon hegins with a short ocean voyage, and seasickness, and—other things, and so Rhoda's nerves take rampant command and keep it. The end might bave been delayed hut for the seasickness, hut she is at a point where every experience is unified in a general nauseation. We all know what is the matter with Rhoda. There are thousands of Rhodas, who learn to hate their husbands in twenty-four hours, hut the real causes are among the things not talked of. So poor Lionel, who does not wear very well in adversity, has to look further, and we may hope that the pages following the last one have something good in store for him.

Lionel's character is, perhaps, hetter drawn than Rhoda's. There are still unpredatory men who worship women, and Mr. Masefield gives us a successful portrait of one of them. Nor shall we quarrel with Lionel hecause he is attracted to women hy their smell and classifies them somewhat according to their odors. The way to a man's heart, at least to the more sensuous levels of it, is hy the way of the nose even more than hy way of the eyes, a truth recognized to the full only in the lower human strata.

The Street of To-Day. By John Masefield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.

The Exception.

Any sensihle girl who had made a slip in her early life, whether from curiosity or any other cause, would forget the evil incident, say nothing ahout it to any one, and dismiss it from her life. Not so Berice Beckwith in Oliver Onions's novel "The Exception." She ahsolutely gloats upon it with the morbid introspection common to a certain type of feminine mind. The man is dead, hut the fault is alive, and Berice is determined that it shall remain alive if a perpetual hut not an altogether shamefaced hrooding can have that effect. Whenever she marries she will tell her hushand, and sure enough she does tell him. He is a wealthy hanker and to him Berice is naturally an incarnation of angelic purity. When she tells him that the defunct Lionel had heen her "lover" he naturally supposes that she refers to moonlight kisses and the philandering of young folk, although it must he admitted that Berice lays a tragic stress upon the somewhat inclusive word. But Berice can never let sleeping dogs lie. She has become an organism revolving around a seduction, and when she finds that her hushand had placed an innocent construction on her confession she proceeds to make her meaning clear. Then there is trouhle, strained relations, reconciliation, and a resulting situation that is a little revolting. Berice is a distinctly charming girl exteriorly, hut we get absolutely nauseated with Lionel and with Berice's hroodings and moodings over an early fault. We feel tempted to say, "My dear girl, what does it all matter? Run away and play and let the dead hury its dead."

But while the psychology of the story is morhid, while its characters do not helong to the world of men and women, it is undeniahly clever and well told. It is told in a leisurely way and with marked imaginative and constructive skill.

The Exception. By Oliver Onions. New York: John Lane Company; $1.50.

White Motley.

Mr. Max Pemherton is not quite so good as usual. A rather commonplace plot can not he hrought up to the modern standard hy the introduction of a flying machine, and we may still question if mechanism has the right to any hut a suhsidiary place in fiction. At least it ought not to he the mainspring.

In this story we have a quarrel hetween Sir Luton Delayne—who is a beast—and his wife. They separate, the hushand to travel on the hroad road that leadeth to destruction, and the wife to seek anonymous recuperation in Switzerland. Lady Delayne is hoth heautiful and good, and as her status is unknown she may take her choice among the leisurely holiday-makers at Andana and among them the hero of the story with his aeroplane and his magical flights. Then Sir Luton turns up, intent on hlackmail, kills a policeman, has to fly the country, and we perceive that the lady will soon be in a position to draw another ticket from the lottery hox. We seem to have read it all hefore, except the aeroplane part, and this is thoroughly well done. The great prize-winning flight is a good piece of description, especially as we know that the hrave aviator is flying for the heart of a lady as well as for the sordid reward offered hy a mercenary newspaper. These things do go together sometimes.

White Motley. By Max Pemherton. New York: Sturgis' & Walton Company; $1.30.

A Texas Pioneer.

Mr. August Santlehen has enriched tbe literature of the early West hy his volume of reminiscences. He was horn in Germany in 1845, came to America when an infant, and followed a long and lahorious life on the frontiers of Texas and Mexico. Mr. Santlehen tells his story without any literary pretensions, which is, perhaps, the way in which such a story should he told. Indeed he seems rather to avoid the dramatic, the tragic, and the sensational, and this increases the sense of accuracy inspired hy his pages. As a faithful picture of the early staging and overland staging days his hook leaves nothing to be desired from a historical point of view, although he is inclined to an over-elaboration of detail, such as the names of all the passengers on an unimportant stage journey and the genealogies of forgotten worthies of whom little more can he said than that they happened to exist.

A Texas Pioneer. By August Santlehen. Edited by I. D. Affleck. New York: Neale Puhlishing Company; $2.

Virginia of the Rhodesians.

Cynthia Stockley has already written two South African stories—"Poppy" and "The Claw." They deserved their success, and now comes a third volume in every way worthy of its predecessors. "Virginia of the Rhodesians" is a complete novel, hut it is written in such a way that each chapter is practically complete in itself. Its heroine is a young woman belonging to that curious type of society to he found in outpost settlements that have the high civilization of the Old World for a hackground and the constant possibility of harharian massacre as an anticipation. From such a comhination comes a certain irresponsihility, a certain dehonair carelessness, not inconsistent with other virtues than heroism. Virginia appeals to us first of all as a vivacious young woman with an annihilating wit and extraordinary potentialities for cattishness. Then we are allowed to see the real woman that so often hides from everything hut tragedy. The author has not only an unusual gift of humor, hut also an unerring recognition of pathos and drama. Moreover, she can portray the spirit of a community with that deft and certain touch that distinguishes the artist. She must give us other stories of South Africa, for there is no one who can do it quite so well from that particular point of view.

Virginia of the Rhooesians. By Cynthia Stockley. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; $1.25.

Briefer Reviews.

Some first-rate animal stories are to he found in "The Untamed," hy George Patullo (Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.; $1.20). For the most part Mr. Patullo's animals are still animals, and not little human heings encased in animal hodies, as is so often the case with nature writers who try to solve the mystery of animal psychology.

Mr. Arthur Leland, author of "Playground Technique and Playcraft" (Baker & Taylor Company), has rendered a service to the playground movement throughout the country hy his effort to correlate the work of the various playground interests. His volume is well and practically illustrated and gives every evidence of careful collahoration and of thorough workmanship.

The Yale University Press has published "Lovely Peggy," by J. R. Crawford, a play in three acts hased on the love romance of Margaret Woffington and David Garrick. The play was held to be ineligible for prize award in the Yale University Dramatic Association competition, 1910-11, hecause of the fact that the author was a memher of the university faculty, hut it is now puhlished hy special arrangement. The price is $1.25.

Mr. William Alfred White explains in his preface to "Harmonic Part-Writing" (Silver, Burdett & Co.) that his single aim is to give a mastery of the foundation of all composition—four-part writing. He has no theory of music to offer, nor does he present an exposition of scales, intervals, and chord material. The work will commend itself to the teacher from the fact that every exercise is musical and that every exercise is capahle of several versions.

One of the later volumes issued in the Home University Lihrary (Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents) is "An Introduction to Mathematics," hy A. N. Whitehead. It is Mr. Whitehead's mission, not to teach mathematics, hut to "enahle students from the very heginning of their course to know what the science is about and why it is necessarily the foundation of exact thought as applied to natural phenomena." It may suffice to say that Mr. Whitehead has written a fascinating hook for those susceptihle to such fascination and one that is worthy of his mathematical reputation.

Mr. George M. Neese, author of "Three Years in the Confederate Horse Artillery" (Neale Puhlishing Company; $2), has nothing of moment to add to the history of the Civil War, hut as a personal narrative and one written with spontaneous and unstudied enthusiasm his story has much to recommend it. Mr. Neese joined Chew's Battery on December 11, 1861, and "I stuck to my post from start to finish," with the exception of a period of retirement in a Northern prison, "thoroughly divested of everything except pure cheek." Elsewhere, and speaking of his prison experiences, he says, "I wish Harriet Beecher Stowe could come here now and spend a few weeks with us."

New Books Received.

A History of the Jews. By Paul Goodman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 35 cents.

Issued in the Temple Primers. A history that is neither offensive nor defensive and that is written "without reference to the [illegible] whether the Jews have the right to exist."

A Sense of Humor. By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: Brentano's; $1.35.

A new novel by the author of "A Princess of New York."

The House of Silence. By E. Everett-Green. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; $1.25.

A new novel hy the author of "The Lady of Shall Not."

The Lore of the Honey-Bee. By Tickner Edwardes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents.

A history of hee-keeping with some considerations on the magic of the hive.

The Divine Comeoy of Dante Alighieri. Translated hy C. E. Wheeler. In three volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

An entirely new translation into rhymed verse keeping the triple rhythm of the original.

Resurrection. By Lyof N. Tolstoï. Translated hy Aline P. Delano. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

A novel that is representative of Russian life and of the genius and philosophy of its author.

Westwaro-Ho. By Charles Kingsley. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

A reissue of a famous novel.

The Re-Appearing. By Charles Morice. Translated hy John N. Raphael, with an introduction by Coningshy Dawson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A novel that made a sensation in France and that tells the story of how Christ reappeared in Paris from Decemher 14 to Christmas Day, 1910.

Eoitorial Comments on the Life ano Work of Mary Baker Eooy. Boston: The Christian Science Puhlishing Society.

San Francisco Bay ano California in 1776. Providence, R. I.: The John Carter Brown Library.

Three maps, with outline sketches reproduced in facsimile from the original manuscript drawn by Pedro Font, chaplain and cartographer to the expedition led hy Juan Bautista de Ansa which made the overland journey from northern Mexico to the California coast during the winter of 1775-1776. With an explanation by Irving Berdine Richman.

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PORTER GARNETT'S GROVE PLAY.

Privately printed for the Bohemian Club by some of its members, Porter Garnett's grove play, "The Green Knight," has been worthily preserved for the enjoyment of readers. The volume is a notably fine specimen of the printers' and bookbinders' arts, enclosing and adorning the text with a cover design by Arthur Putnam, decorations by Ralph Warner Hart and Eugen Neuhaus, and drawings of the costumes and a diagram of the theatre by the author. Its title-page bears this inscription:

The Ninth Grove Play of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco as Produced by the Author and Performed by Members of the Club in the Bohemian Grove, Sonoma County, California, on the Occasion of the Club's Thirty-Fourth Annual Midsummer Jinks, the Twelfth Night of August, Nineteen Hundred and Eleven.

Few outside the charmed circle of club members are privileged to see the unique dramatic spectacles given in the Bohemian Grove, but the fame of the grove plays has traveled far. Mr. Garnett gives something of their history in his introduction to "The Green Knight," and follows this with a lucid presentation of his design and its limitations. There is evidence of a high purpose in every paragraph of this introduction, and of a knowledge and literary grace that inform all of Mr. Garnett's work. He says:

It is now nine years since the first grove play—"The Man in the Forest," by Charles K. Field, with music by Joseph D. Redding—was produced by the Bohemian Club. Since that time the plays that have been given at the annual Midsummer Jinks have presented many interesting phenomena. They have exhibited, for example, the methods employed by the various authors to fit their works into the peculiar physical conditions of our forest theatre with its hillside stage, and the manner in which they have sought to interpret the spirit of "The Grove."

The term "Grove spirit" is at best an illusive one, connoting as it does a wide range of implications from an ordinary and traditional sentiment to those subtler æsthetic reactions which the possibilities for the creation of art that reside in the place arouse. It is the "Grove spirit" that produces the grove play; an art-work for presentation in a theatre completely and happily independent of all extra-æsthetic considerations of popular or commercial success; an art-work of which the author is absolutely autocrat, not only of its literary content, but of the production itself, provided he has the technical knowledge and experience necessary to make him independent of a stage manager. It is such an opportunity as this that the Bohemian Club gives to its members—an opportunity which it is safe to say is not to be found anywhere else in the world. But the Bohemian Club is able to give this opportunity because, and only because, of its Grove, which through its acquisition by the club was saved from destruction, and which may be said to crystallize for its devotees, in some spiritual sense, the universal love of Nature, and to concentrate this love within itself. It is not so much that the Bohemian Club possesses a certain number of acres of forest land, but that it possesses a certain portion of Nature—a certain portion of Beauty.

As Mr. Garnett points out, there springs from these and other considerations the realization by many in the audience that they are participants in a rite, not spectators at an entertainment:

The ritualistic character of the grove play is its most precious heritage from the earlier festivals of the club. It is the single modern instance of the communal idea in relation to the theatre; the recrudescence of the spirit of the essentially ritualistic Greek drama; the most nearly complete realization of the dream of free art.

The ritualistic character of the grove play is expressed through the Care motive, the Bohemia or Preserver motive, and the Brotherhood motive. The first of these motives is commonly introduced by means of a character in the play symbolizing the Spirit of Care. Again and again, through the fabric of poetry, music, and spectacle, this maleficent spirit obtrudes his hideous presence, uttering threats and vituperation, only to be discomfited and slain in the end by some god or hero symbolizing goodness and right who is the savior of the grove and its denizens. The Preserver motive enters in the person of the conqueror of Care. The Brotherhood motive is usually presented in a speech by this central character or some other, forming a peroration at or near the end of the play, in which the philosophic purpose or message of the play is expressed.

Little effort in the way of research was necessary for his task, as Mr. Garnett had already studied closely the grove plays which had preceded his, and his classification of them evinces his appreciation and the discrimination with which he fashioned his plan:

There are four classes or types of grove plays. These are, the romantic-realistic ("The Man in the Forest," by Charles K. Field, and "The Cave Man," by the same author), the romantic-idealistic ("The Hamadryads," by Will Irwin, and "The Triumph of Bohemia," by George Sterling), the historical ("Montezuma," by Louis A. Robertson, and "St. Patrick at Tara," by H. Morse Stephens), and the mythological ("The Quest of the Gorgon," by Newton J. Tharp, and "The Sons of Baldur," by Herman Scheffauer).

In all of these plays a conscious or unconscious originality of form has been manifested in certain characteristics distinct from those that have been inherited from other types of the drama, from music-drama, and from opera. The influence of different genres may be observed operating in varying degrees according to the leanings of the authors and composers. I have pointed out in "The Bohemian Jinks, a Treatise," the curious and interesting parallelisms with the Elizabethan masque that have been displayed in some of the grove plays.

The poet-dramatist illuminates his topic throughout his essay by quotations from eminent critics which are always apposite. Indeed, it is difficult to choose from his paragraphs, where all are so compact with forcible and felicitous expressions:

In addressing myself to the task of writing a grove play I found myself under the necessity either of selecting one of the established classes in which to couch my endeavor or of producing a play that should call for a new classification. It is the latter course that I have chosen.

Taking the romantic-idealistic type of grove play as a foundation I have attempted to carry on in "The Green Knight" the trend toward form implicit in "The Hamadryads" and "The Triumph of Bohemia"; to reduce this tendency to a canon of stage art conditioned by the physical character and the spirit of the Bohemian Grove.

This attempt is due to no trivial desire to do the thing differently, but is born of an anarchic conviction which is the result of some eight years' study of the grove play as a problem in æsthetics.

To contend that in art the only things worth doing are the things that have not been done is, in the opinion of most persons, to utter a heresy; it is as a matter of fact to utter what is almost a platitude. But in doing the thing that has not been done, it is not sufficient that the artist should depart from precedent—he must advance his art. As Wagner says in "A Communication to My Friends," the artist must "necessarily throw forward to the future the realization of his highest artistic wish, as to a life enfranchised from the tyranny of both Monument and Mode." The same idea was expressed by Paul Gauguin when he remarked to a friend, "In art there are only revolutionists and plagiarists."

The most revolutionary departure from the earlier forms of the grove play effected in "The Green Knight" is the elimination of singing. I have obtained thereby for the grove play a divorce (alas, only an interlocutory decree) from its *mésalliance* with opera, the strumpet of art.

Mr. Garnett retained the factors of poetry and music "in a more legitimate intimacy" even while he declined to avail himself of the aid of singers, and in this achievement employed a method which if not entirely original has never before been carried through with such strict observance of definite forms:

It is by the addition of the element of music to the elements of poetry and spectacle that the grove play is differentiated from the various forms of poetic drama. It must be noted also that the relation of the music to the other elements is often (and should always be) of a sort that makes the music more than merely incidental. In spite of the fact that "The Green Knight" contains no singing, the musical element is given in this play greater prominence, independence, and responsibility than it has had in other grove plays. It plays a more important part in the *structure* of the play. It is brought, in fact, to a point beyond which it would be impossible to go without forcing upon the music an over-emphasis that would be destructive of artistic symmetry. . . . As a result of this method there are ten episodes in which the music is an essential part of the dramatic structure. In three of these poetry plays a subordinate part, in one, a part equivalent to the music; and in six, the music carries the discourse unassisted by the spoken word.

In the employment of spoken lines with musical accompaniment, and of a variation of rhythms in the speech of the characters, Mr. Garnett has taken a new path, but it has led him unerringly to greater heights. He says:

The employment of different rhythms for purposes of variety is characteristic of the Greek drama and occurs in plays of all periods, but as far as I can ascertain no attempt has before been made to identify certain rhythms with certain characters. The various rhythms employed in "The Green Knight" are intended to bear an atmospheric relation to the attributes of the characters, each rhythm constituting a kind of poetic *leitmotif*.

In the first scene of the play, Neotios, a wood-god, addresses the audience, and from his speech these verses are quoted:

And now, ye mortals, ye that give your hearts
To labor and to strife and earthly hopes,
And, giving, suffer 'neath the crush of Care,—
Because ye have not bartered all your souls,
But saved for him a moiety of love,
Pan bids me give you greeting in his name.

Welcome, mortals, to this charmèd grove!
Welcome to this temple, old and dim!
Welcome to this dwelling-place of peace!
Forget your toil, remember not your strife,
And banish from ye every thought of care!
So may we, like to little children who
In innocence lie down to rest, be lulled
To an enchanted sleep wherein the night
Shall fabric visions for our souls' delight.

This is from the Elf-Kings' lines, as he watches the dancing moonbeams:

Dance on, dance on, ye moonbeams bright!
Before your gleaming footsteps, see,
A shadow hides behind each tree,
As tho' it could not bear the sight
Of phantoms that adorn the night.
Dance on, while to this charmèd spot,
From bower, coppice, nook, and grot,—
From forest shades to drifts of light,
I summon goblin, elf, and sprite.

Made captive by the Black Knight, the symbol of Care, a young prince is brought upon the scene, and these lines are from the brutal captor's speech to his prisoner:

In this, my dark abode thou shalt remain
And give me service till thy sickened soul
Is loosened by the clement sword of Death.
My shadow covers thee as with a pall;
Let flow thy wild, hot tears, for nevermore
Shalt thou be plucked from out the shroud of Care.
Beneath that cruel sheet there is no rest;
Who sleeps therein must tenant dreams of pain
Of anguish, and of fear.

There are many dramatic episodes before the coming of the Green Knight, and his contest with the representative of Care in sable armor. After the battle, when the Black Knight has been vanquished and slain, and his captives freed, the Green Knight gives his sword and charger to the young prince, and leaves the field for higher glories. From his last words:

Beauty healeth the hearts of those who seek her;
Yet, thro' Beauty men suffer, yea, and perish,
Bearing bravely the burthen of her service.
Beauty crowneth the quiet brows of Patience—
Patience following dreams that lure the dreamer
Into solitudes none may know but dreamers.
Beauty giveth to love its peace and rapture:
Gold can purchase nor love, nor peace, nor rapture;
Yet shall Beauty these gifts bestow upon you.
Beauty whispereth secret words to poets—
Words that open the inner gates of vision,
Thro' which wander the errant feet of Fancy.

Especially fortunate was the playwright in his collaboration with Mr. Edward G. Stricklen, the composer of the music, for it was a true collaboration. The two worked out the several scenes, the motives of the speaking characters, and the action, together, and the music progressed with the poetry of the play. Twenty-five pages of the book are devoted to a synopsis of the music and descriptions of its themes and their use. No words of the reviewer can bring the melodies to the reader, but their beauty is made enduring in the score, and will be transmuted again and again for the pleasure of audiences that may not hope to see the drama that inspired them.

Mr. Garnett's poetic and dramatic gifts are amply demonstrated in this souvenir volume. To those who saw in the forest the shining and somber figures of the play, and heard the magic of its appeal, it will have a deeper, fuller significance, but even to readers of the printed page "The Green Knight" will bring a lasting pleasure. G. L. S.

German book-publishing and book-selling methods (remarks the *Dial*) easily maintain a conspicuous superiority over those of most other countries, and especially over those of our own benighted land of literary piracy and imperfect acknowledgment of a man's right to the products of his brain. A significant illustration of these more excellent ways is the enviable record of the house of Tauchnitz, known to Americans chiefly for its well-nigh faultless and inexpensive reprints of the principal modern classics in the English language. The growth of the Tauchnitz collection of British and American authors has been one of cumulative rapidity ever since, in 1841, the quixotic Leipzig publisher proposed to the first English author on his list (it was Bulwer-Lytton, and the first Tauchnitz reprint was "Pelham") to pay him an entirely voluntary royalty on a reissue of his works in Germany, as a "step toward a literary relationship" between the two countries, there being no copyright agreement between them. Beginning with three books a year, the venture was enlarged to two books a week, with a total of more than 4200 reprints. Among them are all the great names of the two literatures in English. In one room of the establishment is preserved a remarkable collection of autograph letters from grateful authors who have expressed their sense of obligation to the honest publisher. They include Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Macaulay, Tennyson, Browning, Disraeli, Gladstone, Kingsley, Stevenson, Irving, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and many others.

WHAT THE CITY CAN DO

How Better Traffic Police System Can Help Street-Car Efficiency

In a single hour 41,000 people are carried daily by the United Railroads in San Francisco—between 5 and 6 p. m. This is the great rush-hour of the day, and with it as a working basis one may obtain a fair idea of the number of passengers given transportation in a day.

Just twice as many cars are required to handle this traffic as during quieter periods of the day. How to better relieve the congestion of early evening has long given the street-car traffic experts deep concern, but nowhere has the problem been satisfactorily solved. More cars have been added here, giving much relief of late, but it has been found by practical demonstration and careful study that the limit of cars which can be practically run in lower Market Street under present conditions has been reached.

"More cars, more cars," is the instant cry of all who are unfamiliar with the practical side of passenger-carrying. More cars could easily enough be placed on the rails, but what then? They would not in the least help matters, because they would only mean longer delays at crowded crossings and much slower car speed. There is a point at which it becomes a detriment to service to put on more cars. Up to that point every car gives so much more room for passengers, but when that point is passed, the loss in speed is greater than what is gained in seating capacity.

That is the condition of lower Market Street at present.

The city itself, however, can assist in bettering the service. The principle is not at all complicated. Rather it is quite simple. It is pointed out that the inauguration of something like a metropolitan traffic police system at busy corners, like Third and Market and Fourth and Market, might increase the efficiency of the lower Market Street service fully 25 per cent. It requires no very great investigation or observance to show that local traffic regulations are far from being as thorough as they should be in a city of the size and importance and rapid growth of San Francisco. Compared with some other cities they appear crude and indefinite. In New York and Chicago, for example, street traffic is handled with clockwork exactness. Street crossings open for pedestrians on the minute, and as exactly open to halted vehicles. Confusion is reduced to the minimum. This naturally develops street-car efficiency to a high degree. Proper rules of the road for vehicles—rules that are enforced—can help the local situation to a material degree, especially along the busy section of Market Street.

Now that the P-A-Y-E cars with their longitudinal seats have had ample time in which to demonstrate their claims, it has been found that they make better time than the old cars on their whole runs, as time is saved in emptying them. Then, too, the confusion and crush attending the old-style cars is noticeably lacking, while the number of straphangers is not increased, but on the other hand every passenger compelled to stand has much more room.

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FUNNY MAX DILL.

Perhaps it is because tbeatre-goers have seen Max Dill the down dog so often when playing with bis tall ex-partner that tbey accord him the additional prestige that a few years have brought him. My impression of Dill, as he appeared in tbe old Fischer days, is of a buge but unresentful rubber ball of humanity at the end of Kolb's boot-toe. Some insidious force of sympathetic suggestion has added to his already large aura of popularity, and old a story as he migbt fear to find himself here, yet the Savoy Theatre is well filled with a chuckling and higbly amused audience these nights of Dill's one-week engagement.

"The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" is a deterrent title, to the minority who want plays, wbether comedy or otherwise, of a fine flavor. But to the majority, who want humor laid on in broad, heavy, obvious strokes, it is a thing of beauty, and a joy forever—that is to say, as long as it is up to date. It bas its merits, too, in spite of its title, being full of broad, but entirely innocuous burlesque. The rich Mr. Hoggenheimer is a Londoner, in spite of his accent, but he is more suggestive of being a product of some of the beer-and-beef-producing states of the West that is furtherest east. He might well be a companion to the Prince of Pilsen, or some of those efflorescent mushrooms of wealth that spring up in life, and are exaggerated to several times life-size in musical comedy.

The rich Mr. Hoggenheimer of course has a wife. They always supply them with wives in these plays, and they always try to hoodwink them with ladies of the stage—chorus girls or otherwise—as lures to draw tbem away from safe and irksome domesticity. It sounds familiar. They worked tbis motive last week in "The Girl in the Taxi," and I suppose they'll work it next week in something else.

Each author, however, has some new ingenuity of humor. Harry Smith knows all the tricks. He has been long at book-making for pieces of tbis kind, and be and L. Englander, wbo has contrived the melodies for the piece, are equally facile and popular in their appeal to public tastes.

Dill is funny, no doubt of it. "The wisest of the wise" would have to smile at his bulbous antics. In the past I bave witnessed antics by him that had ceased to be funny to those who had seen him too often going over the same old round with Kolb. But something new, fresh, a change of attitude to the public, even if his accent and his polysyllabic improvisations bear the same old earmarks, have given the funny little fellow a new lease of humor.

All the young men with tbeir girls beside them delighted in him, as well as in tbe whole show. So did the lonely old mokes who hadn't any girls. Tbey went in, confidently relying on the cborus girls on the stage to atone for the vacancies at their unenterprising sides.

And the chorus girls seemed to succeed. They bave there the usual sprightly toed group, reminiscent, too, of old Fischer days; all legs, leaps, and shrill stage laughter.

The *prima donna assoluta* of the company is Lilian Coleman, although there is a select assortment of show girls and dancers, and a slim and genteel duchess is languidly impersonated by Cecil Cowles, and an efflorescent and opulently curving Mrs. Hoggenheimer by Marta Golden. The only member of the feminine part of the company who really disputes Lilian Coleman's place in the limeligbt is Lucille Palmer, and that more because she is young and rounded, and blonde, and has not yet had the soft curves of her youthful countenance overlaid with the hard, perky assurance and self-sufficiency that one often sadly sees in youthful feminine faces.

Lucille Palmer's principal claim to distinction is the appearance she makes in the Highland costume. She must have been a toothsome sight to susceptible adolescence, as well as to the justice "in fair, round belly with good capon lined." Even "withered eld" would look indulgently upon fair girlhood, dancing something resembling the Highland fling in the most appropriately becoming Highland costume in the world, which fittingly displayed in dimpled symmetry "the wbite knees of the graces."

Lilian Coleman is a more seasoned charmer, with experienced notes in her thoroughly musical-comedy voice, and a practiced art in sending coyly inviting glances, not only to the rich Mr. Hoggenheimer, but to the man, or imaginary man, in the orchestra who makes an effective buffer for the spectator. She made good in the very pretty little "Bye and Bye" song, in wbich a select assortment of fortunate males took turns in culling brilliant red blossoms from "Flora Fair's" coyly experienced lips.

There is quite a lot of singing of the popular sort in the piece; even Dill took a turn at a tuneless tune, and occasionally tbrew in some neat little dancing steps.

Alf Goulding, in the rôle of the marionette Englishman, caugbt the bouse with "We All Walked Out Again," and some one—Jack Pollard, I suppose, the identities of the players in these breathlessly meaningless pieces are very elusive—would have caught it almost as much if he could have backed up his lively action with a voice that penetrated.

There's some amusing take-offs of custom-house methods in the second act, in which, by the way, Dill shone at his fullest resplendence. He even fired a spirit of emulation in the tired veins of a weary old cart-horse which I suppose they must have got at the pound. At any rate, the resigned, dejected old hack actually woke up from bis senile haze, and, to the delight of the house, turned around and gazed with mild wonder at Dill, who, as a millionaire in the disguise of a London cabby, was going through the most absurd antics of terror at sight of the bewildered steed he was to drive.

It is all sad nonsense, no doubt. But the merit of it, after all, is that it is not sad, from another point of view. Those people in the audience, many of them tired, no doubt, wanted to get away from realities, but not too far. "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" holds up to humorous appreciation the tbings that the Sunday paper familiarizes the public with. Mixed in with the nonsense and the burlesqueing antics is that same old naïve touch of musical-comedy sentiment; as, for instance, when Amy refuses to marry Guy, without the consent of his comic-column sire. It is an amusing commentary on the naïve sentimentality of the younger theatre-goers, who, presumably, make up the majority of the musical-comedy spectators, that they like this sort of thing. But they unquestionably do, for it is nearly always squeezed in somewhere in pieces of this ilk.

In the meantime there are plenty of lines like this, "Will you sit down on my Louis-the-Fourteenth-Street chairs," to keep the ball of laughter rolling to momentarily increasing dimensions. There are the usual devices to catch the open-eyed public; Melvin Stokes, who is the male singer of the troupe, plays the leader in a sort of "Simon says thumbs up" game, in which all must follow, even to invading an already occupied box. A huge United States flag, quickly improvised by unfolding sections, which make the whole, constitutes the wind-up to a stirring cborus, and is followed by the legend "San Francisco, 1915," made up by each separate letter being carried on a triangular banner by sixteen chorus girls.

The ladies of the company dress well, especially Lilian Coleman, wbo is robed like Solomon in all his glory. In fact, the Dill week is a popular one, and offers a bopeful augury as to the success of the coming season at the Savoy Theatre.

Josephine Hart Phelps.

A Real Grand Opera Season.

At last San Francisco is to have a real grand opera season; not a two weeks' visit of an Eastern company with a limited and stale repertory, but a season of twelve weeks, just as tbe big cities of Europe and this country have, and during which time many of the modern works which our music lovers have heard and read of but have not bad tbe opportunity of hearing will be given.

M. Pierre Grazi, for five years impresario of the Theatre Lyrique of Paris, and a man of wide experience in operatic management, met some Americans abroad and in discussing with them the opportunities in America for operatic work became convinced that the only reasonable place for such activities was on the Pacific Coast.

It is the intention of M. Grazi, and be has interested impresario Will L. Greenbaum in the matter, to bring bis company from Paris direct to San Francisco and give a season of opera in French at the Valencia Theatre, commencing November 13. The repertory will include many of the modern novelties, such as "Louise," by Charpentier, "Don Quixote," "The Juggler of Notre Dame," "Thaïs," "Herodiad," "Lakme," "Salomé" by Richard Strauss, "Henry VIII" by Saint-Saëns, besides such standard works as "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Faust," "Carmen," "Mme. Butterfly," "La Bohème," "La Tosca," "Samson and Delilah," etc. In all the repertory will consist of thirty works.

While the names of the principals are perhaps unknown to tbe majority of music lovers, M. Grazi claims them to be artists of the first rank and naïvely asks when questioned as to their merits, "Do you think I could afford to spend $30,000 in railroad and steamship fares on a poor company?"

There will be a triple set of twenty-five principals, a chorus of sixty, a ballet of twenty-four, headed by three solo danseuses, three musical directors, two stage managers, and a staff of stage mechanics, scenic artists, ballet-masters, etc., which will bring the roster of the company up to over one hundred.

The orchestra will number fifty men, and will be organized in this country so as not to come into conflict with the labor unions or with the contract labor law. Greenbaum will personally attend to this end, and promises an organization of superior merit and capable of giving symphony concerts as well as playing for the opera.

The scenery will be painted and the productions built here, and the chief scenic artist is already here laying out tbe work for twenty-seven complete sets of scenery. Two more artists are now en route from Paris.

Instead of the usual subscription seats, which necessitate the subscribers attending on certain fixed nights, coupon books will be sold at a liberal reduction, and these coupons may be exchanged for reserved seats at the pleasure of the owner.

Should the season meet witb the approval and support of the public an Italian contingent will at once be organized so that the following year performances will be given in both languages, and at tbe same time a chorus school will be opened here for the purpose of training a local chorus in the German and English works, the idea being to establish by the time the exposition opens, a company fully capable of producing the works of the composers of all countries in their original tongues, and likewise to secure translations in English of such operas as are suited for that purpose.

No operatic enterprise that ever started in this city is worthy of support more than this vast undertaking of M. Grazi, who is risking a fortune in his praiseworthy attempt.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Bee's Elegy.

Blow softly, vagrant breezes,
And, thrush, for grief be still—
A thirsty little pagan
Of life has drunk his fill.

No more will he discover
The lily's fragrant art,
Nor quaff the brimming nectar
From any rose's heart.

No more will he companion
The merry wilding things
That hold through rain and sunshine
Their lyric revelings.

Yet, free and gay and careless,
This spirit of content
Perhaps knew more of gladness
Than lives more provident.

And who shall dare to whisper
His days were spent in vain:
Since bird and breeze and blossom
All wish him back again.

—*Charlotte Becker, in American Magazine.*

The Young Singer.

O, bow many songs will you make, my lad,
And when will your task be done?
I have dreamed me a dream of tbe long, brave years,
And my task is just begun.

And where will you find a tbeme, my lad,
Since the world is no more young?
While the man and the woman hope and seek
There's always a song unsung.

—*Tertius Van Dyke, in Scribner's Magazine.*

The Northmen.

Who wish no worlds to conquer, they are craven men and churls,
Who cower from the north wind and shrink them from the sun,
Who rot at home in quiet over tasks but fit for girls,
Nor heed the wild sea crying where white the billows run.

The spirit of our fathers that stirs our blood to fire,
The heritage of courage, the mighty gift of brawn
That dowered us from tbe cradle, they were not meant for hire,
Or to waste in idle chafing, when the battle-lot is drawn.

Who wish no worlds to conquer, let them stay and till tbe fields,
Let them bend their backs in labor while we launch upon tbe foam,
For the salt is in our nostrils, and the magic that it wields
Is sweeping from the western sea to urge us from our home.

To bask in tropic sunshine; to battle with tbe storm;
The wealth of fabled islands; and distant, unknown lands,
Where the shady palm-groves greet us or glistening icebergs form;
They are beckoning and calling, and our ships are on the sands.

Who wish no worlds to conquer, they will welcome us again,
They will glory in our conquests, and will wonder at our gifts.
The salt is in our nostrils, and the sea is whipped with rain,
And our ships are slipping westward where the breaking fog-bank lifts.

—*Charles Coleman Stoddard, in Century Magazine.*

George M. Cohan has written a new play, "The Little Millionaire," witb music.

The Greenbaum Concert Season.

In addition to his duties as American representative for M. Grazi, Manager Will L. Greenbaum will be kept busy this season with a list of concert attractions that even excels the brilliant array he presented last season. We are to hear this coming season Sousa and his band, admittedly the greatest organization of the kind in the world; then Pasquale Amato, the greatest living baritone and tbe idol of the Metropolitan Opera season last year; Mme. Emma Eames in conjunction with Emilio de Gogorza, either one alone being strong enough to crowd any auditorium; Jan Kubelik, the marvelous violinist; De Pachman, the uniquc pianist; Harold Bauer, the great interpreter of Bach and Schumann; Leonard Borwic, a piano virtuoso who is expected to create a sensation; tbat ever welcome queen of song, Mme. Schumann-Heink; Mme. Emma Calvé, assisted by Galileo Gaspari, the tenor, in scenes from great operas; Albert Spalding, the American violin virtuoso; Efrem Zimbalist, the latest of the young Russian prodigies; the Flonzaley String Quartet, and half a dozen others with whom the definite arrangements have not been quite completed. The return of Bonci is, however, assured, as is also a short visit from John McCormack, the young Irish tenor who appeared with Tetrazzini in "Lakme" at the recent coronation season in London, and who is now principal tenor of the Melba Opera Company in Australia.

As usual the manager will close his season with a series of symphony concerts by one of the greatest orchestras of the East.

"The Spring Maid," which comes to the Columbia Theatre next montb, is one of the little group of Viennese operettas which inaugurated a renaissance of the better things of light opera a few years ago in Vienna and Berlin, among these famous ones being "The Merry Widow" and "The Chocolate Soldier." Of these "The Spring Maid" is the only one still running in continental Europe at tbis time, and its story of saucy romance with accompaniment of merry melodies is now heard in all the principal cities the other side the Atlantic, with an engagement recently begun in St. Petersburg.

Harry Bulger in "The Flirting Princess" will be seen here next month.

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VANITY FAIR.

Nothing is so mysterious as the psychology of the recent millionaire. Don't try to gratify him unless you understand the way in which his mind works, and that, like the wisdom of God, is past finding out. Take, for example, the case of the restaurants that have lately been established on some of the great Atlantic liners. They were started mainly to please the recent millionaire and they have not pleased him. He will have none of them. He still persists in taking his meals in the dining saloon and he takes them in sullen silence. He has been feloniously robbed of his right of illegitimate purchase, of his prerogative to buy an unfair priority, and his heart is heavy within him.

The steamship companies meant well. They erred from an ignorance of millionaire psychology, an ignominious confession in these days of cheap and nasty education. They had noticed that the millionaire always bribed the cooks and stewards for special cookery and special service, and they heedlessly jumped to the conclusion that his appetite needed special food and his body special comforts. So they provided a restaurant with *à la carte* service, where all sorts of costly dainties could be furnished and paid for at stated prices. At last, they thought, the millionaire will be pleased. He can have whatever he wants in the way of viands and the uniformity of the saloon service will not be marred by his special demands.

Now that is just where they made a mistake. It was not expensive viands that their patrons yearned for, but expensive priority. Their craving was not for choice game and out-of-season fruits, but for the luxury of eating choice game and out-of-season fruits in the presence of less favored people who could not afford the bribe money necessary to get them. There could be no priority in a special restaurant with a bill of fare containing all the dainties that there are and with a price affixed to each. In such a place there were no privileges left to purchase, and every one frequenting the restaurant was on a dull and deadly level of sameness. In fact there was a suggestion of socialism about an arrangement that left nothing open to exclusive purchase and that gave absolutely no opportunity for a comparison of incomes. Even a waiter can do no more than knock his forehead upon the floor, and he will do that for comparatively little. He will writhe in self-abasement for a dollar or two, and in this direction his physical limits are soon reached. So the millionaire decided that the restaurant was an abominable institution, smacking of communism and of the leveling spirit of the age, and he went back in dudgeon to the saloon, where he could at least be looked at by some who knew his importance, and where he could be heard to eat his soup in the true millionaire way.

The British admiralty is responsible for the following laconic notice: "Midshipman H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, K. G., to H. M. S. *Hindustan* to date August 1." That means that the prince becomes a midshipman on the *Hindustan* and he assumed his new duties by mounting the gangway unescorted and unnoticed, touching his hat to the captain, and beginning his duties. He will be treated exactly as all other midshipmen, his pay will be about 45 cents a day, he will take his meals in the gunroom, sling his hammock in the steerage and learn to "obey in silence and at a run." He will be in charge of a gun and of a division of men, and he will be expected to know them all by their Christian names. So rigid are the orders against the slightest privilege or preference that the officers of the *Hindustan* are expected to lean over backward in their efforts to fulfill them. So there is a period of strenuosity ahead of the Prince of Wales, and he is likely to be grievously short of pocket money for some years to come.

The approaching marriage of Colonel Astor is attracting a good deal more attention than it deserves. We need not enthuse overmuch about the rectitude of the various ministers who have announced that they will never, never, never perform the ceremony. They have married much worse men than Colonel Astor and much sillier girls than Miss What's-her-name, and they will do so again. They would have married this precious pair without a word but for the fact that Astor is extraordinarily rich and therefore extraordinarily notorious, but we may remind ourselves that he is not necessarily a worse man because he is also a rich one. There may be men in the Bowery who are far more despicable—although it seems unlikely—and they could get married by these same ministers and without the slightest difficulty, if they only had the fees, which they have not. The temptation to jump into the limelight in defense of a moral principle is a strong one, and there are a good many clergymen who might advantageously jump in the same direction when there is no limelight.

No, we may safely pass over the ministerial protest without any unctuous hysteria. It is the social side that concerns us far more. Here we have a man who has been forbidden by a New York court to marry again. But he can go into any neighboring state and he married early and often and return with the latest wife to New York, none daring to make him afraid. That seems to make the law ridiculous, but then the law was a "hass" even in the days of Shakespeare, and it has been one ever since.

What will be the social status of the young person who is about to join the Astor harem? Need we ask? It is not so much a question of the social status of Mrs. Astor as of the social status of $200,000,000. That will be the same as it has always been. If it were owned by a chimpanzee its proud place would be unaffected. Mr. Astor's mother was the unquestioned leader of the oleaginous crowd calling itself New York society, and the new Mrs. Astor will be the same. We need have no doubt at all about that. It will prostrate itself before wealth as it has done for these many years past, and it will crawl to Mr. Astor's latest purchase.

While upon an unpleasant topic it is well to draw attention to a letter from a Bar Harbor school mistress that appears in the New York *Evening Post*. Clara B. Spence regrets the uselessness of doing anything for the pupil so long as the contamination of her mother's society is around her and ahead of her. But let her speak for herself. She says:

> Many schools in our country are earnestly and fearlessly trying to develop in their students the virtues that it seems impossible to graft upon the character of some of their parents. One of the most pathetic results that a faithful teacher occasionally sees (one is grateful that it occurs so seldom) is the deterioration that comes to a young woman after she has been for some time in the worldly environment of her mother.

Isn't that a pretty state of things? There was a time when the influence of the school was supposed to detract from the value of the home life. Now it is the home life that detracts from the value of the school. A teacher can do nothing for her wealthy pupils so long as a poisonous mother is allowed to exert her influence out of school hours. Every now and then we read of some judge who has ordered a child to be taken from its mother's custody. But the mother is always poor in these cases. One day some Solomon will arise to rescue a child from the festering influences of fashion and wealth. Then we shall see something.

The De Forest divorce suit is attracting much attention in New York. It will be remembered that Mrs. de Forest married her present husband as a "biological necessity," and as she now has a little girl she feels that he has fulfilled the object of his creation and may therefore be discarded. Consequently there is some general curiosity as to the way other women feel upon this delicate question, and the reporters are busily running to and fro in order to find out. It is to be hoped that these reporters are women. Most men reporters except the quite hardened ones would be overcome by their blushes. For example, there is Mrs. Kate Trimble Woolsey, who has written a book called "Republics versus Woman." Mrs. Woolsey unburdens herself as follows:

> Dr de Forest is the first man to cry out against a condition which is rapidly changing man's position in the world. Suffrage is only one of the powerful agencies which are hurrying in the advent of the superwoman. With a complete civilization, such as women are now forcing on us, man will be as helpless and as much out of place in it as women have been in the coarse, brutal conditions which have suited his ideas and nature.
>
> Men will have difficulty in existing in the rarefied atmosphere of this new refinement. Woman will rise like a rocket, and man will find the magic of his age-long spell has been dissipated forever.
>
> Our women are not only growing larger physically, but in every field of mental activity they are catching up with the men. Woman is rapidly coming into her rights, and I firmly believe woman will eventually rule the world, and I believe also that it will be a much pleasanter world to live in. Man is rapidly eliminating himself. It is nature's law—the survival of the fittest.
>
> Women are the species: men are only incidents. The superwoman will select the father of her children. Man is fast becoming the appendage to woman, just as woman today is his appendage. The future belongs to the feminine sex; there will be a superwoman, not a superman.

It is evident that Mrs. Kate Trimble Woolsey ought to be in the lunatic asylum, where brutal man has still the physical strength to place her.

Paris has invented a hat with pockets, and it is strange that no one has thought of this before. Pockets have been tried everywhere else, but never in the hat. Modesty forbids us to numerate all the various sites for a pocket that have been experimented with, but they have all been failures. Either they have been entirely inaccessible or else accessible only in the presence of a lady's maid or a jury of matrons. But now the problem has been solved, and it is strange that so obvious an expedient has been for so long overlooked. The modern hat can hold, in addition to the head of the owner, a sufficient commissariat to enable her to keep at sea for an indefinite period. There is ample room for a handkerchief, a piece of chocolate, a manicure set, a powder puff, his photograph, a purse, a recipe for dried peaches, and all the other cargo of inconsequences that are necessary to the modern woman who is in pursuit of health, wealth, and happiness. The pocket can be so arranged that it is not necessary even to remove the hat to get at it. No private room is necessary, there is no shock to the modesty, and there is hardly any limit to carrying capacity. It is a great invention.

The death of Edward M. Shepard of New York reminds us that this distinguished and eminently useful citizen was a bachelor, and therefore a fit subject for the rebukes of the maiden ladies, both male and female, who are devising various schemes to make the road of the bachelor rough under his feet. Now, would Mr. Shepard have been quite so useful a man if he had been married? Of course he might have been. There have been men both married and unmarried, but the chances would have been against him. The point is well put by a correspondent of the New York *Times*, who asks: "Who is the more useful in this community, a man like Edward M. Shepard, who worked hard all his life and devoted his property to public charities, or the man who works hard all his life and devotes his profits (frequently ill-gotten, because he must bring home the money) to the rearing of a family of extravagant daughters, whose chief aim in life is squandering his substance in useless frivolities?"

The question will not be answered. It is hereby ruled out of order. The potential mothers of extravagant daughters have made up their minds on this point. The chief aim of man is, or should be, matrimony, and those who evade it should be taxed into a recognition of their responsibilities.

A popular French actress has just been buried in Paris. On her neck was a string of pearls worth $80,000, on her fingers were valuable rings worth nearly as much, and there was other jewelry of like value. Evidently the lady intends to be recognized in the abodes of the blest, but it might be as well for the relatives to watch that grave. And yet we say that the age of a paganism has passed forever from the Western world, but it would seem that the savage whose horses and slaves are slaughtered on his grave has somewhat more of common sense upon his side. Horses and slaves may have ghosts who can render a ghostly service, but pearl necklaces presumably have no ghosts. Moreover, it seems a mistake to take precious stones to a place where they are said to make a specialty of such things.

Defenders of the suffragette cause assure us that we need not fear an epidemic of blue laws at the hands of the new legislators. It is the ladies themselves who would suffer most from a recrudescence of Puritanism. The cigarette will be allowed, because it is already a part of feminine equipment with a status equal to that of the powder puff, and the cocktail will still be known in the land, inasmuch as ladies are among the chief victims to its seductive charms. There may perhaps be a law that the cocktail must always be served in a teacup and with an accompanying bowl of sugar and cream, but it will be a cocktail just the same.

There seems to be some truth in the reassuring report. A big tobacco dealer in New York says that ladies' cigarettes, minute, perfumed, and wrapped in the finest of rice paper, may be had in half a dozen delicate shades to match the gown: violet, pale pink, yellow, and blue. These are purchased chiefly by the novelty-seeker, the real smokers among women preferring full-size cigarettes with special tips of silk or straw. They try various blends and are unsurpassed judges of quality. Sometimes these cigarettes cost 12 cents apiece, the finest Turkish tobacco being preferred.

From England comes a similar story. A prominent society physician has made a point of inquiring into the nicotine habits of his women patients and he says that two-thirds of them smoke. Therefore we may assume that the minor vices are reasonably safe from feminine interference, and we are not without reason for the belief that the major vices will be equally immune. And as for the vices that are distinctively male, there do not seem to be any.

IN THE VARIED AND MULTIFORM USES FOR FAMILY NEEDS THE PUREST STIMULANT IS DEMANDED. IN THE LARDER AND BUFFET, FOR EMERGENCIES OF HEALTH, FOR CHEER AND COMFORT, FOR THE AGED AND FEEBLE, AND IN THE USUAL CONVENTIONAL FORMS OF HOSPITALITY

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A boy of nine, who had never previously witnessed a collection in church, was deeply interested, and, when the hags were finally horne off hy clergy and choir in procession, proclaimed in a loud whisper of sympathetic excitement, "Now they're going to share it out!"

A dignified senator decided to follow the prevailing Washington fashion and learn golf. It was a distressing time for the caddy. Striking too low with his iron, the great man made the dirt fly. "What have I hit?" With infinite scorn the hoy replied, "De District of Columhia."

The young woman in the stern of the hoat had whispered softly the word "Yes." "But stay right where you are, Jack," she added hastily; "if you try to kiss me you'll upset the hoat." "How do you know?" hoarsely demanded Jack, a horrihle suspicion already taking possession of him.

Political campaigns sometimes arouse men to do things that they wouldn't do at times when no conflict is raging. A political worker who used to do great service for the Liherals in the campaigns in Ontario, and who hid his haldness hy wearing a wig, made several very emphatic statements intended to turn the electors against the Conservative candidate. A Conservative on the platform was the next to speak. "Those statements are all false," he said, and, snatching off the Liheral speaker's wig, he added with great emphasis, "they're as false as the gentleman's hair."

She admitted heing jealous of her hushand. Consequently they quarreled frequently, and, woman-like, she confided in her hest friend. "You are unfair at times to George," said the hest friend one day, as the two sat on the veranda of the suhurhan home. "I saw George in the city yesterday and he didn't see me. So I kept watching him. He had a seat in a crowded suhway car. At least twoscore women, most of them pretty as a picture, came in and passed hy him or stood in front of him. And George never looked at one of them; he was deeply interested in his paper."

Really modern couples are just as apt to he truly mated as the old-fashioned sort of which we read ahout in the romances. A young Clevelander who is often described as a "man ahout town" hecame engaged not long ago, and he spoke as follows to the lady who had honored him: "I don't want to have anything that I must hide after we are married, dear. So I may as well tell you that I play poker, I smoke cigarettes, I drink. I stay out late, and I bet on the races." "I'm glad to hear you say so," said the up-to-date girl, hrightly. "I was so afraid that you and I wouldn't he perfect companions!"

Senator Cummins, at a dinner in Des Moines, was talking ahout a government contract that he deemed unfair. "This contract, if accepted," he said, "would work out like the farmer's crop. A farmer, you know, leased a field to a farm lahorer, and the rental was to he one-fourth of the crop raised. Well, harvest time came in due course, hut the farmer was amazed to find that he got nothing. The tenant hauled three loads of produce to his own harn, hut there was nothing left for the farmer. He, of course, remonstrated. 'Here,' he said, 'how's this? Wasn't I to get a fourth of the crop?' 'Yes, sir, you was,' the tenant answered excitedly; 'but, hang it, there was only three loads, sir.'"

Mme. Réjane has her own way of conducting rehearsals. On one occasion she was endeavoring to impress upon a young actor the necessity of a tragic expression. "Put yourself in his place," she said. "But I have never heen through such an experience," the other pleaded. "Well, then," retorted the actress, "imagine you have lost three or four hundred louis at haccarat, and that you have been dismissed from the company." His face fell. "There you have it," said she. "Keep that expression and you will win." For a young woman who could not weep to order she tried a heroic cure. "Very well. I will take the part away from you. You are not pretty enough." This had the desired effect, and the floodgates opened. "Weep like that and you will he the hit of the piece," exclaimed Réjane triumphantly.

One of the hest-known and ablest of English judges is not given to the use of superfluous words, and his fondness for hrevity is such that he embraces every possihle opportunity of leading others to seek it also. During the hearing of a certain case which came hefore this judge, a learned king's counselor prosed away at what seemed likely to he an interminahle length, until his lordship, hecoming utterly weary of the proceedings, suddenly looked towards the speaker, and gently inquired what day it was. The question was so unexpected that the barrister looked a while, in sheer amazement, at the questioner. "Tuesday, me lud," he replied, when he had partly recovered from his surprise. "Ah, yes, quite so," responded the judge, in his suavest tones. "You see, I only just wanted to mention that I shall not he sitting after next Saturday."

Young Richleigh's father allowed him to take a trip to Europe this summer. Before starting the youth made up a cable code of his own for possihle use while ahroad, and handed a copy to his father, who locked it up in his desk without looking at it. A month later the elder Richleigh received a cahle consisting of one word: "Laugh." He laughed. It seemed to he something quite pleasant. His code was at the house. He went up there in the hest of humor. He got out the code and read: "Laugh—Send me $500."

A ten-year-old epicure living at Anderson, Indiana, was taken to New York hy his father. The Hoosier lad seemed at first to he grieved that his native city should he so outdistanced hy this Eastern stranger. Finally he assumed an air of disdain. They had entered the café of one of the largest hotels, and a menu was placed hefore the little fellow. This was the final outrage. Accustomed to seeing the different flavors of sodas and sundaes on such cards, his assumed indifference was hroken down, and he gasped in astonishment and chagrin. There stood the long list of hundreds of New York delicacies, almost unheard of at Anderson. But a strong will and loyalty conquered. He carelessly handed the menu to his father, and said: "There's nothing there that I want."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Lines To Proud Father.

Your son is hrave and handsome,
A clever, truthful lad;
You're proud of him, and ever
At thought of him you're glad;
He's versed in all the classics,
But here, O friend, is the ruh;
Will he ever fetch ten thousand
From a hig
league
club?

Your son is hright and witty,
You love to see the light
Gleam in his eyes of hazel
Before some sally hright;
Beside him you're contented
To feel that you're a dub—
But will he fetch ten thousand
From a hig
league
club?

Your son is wise and gentle,
He reasons like a man;
But how are such things fitting
The ultra modern plan?
Two fields there are hefore him,
The major and the scrub—
And will he fetch ten thousand
From a hig
league
club?

—*Arthur Chapman, in Denver Republican.*

A Gourmand's Story.

First comes Agnes—recollections
Of my love for her are clear.
How I ate her home confections!
How I drank her ginger-heer!
Mahel, too, was quite a winner,
Dark or fair? I can't recall,
But her hoiled New England dinner
Surely held my heart in thrall.

Then came Ruth, whose pies and pickles
Linger in my memory still;
Adeline, whose hiscuit tickles
Every palate to a thrill.
Cora, who possessed a magic
Over cake and salad, too;
Belle, whose huttercakes were tragic,
But who made a wondrous stew!

Each one's looks I have forgotten,
Each one's food I can't forget—
Some was great, and some was rotten;
So I'm searching for her yet—
My ideal. How I'll love her!
Not for wit or charms I look,
Seeking only to discover
Perfect love—a perfect cook! —*Puck.*

Double.

"I (hic) don't know just what to do," the tanked-up person said;
"I never could sleep double, and there's two of me in hed." —*Dallas News.*

At the Lunch Counter.

Said the hald-headed man to the waitress hold:
"See here, young woman, my cocoa's cold."
She scornfully answered: "I can't help that,
If the hlamed thing's chilly put on your hat."
—*Success Magazine.*

"You know that grocer of ours?" exclaimed a Lakewood lady, excitedly, last Saturday night. "Yes," answered her hushand. "What ahout him?" "He gave me short weight this evening." "Why didn't you call him down for it?" "I didn't notice it until after I had paid him a plugged half-dollar, and then what could I do?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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Total assets 47,173,498.51

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¶ But you can do better than to hire a friend to recommend you. He could see only a few prospective customers, and you can send your own personal, signed message to thousands, and by a messenger that has standing and influence. Possibly you never thought that advertising is just that and nothing more. Just your own message to prospective customers and friends. It is good advertising when your message is taken into the home and read with undivided attention. It is the best advertising when your message is carried by a paper that is read all through, week by week, and preserved—often kept permanently in bound volumes.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt of Chicago have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Rebecca de Mendez Kruttschnitt, to Mr. Henry Clifford Woodhouse of Montreal. The formal announcement was made in Santa Barbara at a dinner given by Mrs. Harriet Peterson Miller, at whose home, Earlton Lodge, Miss Kruttschnitt has been a guest for the past six weeks. Mr. Woodhouse is a prominent Montreal man and a soldier, having served in the Boer War. He, also, has been spending the summer in Santa Barbara and arrived in this city last week with Miss Kruttschnitt, who will visit friends here before returning to Chicago.

Dr. William Boericke and Mrs. Boericke have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Boericke, to Mr. Lawrence Metcalf Symmes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stowell Symmes of Winchester, New York. Miss Boericke is a sister of Mrs. Ralston White and the Messrs. Harold, Fay, and Garth Boericke.

Miss Dorothy Emily Chapman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman was married at high noon, Wednesday, to Mr. Benjamin Sturtevant Foss, son of Governor Eugene N. Foss and Mrs. Foss of Massachusetts. The ceremony, which took place in Grace Pro-Cathedral, was performed by Dean Gresham, who was assisted by the Rev. David Evans. The bridesmaids were the Misses Mauricia Mintzer, Avis Sherwood, Dorothy Baker, Virginia Newhall, Agnes Tillmann, Florence Williams, Helen Foss, and Esther Foss. Miss Henriette Blanding was the bride's maid of honor. Mr. Foss was attended by Mr. J. Howard Stannard of Boston, who came from the East with Governor Foss and his family. The ushers were the Messrs. Paige Monteagle, Wilberforce W. Williams, Ralph Rainsford, Lucio Mintzer, George H. Willcutt, Bernard Ford, Hugh Fairlie, and Sherwood Chapman. A reception was given by Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman at Century Hall, where they entertained several hundred guests at a wedding breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Foss left town later in the afternoon, and upon their return will make a brief visit in this city en route to their Eastern home.

The wedding of Miss Katherine Devol and Mr. Harry Sears Bates took place Thursday in Panama. The bride is the daughter of Major Devol, U. S. A., and Mrs. Devol, who resided here for several years. Mr. Bates is a brother of Mr. Harry Sears Bates of this city, and a son of Mrs. Albert Gerberding, who with her daughter, Miss Beatrice Gerherding, went to Panama to attend the wedding.

Miss Georgina Jones, daughter of Senator John P. Jones and Mrs. Jones of Santa Monica, was married Tuesday to Mr. Robert Kelsey Walton of New York. The wedding took place in Lucerne, Switzerland, where Senator Jones has taken a cottage for the summer. Mr. Walton is a graduate of the University of Michigan and member of a law firm in New York.

The wedding of Miss Helen Sidney-Smith and Mr. George Hood of Philadelphia took place Tuesday at St. Luke's Church on Van Ness Avenue. The bride was attended by her sisters, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale and Mrs. George Pillsbury. Only relatives and intimate friends were present at the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Hood will reside in Philadelphia.

Miss Florence Gibbons, daughter of Dr. Henry W. Gibbons, was married Wednesday to Mr. Perry Evans, son of Mrs. Oliver P. Evans of Berkeley. The wedding took place at the home on Twentieth Avenue of the bride's father. The Misses Marian and Ida Gibbons attended their sister. Mr. and Mrs. Evans will reside in this city upon their return from their wedding trip.

Mrs. John Simpson has issued invitations to the wedding of her daughter, Miss Amalia Johanne Ortwed Simpson, and Mr. William Edwin Hough. The ceremony will take place at St. Luke's Church Wednesday evening, September 6.

Miss Kathleen de Young was hostess at a harn dance last Saturday evening at Meadowlands, the country home in San Rafael of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young. The dance was preceded hy a dinner at the Marin County Country Club.

Miss Grace Gibson entertained a numher of friends at a hridge party at her home on Broadway. The affair was in honor of Miss Amalia Simpson.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McCormick gave a dinner at their apartment in the St. Xavier in honor of Miss Simpson and her fiancé, Mr. William Edwin Hough.

Mr. Joseph King gave a dinner complimentary to Miss Simpson and Mr. Hough.

Mr. Orrin Peck was host at a dinner Friday evening at the Bohemian Club in honor of Dr. George Reisner, the Egyptologist, and Mrs. Reisner, Mirza Ali Kuli Khan, Persian consul in Washington, D. C., and Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Grier of Lead City, South Dakota. Among Mr. Peck's guests were Mrs. Phehe Hearst, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Landfield, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Merrill of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Clark, Mrs. Lane-Leonard, Mrs. Phœhe C. Rockwell, Mrs. M. W. Kincaid, Miss Ethel Whitmire, Miss Madge Ferrie, Miss Charlotte Hughes, Professor Henry Morse Stephens, Captain Stewart of Scotland, Dr. Rupert Blue, Mr. Frank Unger, Mr. Waldemar Young, and the Messrs. Weir and Bahcock.

Judge William Carey Van Fleet and Mrs. Van Fleet have issued invitations to a dance which they will give Tuesday evening, September 12, at Century Club Hall in honor of Miss Isahel Beaver and Miss Marian Crocker.

Miss Anna Weller was the guest of honor at a luncheon which was given Monday at the Francisca Club by Miss May Coburn.

Mrs. Bowie-Detrick gave a luncheon and hridge party last Saturday at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Mrs. Benjamin Oxnard.

Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon was hostess at a tea in honor nf Miss Virginia Walsh of Los Angeles. Mrs. Hammon gave a luncheon last Friday complimentary to Mrs. Edwin Cox.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Sanborn entertained at a dinner Tuesday, August 14, at their home in Los Altos. The occasion was the fifty-second anniversary of their marriage.

Mrs. John Coffey Hays was hostess at a luncheon Tuesday, August 15, at the Fairmont Hotel. Among Mrs. Hays's guests were the Misses Eliza McMullin, Anna Weller, Ila Sonntag, and Katherine McAdams.

Mrs. Raymond Metcalfe was hostess at a bridge tea Wednesday at her home in the Presidio. Twenty guests enjoyed Mrs. Metcalfe's hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman gave a dinner Saturday evening at their residence on Pacific Avenue complimentary to Governor Eugene N. Foss, Mrs. Foss, and the Misses Helen and Esther Foss, of Massachusetts, who were the dinner guests Sunday evening of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tuhhs.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sherwood entertained at a dinner Monday evening, their guests including Governor Foss and his family, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, and Miss Dorothy Chapman.

Governor Foss was the guest of honor at a luncheon Monday at the Pacific Union Club given hy Mr. Clinton E. Worden.

Miss Dorothy Chapman entertained her hridal attendants at a luncheon Monday at her home on Pacific Avenue. Mr. Benjamin S. Foss gave a luncheon Monday at the Pacific Union Club, where he entertained the ushers and his best man, Mr. J. H. Stannard of Boston.

Miss Metha McMahon was hostess at a dance last evening at the Ingleside Country Club in honor of Miss Florence Cluff and Miss Amalia Simpson.

Mrs. L. G. Selfridge of Berkeley was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday at the Town and Country Club.

A hop was given Tuesday evening at the Presidio hy the officers of the post in honor of the return of officers of the First Cavalry, who have been on duty in Yosemite, and of the field artillery, who have recently returned from the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lilhurn Eyre entertained the young friends of their son, Mr. Edward L. Eyre, Jr., at a fancy dress party in Menlo Wednesday evening, August 16.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship entertained a numher of their friends at a dinner recently at the Peninsula Hotel.

Mr. Vincent Whitney will represent the San Francisco Golf and Country Club in the appointed committee for the men's open championship of the Pacific Coast, which will take place Saturday, September 9. The other members of the committee are Mr. Sumner P. Hunt, Los Angeles Country Club; Mr. W. R. Millar, Annandale Golf Club, Pasadena; Mr. Percy W. Selby, Burlingame Country Club; Mr. W. F. Garhy, Claremont Country Club; Dr. D. P. Fredericks, Claremont Country Club and San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Homer F. Curran, a former Stanford man, is to he resident manager of the Cort Theatre. Mr. Curran was a member of the class of '07, and distinguished himself while at college hy writing the music far the junior opera of 1905, "Princess Enone." His theatrical activities have been largely with the enterprises of his uncle, Peter McCourt, of Denver. Last season he had charge of Klaw & Erlanger's theatre at Atlanta, Georgia. He is a Sigma Nu member, and very popular here.

It is expected that the new opera house which Oscar Hammerstein is huilding in Kingsway, London, will he opened in November.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Jim the Penman," still a famous and effective play, with Florence Roherts, Thurlow Bergen, and Theodnre Roherts in the leading rnles, opens at the Savoy Theatre Sunday afternoon. In the recent New York revival of this drama Miss Rnberts, Mr. Bergen, and Mr. Roberts had the same parts, and the production will he made here in just as an elahorate a style. It was a great success in the metropnlis, for a new generation has grown up since the play created its first furor, and it shnuld he as popular here. Tbe story of the play tells of a famnus forger who had won worldly success, and his wife, hy skillfully counterfeiting other men's signatures. He is finally run down, though his wife discovers his duplicity just hefore the end. There are many effective situations in the play, and Miss Rnberts will have an especially sympathetic rnle as the deceived wife. Thurlow Bergen will have the name-part, and Theodore Roherts as the Baron will give his efforts to a forceful character study. A capahle company will support tbe stars.

Richard Carle, the elongated comic-opera comedian, who does not visit San Francisco often, hut who is popular here just the same, comes to the Columbia Theatre next Monday night for a two weeks' stay, with matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays. Tbis time Mr. Carle will offer "Jumping Jupiter," a musical absurdity, which has been constructed hy the comedian on the framework of a farce hy Sidney Rnsenfeld. There is never any question about the laugh-making possihilities of a part which he huilds for himself, and he has not neglected to fit the leading members of his company quite as well. Edna Wallace Hopper, the diminutive hright light, is specially engaged for his support, and other players in the cast are Charles Edward Wright, George S. Trimhle, J. S. Kinslow, Harry H. Meyer, William Dynn, Isahelle Winloche, and Alhertine Benson. The music of "Jumping Jupiter" is hy Hoschna, composer of "Madame Sherry," and it includes five song hits that are already in the whistling stage—"Little Girl, I Love You," "The Strains of the Wedding March," "The Rest of the Week She's Mine," "I Like to Have a Flock of Men Around Me," and "Geography."

At the Orpheum, heginning Sunday afternoon, the leading feature of the new hill will he Mme. Besson, a dramatic star from the legitimate stage, who will appear in a playlet hy the late Victor H. Smalley entitled "The Woman Who Knew." It is a tense hit of playwriting, showing a contest of wits hetween a woman and a lawyer. Mme. Besson has played Zaza and Camille with great success, and is suited to emotional rnles. Her principal support is Charles Bodsworth, a prominent English actor. Cadets de Gascogne, four French singers, one woman and three men, in picturesque costumes, will select popular compositions for Orpheum audiences from a large repertory. Rosa Crouch and George Welch, "the Lively Pair," will give a whirl of dancing, singing, acrohatics, and conversation. Miss Crouch is a daughter of the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen." Wynn Brothers, athletes, are European importations who prove their right to a place in hig programmes. Next week will conclude the engagements of Boh Pender's Giants, Carlton the magician, Karl Emmy and his pets, and Lasky's Pianophiend Minstrels.

John Cort announces the opening of his new and splendid tbeatre on Ellis Street, near Market, on Saturday evening of next week, Septemher 2. The playhouse is as beautiful and commodious as the best of modern playhouses, and is a royal addition to San Francisco amusement houses. It will house only the best attractions, an earnest of which is to he seen in tbe opening attraction, "Baby Mine," presented under the auspices of William A. Brady (limited). Tbis farce-comedy, by Margaret Mayo, has heen one of the higgest successes from the heginning. It has heen running for a year in New York, and another company has been playing the piece for months in Londnn. Prominent in the cast here will he Walter Jnnes, Ernest Glendinning (well remembered of the Alcazar stock company), Agnes de Lane, and Marjorie Cortland. Matinées will he given Wednesdays and Saturdays. The seat sale opens Wednesday, August 30.

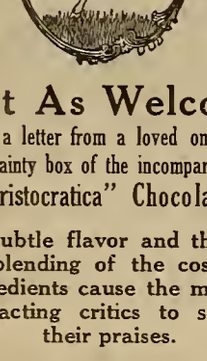
Max Dill and his merry company will make their farewell appearance in "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" at the Savoy Theatre Saturday afternnon and evening.

The final performance of "The Girl in the Taxi" will he given at the Cnlumbia Theatre on Sunday night.

Following "Jim the Penman" at the Savoy Theatre will come Ferris Hartman, Walter de Leon, and Miss "Muggins" Davies in De Leon's musical comedy of college life, "The Campus."

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Green (formerly Miss Alice Doe) has been hrightened hy the advent of a son.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will he found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Foster, Miss Marie Louise Foster, and Miss Minna Van Bergen are traveling in Holland. They are expected home in November.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst recently entertained an automobile party on a trip to Santa Cruz. Among Mrs. Hearst's guests were Mirza Ali Khuli Khan, Persian consul at Washington, D. C., and his nephew, Mohammed Ameen Khan, Dr. George Reisner and Mrs. Reisner of Cairo, and Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Grier of Dakota. Dr. Reisner and Mrs. Reisner left last Saturday for the East.

Miss Bessie Bowie of Paris is spending a few weeks at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo.

Miss Virginia Joliffe is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt, at their villa on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. John I. Sahin and her daughter, Miss Irene Sahin, will spend the next few weeks at Del Monte. Miss Sahin will spend the winter in Washington, D. C., as the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Captain Alfred Bjornsted, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bjornsted.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray will arrive from Washington, D. C., September 1, and will go to their new home at Fort Mason. The residence recently occupied by General Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bliss is being put in readiness for the reception of General Murray and his family.

Mrs. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall are expected home next week from Santa Barbara, where they have been spending the past six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl have been spending the past week in Santa Barbara.

Miss Merritt Reid returned from Santa Barbara and is at present the guest of the Misses Jauet and Edith von Schroeder at their home, Eagle Ranch, in San Luis Obispo County. Miss Reid will spend the first week in September at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill left yesterday for their home in New York, after having spent two months in California. For the past montb they have heen at Lake Tahoe, and had planned to return to San Francisco prior to their departure, hut were ohliged to change their plans.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beckley sailed Tuesday for Honolulu, where they will visit relatives until October.

Mr. Gardner Williams and his daughters, Mrs. William Mein, Miss Gertrude Williams, and Miss Dorothy Williams, are at Del Monte.

Miss Marie Louise Black and Miss Marianne Mathieu have returned from a visit to the Cunningham ranch in Saratoga, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Adelhert Adams Blackmer.

Mr. Richard M. Tobin has heen spending several days at Del Monte with his sister, Mrs. Charles W. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. McNear are occupying a cottage in Mili Valley, where they will remain until October.

Mrs. William Landers and her daughter, Miss Eleanor Landers, have recently heen visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jack Johnston at their home in Mill Valley.

Paymaster Edmund W. Bonnaffon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bonnaffon, who have heen stationed for the past few years at Mare Island, will reside permanently in the East. Mr. Bonnaffon has recently been appointed paymaster of the Atlantic fleet.

Major William Wilson, U. S. A., and his family arrived Tuesday on the transport *Buford*.

Captain William Brook, U. S. A., Thirtieth Infantry, has gone to the Presidio, Monterey, to join Company K at that post.

Miss Harriet Pomeroy has returned from Portland, where she has heen visiting her hrother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke.

Lieutenant W. H. Shea, U. S. N., and Mrs. Shea have gone to San Diego to spend several weeks.

Dr. F. P. Stone, U. S. A., and Mrs. Stone are established at the Hotel Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Adelhert Adams Blackmer will remain at Saratoga until next month, when they will open their town house on Clay Street for the season.

Mrs. Charles Huse and Mrs. Selhy Hanna have hcen enjoying an outing at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Mrs. William S. Tevis, Miss Lily O'Connor, Mr. Gordon Tevis, and Mr. Lansing Tevis are at Marienhad.

Miss Patricia Cosgrave will leave Septemher 12 for New York, where she will reside with her hrother, Mr. John O'Hara Cosgrave.

Mrs. Julia Bolado Ashe will leave next week for the East to place her son, Master Gaston Ashe, in school at Lawrenceville.

Mr. and Mrs. Herhert Baker (formerly Miss Natalie Hunt) spent a week at Del Monte en route to Southern California, where they will remain until September 1.

Mr. Henry A. Butters, Jr., has returned from Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright have heen spending several weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Kierstedt left last Saturday for their home in Lincoln, Nehraska, after spending two weeks with Mrs. Kierstedt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean, at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Arno Dosch and their little daughter left Sunday for their home in the East. They have been the guests of Mrs. Dosch's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry, at their country home in Alta.

The new home on Baker Street near Green of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Avery Camphell is rapidly nearing completion, and will he ready for occupancy in October. Mr. and Mrs. Camphell are at present residing with Mrs. Camphell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright, at their home on Scott Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Davenport have returned to their home in Spokane, after a visit of two months in this city.

Miss Louise McCormick has returned to Paso Robles, after spending a few days in town as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton.

The Rt. Rev. William Ford Nichols, Mrs. Nichols, and their daughter, Miss Margaret Nichols, have returned from Europe, where they have heen traveling for the past six months.

Mrs. Camilla Martin has taken an apartment in the St. Xavier on Pacific Avenue.

Dr. Franklin R. Dray and Mrs. Dray (formerly Miss Anita Meyer) have returned from their wedding trip to Del Monte.

Mrs. Drummond MacGavin is occupying an apartment at the Te Kiteroa on Van Ness and Pacific Avenues. Mr. MacGavin left a week ago on a trip through Siskiyou and Trinity counties and expects to return early in October.

Miss Cora Smedberg returned Monday from the Presidio, Monterey, where she spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, and her hrother-in-law and sister, Major G. W. McIvor, U. S. A., and Mrs. McIvor.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith will sail next Wednesday for Honolulu, where she has rented a cottage near the residence of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham. She will be joined by her son, Mr. Bayard Hyde-Smith, who is now ahroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fuller have returned to town from St. Gothard's Inn, in Sonoma County, where they have heen spending the summer, and will occupy their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel until October, when they will go to Philadelphia to attend the wedding of Mrs. Fuller's sister, Miss Marian La Tourette, and Paymaster Stainacker, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries and their daughter, Miss Dorothy Fries, are at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Peter Martin will sail Septemher 16 on the *George Washington* for Paris, where he will join Mrs. Martin, who is occupying the apartment of Mme. Talleyrand.

Mrs. J. B. Wright and her nieces, the Misses Laura and Mildred Baldwin, are at present in Munich.

Mr. Duane Hopkins will leave shortly for Boston, where he will spend several weeks with relatives.

Mr. George Bowles has returned from Yale and is at his home, The Pines, in Piedmont. Miss Amy Bowles is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Havens at their home at Sag Harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois and their daughter, Miss Jeanne Gallois, have returned from a trip through Canada.

Mr. William H. Crocker, Jr., and his classmate, Mr. Minturn, have heen spending the past week in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Miss Flora Miller, and Mrs. Miller's mother, Mrs. M. P. Jones, will spend the winter at the Hillcrest.

Miss Ruth Winslow has returned from Santa Barhara, where she was the guest of the Misses Laura and Katherine Kaime.

Miss Edith Treanor and Miss Johanna Volkman have returned from Menlo, where they spent ten days with Mr. and Mrs. A. Schilling.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Willcutt and their son, Mr. George H. Willcutt, returned Tuesday from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Lane-Leonard and her little daughter are estahlished at Hotel Del Monte, where they will remain until the middle of September.

Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Towne Shaw returned Monday from Lake Tahoe, where they have heen spending the past two months.

Miss Isahel Beaver is again in town, after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre in Menlo and Miss Dora Winn in Ross.

Mrs. Charles Fee and her daughters, the Misses Marcia and Elizabeth Fee, have returned from a trip to the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and their daughter, Miss Lydia Hopkins, have heen spending the past week at Del Monte.

Mrs. John P. Jackson is convalescing from a recent attack of appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan and Mr. Carolan's sister, Miss Emily Carolan, arrived Thursday in New York from Europe.

Mrs. Clarissa Davidge has returned to New York, after a brief visit in this city and Burlingame. Mrs. Davidge, who is a daughter of Bishop Potter of New York, accompanied Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker on their homeward trip, and was a guest at the Crocker home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Dr. Herhert Carolan, Mrs. William Timlow (formerly Miss Evelyn Carolan), and Miss Emily Timlow returned Monday from Santa Barhara.

Miss Eliza McMullin and Miss Nancy Glenn have recently heen the guests of the Misses Harriet and Marian Stone at their hungalow on the Russian River.

Dr. Percival C. Rossiter, U. S. N., and Mrs. Rossiter, of Mare Island, will reside indefinitely at Bremerton.

The Messrs. Loring Pickering, John McMullin, Sidney and Felix Smith, have returned from a motor trip to Lake Tahoe.

Captain William H. Bertsch, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bertsch have arrived from Manila and are the guests of Mrs. Bertsch's mother, Mrs. E. A. Tripler.

Captain Henry T. Ferguson, U. S. A., who arrived on the *Buford* from the Philippines, will take examinations for promotion at Fort Benjamin, and will he joined at his new station hy Mrs. Ferguson and their son and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Athole McBean have returned from Santa Barbara and are established for the winter in their home on Steiner Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Launce White (formerly Miss Camille Lytton) have returned from their wedding trip.

Miss Jeanne Gallois and Miss Marian Zeile spent the week-end in Menlo as the guests of Miss Florence Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader returned to town Monday from Burlingame, where they were the guests over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt.

Miss Harriet Alexander and Miss Janetta Alexander spent a few days last week with their cousin, Miss Jennie Crocker, at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Rehecca Kruttschnitt and Mr. Henry Clifford Woodhouse were the week-end guests of Mrs. M. H. de Young.

Mrs. George Page of San Rafael is the guest of Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Pischel and her two daughters when last heard from were in Ostend, while Dr. Pischel, after attending the British Medical Convention in Birmingham, was in Heidelberg attending the sessions of the Ophthalmological Society.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries and Miss Dorothy K. Fries have left San Mateo for the Tavern, Lake Tahoe. They will visit Del Monte later in the season, and winter at their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Joseph Crockett were among the recent arrivals at Del Monte.

Mrs. R. Y. Hayne has engaged apartments at Del Monte for herself and her family and will go down soon to join her friends who are there.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heller and Miss Ruth Heller arrived at Del Monte last week in anticipation of the tournament and its attendant gayeties.

Among recent arrivals registered at The Peninsula from San Francisco are Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Trassburder, Mr. Leonard G. Heller, Dr. William Cosgrove, Mr. L. I. Cohn and family, Mrs. William A. Lange, Mr. and Mrs. G. Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. Fay C. Beel, Mr. Ren Stovel, Mr. and Mrs. I. Goodfriend, Miss Bertha Leffman, Mrs. George A. Knight, Mrs. Fields, Mr. Monroe L. Cohn, Mr. L. Renard, Mrs. Schuhener and sister, Mr. Vance P. Edwards and wife, Mr. E. G. Garrison with Mrs. Garrison and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Stewart.

Recent arrivals from San Francisco at Ætna Springs included Mr. James Irvine, Mr. James Irvine, Jr., Miss Katherine Irvine, Miss Loraine Plum, Mr. Myford Irvine, Mr. G. E. Trumbull, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rudgear, Miss Grace Rudgear, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Leahy, Mr. A. E. Butner, Mrs. M. E. Reene, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft, Mr. H. Paul Bancroft, Miss Gihhs, Mr. Thomas G. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Sam Salomon, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Tum Suden, Mr. R. A. Russ, Mr. T. D. Harney, Mr. R. E. Sharhro, Mr. J. Sperry, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Harney, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Gantner.

In Memory.

In her eighty-third year, with life's duties all well done, with children and children's children ahout her, Mrs. Laura Griggs Buckhee, widow of the late Rev. Charles A. Buckhee, passed on Friday of last week from the mystery of life to the mystery of death. It was the normal and happy climax of a life of singularly hlessed fortunes—a life in which all the amhitions of responsihle womanhood were realized, to which all heautiful dreams came true. It was a life hlessed in the cares which helong to wifehood and motherhood in the years when to guide, to comfort, and to serve are the highest and dearest joys. It was a life hlessed hy affection and soothed by tenderness in its declining and closing years.

To live as Mrs. Buckbee lived for nearly threescore years in affection and sympathy with a worthy husband, to he the mother of five children, and to cherish and guardian them to maturity and independence, to hold their consideration and reverence, and to he a centre of domestic inspiration, even to the last hour of life, and then to pass out in painless sleep—this is a history unsurpassed alike in its privileges and in its dignities. If life can hold higher hlessings, they have not been revealed to the children of men.

Mrs. Buckhee was the daughter of Ichabod Griggs of Connecticut, Samuel C. Griggs, the famous puhlisher of a later time, being her hrother. She married Mr. Buckhee at the age of nineteen, when hoth had just completed their studies at Hamilton College, New York. For nearly fifty years Mrs. Buckhee had been a continuous resident of San Francisco. Her children, all of whom survive, are John C. (of Minneapolis), Spencer C., and Samuel G. Buckhee, Mrs. Rohert J. Currey and Mrs. William S. Bliss. On Sunday last Mrs. Buckhee's hody was laid heside that of her late hushand in Cypress Lawn Cemetery. A. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 20, 1911.

The Right Reverend William Ford Nichols, Bishop of California, who for the past six months has heen enjoying a trip around the world, is expected to return to San Francisco on August 25, 1911. On Thursday evening, August 31, 1911, in the hall-room of the Palace Hotel, a reception will he tendered to the returning bishop and his family hy his people of the diocese of California. The arrangements are in the hands of a committee consisting of the officers of the Churchmen's Conference, the president of the standing committee, the archdeacon, the deans of the two convocations, the presidents of the women's auxiliary and the Daughters of the King, the rector of Trinity Church, and the secretary of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. The reception will he entirely informal and the committee extends a cordial invitation to all friends of the bishop to attend.

Ensign James Laurence Kauffman, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kauffman (formerly Miss Elsa Draper) are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., in this city, has heen hrightened by the advent of a daughter.

Not one large candy store, but four of them; which goes to show the popularity of Geo. Haas & Sons' candies. Store locations: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street near the Ferry.

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American Magazine and Argonaut	4.45
Argosy and Argonaut	4.40
Atlantic Monthly and Argonaut	7.00
Blackwood's Magazine and Argonaut	6.20
Century and Argonaut	7.00
Commoner and Argonaut	4.10
Cosmopolitan and Argonaut	4.20
English Illustrated Magazine and Argonaut	4.70
Forum and Argonaut	6.00
Harper's Bazar and Argonaut	4.35
Harper's Magazine and Argonaut	6.80
Harper's Weekly and Argonaut	6.80
House Beautiful and Argonaut	6.00
International Magazine and Argonaut	4.50
Judge and Argonaut	7.50
Leslie's Weekly and Argonaut	7.00
Life and Argonaut	7.75
Lippincott's Magazine and Argonaut	5.25
Littell's Living Age and Argonaut	9.00
Mexican Herald and Argonaut	10.50
Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut	4.40
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut	6.80
Out West and Argonaut	5.25
Overland Monthly and Argonaut	4.50
Political Science Quarterly and Argonaut	5.90
Puck and Argonaut	7.75
Review of Reviews and Argonaut	5.00
Scribner's Magazine and Argonaut	6.00
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St. Nicholas and Argonaut	6.00
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Theatre Magazine and Argonaut	6.50
Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic) and Argonaut	4.25
Weekly New York Tribune Former and Argonaut	4.15



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mike (in bed, to alarm clock as it gose off)—I fooled yez that time. I was not aslape at all.—*Punch.*

Biggs—Is your daughter popular? *Boggs*—Well, I don't want to hoast, hut fifteen young men are teaching her to swim.—*Buffolo Express.*

"Are you interested in ornithology, Mrs. Wuffer?" "Not at all now, although I once did a pipe rack for my husband."—*Birmingham Age-Herold.*

"What are you looking so glum ahout, old man?" "Somehody stole Dawson's umhrella." "But should that worry you?" "It was stolen from me."—*Boston Transcript.*

"That was rough on Davis." "What?" "He stepped on a piece of orange peel, fell, and was arrested for giving a street performance without a license."—*Ideos.*

"How'd you like to sign with me for life's game?" inquired the young man. "I'm agreeable," replied the girl. "Where's your diamond?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Stranger—Have you a good hair tonic you can recommend? *Druggist (Prohibition town)*—Here is something that is spoken of very favorahly hy people who have drank it.—*Puck.*

"He won a dozen watermelons at a raffle, and died while eating them." "My, my!" exclaimed Brother Dickey, "he had a taste o' Paradise 'fo' he got dar!"—*Atlonto Constitution.*

"After I am gone the world that is now so careless will learn what I have accomplished." "I wouldn't let that worry me; they can't arrest you then, you know."—*Houston Post.*

"Shure Bedalia and me won't he marrying this day. Oi've hruk the ingagement." "An' fer phwy did ye do that?" "Bedad, she ran away an' married McNulty yisterday."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Lowyer—And you say your neighhor's dogs are vicious and dangerous? Do you mean to say that you live in a state of perturbation? *Witness*—No, sir; I live in the suburbs.—*Baltimore American.*

The "Angel" (obout to give beggar a dime)—Poor man! And are you married? *Beggar*—Pardon me, madam! D'ye think I'd he relyin' on total strangers for support if had a wife?—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"Is you all lookin' for trouhle?" "S'posin' I is, or s'posin' I aint. What ahout it?" "Well, if you is, you's wastin' yoh time. You kin shet yoh eyes an' listen to it talkin' to you right here."—*Woshington Star.*

"That," said the professor, "is an Egyptian queen. She is at least 3000 years old." "My!" exclaimed the girl with large fluffy hair; "I'll het she'd he annoyed if she knew you were telling it."—*Washington Star.*

"This thing of getting married," said the girl who was husy with her trousseau, "is certainly a trial." "A trial, yes," agreed the cynical bachelor, "hut it isn't half so had as working out the sentence."—*Town Topics.*

"Do you rememher our first meeting?" she asked. "No," he replied. "I haven't the slightest recollection of it." "Oh, yes! How stupid of me. I remember now that you were senseless under your car."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"I should think you would give that hired man a good scolding," said the summer hoarder. "'Taint any use," replied Farmer Corntossel. "That hired man has got an idea that listenin' to me scold is the way he earns his wages,"—*Washington Star.*

"Now that you've heard my daughter sing, what would you advise me to do?" "Well," the music master replied, "I hardly know. Don't you suppose you could get her interested in settlement work or horsehack riding, or something like that?"—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"You are in very had shape indeed. What you need is some sort of a new sensation, that will altogether change your outlook upon life, something to startle your system, as it were. What is your husiness?" "I am an anarchist." "Then take a hath."—*Houston Post.*

"I thought there would be trouhle when you discovered that those two poker players were in collusion." "Yes," replied three-finger Sam. "It looked dangerous till they explained that they weren't cheating, hut were merely operating under a gentleman's agreement."—*Woshington Stor.*

"Doctor, I want you to look after my office while I am on vacation." "But I've just graduated, doctor. Have had no experience." "That's all right, my boy. My practice is strictly fashionahle. Tell the men to play golf, and ship the lady patients off to Europe."—*Louisville Courier-Journol.*

"Could you wait on me before the others?" asked the woman in the drug store. "I am in a great hurry." The drug clerk complied and filled her prescription immediately. "Thank you so much," she said. "I am afraid that Fido will awake before I return and miss me."—*Buffalo Express.*

James Hamilton Lewis, attorney-at-law, became annoyed hy the continual questioning of a newspaper reporter who wanted to find out something new about a case in which Lewis was interested. "Why," exclaimed Lewis curtly, "you evidently know more about this case that I do! You apparently have more sense than I have." "I have to," responded the reporter, "in order to hold my joh." This amused Lewis so much that he gave the newspaper man all the information he wanted.

MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur.

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celehrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed hy the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herhs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resemhling the monks' product.

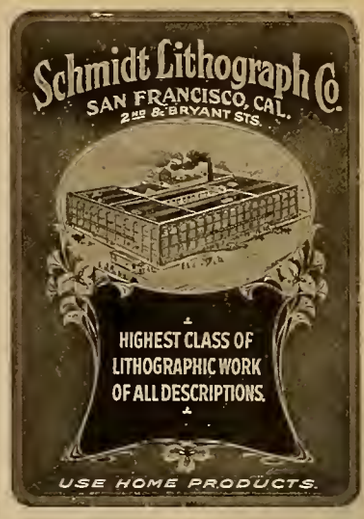
In ahout all substantial details the claims of the monks have heen upheld, except that the defendant company has not heen held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade-mark did not constitute ahandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.—*New York Herold,* June 20, 1911.

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Straight from the Shoulder.

President Taft is entirely within the bounds of right and propriety in discrediting Senator La Follette as a dishonest schemer and disturber; and he is happy in the phrase, in characterization of La Follette's latest effort, as a "tariff for politics." From his entrance into political life twenty or more years ago in Wisconsin, La Follette has pursued a purely personal and selfish course, though all the while making the loudest professions of morality and virtue. Like our own Hiram, he is always first and foremost for himself. He prates of principles even while throwing any and all principles to the winds when it suits his personal or factional politics—and his factional politics are always personal. If Mr. La Follette really cared anything about tariff reform, other than as a pawn in the political game, he would have supported the only plan which gives any promise of true reform—a plan, by the way, which had his own sanction and the support of his vote in the Senate only last year. Proof that with him the tariff question is a matter of politics merely is found in the job devised by him and carried through Congress by a trade with the enemies of his party to "put Taft in a hole." That job was defeated by the bold course of the President, who is now seeing to it that the public shall be in possession of the facts in the case.

Quite incidentally, Mr. Taft is showing how a President may keep within the traditional dignities of his office and still serve the country by giving inspiring leadership and direction to his party. His speech at Hamilton, Massachusetts, last week crossed no lines of questionable taste, yet evaded no issue nor smoothed over any personal delinquency. It gave the country at first hand facts of importance in connection with pending discussions and it called names where it was necessary to place responsibility. It goes without saying that the country likes this sort of thing. The more Mr. Taft strikes out straight from the shoulder, the more he will commend himself to a people who above all other qualities appreciate candor and courage.

The Mayoralty Campaign.

There have been mayoralty campaigns in San Francisco when the game seemed blocked against any worthy result. This was notably the case two years ago, when under the system of party nominations the vote of the conservative element was divided between Crocker (Republican) and Leland (Democrat), while the sinister forces, voting solidly for McCarthy, carried him into office. McCarthy was indeed elected by a "plurality" considerably short of a majority of all the votes cast, but it was none the less sufficient.

Details of the returns of the mayoralty election of 1909 have an interesting bearing upon the present contest. The registration that year was 90,790, and the number of votes cast for mayor was 64,168, as follows:

McCarthy, Laborite	29,437
Leland, Democrat	19,602
Crocker, Republican	13,717
McDevitt, Socialist	1,412
Total	64,168

A bare majority of this total would have been 32,085, whereas McCarthy received, as above stated, only 29,437. Therefore his vote was 2648 less than a majority of all votes cast. The combined vote of Crocker and Leland was 33,319; and if we subtract from this total McCarthy's 29,437 we see that Leland and Crocker together beat him by 3882 votes.

It is to be remembered that in the campaign of 1909 McCarthy had the support of the entire union labor following, plus that of the tenderloin and liquor interests, plus the nickel-in-the-slot interests, plus powerful influences which obviously made a deal with him as against Crocker in connection with the then pending graft prosecutions. For be it remembered Francis J. Heney was a candidate for prosecuting attorney and the dominant motive in the election was not so much the mayor's office as that of the prosecuting attorney. Since 1909 McCarthy has served a year and a half in the mayoralty to the disappointment and chagrin of many of his original supporters and to the shame of the better elements. Conditions directly fostered by his official service have worked obviously in making slack business and dull times. Obviously, too, San Francisco has suffered in her repute through his incumbency of the mayor's office. It is believed that these conditions and considerations have drawn away from McCarthy very considerable elements of his original support, while on the other hand nothing has occurred to win for him new friends. The machinery of the municipality is in his hands and may yield him something in the way of illegitimate advantage, but not sufficient, we think, to make up his losses.

This year the issue is a plain one, there being, besides the Socialist candidates, two straight candidacies, that of James Rolph, Jr., on the one hand, representing the conservatism, the respectability, and the decency of San Francisco, and that of P. H. McCarthy, on the other, representing an arrogant labor unionism, the criminalism of the tenderloin, the sinister forces of the professional tax-eaters, with the rag-tag and bob-tail of social inquities and shames. It is a clean-cut issue with decency on one side and indecency on the other, with no com[illegible] way of speci[illegible] the vote of [illegible] ments to wi[illegible] before her, wi[illegible], San Francisco will choose whether she will put into her mayor's chair a citizen of approved character, of intelligence, of industry, of high public spirit, committed to lawful and decent courses, or a low-browed rapscallion of shameless character and brutal record, one who has demonstrated his unfitness for any trust, one whose incumbency of the mayor's chair has been a scandal and a reproach.

There is involved in this election a special motive connected with our forthcoming exposition. The mayor now to be elected will hold office through the exposition period. His official attitude and authority will have an important bearing upon the business of preparing the fair and of administering it. His personal character and responsibility will be powerful influences in winning coöperation from other states and from foreign countries or in obstructing it. He will be a central figure in the ceremonials attending this enterprise from its beginning to its conclusion. An interesting question, quite aside from issues of more serious importance, is: Shall we be represented in connection with these affairs by a man of courtesy, of respectable affiliations and good manners, or by one whose training has been the rough-and-tumble of unionistic and ward politics, ignorant and careless alike of the proprieties, and obtrusively assertive by propensity and habit? This is a question for San Francisco to answer, and the time to answer it is at the primary election on September 26—three weeks from next Tuesday.

That interest in the coming election is intense and universal is manifest, perhaps in nothing more so than in the record of registrations of voters, which for the first time in the history of San Francisco has gone beyond the hundred-thousand mark. This record, running over a period of years, is as follows:

1905 (year before the fire) registrations were	97,670
1907	77,601
1909	90,790
1911	102,650

From these figures, which show an increase this year of 4980 registrations above that of the year preceding the fire, it appears that the voting population of San Francisco is greater than at any former time in her history. It is interesting to note the almost invariable disproportion between the figures of registration and those of the voting returns. Out of 97,670 registrations in 1905, the total vote cast for mayor was 70,564. In 1907, out of 77,601 registrations the total vote cast for mayor was 57,108. In 1909 out of 90,790 registrations, the total vote cast for mayor was 64,168. These figures are not exact as to the number of votes cast for all officials, since not every voter signifies his choice for mayor.

Another interesting fact is the practically stationary record in recent years in San Francisco of the socialistic vote for mayor. This record is as follows:

1905 (Castner)	1686
1907 (Reguin)	1506
1909 (McDevitt)	1412

This year McDevitt, the socialistic champion of two years ago, is again a candidate, but he does not bear the honors of the socialistic propaganda alone. There is, it appears, another element in the socialistic group which makes direct appeal within the ranks of organized labor, and which styles itself the Social-Labor party. This faction or party has a candidate of its own, one Sibert, who is making a more or less active

campaign. It is a common opinion that McDevitt and Sibert together will get many more votes than have hitherto been cast in any municipal election in San Francisco for socialistic candidates, partly on account of the growth of socialistic sentiment elsewhere, very notably at Berkeley as illustrated in the last municipal election, and partly on the score of defections from McCarthy. It is believed that many of the labor-unionite supporters of McCarthy, unwilling again to support him, will give their votes to Sibert.

King George in Politics.

King George's opinion of Mr. Asquith and of the veto bill is one of those things about which we may speculate but that we are never likely to know. Times have changed since the young Queen Victoria expressed her views freely about parties and ministers. Moreover, Queen Victoria was a woman and therefore entitled to free and unrestrained speech. While she was still a girl she said openly upon one occasion, "These Tories do all in their power to make themselves odious to me." Her diary contains more than one outspoken complaint of the party leaders and, curiously enough, it is usually the Tory leaders. In one place she says, "As to the Tories, I am still in rage. They abuse and grumble incessantly in the most incredible manner." And she writes to Prince Albert before her marriage: "The Whigs are the only safe and loyal people. * * * It is a curious sight to see those who as Tories used to pique themselves upon their excessive loyalty doing everything to degrade their young sovereign in the eyes of the people." It is very certain that King George will never express himself like this, either in speech or in writing, but perhaps his thoughts are all the more vigorous for their necessary suppression.

That his intentions and wishes should be freely discussed in Parliament must have been intensely distasteful to him, and especially in connection with a quarrel that had arrayed one of the great parties against the other. The king, in fact, was a victim of the figments that surround, and that are supposed to protect, his position. The king can do no wrong, and if blame has been incurred it must be visited upon his ministers. The king is above all parties and is without political preferences, so that if he seemed to have acted in a way contrary to tradition he must have been misled by the malign advice of the cabinet. As a result we find that all parliamentary references to the royal attitude are based upon the apparent assumption that the king is a child and wholly without either initiative or responsibility, an assumption grotesque enough when we remember that he is nearly fifty years of age and that he is known to have made a deep study of political affairs. How far the Tory censure was actually intended for the king is a matter of inference, but there was certainly a hope that he would refuse his assent to the creation of peers and there was disappointment when that hope vanished. Thus we find Sir Edward Carson complaining that the king had been "trapped." Another orator said that Mr. Asquith had "bound him hand and foot," and had "wrested consent from the sovereign." Even Mr. Balfour, a master of form and of political etiquette, said that the king had used his prerogative "as no king in the old days of prerogative ever dared to use it." This sort of language seems to show a resentment against the king himself and must have been quite as distasteful to the monarch as were the party policies that forced him into the arena. But it is a mistake to suppose that the king had no precedent for his willingness to create peers. William IV gave to Earl Grey and to Lord Brougham a written assurance that he would do this very thing in order to force the reform bill through the House of Lords. And it must be admitted that both William IV and George V acted on their own responsibility. A "swamping" creation of peers is not one of those pieces of governmental routine wherein the king is supposed automatically to indorse the action of his ministers. The conferment of dignities is actually a royal prerogative so far as royal prerogatives exist at all, and it hardly comes within the sphere of routine. The king might have refused, and probably he would have refused if such a remedy had not seemed worse than the disease. It was more prudent to take the advice of his ministers than to reject that advice and to incur the odium of resisting a popular measure.

Of course Mr. Asquith could never have stated that he had been repulsed by the king, but it would have been known by the course of events. With an immense majority behind him, a majority given to him for the express purpose of settling this dispute, he was compelled either to force the bill through the House of Lords or to resign his position. Had he resigned his position the king must have sent for Mr. Balfour to form a government, and Mr. Balfour would have been ejected from office in about forty-eight hours by some adverse vote in the Commons. Then the king must either have sent for Mr. Asquith to come back, which Mr. Asquith would have certainly refused to do, or there must have been another general election. Now a second general election to determine a point already definitely settled by a popular vote could be interpreted only in one way. That Mr. Asquith had not resorted to a "swamping" creation of peers would be proof positive that he had not been able to do so, that is to say that the king had refused his consent. And the king had no mind to neutralize a popular vote already given, or to demand that it be given again. That he had been forced into the political field was bad enough. To stand there as an opponent of his own ministers would have been worse.

It is hard to imagine what would have happened if there had been absolutely no way to overcome the resistance of the Lords after the people had definitely voted upon that one isolated question and without any possible confusion of issues. Mr. Asquith must have resigned at once on a confession of inability to obey the electorate, and no one could have taken his place with an Asquith majority in the Commons. No other government could live for a week, and it would have been equally out of the question to go to the country again and again for repetitions of a verdict already clearly given. A prime minister must either carry out his policy, or he must give way to his opponents, or he must appeal to the country. In this case the last two propositions were impossible. His opponents could not take office because they had no majority, and the country would resent a second appeal that had no more finality about it than the first. It was a case where something had to bend or break. It was a case almost without a precedent.

It is likely enough that the king bitterly resents Mr. Asquith's policy that compelled him to take sides and Mr. Balfour's policy that rebuked him for doing what he was forced to do. But as a matter of fact he is the victim of an extreme form of democracy that demands an instant obedience to an emphatic popular demand and that refuses even to provide the forms for delay. Even the House of Lords has never before dared to resist a clear mandate from the people. It has denied the existence of such a mandate and insisted upon a clearer affirmation, but when the affirmation has been given it has always succumbed. That was the theory of its existence, to prevent precipitate legislation upon which the popular will was in doubt. But in this case, and for the first time in its history, it admitted the mandate but refused to obey it. An impasse was created. It was equally impossible to stop or to turn back. No doubt the king feels himself to be deeply aggrieved, and rightly so, but his grievance springs from the inevitable conflict between an excessive democracy and archaic forms of royalty.

The Duty of the Auditor.

If the backbone of the city auditor is not strong enough for the discharge of his duty it is to be hoped that public opinion will supply the necessary stiffening. Auditor Boyle is perfectly well aware of his duty in regard to the illegal appointments upon the staff of the health board. He knows that the appointments are illegal, he knows the purpose for which they are made, and he knows that the remedy lies in his hands. If he fails to apply that remedy, if he allows himself to be associated with the disreputable vote-buying crew from the administration stockyard, he should have sense enough to foresee a day of reckoning and to guard against a record that will not be forgotten and that will ultimately ruin him politically. This is one of the occasions when the side of decency is also the winning side.

There are now four telephone operators for the City and County Hospital. At this institution it costs $315 a month to answer the telephone, whereas a single girl at $65 a month would probably find time heavy on her hands. As a matter of fact the work is done by one girl. The explanation is simple enough. Telephone operators are not subject to civil service rules. Any needy vagabond from the City Hall, so long as he has a vote to sell, can be sent down to the hospital and put on the payroll as a telephone operator and no questions asked. There are now four operators. Why not have forty? Why not have one for every patient? The public pays.

It really seems as though we were never to hear the last of our abominable health board. Wherever the stench of municipal corruption is at its worst we may be reasonably sure that the health board is somewhere in evidence. Nothing is too dirty, nothing is too cruel, for an institution that already has brought more disgrace to the city than even the mayor himself. The last outrage is to snatch all the tubercular patients from their comparatively comfortable quarters at Ingleside and house them in uncompleted shacks in the city in order that they may be registered in good time for the election. It is assumed that they will vote "straight," and so long as Dr. Eaton is on deck we are almost tempted to hope for their own sake that they will do so. This shameful piece of barbarity was carried out against the implied protest of Dr. A. H. White, whose humanity is a credit to him and who will probably be made to suffer for sentiments unbecoming to a city official. If a lot of sturdy chauffeurs can be bullied into lending their automobiles to Mr. McCarthy in order to save their licenses what hope is there for a lot of wretched consumptives, some of whom are too weak to go to the polling place?

The State and the University.

It ought to be apparent even to the professorial mind that the platform of the State University at Berkeley is not a proper place to do politics—not even university politics. Three or four times within the past five years this lesson has been rather painfully suggested, and it would seem to the lay mind that a time has come when it ought to be understood. Thus far it has to the knowledge of the *Argonaut* cost the university two memorial buildings—and what else in the form of aborted favors we know not.

The State of California has been liberal out of proportion and almost out of reason with its university. It has endowed it magnificently, organized it on a plan far ahead of any other state of equal resources, and it has sustained it year by year with floods of money. If the means provided have not in all respects matched the ideas of the management the fault, we submit, is rather with o'erleaping ambitions than with the state. The professors are to be commended in the wish to create a university quite exceptional at Berkeley, but they are not right to forget that every dollar bestowed there must be earned by somebody and that to maintain the university is not the sole object of life and labor on the part of the people of California. Having received so much they are wrong in clamoring in ungracious arraignment for more. It strikes the lay mind with special displeasure when a high authority from the university platform, addressing the ear of youth, berates the public for its negligence and its meanness. It smacks of ingratitude and of that spirit of fault-finding and detraction which has been too much in the air in recent times.

And in any event the president of the university, before he makes complaint of the stinginess of the state, especially when addressing young students, ought to know the facts. He ought not to describe the university as "bankrupt" while it regularly meets its obligations, and he ought not to discredit fiscal laws enacted in pursuit of the general good because they nullify an advantage enjoyed by the university as a property-holder not taxed, especially when the deficit thus created is more than made up by other forms of provision. In other words, President Wheeler before discussing university finances ought to know what he is talking about.

In the immediate instance Dr. Wheeler would have done well to consult State Controller Nye as to the precise status of the university funds before making statements which the latter finds it necessary to controvert. Mr. Nye points out that the last legislature, by way of providing regular support for the university, created an annual fund to be filled by transfers from the general fund. The amount to be transferred this year must be seven per cent more than the university received from the old (now abolished) three-cent tax. Next year's transfer must be seven per cent more than this year; and so on up to including the sixty-sixth fiscal year. In other words, in place of the old three-cent tax, which President Wheeler regrets so bitterly, the university is to have an income increasing seven per cent every year and compounding. "In what way," pertinently asks the controller, "is this inferior to the former plan of taxation? Year in and year out the state assessment roll on which the old

three-cent tax was based would not have increased more than seven per cent. and. moreover, that increase was not compounded."

Continuing, Mr. Nye points out that in the sixty-second fiscal year (1910-1911), the last year of the three-cent tax, the university received from that source $710,773.55, but this year it will receive from the substituted arrangement $760,527.70. The following figures, supplied by Mr. Nye, show how this income will grow:

1910-11 (3-cent tax)	$710,773.55
1911-12 (under new law)	760,527.70
1912-13 (under new law)	813,764.64
1913-14 (under new law)	870,728.16
1914-15 (under new law)	931,679.13

This will involve an increase of $220,000, or thirty-one per cent, in four years. Again Mr. Nye asks pertinently, "Could any state institution ask anything better than this? Has any other state institution an assurance for future support which in any way approaches what has been provided for the university? The State University enjoyed the three-cent tax only two years, for until 1909 the rate was not over two cents, and before that it was one cent. In 1908-9, the last year of the two-cent tax, the university received from that source but $399,607.14. To advance from that sum to $931,679.13, or 133 per cent, in six years does not look like starvation."

Mr. Nye still further points out that the state's contributions to the university are large and continuous, quite apart from the sources of revenue already discussed. Each year the university receives an extra $100,000 under a law of 1901, besides an interest payment of $49,845. At the session of 1911, an appropriation of $62,000 was made to make up income lost through the San Francisco fire; and besides these items there were sixteen other special appropriations for the university, university farm school, etc. All told the university will receive directly from the state treasury upwards of a million dollars.

The Department of Education of the United States government has recently issued a volume of educational statistics which exhibits in graphic form the comparative provisions made by different states for their universities, and from this volume we extract the following:

University.	Population of State.	Receipts from State.	Total Receipts.
California	2,377,549	$1,060,125	$2,808,842
Illinois	5,638,591	1,216,500	1,639,792
Indiana	2,700,876	1,216,500	1,639,900
Iowa	2,224,771	265,281	368,093
Kansas	1,690,949	438,637	486,637
Michigan	2,810,173	910,200	1,448,000
Minnesota	2,075,708	1,065,731	1,455,424
Missouri	3,293,335	425,123	709,760
Nebraska	1,192,214	379,036	605,403
Wisconsin	2,333,860	1,223,604	1,744,854

Columbia and Yale are the only great endowed universities whose receipts in 1909-10 were greater than those of the University of California. The income of Harvard University was only $2,015,711 as against $2,808,842 by California. Cornell had but $1,666,067 and Stanford but $880,000. California is by far and away the richest of the state universities, independent of current provision, its endowments footing up $4,462,779, while other figures are, for Wisconsin $626,161, Minnesota $1,448,799, Michigan $309,000, and Illinois $647,131.

It would seem that a state which thus provides more liberally both in the forms of current provision and fixed endowment than any other in proportion to its resources ought to be spared grumblings and beratements, at least at the hands of its own university officials. And it must be added that there can be no excuse for extravagant statements made in misapprehension of the facts. It ought not to be possible for the president of the university to misapprehend the facts.

A word of commendation is due Controller Nye for the thoroughness with which he has set forth the facts in rebuttal of the charge that the university is "bankrupt." It is like every other piece of work which comes from Mr. Nye's hands, thoroughgoing, intelligent, conscientious. Of all the present state officials, Mr. Nye appears to be the one efficient man—always "on the job," always ready with facts and figures and with illuminating interpretations of them, never shirking or slighting his work, never depending upon an overwrought or handily forged phrase to serve in the stead of a pregnant and labored fact. Such men are rare in any relation, especially in the public service; and having gotten such a man in a post of the first importance, California ought not to be unmindful of his merits or of the good service which he so conspicuously renders.

The Shopmen and the Railroads.

The demands made upon the Harriman railroads, including the Southern Pacific, by the Shop Employees' Federation, as we find them set forth in the daily prints, carry the assumptions of organized labor a long step beyond previous proposals. These demands are fourteen in number:

1. The rule of the closed shop with allowance of thirty days, during which employees, old and new, may "qualify" themselves for service by joining a union.
2. An eight-hour day, instead of a nine-hour day.
3. Flat wage increase of seven cents an hour.
4. Equal representation on board of directors of the company hospitals, which are partly supported by employees who have no voice in their conduct.
5. Free keeping of patients in hospitals as long as patients demand it, sanctioned by their association.
6. Conferences to be granted after thirty days' notice of desire to change contract is submitted.
7. Employees to be granted ninety days' leave of absence, instead of being laid off.
8. All time work other than bulletined to be considered overtime.
9. Allowance for expenses while on traveling work to be raised from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per day.
10. Capacity shall be determined within thirty days; after that no man shall be discharged on grounds of incompetency.
11. No physical examination or personal record.
12. Grievances to be handled by Shop Employees' Federation.
13. Light work for old employees unable to do heavy work, without reduction in pay.
14. Seniority to govern promotion to foremanships.

The first of these demands would imply complete surrender on the part of the railroad management to the newly organized federation, and would close the shop door against all men, new and old alike, who choose to maintain their independence—free and untaxed—of unionism. The second and third demands taken together would cut out one hour a day from the labor schedule, practically without changing the rate of pay. Demand number four would give the federation a full equal share in control of property for which the companies have paid millions of dollars and to which they contribute a very great sum annually. For these properties the men contribute not one cent, the administration of the hospital service costing a much greater sum than the aggregate of their hospital dues. Demand number five would take it out of the hands of the doctors to limit the time a man may remain in hospital, leaving it to the will of the patients themselves, under the sanction of their union. That is to say, a man, even though entirely cured, who might choose to remain in hospital an indefinite time, in the enjoyment of its luxuries in idleness, could do so so long as he could secure the approval of his union.

It is inconceivable that these demands, or any considerable part of them, shall be acceded to by the railroad management. To do it would be to abandon control of certain large properties to parties who have no interest in maintaining their value. It would, too, involve the loading up of pay-rolls with men undesired or not needed, but impossible to be gotten rid of. It would enforce the employment of unfit or undesired men in posts where coöperation with the employing authority is essential to efficiency and economy. It would speedily fill up the entire shop service of the railroads with useless "dead wood," all to be paid for at highest wage rates.

It goes without saying that no business, certainly not a business which finds itself more or less ground, just now, between the upper millstone of governmental authority and the nether millstone of rising charges, can possibly accept these conditions and live. It would cut both ways—first on the score of efficiency; second on the score of cost. It would either drive the railroads into schemes of financial reprisal or into bankruptcy. Mr. Kruttschnitt's statement that the changes involved would add an annual charge of $7,000,000 to the shop account of the Harriman lines is clearly a conservative one.

C. P. Huntington, the foremost organizer of our Californian railway system, was strongly imbued with traditional American ideas. He believed in the right of every man to engage in any labor of his choice, unhampered, unmolested, untaxed by private associations. In all of the works under his authority he insisted that there should be equality of opportunity. The works of the Southern Pacific Company were organized under these principles. They have not discriminated against union men; they have been on an open-shop basis. It is this system, now in more than forty years' successful operation, which it is sought to overturn; and there is proposed in place of it a domination of unionism more thoroughgoing and drastic than anything the country has yet seen on so large a scale. That the successors of Mr. Huntington will consent to a reversal of practices which have become traditional in the various Southern Pacific shops is unthinkable.

In any event, the duty of the railway managers is plain—a duty not merely to their own service, but to the general industry of the country. It is to resist these demands at all points where they run counter to the principle of the open shop, even though it may involve a tie-up of transportation. The agitators have chosen a time when such a tie-up would be a blow to the season's activities; they have sought to involve their case with every possible adventitious circumstance. They care nothing about community industry or community fortunes, excepting in so far as they may be turned to their own advantage. The community sees the situation as it is; if there shall be a tie-up of transportation, it will know where to place the blame. However it may suffer, it would rather see this contention, if it shall come to a contention, solved in the right way than to be permanently saddled with the maintenance of an inefficient and overcostly system in the transportation service.

It is significant that this movement is limited to the labors of the construction and repair shops. The operators of trains—conductors, brakemen, engineers, and firemen—have no part in it. All efforts to bring these elements into the movement have failed. Seeing the injustice of the demands and knowing that the ultimate effect of their enforcement would be ruinous to the railroads, they have elected to take no part in the movement, rather to give their moral influence to the side of equity and loyalty.

Poison the Baby.

Nearly every state in the Union has passed laws to regulate the sale of poisons. Even the reputable citizen who needs some poisonous drug for a legitimate purpose will find difficulty in buying it. He must give references, state the use to which it is to be put, and comply with various other formalities for the protection of the public. These rules are supposed to apply to every one without distinction. They do actually apply to every one, with one exception.

Babies are the exception. They may be drugged, dosed, poisoned, narcotized, by any one who likes to name a "soothing syrup," an "elixir," an "anodyne," or a "comfort," and who has the money to pay for it. Practically all of them contain opium or opium derivatives, and opium is almost the only poison that is never used for scientific, mercantile, or research purposes, or with any other object but human consumption. Ask a druggist for opium and he will promptly refuse it. Ask him for any of the abominable baby killers that owe their power to opium alone and he will sell it without a question. He will sell it to a drunken woman or to an irresponsible child. Opium must not be sold except on the understanding that it is to be used for the poisoning of babies.

The New York bureau of medical research has just issued a list of some of these baby killers with a statement of the form of opium contained in each. They are all there, all the old familiar names, from Mrs. Winslow's "Soothing Syrup" with its morphin to Dr. Moffatt's "Teethina" with its powdered opium, and Dr. Fahrney's "Teething Syrup" with its morphin and chloroform. In all there are thirteen of these "mother's friends," all with their sickly pretense of benevolence and all with their morphin, opium, heroin, chloroform, Indian hemp, or chloral hydrate. All warranted to kill. All sold freely, like butter, or prayer-books.

Therefore it seems superfluous to marvel at the ravages of infantile paralysis, insanity, consumption, and juvenile criminality. There is nothing mysterious about the origin of these scourges. They are sold at the drug store, by the bottle, to every ignorant, lazy, or depraved mother who asks for them. They are sold to nurse girls whose meditations are disturbed by a wailing charge. Intelligent adultship is protected against the poisoner, accidental or malicious. But any one may poison the baby.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Treatment of Russian Convicts.

GRAND HOTEL D'EUROPE.
ST. PETERSBOURG, August 12, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I note, in your issue of July 29th, a paragraph describing the treatment of convicts employed on the construction work of the Amur railroad.

There has been much written as to the cruelties practiced on Russian convicts, and the popular idea, particularly in America, seems to be that the Russian convict is very badly treated.

Last summer, while examining the mines along the route of the Amur railway, I saw the convict barracks and ate some of the food. After such inspection, which was casual to be sure, and only for my own information, I can say that the barracks were quite as clean and comfortable as were the peasants' houses in the same region and the food was seemingly as good and as plentiful.

I saw the convicts at work on the railway, as well as in several of the mines. They are paid for their work and I saw no cruelty or abuse, and they seemed contented. They were in good physical condition and, judging by their expression, I would say they looked happier and better than many of the prisoners I have seen at Folsom and San Quentin.

As an instance of no particular anxiety to escape, which may be taken as a sign of something like contentment, the following is illustrative: I saw a soldier, who had been guarding a convict while the latter was at work away from the prison, being assisted back to the guard house, he having gotten very drunk, by the convict, who was also carrying the rifle and accoutrements of the soldier.

It seems to me that, after some two and a half years in Russia and Siberia, I can say there is a great deal of exaggeration in accounts of these countries, with a large sacrifice of accuracy to picturesqueness and love for sensationalism.

Very truly yours, J. POWER HUTCHINS.

Again the New York Inheritance Law.

SEATTLE, WASH., August 7, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: With very great interest I have read "The Taxation of Wealth," on the first page of your issue of July 22, 1911, and I have the honor to call your attention to the following:

The inheritance-tax law of the State of New York now smites the poor more cruelly than it does the rich; for while up to July, 1910, ten thousand dollars was exempted from tax, on and after that date but five hundred dollars was exempted, a fair illustration of the increased money-lust of the incapable men a negligent electorate sends to Albany to make its laws.

The rich can escape the operation of this law in the manner shown in your article, but the poor for the most part earn their living in New York, so must remain in the state and be robbed.

But the prime iniquity of this law lies in the fact that it taxes the money on deposit outside of the State of New York, even when that money is on deposit in savings banks, deposits which are usually considered sacred by civilized commonwealths; besides which such commonwealths usually exempt direct heirs from taxes on their inheritances.

Let me give you an example of the working of the New York law: In the latter part of 1910 a citizen of New York died in that state, making me her executor. Her estate was small; some $16,000, all the money she had in and out of the state, fell under the tax law of the state, and of that sum more than one-third was on deposit in two other states in savings banks. These deposits had not been made to evade in any way the law of New York, for they were made before she became a citizen of that state. She knew nothing of the requirements of its law, otherwise she would have moved out of the state and taken her little fortune with her.

Such taxation results in the double taxing of an estate, should the state in which the deposit exists also have laws requiring the payment of an inheritance tax.

This case was particularly oppressive because this woman left practically everything to an only daughter, and had denied herself ever since she herself had inherited this money, in another state, that she might increase her capital by earnings, whenever possible, and so leave her daughter beyond want after her own death—four per cent on $16,000, the usual rate of interest in savings banks, and the safe one in all good investments, would produce $640 per annum, not an extravagant sum to support a woman.

The idiotic law of New York robbed this estate, for such taxation is simple robbery, and the daughter takes from New York every penny of her inheritance and will never become a citizen thereof.

The law is altogether damnable, the "invasion of private rights" iniquitous, and the whole scheme could have originated only in a quality of brain eminently suited to an anarchist but entirely unsuited to qualify any man to be a lawmaker for an enlightened people. EXPATRIATED NEW YORKER.

Missionaries and War.

DENVER, COL., August 15, 1911.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I have read with much pleasure and interest the editorial on Admiral Togo in your valuable paper of August 12.

While all that you say regarding his character and achievements is very laudable, I am compelled to take issue with you regarding such statements as the following:

"When we see a war like that between Japan and Russia waged bravely by a 'heathen' people of limited numbers and of relatively small resources, it is presumptuous to speak of courage and fortitude as exclusively Christian. The old conceit that Christianity is the sole source of virtues which dignify and ennoble must give way," etc.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Editor, confirmed by statistics and corroborated by eye-witnesses, hundreds of the men who fought so courageously for the honor of Japan were those who had previously embraced the Christian religion and acknowledged Jesus Christ as the divine savior of mankind.

A great religious revival had swept over Japan prior to the war with Russia, and thousands were converted to Christianity. Among these thousands of converts were scores of men who volunteered as soldiers in the army and navy of Japan.

It is further a matter of record that some of the leaders (officers) who distinguished themselves in that war were men who, if not professing Christians, received the training which contributed so largely to the success of Japan in the institutions of a Christian nation—namely, West Point and Annapolis—and they have not been loath to express their admiration and esteem for some of the Christian men under whose influence they came while students at the above-named institutions.

Christianity does not base her victories upon the innumerable army of maimed, crippled, and killed in warfare, but upon the work accomplished by the Livingstones, the Stanleys, the Patons, *et al.*, who penetrated the darkest corners of the earth, and succeeded in leading men and women out of the darkness and suffering of heathenism into the light of truth and helpful service to their fellows.

We have been impressed during political campaigns with the caption "trade follows the flag." But before the flag could be planted or trade relations established with these heathen nations, there was the patient, untiring, self-sacrificing work of education, conducted by the Christian missionary.

If there is anything in history more noble than this work—warfare not excepted—we have failed to observe it.

Yours very truly, THOS. H. SMILEY.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The London *Times*, thanks to the energy of its correspondents, keeps us guessing as to the future of China. The Chinese soldiers, say the reports, are numerous, dignified, and self-respecting. Viewing the soldier as the finest flower of civilization, this new attitude on the part of the Celestial warrior seems to be highly commendable. There is a new spirit abroad among these strange people, says the *Times*, but will it die out or spread? These, adds the correspondent, are among the most fascinating and unanswerable questions of our time. Now with every desire to be fascinated we may be excused if this particular spell fails to work. A nationalized China with an efficient army is not a spectacle to fascinate any one—at least not pleasurably. For these many years past we have been industriously educating the Chinaman to be like ourselves, and we are about to awake to the horrifying fact that we have been successful. Remembering the vast population of China and the productive power of the Chinaman, the part of common sense would have been to keep him as unlike ourselves as possible, to thank heaven that he had no national spirit, and that his favorite weapon was a stinkpot or the picture of a devil. China was once comparatively harmless because she had none of the things that we have now so industriously given to her, but now that she is acquiring a Christian civilization there seems every reason to believe that she will presently act like a Christian. And that is enough to make the blood run cold.

The death of Major Rathbone in a German lunatic asylum will probably be the last of the lesser tragedies associated with the assassination of President Lincoln. It will be remembered that Major Rathbone and Miss Harris were among the occupants of the presidential box at Ford's Theatre at the moment of the crime. Major Rathbone received a severe wound in his effort to capture Booth, and although he recovered from the physical injury the shock to his nerves was irreparable. Soon after the healing of his wound he married Miss Harris and ultimately he became American consul at Hanover. There he murdered his wife in a moment of homicidal mania and doubtless under an irresistible impulse to repeat the historic crime that had unseated his reason. His actual insanity was beyond question and he was committed to a criminal lunatic asylum for the remainder of his days, and in this same asylum he has just died. It is hard to imagine anything more pitiable. Major Rathbone served with distinction in the Civil War. He may be said to have shared the martyrdom of the President and to have suffered even more poignantly. For these many years he has been forgotten even by his countrymen, but the news of his death will at least awaken the hope that his existence was made as tolerable as his condition would permit.

The feminist movement has invaded India. At least it threatens to do so if the Hindu women are willing to have it, which at the moment seems doubtful. The Indian women believe that their position is already vastly superior to that of their white sisters, and they may be reluctant to take a step that would seem to them to be one of retrogression. The proposal is to invite a number of Indian princesses to hear the queen's robe at the Delhi durbar and to dispense with their veils for that occasion. In this way, say the reformers, the "tyranny" of the *purdah* will be broken and the women of Hindustan will take the first step toward emancipation. That the women of Hindustan are quite unaware of their need for emancipation and that they look with lofty contempt upon those whom they are invited to imitate is, of course, a difficulty, but doubtless it can be overcome. Another obstacle is the tradition that forbids the Indian princess to perform any act of personal service, even though it be to the empress herself. The bearing of the robe, while intended as an honor, has the semblance of a service, and it is feared that the princesses will refuse to perform it. Moreover, it is predicted that while the Hindu women might be persuaded to unveil—some few among them already do this, notably the Maharani of Baroda—the Mahommedan women would repel the proposal with indignation. It is certainly hard to emancipate people who do not wish to be emancipated, but what would the reforming ladies of England say to a counter suggestion that they themselves should renounce their corsets as a *quid pro quo*. The bondage of the corset is a far more real thing than the bondage of the veil.

Mr. Edison seems to have been unusually communicative while on board the steamer that carried him to England. He was a familiar figure in the smoking-room, ready and willing to talk to every one and to expound his views to all and sundry who cared to hear them. Some one asked him what he thought about the transmutation of metals and the probability of manufacturing gold. "Only a matter of time," he replied. "The discovery of a proper combination and treatment of metal is bound to come soon. It may arrive tomorrow. Scientists all over the world are working at metal combinations, and the crucibles will betray things sooner or later—and then what about those clauses in contracts to pay in gold coin of standard weight and fineness? Supposing the railroads suddenly became able to pay their bonds in gold which they knew how to manufacture at a cost of only five pounds a ton. Mark my words, it will come."

Another suggestive remark dropped by Mr. Edison was in reference to aviation. He believed that we should do better to adopt certain insects for our flying models rather than birds, but he does not seem to have elaborated the idea. He believed that in a year or two we should have air-transports flying at the rate of one hundred miles an hour and that they would be the general means of travel. "The earth, however, will not cease to be busy in consequence," he added. "There will be lots of things running up and down all the time; but the days of steam power are about at a finish; electricity will be the motive power everywhere. As for agricultural implements, there indeed, there is going to be revolution! The coming farmer will push a button and work levers. Storage batteries will drive plows, while the future agricultural laborer will be a man who has acquired a working knowledge of chemistry and botany. The very utmost will he got out of the earth and of the seed within the earth; but all the manual labor—the donkey-work with the sweat of the brow—will be performed by machinery controlled by electricity."

One of the secrets of German political influence is a certain ability to foresee the future and methodically to prepare for it. When Germany sent a warship to Agadir and so disturbed the diplomatic beehive it was supposed that the act was one of sudden emergency. So it was, in a sense, but it was one of those emergencies long recognized as a possibility. Germany has been preparing for such a possibility for many years. She has even trained a number of agents in the language of the country and sent them upon missions into the interior in order to ingratiate themselves with the tribesmen and to study their customs. If the present emergency had never arisen there would have been a certain number of political drummers whose services would be wasted. But what of that? To be ready is a part of the German policy, and we can only wonder that it is not accompanied by a greater capacity to govern the subject races that fall under the German rule. Administrative efficiency in Africa and elsewhere has never been Germany's strong point.

The week has seen quite a batch of good stories about eminent men of literature. The London *Chronicle* tells us of a huge package that reached Sir Walter Scott from a young lady in America and for which he had to pay $25 expressage. It contained a manuscript play and a letter from the fair author requesting Scott to read and correct her work, write a prologue and an epilogue, arrange for its production at Drury Lane, and negotiate with a publisher for the copyright. That was bad enough, but worse was to follow. About a fortnight later arrived another mighty packet, charged with a similar postage. Scott, who had not grown wiser by experience, paid the charges and opened the parcel. Out came a duplicate copy of the play and a second letter from the authoress, stating that, as the weather had been stormy and she feared something might have happened to her former manuscript, she had thought it prudent to send him a duplicate.

Another story is of Fenimore Cooper. He gave a copy of his latest work to a friend, inscribing on the flyleaf the words, "To John Blank, with the author's affection and esteem." A few months later Cooper came upon this same book at a second-hand dealer's. He bought it and sent it back to his friend again with a second inscription: "This volume, purchased at a second-hand shop, is re-presented to John Blank with renewed affection and reiterated expressions of esteem."

Sir Russell Reynolds, the late eminent physician, once related how he met Thackeray at dinner shortly after the publication of "The Story of Elizabeth," by his daughter, now Lady Ritchie. "I told Thackeray how much I admired this charming novel. 'I am very glad,' he replied, 'but I can form no opinion of its merits, as I have not read it.' 'Not read it!' I exclaimed in great surprise. 'No,' was the answer. 'I dared not. I love her too much!'"

It seems clear enough that Admiral Togo can speak very fair English if the subject of conversation is conducive to a display of that language. It is only when diplomatic or political matters are on the carpet that the gallant sailor forgets his linguistic accomplishments and confines himself to shrugs of the shoulder and to the bland and uncompromising smile. It is a useful accomplishment, but not one likely to be in demand among Western warriors, and for the simple reason that there are no occasions when the white man does not wish to talk. He never has opinions that he does not want to share nor views upon any subject under the sun that he is unwilling to communicate to the waiting world. Imagine Captain Hobson, for example, casting about for some excuse to hold his tongue. It is unthinkable, inconceivable.

As a matter of fact Admiral Togo received his naval education on board a British training ship, and at that time he spoke English with the vernacular fluency peculiar to the midshipman. He speaks it still. But he prefers not to talk at all, to any one or upon any subject. But he hears with great accuracy and his eyesight is unimpaired.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Vienna has the finest public bath in the world. The basin is 578 feet long and 150 feet wide. It will accommodate 1500 persons. The water is changed thrice daily.

THE CANTERBURY WEEK.

England's Cricket Festival in the Ancient Cathedral City.

Two cricket matches make one week. As this may be a dark saying to some *Argonaut* readers, perhaps I had better explain. Cricket in England is as varied as baseball in America. It starts on the village green and gradually rises higher in the social scale until it is staged on the spacious acres of the famous Lords ground in London; it is played with implements which range all the way from the costliest stumps and bats and balls to the piled heap of the tattered jackets of street urchins and a ball of paper tied with string and a bat rudely fashioned out of any piece of old board; it is compressed in time to the Saturday afternoon which is all that store-clerks can spare for the recreation or drawn out to the more leisurely disregard of hours which is the happy lot of county players. For all through each summer season in England the cricket counties contend with each other for the championship of the country, and each of those matches lasts three days. Hence the axiom that two cricket matches make one week. Q. E. D., as Euclid has it.

But of all the weeks there is none to compare with that of Canterbury. It is for the national summer game what the Dublin week is for horses, and the Cowes week for yachts. True, London can boast two more notable half-weeks. Society and fashion may be more in evidence at Lords for the Oxford and Cambridge and Eton and Harrow matches, but they are more functions than grim contests, promenades and picnics rather than titanic struggles. Of course there are some enthusiasts in the well-dressed crowd, but the majority is more absorbed in discussing the latest scandal than intent upon the beauty of "cuts" and the adroitness of "catches."

Besides, there is no comparison between Lords and the lovely St. Lawrence ground at Canterbury. Mercenary considerations have long since robbed London's chief cricket arena of its beauty. Time was when Lords was a veritable bit of *rus in urbe*, when the stands were so dwarf of height that they did not shut out the surrounding trees or hide the house in which Thomas Hood penned "The Song of the Shirt," but now they tower upwards on all sides and close in the vision by so much lumber sold at a shilling a seat. No such grasping after gate-money has been allowed to despoil the St. Lawrence ground. It is a field set on the outskirts of the venerable cathedral city, encircled by tangled hedgerows and sentineled here and there by clumps of lofty and umbrageous elms. The wide space between hedgerows and hedgerows is like a vast verdant but living billiard-table, level as a die, whereon the ball travels with lightning speed. No huge and ungainly stands mar the margin; here and there are summer tents and marquees, bright with bunting, and between are rows of low seats, none of which shuts off the beauties of nature.

Perhaps, then, it is not surprising that each year early in August the centre of English county cricket shifts to Canterbury. The ancient city of Augustine is an attractive rendezvous for the six days which follow Cowes week. It offers an enjoyable alternative to the promenade of Cowes Castle, to the glare of the sun-lit Solent, and the not always exhilarating occupation of watching a score of becalmed yachts. For the cricket of the Canterbury week is generally worth watching. The county team of Kent has its ups and downs with the rest, but the land of hops has always kept a high place in the annals of cricket. Time was, indeed, when Kent could challenge All England and beat it nine times out of ten, and the odds are long that it will this year, as last, hold the championship once more. The fact is the spirit of Lord Harris still animates the eleven, even though his sixty years prevent him taking his place at the wicket and in the field. No captain of the county has played the game with quite such zest as the descendant of the hero of Seringapatam. A brilliant batsman, a sure "field," Lord Harris was for many years the idol of the St. Lawrence crowd. I can still recapture the woeful tone in the voice of one of his admirers years ago. In the practice hour before a match with a famous Australian team he was bowled first ball, a disaster which elicited from the admirer in question the sorrowful lament, "That's hominous for 'is lordship's chances today." It was, in the first innings; but in the second he made full amends by scoring a noble sixty "not out" off the "demon" bowler, Spofforth.

What makes the cricket of the Canterbury week so keen is that the protagonists realize they are being watched by so many retired heroes of the game. No "cut" or "drive" or "leg glance" will go unrewarded, no "over" of steady bowling, no "boundary saved," no smart feat of "stumping," no lightning "return," no daring "catch" will fail to win its storm of cheers. Cricket is in the Kentish blood; the game is as native and dear to the county as hops; if the men know all its points, they are not more perfect in that lore than their wives, sisters, and daughters. No retired gladiator of old Rome watched the arena of his former triumphs with more alertness and appreciation than Kentish onlookers follow the struggles of bat and ball in Canterbury week.

But the two matches which make the week are not the only interest of the annual festival. It is also the yearly saturnalia of three remarkable clubs. The most venerable of these is the Old Stagers, which, founded by men of cricket in 1842, has now no official connection with the game but has suffered a change into the most capable of England's amateur dramatic societies. On the other hand, the I Zangari still keeps to the game as an amateur club playing solely for glory, entirely in the spirit of its first by-law, which reads, "The entrance fee shall be nothing, and the annual subscription shall not exceed the entrance fee." The I Zangari, otherwise "The Wanderers," have, it is true, become somewhat of a social organization, but one can never tell when a team of its members may not turn up in different parts of England to try conclusions with some local club. The third society which looks upon the Canterbury week much as the Mohammedan regards his jaunt to Mecca is the Band of Brothers, who have been playing the game more than half a century.

Between them these three clubs make the social side of the Canterbury week as lively as the cricket. Luncheons and dinners and balls are the order of the spare hours of those six summer days, and the climax comes with the theatrical performance of the Old Stagers. This year the programme included burlesques of two popular plays, and an epilogue in the form of a clever tropical *revue* entitled "Insurance and Assurance." The latter went so far afield as to pay its respects to Charles Frohman, for he was obviously the model of the "American Theatre Proprietor," but its chief business was to make play with the events of the bour at the expense of a certain notorious halfpenny daily newspaper. The principal scene was laid in the inquiry office of the said journal, which is offering prizes "of anything up to a million pounds for growing daisies, discovering poles, aeroplaning," etc., and the editor is "discovered" to be a bright blue boy of seven whose chief assistant in running the world is a maiden described as Miss Bull. One of the editor's main functions is to refuse to insure people against the common ills that flesh is heir to, and he has his greatest tussle with a client who objects to being made a peer "like everybody else" and a lady who is anxious that her new waiter shall not turn out to be an archduke.

Should all these excitements pall, a week in Canterbury is all too brief a space in which to make the acquaintance of its survivals of the past. It is true the quaint Mercery Lane can no longer boast that "Checquers Inn" where Chaucer's old pilgrims finished their tale-telling journey, but its narrow, old-world causeway is yet the most seemly approach to that noble cathedral church which for full thirteen centuries has been the metropolitan see of an unbroken succession of ninety-six archbishops. One can yet tread the stone flags where Thomas à Becket sank in blood beneath the swords of his knightly murderers, and lay a living hand on the tombs and effigies of countless historic statesmen-prelates. And it is not difficult to repicture the scenes which passed in this stately minster in those far-off centuries when each fifty years brought round the jubilee of Becket. The old order has changed indeed, but the devotees of the new may well spare a meditative hour for the stone survivals of a glorious past.

LONDON, August 15, 1911. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

The Empress of Korea, who died recently, was born in Appleton, Wisconsin, the daughter of a Methodist minister, a "circuit rider" who made Appleton his home for a few years before the war (says the New York *Evening Post*). The Rev. Mr. Brown was a handsome Southerner, and his wife a woman of exceptional beauty, who transmitted her beauty to her daughter Emily, who was born in 1861. Shortly after the war, when Emily was about five years old, the family left Appleton; and ten years later the Rev. Mr. Brown took his wife and daughter to Seul, the capital of Korea, and was said to have been the first Protestant missionary to enter the capital of the Hermit Kingdom. The young Appleton girl soon learned the language of the Koreans, and acted as interpreter in dealings between the missionaries and the government. She had a remarkably sweet voice and attracted many natives to her father's mission by her wonderful singing of hymns. The emperor heard of the remarkable beauty and wonderful voice of the American girl and commanded her to enter his harem, which she indignantly refused to do. Two years later, however, when the mission was in financial straits, she accepted the emperor's offer and became one of his wives, with a promise of marriage in her father's mission as soon as conditions permitted. When the American wife had borne the emperor a son and his queen had died, Emily Brown was proclaimed queen, the ruler of Korea then being a king, and when he proclaimed himself emperor she became empress and received the name of Om, which, in the Korean language, means "Dawn of the Morning" or "As Beautiful as the Rising Sun." Emily Brown was the emperor's favorite wife, and her son was made the heir apparent, and, but for the annexation of Korea by Japan, he would have become emperor on the death of his father.

The Hon. George Bartlett, former congressman from Nevada, and a possible candidate for governor in 1914, has entered the University of Nevada as a freshman. He will specialize in mining, taking up chemistry, mineralogy, and geology, and will spend four hours each day at University Hall. He is the senior member of one of the prominent law firms of his state.

Thorshaven, the capital city of the Faroe Islands, is said to be absolutely treeless. The claim is made that for some reason, perhaps soil conditions, trees absolutely refuse to grow there.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Robert Bucknell, mayor of Oxford, England, has arrived in this country to study American institutions, principally the commission form of government. He is particularly interested in the manner in which Dallas, Texas, is governed, and will make an exhaustive study of that city.

Sheik Hassan Ben Ali, chief of the Berber Tribes in Morocco, who has just landed in this country, is a man of such advanced ideas that he intends to purchase an aeroplane to take home with him. Two of the Berbers who came with Ben Ali will be sent to an aviation school.

Leclero dè Pulligny, chief engineer of the bridges and roads of France, comes to New York soon as head of a mission to study industrial, technical, and commercial methods in the United States. This will be the first mission founded abroad under the law adopted in 1906 authorizing them, as the necessary appropriations were not granted until recently.

John Ade, who, at the age of eighty-two, has written a book, is the father of George Ade, the humorist and playwright. He settled in Indiana in 1853, and has devoted himself to farming ever since. As a pioneer he underwent many hardships, but by persistent effort developed a farm and made money. The book deals chiefly with men and measures of Newton County during a period of almost sixty years.

Frank A. Rockhold, member of a Chicago law firm, and attorney for the Russian consulate for the last eight years, has been appointed imperial vice-consul of Russia for the north central states, of which there are fifteen, Chicago being the headquarters for the district. He succeeds Prince Engalitcheff. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan, and his legal work for Russians in the Cherry Hill mine disaster won him recognition.

Mme. Lillian Nordica recently visited her old home, Farmington, Maine, for the first time in thirty years, and sang for the country people in the little town hall. It was, in a way, the most remarkable audience she had faced since she became famous. The homely tributes of the farmers touched her deeply. To many she was still "Lillie" Norton. At the close of the programme the audience crowded about the stage to grasp the hand of the granddaughter of "Camp-meeting John" Allen.

Sir Alfred East, who asserts that the artist has every right to take his material from nature and bend and fashion it to suit his own purpose, arrived at his present position among the world's first artists with a struggle, and in the face of many discouragements. His student life began in Glasgow, where he attended the art school much against his parents' wishes. Paris saw him next, but on his arrival in London, where he finally settled, he could find no opening for his talent. For a year he was unable to sell a picture. Then the clouds lifted and success attended his every effort. He has exhibited at the Royal Academy since 1882.

Prince Giustiniani-Bandini, an Italian nobleman of Rome, who has been visiting places of interest associated with the ancestors of himself and wife, is, strangely enough, a titled Scotchman, holding the title of Earl of Newburgh, though he does not own an acre of land in Scotland. Naturally he has no seat in the House of Lords. This peculiar state of affairs has arisen through the Newburgh earldom and its minor honors being heritable by females. Over sixty years ago, the direct line having died out, the Newburgh titles were successfully claimed by the present holder's grandmother, the Marchesa Bandini, a descendant of the second Countess of Newburgh's daughter, Lady Anne Clifford.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a full-blooded Sioux, who has just returned from London, where he attended the conference of races, being sole representative of 300,000 Indians in America, bitterly arraigns the whites and declares the Indians have nothing to thank them for. He is a Harvard graduate, but his wife is white. They have six children. Dr. Eastman has been successful in his career, but is opposed to missionaries being sent among the Indians. "As a nation you are rotten," he declared when interviewed on his return. "You have made the Indians as bad as yourselves. Until you came they did not know the meaning of war. You taught them war, taught them to be thieves and drunkards. They have nothing to thank you for."

Frederick A. Chuhh, "chief revolution buster of Central America," who landed in Spanish Honduras wearing a gauze shirt, a pair of khaki trousers, and tennis shoes, without money and a hat, has returned to his old home in Boston to enjoy a taste of civilization before going back to resume his duties as chief of detectives to President Cabrera of Guatemala. He is a Spanish war veteran, who went to Central America with a cheerful disposition and a large amount of determination. Prospecting for gold was interesting, but the gold declined to be discovered. Then he went to Guatemala City, found odd jobs about the president's palace, did them well, and was finally given the position of revolution "buster." He mixed with the schemers, learned their plans, and the first month in office had thirteen cheerfully plotting Americans deported before they realized what had happened to their perfectly good plans.

WINDY HASTINGS'S AFFLICTION.

How an Alimony Judgment Was Avoided.

We looked out the door and see down the road a piece, a-comin' towards us, a small person whose most disfiguratin' marks was red whiskers. And he was a-drivin' before him a pack animal as ornery-lookin' as hisself.

"Boys!" says Swink, busy-like, "what'll ye hev?" It bein' his aim to celebrate the arrival of the stranger, and not let him larn the state of our finances, which was on account of the Rover bein' shut down.

We was all a-standin' with our glasses, talkin' careless-like, when the stranger started to come inter the bar. In the doorway he turns back, and swingin' his big Mex sombrero, swats his burro 'crost the nose, sayin' affectionate-like:

"Stay out there, Jinny, dear." Then, sort o' excusin' hisself, as he steps up to the bar, he says: "I can't never larn that critter her place."

He didn't say nothin' more, only "Whiskey"; not lookin' round, his eyes bein' glued on the bottle Swink was a-gittin' for him. We was a-takin' observations whilst he was a-pourin' his liquor. He wa'nt no ordinary person—like me or Alec, here—but you wouldn't a-knowed it to look at him. He was undersized, bein', I jedged, 'bout five feet two, and no nose worth mentionin'—'cept it was broken. But his whiskers! They was like a lion's, bein' red, and a-spreadin' all over his chest.

"I reckon you air a stranger in these parts," says Alec, wonderin' where it was etiquette for folks to step inter a bar-room and git a drink like they was a hermit.

"I am," says the stranger.

"Germany?" says Alec, alludin' to the Dutch custom of treatin', which the stranger was interducin' to Coyote Gulch.

"Arizony," says the stranger, turnin' to pour another drink out fer hisself.

"Must hev been a-travelin' a long ways," says Alec, "Arizony bein' 'bout six hundred mile from here."

"I hev traveled further," says the stranger, smackin' his lips, and agin' reachin' fer the bottle.

"Meanin' no offense," says Alec—which he did—"may I inquire what unfortoonate catastrophe is responsible fer the kink in yer nose, which I notes is a mite crooked and smashed-in like?"

The stranger, cool-like and glitterin', turned round and faced him.

"I got it in a leetle sortay down in Tombstone," says he, "where a gentleman arsked me an imperlite question consarnin' a matter what wa'nt none of his business."

With them words he swung out one of his long, hairy arms hevin' on the end a bunch of fingers tied up in a knot. It ketched Alec on the p'int of the jaw, and he went down like a steer. Stranger, it was all done so sudden we couldn't handle the sitooation—leastwise, Alec couldn't, and considerin' the turn affairs had took, none of the rest cared to try. The leetle stranger, all puffed out like a horny toad that's mad, strutted out of the bar, and got his jinny, and rambled off down to the wash, and made camp.

Now, Alec here aint very bad, and lickin' him wouldn't a-give the stranger any perticular record in this here camp—on'y it was the way he done it—neat-like and complete.

That evenin' I was a-strollin' down inter the wash, hopin' to pick up a cottontail, when I surprised myself by a-walkin' right plumb onto the stranger's camp afore I knowed where I was at. Howsomever, he hedn't ketched sight of me, and fer a spell I watched him a-cookin' his supper.

"Ef here aint the queerest-actin' person that ever hit this vicinity I don't want to see no queerer one," says I to myself at the time. He would be a-fussin' with his cookin', when all of a suddent-like, he'd stop and stroke his heautiful whiskers; then he'd start in and laugh as ef he'd bust. He'd git to cookin' and everything would be a-goin' hunkydory, when he'd have to stop and bust out laughin' ag'in.

"I reckon you-all has some hilarious thoughts," says I.

He kept a-lookin' down and away, ashamed-like—but all of a suddent, dern me, ef he didn't bust out a-laughin' ag'in! Tears poured out of his pop-eyes, and he was a-grabbin' his ribs—he was that hilarious.

"Well," says I, "aint you ashamed of yourself, a-cuttin' up like this?"

"You boys don't know who I am!" he most yelled, a-laughin' in agony.

"I don't reckon you air John L. Sullivan in disguise, be you?" says I, thinkin' of how he hed put poor Alec down.

"I aint a-confessin' nothin'," says he, "but it all p'ints to show as how a fam-e-ous feller kin travel incognito and not git diskivered," says he—and dern me ef he didn't bust out a-laughin' wuss than ever.

"Your shorely aint no common person," says I, halfways feelin' he was a-laughin' at me.

"I must admit that I aint," says he; "howsomever, supper is served, and will be a-gittin' cold ef I don't partake. Will ye join me in sech as it is?"

"No thankee, friend," says I. "My pardner is now a-pervidin' fer me and him. Howsomever, I shall be glad to cultivate your acquaintance. Our cabin is up the road here a piece—turn off to the left of the big cottonwood. And I might mention my pardner is Alec —him that arsked ye an imperlite question, not knowin' no better. Alec's all right, though, friend," says I, "and will thank ye fer a-larnin' him manners. Adios, till I see ye ag'in."

But jest as I was a-leavin' I see a dago-like lookin' contraption a-hangin' on his camp tree. It 'peared to be a music instrument—ef it wa'nt a trap, bein' made of a mackerel can, with a lever and string.

"Fiddle?" says I, p'intin' to it.

"I made it myself," says he, smilin' pleased and modest-like.

"Some day I hopes to hear ye preform," says I; "but so long; I am a-keepin' ye from yer supper."

And so I left him.

Alec and me was a-hevin' our last pipe afore turnin' in, when he turns to me, who am hard of hearin'—on account of a shot a-goin' off when it wa'nt supposed to—and he says: "Dern my skin ef your fam-e-ous stranger aint a-serenadin' his jinny down there in the wash!"

I listened, and shore enough, comin' up from where the leetle feller hed his camp—faint-like, on account of me bein' deef—I heared bein' sung in a high, sort of female soprano voice, "Oh, My Darlint Nellie Grey" —and he was assistin' hisself on what I jedged to be the fiddle I hev spoke of, it makin' a noise like Alec here, when his asthma gits real bad.

Next mornin' we hed gone down to the store a-hopin' there'd be some news 'bout the Rover startin' up, and the stranger come in arter some flour. And he jest turned loose and burnt up this poor leetle town. Them was shore scorchin' words he used. He 'lowed he'd come from Arizony, where they hed real live mines—referrin' to the Rover bein' shut down—and he said he didn't go much on men that would work for wages, nohow. "A leetle farmin' is all right," says he, "but a man oughtn't never lower hisself a-workin' fer wages."

Of course he hedn't done no prospectin' hereabouts, and he hedn't tried no dry-ranchin'; ef he had, he wouldn't a-been so set ag'in workin' where there was some chanst of puttin' a leetle flour in the barrel. But he hadn't hed the experience, and he went right on abusin' this town and all of us in it. On account of the way he downed Alec the minute he lit, and there bein' a general feelin' of despair in camp, there wa'nt nobody with sand enough to call this onagreeable stranger.

"When a stream breaks loose it is allus easier to handle it ef ye keteh it afore it gits t' runnin' full swing," says I—and I couldn't see no advantage in permittin' this stranger to go on abusin' us, and a-gittin' more eloquent all the time.

"Friend," says I, "I take it onkind in you to go on a-pickin' our poor leetle town t' pieces. It's the on'y town we've got, and we air proud of it. We think it a damn fine town."

"Opinions differ as to that," says he.

"And ef ye don't like this city, and the ways of her people," says I, "ye aint bound in no way to sojourn here."

Well! You should a-seen him, stranger; he stroked his beautiful whiskers, angry-like, his eyes popped jest like they did afore he lit inter Alec, and I shorely thought it was my move. But, somehow, I didn't git inter action—which I was glad of, fer the stranger, slow-like, steps back, lifts off his sombrero, and like oratin', he says: "Gentlemen: I'll hev to ask yer pardon fer a-lettin' my artistical temper'ment to run 'way with me.

"But," says he, turnin' to me, "ef I hed not 'lowed my artistical temper'ment to git away with me, placin' me in the wrong, I'd 'pologize to no man!"

"We'll let it go at that, friend," says I, dismissin' the matter.

"As you say," says he, set on havin' the last word.

Well, he hitched his flour onto his jinny, and left fer his camp; and the boys started to hev a convention, and discuss what hed happened.

"What's this here artistical temper'ment that makes him so bad?" says Alee, who is allus a-tryin' to ketch onto new-fangled idees.

"It's on'y nervousness," says I. "It makes 'em mean and selfish—like indyspepsy. They allus gits over it when they marries."

"I don't see no hope fer the stranger," says Alec.

"Which, ef true, means it aint a-goin' to be no pleasant livin' in this here town until the stranger is kilt," says I. "With the Rover shut down, and this feller in our midst, this shore is a stricken city."

Which it was, the stranger a-gittin' meaner and meaner all the time, and none of the boys a-showin' inclination to call him. He hed this outlandish way that seemed to tucker the nerve right out of 'em—though they hedn't made no moves. He was a-gittin' to bully the entire town. I felt bad fer us—and fer the stranger, too, fer I see that he wouldn't a-been a bad sort ef it wa'nt for his artistical-temper'ment trouble.

One day, gentlemen, he hed been onusually ornery, and I minded to try and reason with him. Says I, careful-like: "Friend, I holds you might be a pooty decent sort of a feller, ef it wa'nt fer that unfortoonate artistical-temper'ment trouble of yourn."

"Unfortoonate?" says he.

"Yes," says I; "it's a sad affliction fer you and the rest of us in this here town of Coyote Gulch."

"Hell!" says he; "it's all that makes life wuth livin' fer me!"

"Can't see it," says I. "Where does the joy come in?" I was a-gittin' curious.

"Why!" says he—and he went on 'raptured-like, "it 'lows me to enjoy natchur, t' dror the trees and flowers, and t' make pomes 'bout 'em; and hear the birdies sing, and larn myself to play their singin' on my fiddle!"

"What!" says I.

"Sure," says he.

"Well, it aint a-doin' us no good," says I, sort o' flabbergasted.

"It's your own faults," says he, modest-like—like a young gal, and a-twistin' his lovely red whiskers, most bashful-like.

"I reckon you folks aint never heared of Windy Hastin's?" says he, painful-like.

"You kin jest bet I have!" says I, takin' off my hat and a-grabbin' his hand. And then, stranger, I see it all; here was the finest leetle feller on earth—barrin' his failin'—right in our midst, and a-wastin' his perfoomery on the Mojave air! He was a-sourin' fer lack of appreciation.

"Friend," says I, coaxin'—and humble-like, now that I knowed who and what he was—"would ye mind a-showin' up afore the boys?"

"It would be my great pleasure," says he, grand-like. "Await me whilst I run over to my camp and git some of my belongings."

"In the saloon," says I, excited. "I'm a-goin' over and round up the boys!"

"Gentlemen," says I—when we hed come back and hed shifted Swink's bar-room 'round like a theayter—"for a whole week we hev been honored, unbeknownst to us, by a-hevin' in our midst, a-travelin' incognito, the fam-e-ous artist-poet-prospector, Perfessor Windy Hastin's!"

Then there was great cheerin', the boys—all 'cept Ricardo, the Mexican that hangs 'round here, he bein' a half-wit, poor feller, on account of a cave-in a-crackin' his head—the boys all savvyin' the sitooation, there was great cheerin'.

Right here, stranger, I want t' tell ye 'bout Ricardo's re-fusin' to cheer fer Windy Hastin's: I've knowed dumb animals and dogs to act jest like that greaser did; right then, I opine, he hed a presentment that he and Windy wasn't a-goin' to be friends—was a-goin' t' be mortal enemies. Ricardo hed a wife.

Well, Windy give what he called a one-man-musicale-recital and exhibition of objects de art, and sich-like. Swink supplied the refreshments, and it shore was a grand success. Stranger, it put new sperrits in the town, and things went better, and we was happier, fer a spell, than ef the Rover hed started up ag'in. Windy hed great inflooence in this here town, and he hed all the boys a-takin' singin' lessons, and a-studyin' drorin'. And Alec here, my pardner, gits to be a jim-dandy a-makin' up pomes—and he writ one—"To Jinny," he called it, bein' to Windy's burro—as a compliment to Windy—Windy bein' his teacher.

But it all died out, stranger, and Windy git plumb diskerraged 'cause the boys begin t' git to worryin' ef the Rover was a-goin' to start up ag'in, and wa'nt a-givin' 'tention to their lessons. It shorely was a time of sore trial fer him, and, stranger, jest what happened in the garden in the scripture happened to Windy—he fell. Some held it was due to his diskerragement, but I knowed it was that derned artistical-temper'ment trouble ag'in.

"I kin jest feel it a-comin' on," says he to me one arternoon here in Swink's. And he kept a-walkin' up and down past the bar, all the time a-fannin' hisself with his sombrero, nervous-like and fidgety.

"P'raps it aint a-goin' to be a bad attack," says I.

"Yes it is," says he, resentful-like; "it's a-goin' to be orful—and I reckon I aint a-goin' to be able to hold myself in no longer."

"Try hard, Windy," says I; "don't give up; maybe the honor of Coyote Gulch is at stake."

He didn't make no back talk—nary a word. He kept on a-walkin', but when he come to the door, instead of turning 'round, he kept right on a-goin', and I watched him disappear inter the cottonwoods, still a-sayin' them "ah mes." When the boys dropped in here at Swink's in the evenin', as was their custom, I told 'em what hed occurred.

"We ought to 'p'int a committee and investigate," says Alec.

"Maybe you'd like to be a committee of one," says I.

"No, thankee," says he right quick. "I move we go in a body down to Windy's camp and hev a talk with him. It might do some good."

The boys was willin', and we started. On account of the inflooence they claimed I hed with Windy, I hed been made chairman. Goin' through the cottonwoods we heard his jinny a-callin' most mournful-like.

"I'll bet something has happened a'ready," says Alec, who is allus a-lookin' fer trouble—and generally gits it, too. Just then the burro brayed ag'in and we follered her noise till we come to her in the opening where Windy hed his camp. He was not there, and his poor jinny stood with her ears a-hangin' down, sad-like—and her head was a-hangin' down, too, like she was plumb heart-broke and disgusted with the world.

"What's that a-hangin' to her neck?" says Alec. "It 'pears it's that what is holdin' her head down so low."

Maybe it was, stranger, though it was o'ny a piece of paper. But what was writ on it shore weighed like lead in the hearts of all of us then. I hed yanked it off her neck and the boys lit matches whilst I read.

It was a sort of a double-header; a "Farewell to Jinny"—he hed turned her adrift—and a explanation of what he hed set out to do—writ to the world, it read, but we knowed it was meant fer us. It was writ

in pome style. We here in Coyote Gulch hev swore never to repeat it; ef Windy gloried in his fall, we did not. But to you, stranger, bein' a man of understanding, I don't mind statin' that Windy hed writ that Coopid hed stung him with his bow and arrow. He hed an affinity, it went on, which was Ricardo's wife. She bein' Espanole, he argued in the pome, hed a temper'ment like his'n, and they was mates accordin' to the laws of Art and Natchur. He was off to git her to run away with him, "And Coyote Gulch ne'er shall see us more," the pome ended.

"Gentlemen," says I, "this is a terrible sitooation; consider it: Windy Hastin's, once the most honored citizen of Coyote Gulch, has set out to run away with another man's wife. It demands immediate action."

"No man has a right to interfere with another man's love affairs," spoke up Alec, right quick.

"That's right," several sings out; "and we'll go and git him!"

"You hev mistook my words," says Alec. "I mean that we aint—that it aint right nor proper fer us to interfere in this here matter; it's Windy's business, and it's Ricardo's business, but it aint ourn."

"It 'pears to me we ought to help him," says I, "him bein' a half-wit, as you know, gentlemen, and from what we hev larned of this character Windy, we are aware the Mexican won't hev no show."

"It's unfortoonate sich is the case," says Alec, "but it don't change matters none. Ef Ricardo arsks our help then it will be all right to assist him a-pertectin' his home—sech as it is."

That sounded most reasonable, but we all see that when the Mexican found out he needed us it would be too late fer any good.

"It don't make any difference," says Alec, and the case seemed onsartin, the committee bein' equally divided. But Alec, who hed started all the arguin', come to the rescue.

"Gentlemen," says he, "whilst ye hev been talkin' it has come to me how we kin git at this turrible demon in hooman form and thwart his hidjus plan, and do it 'cordin' to law."

"How, Alec?" says I, and all the boys stopped talkin', a-waitin' fer Alec to speak.

"His burro, Jinny," says Alec. "He has deserted her complete, left her a charge on this here town."

Serious as he was, the boys all laughed, not bein' able to see where the jinny figured in the matter; fer it was plain she could git fat on what growed down in the wash.

"It aint that," says Alec, indignant-like; "a wise law pervides a man must care fer what is his'n. Windy has wilfully deserted this here faithful pack animal, companion of all his wanderin's. She has allus stuck by him; he has got to stick by her. And we kin make him."

"I don't know 'bout that," says I, fer it seemed doubtful. "If a man don't want to keep an animal no more, there aint no law compellin' him to."

"There is!" says Alec, gittin' hot in the collar. "Hev ye never heared 'bout—'bout alimony?"

"You're right, pardner!" says I, fer then I see what he had in his cranium, and couldn't git out at first shot. "And we will make Windy pay alimony."

"It may diskerrage him," says Alec. "It has diskerraged many a man. It may save Coyote Gulch from hevin' this blot on her fair name."

"Hooray, hooray!" the boys all shouted; "let's git fer him!"

"This very minute," says I, fer I see they was ripe fer action—and I knowed that even then it might be too late.

But, stranger, we never did git started. Whilst we was a-fixin' to go we heard a voice outside a-talkin', coaxin' and persuadin'-like. We set down our glasses and sneaked to the door. In the moonlight we see Windy a-makin' up to his jinny.

"Will ye come in here and jine us, perfessor," I calls out, fer I was sartin he hed changed his plans.

"That I will most hearty," says he. And he did.

Well, stranger, if the Rover hed started up ag'in, and they had run Windy Hastin's through the mill he couldn't a-looked wuss; his habliments hanged on him in strips, his lovely whiskers was conspicuous by their absence in places, and his face was redder 'n a Pa'm Springs Injun a-painted up to celebrate the ripenin' of the mesquite beans.

"Be you injured, Windy?" says I.

"Why do ye arsk?" says he.

"It 'pears to us here," says Alec, wishin' to have a say, "that some wicious person, a greaser may be, has been a-treatin' ye most shameful."

"I must admit," says he, "that sartin parties hereabouts holds that greaser to be a better man than I be. Now, gentlemen," says he, "I aint willin' to admit that, but ye hev my testimony that one who hears his name is a orful mixture of fireworks and chili-con-carne—a regular Espanole wildcat, gentlemen—a whole bunch of 'em!"

Respecting Windy's feelin's, none of us laughed.

"I'm a-goin' to bid ye farewell, boys," says he, "fer I hev knowed that for some time my popularity here in Coyote Gulch has been on the dee-cline."

"No, no!" says I, and all the boys said so, too. But it wa'nt no use: that night, jest as quick as he could git his jinny packed, he was on his way, headed off towards Arizony, and we in Coyote Gulch hev never since seen nothin' more of Windy Hastin's.

JOHN ALFRED GALPIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1911.

THEATRE FRANCAIS RECOLLECTIONS.

Some Anecdotes from the Confessions of Arsene Houssaye.

The Comédie Française under Arsène Houssaye's régime was the playground of Paris, and Paris was the playground of Europe (says Francis Gribble, writing for the *Fortnightly Review*). The period was that of the Third Empire—the period which the philosopher, looking back on it after the lamentable crash of Sedan, summed up in the phrase: *Au moins on s' est diablement amusé.* Let us survey the amusements in so far as the intimate life of the theatre served to provide them.

The first thing needful, according to Arsène Houssaye, was to hustle the mothers of the actresses out of the way.

They came to the theatre, he says, ostensibly to safeguard the virtue of their daughters, but in reality to boast of it. "My daughter," he heard one of them say, "is a vestal virgin"; and a moment later the alleged vestal virgin entered. A false moustache was adhering to her lips—the obvious legacy of the embrace of a comedian in the wings. It was better that such a contretemps should occur off the stage than on, but still . . .

Moreover, the mothers of the actresses were a nuisance. They blocked gangways and interfered at once with business and with gayety. The spectacle of a number of elderly ladies proceeding behind the scenes between the acts annoyed the audience; and when they got behind the scenes, the actors and actresses—not to mention the admirers of the actresses—wished them further. So Arsène Houssaye first jestingly proposed that they should be killed and that a monument should be erected in the theatre to their memory, and then seriously issued a decree appointing rigid limits to their movements. They might go to their daughters' dressing-rooms, and stay there, or they might sit in the front of the house in an inclosure which should be appropriated to their use. But they must not pass to and fro from the one place to the other, and they must on no account show themselves in the artists' foyer.

That was Arsène Houssaye's first great managerial reform; and it made matters much pleasanter alike for the players and for certain privileged playgoers who enjoyed their entrées.

That privilege was accorded to almost any man of letters who cared to ask for it, and also to a limited number of men about town. They had nothing to pay, and were made equally welcome "in front" and "behind." Sometimes their business "behind" was to gossip and smoke cigars with the director. More often their purpose was to enjoy the society of the actresses. Occasionally a man about town, if rich enough, took an actress—usually an actress of more beauty than talent—away from the theatre and installed her somewhere as his left-handed consort. The man of letters, unable to afford such extravagance, kissed them, and promised them all leading parts in his next piece.

One has a picture of Alexandre Dumas, burly and boisterous, passing through a long avenue of actresses, picking each of them up and kissing them in turn.

Then there are pictures of certain supper-parties, and also of certain picnics. We read of one supper-party whereat a charming actress twined a wreath of roses and placed it on the brow of Alfred de Musset with "a resounding kiss." He drank her health so often and so deeply that he had to be assisted to his home. At another party, at an open-air restaurant in one of the parks, another actress, equally charming, saved the poet from a similar anti-climax. He had just mixed himself a tumbler of his favorite concoction of beer, brandy, and absinthe, and was about to drink it, when she snatched it out of his hands and threw it away. He "dropped his walking-stick, threw himself at the actress's feet, and kissed her hand with tears." He believed for the moment that he loved her, and she, also for the moment, believed that she had saved him from himself; but nothing came of it. The poet soon relapsed into his old habits and the actress diverted her affections into another channel.

Yet her endeavors were serious, and the blame for the failure does not rest upon her shoulders. She offered the poet the hospitality of her apartment, proposing to keep him at least moderately sober until he had written a play for her. He accepted the offer and began to write the play; and all went well until one evening another actress came to visit his hostess. As she lived in the immediate neighborhood, politeness required that Musset should offer to see her home. Although, the distance being short and the weather fine, he had gone out without his hat, he did not return; and his hostess had no difficulty in guessing what had become of him. On the following morning, therefore, she sent both his hat and his unfinished manuscript to her friend's house, with an intimation that all was over between them.

At a supper party given in Rachel's mansion to celebrate the first night of Mme. de Girardin's "Lady Tartufe," Théophile Gautier, who was in a captious mood, proceeded to denounce tenors, "and all those who make a noise and call it singing"; and that gave Mme. de Girardin her opportunity to chaff him in his turn: "Hush, Théo; hush! In the days when you adored Julia Grisi you would have been willing to turn yourself into a nightingale to please her beautiful eyes." And then, apropos of nothing, there was "noise without," and in bounced Clésinger, the sculptor—the husband of George Sand's daughter Solange—and proceeded to lean over the back of Rachel's chair and talk about his wife. "A perfect angel," he said, "when her mother isn't there"; but then Clésinger discovered that the supper was all over and so bounced out again, leaving Rachel to confide to the company that when last he had called upon her he had declined to go, but had insisted upon spending the night on the sofa in her library. And so on till the party broke up, some time in the small hours.

Such was the atmosphere in which Rachel flourished in the early 'fifties: an atmosphere in which Arsène Houssaye kissed all the girls, and the girls, on their part, distributed their kisses generously among all eligible applicants. "Sir," said one of them indignantly to Alfred de Musset, "I hear that you have boasted that you are my lover." "On the contrary, madame," was the poet's crushing reply, "I have always boasted that I was *not* your lover." "Your fiancé, dear," said another girl to a friend, "was formerly my lover." "I dared not hope, dear," was the rejoinder, "that I should ever discover a man whom you had not permitted to embrace you."

Et cetera, et cetera. Such stories flow from Arsène Houssaye's pen in his "Confessions," as from a fountain—a new fountain opened when that of Romanticism was sealed. Readers who have regarded the theatre as the scene of sincere and intense passion should go to his book and read it from cover to cover. It will instruct them, for they will find sincerity and intensity precisely the attributes most conspicuously lacking in the amours of these queens of the stage. They seem to have let themselves be loved partly because it was "good fun" and partly because it was profitable to do so; and it was with Rachel as with the others.

OLD FAVORITES.

Lying on the Grass.

Between two golden tufts of summer grass
I see the world through hot air as through glass,
And by my face sweet lights and colors pass.

Before me, dark against the fading sky,
I watch those mowers mowing, as I lie;
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,
Rich glowing color on hare throat and head,—
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead!

And in my strong young living, as I lie,
I seem to move with them in harmony,—
A fourth is mowing, and that fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep.

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,
And all the lassitude of happy things,—

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood
That gushes through my veins a languid flood,
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,
A dark green beech wood rises, still and fair,
A white path winding up it, like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,
And clear white apron o'er her gown of red,—
Her evensong of love is but half said:

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes;
Her cheeks are redder than a wild blush rose;
They climb up where the deepest shadows close.

But though they pass, and vanish, I am there,
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair,
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me, like prayer.

Ah, now the rosy children come to play,
And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay;
Their clear high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad,
They dig themselves warm graves, and yet are glad;
Their muffled screams and laughter drive me mad!

I long to go and play among them there,
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

The happy children! full of frank surprise,
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies;
What godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes!

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays
That Tuscan potters fashioned in old days,
And colored like the torrid earth ablaze,—

We find the little gods and loves portrayed
Through ancient forests wandering undismayed,
And fleeting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight
Of little children playing in his sight.

What pure sweet pleasures, and what sacred love,
Comes drifting down upon us from above
In watching how their limbs and features move.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind,
I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in unison with all mankind.

My life is like the single dewy star
That trembles on the horizon's primrose bar,—
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death
Should come behind, and take away my breath,
I should not rise as one who sorroweth:

For I should pass, but all the world would be
Full of desire and young delight and glee,—
And why should men be sad through loss of me?

The light is flying; in the silver blue
The young moon shines from her bright window through;
The mowers are all gone, and I go too.

—*Edmund Gosse.*

THE DIARY OF AN IRISH BEAUTY.

The Journals of the Hon. Mrs. Calvert, Covering a Period of Thirty-Two Years. Are Published for the First Time.

The Hon. Mrs. Calvert may be counted among the diarists who have revealed themselves with an even greater amplitude than the times with which they deal. Mrs. Calvert wrote her journals for her "beloved children." Probably she never supposed that they would be given to the world, and to this we are indebted for a certain frankness of utterance and a touch of domesticity not without their charm. She knew every one of her day who was worth knowing. She mourned the execution of Louis XVI and she wept for the death of Nelson. She took part in the premature festivities that followed the first fall of Napoleon and she lay awake all night trembling for her son on the field of Waterloo. She knew the Duchess of Devonshire, immortalized by Gainsborough, and among her friends were Lord Melbourne and the Duke of Wellington. She knew all about the prince regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert, and she has something personal to say about Queen Charlotte and the six princesses. She saw the bread riots, and the acting of Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Macready, and the Kembles. In short, she saw everything that was worth seeing and she knew every one who was worth knowing. Moreover, she had a keen wit, an instinctive virtue, and an easy pen. What more can we ask of the diarist except sincerity and spontaneity, and these also Mrs. Calvert gives us.

The marital difficulties of the Prince of Wales were naturally of interest to the court circle. In 1795 Mrs. Calvert heard for the first time of the prince's rupture with Mrs. Fitzherbert and of his marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Brunswick. He was "dreadfully agitated" at his wedding, "and has indeed ever shown a most inveterate dislike—one may almost say disgust—to his unfortunate wife." A year later we read:

Great dissensions were said to have taken place between the prince and princess. Lady Jersey was supposed to be the cause of this; there is no doubt that she took every sort of pains to set his royal highness against the princess, and most fatally succeeded. Very soon after that he quarreled with her ladyship. He never speaks to her now, and I believe hates her most cordially, but so it is imagined he does the princess.

Lady Jersey became very unpopular with the mob, and one evening, as I was going through Covent Garden in my chariot at the time of an election, I was taken for her (I have always been considered very like her), and my carriage and servants were well pelted with mud before we got clear of them.

The rupture with Mrs. Fitzherbert was only temporary, and later on we have a description of the lady and a hint of the scandal that even a prince may cause if he persist in having two wives at the same time:

Mrs. Fitzherbert lives in a house communicating with the Pavilion till one she is building is finished. She lives entirely with the prince, and in a manner does the honors of his house. His attachment and attention to her is unbounded and surprising. She is now, I believe, about fifty, very fat, but with a charming countenance, her features are beautiful, except her mouth, which is ugly, having a set of not good false teeth, but her person is too fat, and she makes a great display of a very white but not prettily formed bosom, which I often long to throw a handkerchief over. Her manners are good-humored (though I think I can at times discern a look of ill-temper glide across her countenance), unaffected and pleasing, but very absent, and I often have thought she was not happy, for she heaves such deep sighs sometimes in one of those fits of absence that I have actually started. There does not seem to me to be any brilliancy about Mrs. Fitzherbert, no agreeable talents, or powers of captivation, but captivation there must be about her, though I don't perceive it, as she has captivated his royal highness for so many years. She has a sweet little girl who lives with her; the orphan daughter of Lord Hugh and Lady Horatia Seymour; she is about five years old. Lord Hugh's family, and also Lady Horatia's, have objected to her living with Mrs. Fitzherbert for many reasons. They very naturally consider the prince's mistress (for what else can one call her, he having a wife?) not the most respectable protectress—besides, she is a Roman Catholic. But she has carried her point, and keeps her, promising faithfully to educate her in the Protestant religion, and I understand she has a clergyman of that persuasion to come to her two or three times a week. The prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert are passionately fond of this little creature, whom they always call "Minny." She calls Mrs. F. "Mama," and the prince "Prinny," and I hear at the time that her family wanted to get her from Mrs. Fitzherbert she often clung with her little arms round the prince, saying "Prinny, won't you fight for me? You won't let them take me from you." The prince, I hear, has engaged to give her ten thousand pounds.

Mrs. Calvert has a certain directness of speech that is well illustrated by her references to Mrs. Fitzherbert's too evident charms. Here is another example, although a less pleasing one, of the same style:

The princess royal was married in May to the Duke of Wurtemburg. I intended to have gone to the drawing-room afterwards, but did not on account of my mourning for Lady de Vesci. I went a few days later to see Lady Kingston, and walked one evening with her on the Terrace. We met the royal family, who stopped to speak to us. The Duchess of Wurtemburg looked very happy, leaning on her husband. I never saw so large a man. You could have sat upon the projection of his lower stomach with as much ease as in an arm-chair. They left England shortly afterwards.

Mrs. Calvert's literary preferences are shown by her comments on Miss Lee's "Life of the Lover," which rather shocks her:

It is very interesting and well written, but as far as I have read yet (which is only the first volume) the heroine gives herself up too suddenly to love, and too violently for a delicate, well brought up young woman, and when she discovers that he is a married man I can not conceive that she is not instantly cured of her passion.

It is fortunate that the author did not live to see the fiction of today, wherein the heroines give themselves up even more suddenly to love and are still less disturbed by an already existing marriage.

Mrs. Calvert's home life is sometimes very amusing. She goes to Hunsdon House for Christmas and we find the following entry in her diary:

But out of the fourteen I have inoculated only Thomas Pigram has taken the infection! I am very unlucky.

But how about poor Thomas Pigram, who may have claimed some share of ill-luck. Lady Calvert was much interested in inoculation against smallpox, but she was afterwards converted to vaccination. Doubtless her tenants had good reason to dread the benevolence of their squire's wife when it took the form of a lancet. But they had to submit.

The author likes to mention her costume, of course for the benefit of her grandchildren. Here is an entry of the year 1805:

Mr. C. and I went to court yesterday with Mr. K. and my sister. My dress (what signifies the dress of a woman of thirty-seven? but I will mention it, that many years hence my grandchildren, if I ever have any, may know the costume of 1805) well! my dress was a crape petticoat, embroidered in stripes of purple velvet, trimmed with swan's-down—no ruffles, but two rows of very fine point, laid flat on the sleeves instead, my head without powder, hair turned up, in a hunch behind, with diamond comb, low on the forehead, in little curls, a wreath of diamonds with some purple velvet, and seven flat white feathers. This dress, some years ago, would have been too youthful for thirty-seven, but now there is little distinction in the dress of a woman of sixty and a girl of sixteen.

The drawing-room was very full, and the crowd, getting up to the queen (who stood with her back to the wall, instead of walking about), was intolerable. Her majesty received me most graciously, and said it was a long time since she had the pleasure of seeing me.

Lady Calvert has two forms of criticism for public receptions and entertainment. If they are well attended they are crowded and "intolerable." If the attendance is small they are "dull." Feminine touches abound everywhere in her descriptions. For example, she will eschew card-playing unless she can win:

I dined in Park Street, my sister and Lady Staples there. I went at night to Mrs. Beadon's, where I played at casino, with Mrs. Walpole, Mrs. Cussans, and Miss Jeffries. A nasty cross thing Miss Jeffries is—I declare I would rather not touch a card again than he at her party. I dare say she don't like me a bit better, for when she spoke very gruffly to me for some card I had played which she did not approve of, I very coolly answered, "I should do exactly the same were I to play it over again." She is toady to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and her bosom friend, so thinks herself, in consequence a very great personage. I lost £7. If I go on in this way I shall soon cut cards, for I don't choose to lose my money.

Her power of repartee was also of the feminine kind and her thrust was deadly. Upon one occasion a Mrs. Chaplin took her cloak by error—so she said—and wore it for six months until Mrs. Calvert saw it and claimed it. Even then Mrs. Chaplin failed to return it, but at last wrote her a letter offering to send it back if the owner still wished to have it after it had been worn. Mrs. Calvert replied that the matter was really of no consequence, but "if you like to give it to my maid, I dare say she will be very thankful and not mind your having worn it."

Here is a story of the courtship of the Duke of Wellington while he was still Sir Arthur Wellesley:

I went to see my mother and found Lady Wellesley with her. She is just married to Sir Arthur Wellesley. She was a Miss Pakenham, daughter to the late Lord Longford. It has been a ten years' attachment. He was abroad all that time, principally in India, where he has distinguished himself. He had proposed to her before he went, but was rejected by her family, as he had little or nothing, and they parted without any engagement whatsoever.

During those ten years they have had no sort of communication, either directly or indirectly, but secretly nourished their attachment. The instant he landed from India he wrote to her to Ireland to propose for her, and was, of course, accepted. About a month ago he got leave of absence for a few days only. He flew to Ireland, the settlements in the meantime had been drawn up. He landed on Tuesday, was married on Thursday, and the Friday sennight he and his bride found themselves in London. She is now about two or three and thirty, and he about seven and thirty. He must have found her sadly altered, for she was a very pretty little girl, with a round face, and fine complexion. She is now very thin and withered (I believe pining in his absence helped to make her more so). I think she looks in a consumption, which idea a short cough increases, and I know Sir Walter Farquhar has desired her to take great care of herself. She is gentle and amiable. I hear that when some one told Sir Arthur he would find her much altered, he answered that he did not care; it was her mind he was in love with, and that could not alter.

We hear a good deal about the war in Spain. Lady Calvert's two sons were with the forces. The boys came home early in 1809:

James and Felix amused us much with their accounts of Spain. They were in high spirits, and have not, thank God, suffered by all they have gone through. Felix was two days without eating, except a little bit of biscuit which he begged from one of the soldiers. Yesterday Mr. C., Felix, and Edmond went to Hunsdon. I went to the Chapel Royal, as it was fast day. The Duke of Cambridge and Princess of Wales were there. The latter looked like a *bundle of dirty clothes*. I dined and spent the rest of the day at home.

On April 21, 1809, Lady Calvert heard the park guns firing and sent to know the reason. She was told that Lord Cochrane had entirely destroyed the French fleet, and later on the admiral told her a story typical of sailors all over the world:

Lord Cochrane complains sadly at not having been seconded properly in his attack on the French.

The French captain, whom he had taken prisoner, expressed a great wish to go on board his ship in order to save his papers and charts. Lord Cochrane represented to him the great danger of doing this, as the ship might blow up at any moment. He seemed so anxious about the matter, however, that Lord Cochrane, willing to gratify him, ordered his boat lowered, and got into it with him. He called out, "Well, my lads, who will volunteer to go with us?" and four or five sailors did so.

When they got near the ship, owing to the heat, which was very great, one of the guns went off, killing the French captain on the spot. At the same time a little dog, terrified at the noise, jumped through one of the portholes into the sea. "Damn it, captain," exclaimed the sailors, "though it is a French dog we will try and save its life." And in spite of the imminent danger they rowed up to the little dog and saved him. He proved to be a beautiful little creature, and Lord Cochrane has brought him to London. I wish he would give him to my sister, she would like it so much.

Napoleon's divorce from Josephine excites the author's disgust:

Bonaparte and Josephine have, by mutual consent, divorced themselves, as they have agreed that for the good of France it is right that Bonaparte should marry a younger woman in order to have children. It makes one sick to read their hypocritical expressions of affection, grief, etc., at the sacrifice they are making for the good of their country, and the mean flattery of all around them is quite disgusting. Holland is to be annexed to Bonaparte's dominions. Alas! poor England. Everything seems to prosper with Bony, and we have such a set of dolts for ministers that really it is most disheartening.

But she is greatly amused by the fervor of a gigantic Spanish woman of Seville who lifted Wellington out of his carriage and carried him to the *junta*, "kissing and hugging him all the time." Later on we find a reference to the introduction of waltzing and also a story of the Prince of Wales:

All the ladies in London are gone mad over waltzing; Lady Cowper, Lady Boringdon, and in short too many to enumerate. I think it will end by their all losing their characters, it introduces so much freedom with the men. I hear some of the husbands are beginning not to like it. Some one the other day asked the Prince of Wales at the Antient Music whether he did not think some girl pretty. "Girl!" answered he; "girls are not to my taste. I don't like lamb; but mutton dressed like lamb!"

We get a somewhat new picture of Wellington, with whom Lady Calvert was friendly. Upon one occasion she says that "his modesty and unaffected simplicity of manner are quite delightful":

Apropos of this latter trait, I remember a story my father used to tell of the great duke. When quite old, and obliged to go over a dangerous crossing in London, a gentleman darted forward and offered his escort, which was gratefully accepted. Arrived safely on the kerb-stone, the stranger took off his hat, and bowing profoundly, began a long oration, saying that this was the proudest moment of his life, and he felt honored beyond measure to have been of some slight service to so great a man. "Don't make a d——d fool of yourself," briefly replied the duke.

The escape of Napoleon and the "forty days" naturally occupied a good deal of Lady Calvert's attention, seeing that her son Felix was with Wellington. She includes in her diary the whole of his letter written to her after the battle, and a single extract may be allowed:

On the morning of the 18th the enemy did not show himself in very great force. He was probably waiting the arrival of all his troops. About ten o'clock, however, he attacked our right with great vivacity. As I could not see that part of the line, I can say nothing about it. At about twelve, however, they made their first grand attack on our centre, where our division was posted, and advanced with the greatest gallantry to the very muzzles of our guns. We succeeded, however, in repelling them with that never-failing weapon, the bayonet. They came so close to us that a French officer actually seized hold of our colors, but three or four balls and as many bayonets in his body made him repent his audacity. We made immense slaughter of them, and the colonel of the French Grenadiers which attacked our regiment was killed. I have bought his Croix de la Légion d'Honneur from a soldier of the Ninety-Fifth, who plundered him, which I am keeping for you. They made afterwards desperate attempts (I can not tell how many) and were as often repulsed. Towards the evening, however, we had lost so many men, that I began to fear we should lose the day, and he had actually established himself on a part of our centre, when, whether from the Prussians having arrived and commenced an attack on his right, whether from our right having defeated his left, or whether from despair of forcing us from our position, to our inexpressible delight, he retired with the greatest precipitancy.

A year later she visited the battlefield herself, her guide being La Coste, who had been with Napoleon on the great day:

The next day we all visited Waterloo, accompanied all the time by La Coste, a most intelligent person who explained everything so clearly that I understand the battle perfectly. I saw the spot on which poor Picton fell and the bridge where the Thirty-Second was stationed. La Coste was with Bonaparte during the whole of the 18th. He says it is quite a mistake to suppose that he headed his army or exposed his person. He was the entire time on the high road to Charleroi, behind his own cannon! He seemed in very good spirits till the arrival of the Prussians, when he turned "pâle comme la mort." He then galloped off to Charleroi, La Coste also of the party, his horse having been fastened all the time to that of the aide-de-camp at Charleroi. Bonaparte said to La Coste, *"Vous pouvez retourner chez vous."* The aide-de-camp then gave him a Napoleon, and that was all he had for his agreeable day's work—it was not paying like an emperor.

Lady Calvert's diary will not add greatly to our historical knowledge, but its value is none the less marked. As a social picture of the day it is almost without a rival, but its self-portrayal is perhaps its greatest charm. Lady Calvert was not a great woman, but she was a clever woman and an eminently good woman. She exalted the domestic virtues and she regulated her life by a sense of duty that was often whimsical but never distorted.

AN IRISH BEAUTY OF THE REGENCY. Compiled from "Mes Souvenirs"—the Unpublished Journals of the Hon. Mrs. Calvert, 1789-1822. By Mrs. Warrenne Blake. With frontispiece in photogravure and thirty-two other illustrations. New York: John Lane Company; $5.

Poets sing of the deep blue sea, but it is not always blue. Millions upon millions of microscopic algæ or seaweeds and subaquatic plants give the Red Sea its peculiar tint, and the Yellow Sea of China is said to be colored by the floods of the great rivers which wash down vast quantities of mud. Generally speaking, the ocean is blue in ratio to its saltiness.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

History of Economic Thought.

Professor Lewis H. Haney has entered a field where he will find no serious competition. There are many works on political economy, and many histories of economic speculation, hut perhaps nowhere shall we find quite so admirahle a comhination of history and theory as in this substantial and well-arranged volume. A history of economics, like a history of religion, must always he something more than a record of fact. The personal equation is likely to be as intrusive in one as in the other, hut Dr. Haney is as felicitous in the suppression of hias as in his presentation of the fruits of a notahle erudition.

He may be said to divide his work into two parts. The hriefer portion is devoted to those periods of human history when economic thought, if it existed at all, was uncodified and shapeless and necessarily suhordinate to dogmatic religion. Such an age could hardly produce historical material, although it was fruitful enough in problems that aroused an occasional and almost a timid speculation. The author places the dawn of an actual economic science somewhere ahout the middle of the eighteenth century, and here perhaps he gives insufficient weight to the acute and thought-producing crisis that followed the overthrow of the canon law in Germany and the suhstitution of Roman law with its unethical system of economics. But it was the eighteenth century that saw the rise of the *Economistes,* who taught that wealth comes from nature and so gave a new status to agriculture. But Adam Smith, in his day the greatest of economic scientists, overthrew the *Economistes* and placed labor where they had placed nature as the source of wealth. Then came the formation of the classical school with its many divisions, hut all tending to a materialistic utilitarianism. Pleasures and pains hecame a factor in economics, and ethics took a position that to some extent it still holds.

Into later divisions there is no need here to enter. The author estimates their respective values, not according to his own opinions, hut according to their influence upon economic thought and the size of the rôle that they have played. It may he said that he apportions his emphasis with an almost invariahle justice and strictly within the limits proper to the historian. One, at least, of his illuminating comments may he quoted. Speaking of latter-day tendencies in America, he says that "capital is regarded as a secondary factor assisting lahor and physical environment. Economists no longer regard it as that which determines employment and wages, hut put man and human wants, as interrelated with physical environment, first."

Dr. Haney's work is both complete and exhaustive without heing discursive. We shall look far hefore finding anything of its kind so satisfying.

HISTORY OF ECONOMIC THOUGHT. By Lewis H. Haney, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

The French Revolution.

Mr. Belloc prefaces his "French Revolution" with the assurance that he will not add another history of the convulsion to those that already exist. His mission is explanatory. It deals with causes and effects rather than with events. And if sometimes we are moved to strong dissent from his conclusions it will in no way detract from our admiration for a strong and vigorous presentation that is sustained alike hy conviction and hy erudition.

Mr. Belloc explains that he is himself hoth a Catholic and a sympathizer with the theory of the revolution. It is hard to understand why he should tell us either the one or the other, since both facts are so visible in his pages. That he is a Catholic is evidenced by the emphasis given to the religious aspects of the struggle, while as for his political inclinations it is at least suggestive that he should discriminate so nicely between the theory of the revolution and the revolution itself. But revolutions have no theories. They are the sum total of the acts that constitute them, and the repudiation of the church and the Septemher massacres were as much a part of the revolution as the writings of Rousseau. Indeed more so. These may have instigated the outbreak, hut they ceased to he its "theory" with the rise of antagonistic events. Mr. Belloc lahors hard to show that the theories of the church were in harmony with those of the revolution. But he lahors unsuccessfully unless we can accept as the theory of the revolution a numher of political platitudes that have now hecome axiomatic. The church was not in sympathy with the revolution, nor has it ever heen in disinterested sympathy with any movement for human freedom. To say that there was no quarrel "between the theory of the revolution and that of the church," hut that "an active quarrel did in fact spring up hetween the revolution in action and the authorities of Catholicism," is too suhtle for practical minds. Revolutions and churches are not incorporeal entities. They have no existence apart from the persons who constitute them.

The author is at his best when analyzing the revolutionary characters. No one ever drew a more extraordinary picture of the king nor one less human. His sketch of the queen is no less remarkable. The modern mind can hardly conceive of such characters. Marie Antoinette, we are told, was utterly hewildered when she found that the conventional cheers of a street crowd, the loyalty of a handful of servants, and the affection of a few equals were not the fundamental political feelings of mankind. Of LaFayette we are told "that he never upon a single occasion did the right thing," although he never did any great political thing contrary to his conscience. He was a nonentity without sagacity, magnetism, or command. But Mr. Belloc's judgment of Rohespierre is perhaps the most remarkahle. Rohespierre, we are told, was not the all-powerful executive of the repuhlic; he did not desire the Terror; he did not use it; he even grew disgusted with it; and, in general, he was never the man who governed France. The name of Rohespierre, says Mr. Belloc, will hardly increase, hut it will certainly endure hecause of the intensity of his faith and his practice of it.

Leaving upon one side the histories of the revolution, Mr. Belloc has supplied its most suggestive and pregnant comment, a work delightful to read alike for its knowledge and its illuminating imagination.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Hilaire Belloc. Issued in the Home University Library. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents.

Juana of Castile.

The fine poem written hy May Earle on Juana of Castile idealizes a character that was hy no means ideal. That perhaps is the legitimate mission of the poet, and it may he that the virtue of a wifely fidelity has glorified much in Juana's life over which it would he merciful to cast a veil. The daughter of Ferdinand and Isahella she married Philippe of Burgundy, was shamefully ill-treated hy that degenerate coxcomh, and requited his poltroonery hy a passionate devotion during his life and by twenty-five years of morbid seclusion after his death. Juana prohahly had the seeds of insanity within her from the heginning. Certainly she died insane. She lived in such filth and squalor that she was almost unapproachable. She never washed herself, and her perverted sense of modesty was so great that she would not allow even an aged woman to examine the sores upon her person. All this can he translated into the virtue of wifely fidelity, hut it is only the poet who can do it, who can wisely suppress and wisely exaggerate. But there is no need to accept the author's passing suggestion that Juana's madness was the invention of Philippe and Ferdinand. It is too well attested for any douht, and is indeed proved hy her seclusion of a quarter of a century at Tordesillas.

But we ask the poet for poetry, and not for history. We will even allow the history to he distorted so the verse be good enough. And in this case it is good enough to cover a multitude of historical sins. In many different metres, it is uniform only in its excellence. The author takes the various phases of Juana's life and handles them separately in the form that seems to her most appropriate. Thus we have the morning of her marriage, the infidelities of her hushand, the hirth of her son, the death of Isahella, and many other of the varied experiences that made up her distorted and ruined life. The final stanzas are Juana's song of thankfulness that "the long dread night of life is past":

The wild waves ebb to rest; and the hurricane's blast o'er the deep
Is as gentle and low as the breath of an infant asleep.
Dimly looms, through the glimmering dawn, a fair shore; while above,
And around, and below, all is rest—all is peace—all is love.

The author has an enviahle power of sustained exaltation. Her vision of Juana is evidently a vivid one, whether it he self-created or not.

JUANA OF CASTILE. By May Earle. New York: John Lane Company; $1.50.

Art in Vienna.

Mr. David C. Preyer speaks as an enthusiast when he says that the art galleries of Vienna, with the exception of the Hermitage Gallery in St. Petershurg, are the least known of those in Europe and that they are among the most important. They are surely hetter known than some of the galleries of Spain, and if the Hermitage Gallery of St. Petershurg is somewhat overlooked it is mainly for geographical reasons. But the Vienna galleries have certainly not received their meed of attention, and the author has done well to devote to them so suhstantial a volume and one prepared with so much care and knowledge. He reminds us that the Imperial Museum contains twenty-six hundred paintings; the Academy collection twelve hundred; and the Liechtenstein over eight hundred. Then there are the Czernin, the Harrach, the Schönhrunn, and the Lower Belvedere gallery, all of them making a worthy showing. Altogether there are about five thousand five hundred paintings in Vienna, and many of them are "priceless jewels."

In the preparation of such a volume as this it would he easy to fall into the faults of the cataloguer, hut Mr. Preyer avoids them. He devotes his first chapter to a general consideration of the Vienna galleries and then he passes on to consider them separately, and always with a just emphasis upon their more notahle features. So long as he can tempt his readers to enter the portals he makes no douht that they will stay for the good of their souls. His writing has all the attractiveness of enthusiasm. It is done *con amore* all the way through.

A volume such as this would he incomplete without illustrations and the forty-seven admirable reproductions are all that they should he.

THE ART OF THE VIENNA GALLERIES. By David C. Preyer, A. M. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $2.

The Path of Glory.

Mr. Haworth is to he congratulated upon an exceptionally good novel of the war for Canada hetween England and France. The story covers practically the whole of the struggle from the first hlow struck by George Washington at Laurel Hill down to the capture of Quebec by Wolfe and the simultaneous death of the opposing commanders. The hero is Charles Randolph of Virginia, although there are others whose feats are as prominent and whose characters are as well drawn. Mr. Haworth has something of the skill of Cooper in depicting forest life, Indian warfare, and the romance of the *coureurs du bois.* He saturates his pages with the sentiment of heroic days, hut always without exaggeration and with a heedful eye to historical accuracy. The romance is supplied hy the love affair between Randolph and Mlle. Alfrede de Saint-Pierre, whose loyalty to France is compatihle with the emotions that never find it difficult to cross international frontiers.

THE PATH OF GLORY. By Paul Leland Haworth. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.

American Corporations.

The object of the author is to supply the average reader with just such information ahout corporations and the laws governing them as will enahle him to formulate intelligent opinions on the current problems of the day. He deals with the formation of corporations, their powers, their management for directors and officers, the relation of stockholders toward the company, the liahilities of corporations, their dissolution, mergers, and consolidations, their rights and liahilities coming from one state to another, and the various statutory partnerships that resemhle corporations. The author writes in a popular way and with a certain facility for elucidatory illustration. The result is a useful hook for the political student who is something more than a party man.

AMERICAN CORPORATIONS. By John J. Sullivan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Kiltartan Wonder Book," hy Lady Gregory (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50), is a collection of fairy stories told with a marked power and literary grace. There are sixteen of them with vigorous colored illustrations hy Margaret Gregory.

"The Horrohoos," hy Morrison I. Swift (Liherty Press; $1), is a sort of allegory of present conditions, social and political. The author is well known as an economic writer, but it may he douhted if he has chosen the hest medium for the dissemination of his opinions.

"The New Avatar," hy Dr. Jirah D. Buck, M. D., seems to be hased upon the spiritual philosophy of India and upon the experiences and speculations of a scientific student. Dr. Buck's aim is to emphasize the separate realities of soul and hody and incidentally to predict the advent of a great religious teacher. The hook is published hy the Rohert Clarke Company, Cincinnati. Price, $2.

"The Doctrine of Evolution," by Dr. Henry Edward Crampton (Columhia University Press; $1.50), is an eminently readable volume made up of eight lectures delivered in Cooper Union, New York. The lectures were intended for intelligent people unversed in science, and they have the merit of freedom from novelty, originality, and personal speculation. They present the doctrine of evolution as it is received today hy the best thinkers among us, and while the author modestly disclaims any contrihution except as to form and mode of presentation it may he said that these are so admirable as to constitute a liheral contrihution.

New Books Received.

ON THE IRON AT BIG CLOUD. By Frank L. Packard. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.25.

A story of railroad life, especially the life on the Rocky Mountain division of a big transcontinental line.

TROBADOR POETS. Translated by Barbara Smythe. New York: Duffield & Co.

Issued in the New Mediæval Library. Selections from the poems of eight trobadors: translated from the Provençal with introduction and notes.

THE STORY OF MARY MACLANE. By herself. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.10.

A new edition, with a chapter on the present.

A WATCHER OF THE SKIES. By Gustave Frederick Mertens. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.25.

A new novel by the author of "The Storm Signal."

THE WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. Vols. I, II, III., in one volume. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

THE CRUISE OF THE "KINGFISHER." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.

A story of adventurous doings, written for young people "in a moment of youthful expansion."

A PORTENTOUS HISTORY. By Alfred Tennyson. New York: Duffield & Co.

A first novel by the grandson of Lord Tennyson.

TALES OF THE TOWN. By Charles Belmont Davis. New York: Duffield & Co.

A volume of short stories by the author of "The Stage Door."

THE SHIP OF CORAL. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.

A new novel by the author of "The Blue Lagoon."

THE WORKS OF GEORGE MEREDITH—POEMS. Vols. I, II, III. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2 per vol.

These are volumes XXIV, XXV, XXVI of the Memorial Edition of George Meredith's works, to be completed in about twenty-seven volumes.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Her Husband's Country.

This can hardly be described as a novel, although it is in the guise of a novel. It is the story of an English girl who revolts against the stifling art atmosphere of a too æsthetic home, and so marries a young German officer under the mistaken notion that she will find freedom. But she has jumped from the tyranny of one convention to that of another. The average German soldier is more custom-ridden than any other man on earth. He lives, moves, and has his being in an atmosphere of sanctified tradition, and it is a tradition that always gives the woman the worst of it. Poor Patience Thaile finds that she must dress cheaply and dowdily because her husband's uniform must be always immaculate and he buys it from his own income. Her house must be furnished and her table supplied, not according to liberated taste, but in obedience to immemorial usage, and she must govern every detail of her life by the same standards. Helmuth loves his wife sincerely, but a woman in any other position than one of subordination is unthinkable to him, while to resent his *liaisons* is almost an impertinence. Relief from an intolerable, all-pervasive, and impalpable bondage comes in an unexpected way, and while Patience may still consider that she is on the threshold of life, but such good fortune can hardly be depended upon in the domain of fact. It would be hard to find a more intimate revelation of German military life in its domestic aspects. The author is to be congratulated on an addition to our knowledge and one that is supplied in a clever and impressive way.

HER HUSBAND'S COUNTRY. By Sybil Spottiswoode. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.20.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will bring out this month a novel by the late Myrtle Reed, which she had named "A Weaver of Dreams."

A popular account of naval warfare from the days of the oar-driven galleys that fought in the Straits of Salamis to those of the steel-built armor-clads that met in the battle at Tsu-shima, has been prepared by John Richard Hale for autumn, with the title "Famous Sea Fights." The progress of naval construction and the changes in naval tactics are traced by telling in picturesque detail the story of a number of typical sea-fights. The volume, which will be published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, contains a chapter on the destruction of Cervera's fleet in the war with Spain.

Octave Thanet first became known in the literary world as a distinctive writer of short stories, but later her attention has been given to the production of large and notable novels. Her first choice of literary forms however is again in evidence in her latest volume, "Stories That End Well," just brought out by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The latest bulletin announces that "Freckles," by Gene Stratton-Porter, has reached the phenomenal sale of 235,000 copies, and that it is selling at a faster rate than ever. This news comes only a short time before Mrs. Porter's third book regarding the Limberlost woods, "The Harvester," comes from the presses of Doubleday, Page & Co. The story of the sale of "Freckles" is a romance in itself. Starting with a very light sale the first year, and but little better the second year, the book was discovered, and won such popularity as few books ever know, in its third year. This, considered in the light of the average life of books, was long after "Freckles" should have been dead.

The Century Company has in press a volume by the writer who is, perhaps, the most distinguished of contemporary historians, Guglielmo Ferrero. Some of the chapters of the book have already appeared in the *Century Magazine*, under the same title as that of the book, "The Women of the Cæsars."

Thomas Hardy's first published novel was "Desperate Remedies," and writing of it years later, he said: "The principles observed in its composition are no doubt too exclusively those in which entanglement, surprise, and moral obliquity are depended on for exciting interest." This is probably the only novel concerning which the author felt any such compunction, for he always stood up stoutly for the much-criticized "Jude the Obscure." He, himself, notes that the story was widely printed and circulated in America, and in the recently completed Thin-Paper Edition of Hardy in which the volumes were issued in the presumed order of their popularity "Desperate Remedies" stands well to the front.

Recently a story was telegraphed from Washington (says the *Bookman*) to the effect that Congressman Edward W. Townsend, while at a dinner to which he had been invited as a simple—and truthful—representative of New Jersey, dumbfounded a distinguished statesman by admitting that not only was he related to the Townsend who wrote the "Chimmie Fadden" stories, but that he himself did them with his own hand. The telegraphic tolls prevented an adequate description of the statesman's surprise, but it is safe to assume that he thought the fact extremely amusing and wondered what a peculiar district the Seventh Congressional of New Jersey must be.

Myra Kelly's posthumous novel, "Her Little Young Ladyship," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is the longest and most important work she ever attempted. It was found, after her death, complete and ready for the press. Very different in nature from her famous "Little Citizens" and "Little Aliens," it yet is said to possess several of the qualities that made them famous.

An annotated edition of Fontane: "Grete Minde," edited by Harvey W. Thayer, preceptor in Princeton University, will be brought out early this month by Henry Holt & Co. Fontane is recognized as one of the leading figures in the history of the modern German novel, a master of vigorous realism. The tragic little tale of "Grete Minde" reveals the characteristics of the author and is a story of charm. It is adapted to the use of college students in the first or second year.

It is popularly believed that the effect of immigration in this country is to drag down the native to the level of the immigrant and to displace the native workman by a cheaper workman lower in the scale of civilization. In the second volume of "The American People," a study in national psychology, which will be one of the important books on Houghton Mifflin Company's list this autumn, A. Maurice Low shows that the fear of injury done by the immigrant is fallacious. Instead of the immigrant dragging down the native, he is the lever by which the native is raised in the social scale. This sounds like a paradox, but the facts sustain the assertion. Instead of the immigrant competing with the native by underbidding him in the labor market, the immigrant is given work that the native scorns, which forces the native to seek work requiring greater ability and commanding higher remuneration. The effect of immigration, therefore, has been not to degrade the American, but to stimulate him to better things, and Mr. Low, who rests his case on historical facts, shows that this has been the effect of immigration in this country since the first great influx of the Irish early in the last century.

It was while engaged on railroad work in the Rocky Mountains that Frank L. Packard began to send his first literary efforts, descriptive of experiences he had met with in the course of his travels, to the magazines. These found ready acceptance, and short stories from Mr. Packard's pen soon appeared in various leading periodicals. The offer of an editorial position on the staff of a New York magazine, together with what had become Mr. Packard's own decided inclination, led him to give up engineering for literature. His story, "On the Iron at Big Cloud," has just been published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

In the recollections of Captain Blaze, which Sturgis & Walton promise in translation for October, under the title "Recollections of an Officer of Napoleon's Army," will be given the simple, straightforward narrative of the experiences in the field of one of Napoleon's soldiers. Having served in the army from 1806 to 1818, Captain Blaze is in a position to give particularly valuable information. From Friedland to Wagram, having won the rank of captain, he remained, out of liking for military life, in direct contact with the troopers.

That Miss Alma Hedin, sister of Sven Hedin, the famous explorer, has been elected to the municipal council of Stockholm, as stated in recent cable dispatches, is not surprising in view of the importance assumed by women and by people of culture and attainment in the public affairs of Sweden. The success of Miss Hedin is probably not all in the way of a tribute to Dr. Sven Hedin, although his daring and toilsome journey overland to Peking, described in his book, "Through Asia," made him something of a national hero and gained for him a world-wide reputation. Dr. Hedin himself was recently honored by election to the Academy of Sciences.

The Century Company's new gift-book edition of Æsop's Fables will have forty quaint drawings by E. Boyd Smith, and a border on every page printed in tint. The book offers 203 of the fables commonly ascribed to Æsop, who, while represented by tradition to have been a fabulist—a dwarf and originally a slave—of the sixth century B. C., is believed now not to be an historic personage.

The August issue of the *Papyrus* is proof that Michael Monahan's "magazine of individuality" is just as individual as ever it was, just as unconventional, and just as chivalrous. Naturally Mr. Monahan would revere Byron, "the greatest liberty-loving poet in English literature," and he says so, with a certain stern reproof for Byron's critics. Whatever Mr. Monahan writes comes from the heart full of sturdy good-will toward all things that are of good repute, whether literary, social, or political.

CURRENT VERSE.

To Time, the Tyrant.

Ave! Imperator, senectus te salutat.
Time, in whose kingship is Song,
What shall I bring to thee now,
Weary of heart and of brow—
Now that the shadows are long!

Not with the young or the strong
Numbered am I. And I how,
Time!

Yet, let me stand in the throng—
Yet, let me hail and allow
Youth, that no Combat can cow,
Strength, that is stronger than Wrong,
Time!

—*Austin Dobson, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Fairies' Tree.

Last night beneath this ancient tree,
Dim in the moonlight and the ferns,
The elfin folk held revelry,
I know by what my soul discerns
Mysteriously.

For, see you, where yon circle runs
Of bluets, looking very wise,
The rapture of those tricksy ones
Still puts confusion in their eyes,
That blink the sun's.

And, mark you, how that toadstool there
Protrudes its hulk in Falstaff state;
It too hath seen, I well will swear,
Some elf, and learned to imitate
His pompous air.

And where that lichen lays a streak
Of rose, fair as a flowering stock,
The place but recollects her cheek,
The fay's, who danced upon this rock
Above the creek.

And, hark! between this rock and root,
Where shrill the cricket pipes away,
Some fairy dropped its magic flute,
That never stops, but still must play
For fairy foot.

And yonder beetle, glittering by,
Hath mailed himself, as it hath seen
Titania's guard, in many a dye
Of gold and green, when round their queen
They caught its eye.

The toad that squats, observing naught,
Humped up where yonder mushrooms are,
Hath donned the Pucklike look he caught
From Oberon's chief councillor
In judgment brought.

The bees, that murmur drowsy here,
And gnats and wood flies, but repeat
The music that a sleepy ear
Caught when all Elfland rose to greet
Their queen with cheer.

Oh, there is more than eye may see,
That to the moon is visible!
If it could speak, this ancient tree,
What would it say, what would it tell
Of Faërie?

But it, it keeps its council close,
As do the crickets and the flowers:
Ah, could it speak and tell of those!
What tales we'd hear, of elfin powers,
That no one knows!

—*Madison Cawein, in New York Sun.*

The Soul of the Saskatchewan.

The lifehlood of old Egypt courses with the muddy Nile,
The Czar sleeps with his faith in men who guard the empty street;
The peace of many nations rests behind a thin, red file;
But the soul of the Saskatchewan's a little grain of wheat.

The thin red line may riot, where but lately it salaamed,
The sentinel may slumber, and a mob possess the street;
Old Egypt may know famine and the muddy Nile he dammed,
But the soul of the Saskatchewan remains, a grain of wheat.

Let nation banter nation with their battle-flags unfurled,
The state may stand secure a space behind a frowning fleet;
God's sunshine on Saskatchewan! her fields shall feed the world,
For the soul of the Saskatchewan's a little grain of wheat.

—*From "Songs of Cy Warman."*

The seventh volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" will appear this month. This work, when completed, will be the indispensable history of our literature for the scholar's library. It will represent the last results of scholarship and research.

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Fifteen Sound Reasons

At least fifteen reasons exist why street-car accidents happen. Each is based on sound reason, and the entire fifteen can be classified into three distinct groups, pertaining to three distinct classes of people.

Ordinarily very little thought is given to this subject, which so directly concerns the thousands of people abroad on the streets every day in the week. The surprising part which the public itself can play in lessening street-car accidents is of decided interest, in view of the facts which have been worked out as the result of careful study of people and the manner in which they subject themselves to unnecessary danger.

To begin with, four reasons are advanced why accidents happen to passengers or those about to become passengers, because:

They get on or off before the car has come to a stop.

They attempt to hoard or alight without the knowledge of the conductor or motorman. At times a vehicle in the track compels the motorman to slow down or to stop before the regular stopping-place is reached. *This is not the time to get on or off the car.* If passengers would only think of it in this light and control themselves for a second or two in their haste to "get there," falls, bumps, bruises, and loss of temper would be reduced to a minimum.

They get off facing the rear, or without taking hold of the grab-handle.

Drivers and vehicles are considered under the second heading, and they suffer accidents largely because:

The driver turns abruptly in front of a moving car.

He tries to cut directly across in front of a moving car.

Or he does not look for an approaching car before driving upon the track.

For very obvious reasons pedestrians are the greatest sufferers, it being their lot to dodge vehicles, autos, and motor-cycles in crossing a street. Four more substantial reasons why they are liable to injury are given in the four following paragraphs:

They pass close behind a car and step in front of a wagon, car, or automobile coming in the opposite direction.

They hurry across streets on which cars are operated, intent upon other matters than street-cars.

They start to cross the tracks without looking for an approaching car.

They come from behind a vehicle which prevents the view of the tracks on which a car is approaching, and they step upon that track without looking to see if a car is approaching close at hand.

Every driver and pedestrian knows that a car can only proceed along its tracks, and a motorman should be entitled to assume that no person will thoughtlessly approach and enter upon a track in close proximity to an oncoming car. However, many people take big chances, trusting to their agility to beat the speeding car. They forget that the speed of a car is deceptive to a person on the street, and that any little slip of the foot may result disastrously.

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CARLE AND "JUMPING JUPITER."

Richard Carle must surely be given to melancholy moods occasionally, otherwise he wouldn't be so thoroughly a comedian. For it is a curious truth, in the realm of histrionics, that a player must have two kinds of contrasting temperaments to thoroughly portray one. Look at Julia Marlowe, or go back further to Ada Rehan: both of them the most witching of comediennes, and at the same time dowered with the gift of tear-compelling pathos.

The man who makes us laugh is always our friend. In "Jumping Jupiter" we have the lightest and frothiest of musical farces, set off by the shallowest of music, but, after we have disgraced ourselves by the unseemly loudness of our mirth, we do not apologize to ourselves, as in "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer," because Mr. Carle's methods as a comedian are of such a nature as to compel admiration and appreciation. In fact, he seems not merely a musical-comedy mountebank; he should be able to enter other departments in the world of histrionism and "make good." I do not remember having ever seen him in legitimate comedy, but one realizes, while observing how quietly he gets in his effects, that it is only a man who knows how to act that can do it without the broad strokes with which humor is habitually laid on in pieces of the "Jumping Jupiter" order.

Mr. Carle did a little bit of humorous pantomime the other night, during which, without a word, or even, for a time, a caper, he kept the audience rocking in their seats helpless with mirth. If I attempted to convey some idea of what he was doing, it would be merely to describe an abashed man, caught in an embarrassing situation, trying to scratch his head, or rest his chin thoughtfully upon his hand, or put his hands in his pockets with an easy, *dégagé* air, and failing signally.

The tall comedian rarely raises his voice; generally lowers it, in fact, at the psychological moment; but when that voice is lowered, we know that the moment has come for us to cock our ears up on tension.

"Jumping Jupiter," I suppose, is partly the work of Mr. Carle himself, since the name Carle figures as one of the joint authors; the other being Rosenfeld. So that explains the feeling we have that the comedian's special characteristics have been considered in the making of the play.

And, indeed, it seems to be the case as much with Edna Wallace Hopper, in the rôle of the bright-plumaged ex-model who comes to torment her defaulting lover on the eve of his wedding. One can not imagine any one else fitting so exactly, so vividly, so strikingly in the part, as that tiny hummingbird of a woman. Other women might, at the first glance or two, more readily please a beauty-demanding eye, but no musical-comedy star that I recall, except, probably, Fritzi Scheff, could leave such a vivid imprint on the memory as did Edna Wallace Hopper, with her diminutive size, her exquisitely modeled figure, her brilliantly transforming smile, the delicate finish of her acting, and the grace of her sudden, swallow-like darts across the stage.

The tiny actress was gowned in brilliant, bizarre, yet beautiful costumes that made her, with her quality of finish, and even distinction, seem something like a human jewel. She is a versatile little creature, for I remember once seeing her act a rôle in drawing-room comedy extremely well. And in "Jumping Jupiter" she shows the utmost *sang froid* in allowing herself to be treated like a rubber ball. They lifted her on their shoulders, tossed her up in the air, and threw her into the wings as unconcernedly as if she were a mechanical doll.

And at the wind-up, when the little model, who has been amusing herself by kindling bonfires of uneasiness in her ex-lover's bosom and be-deviling things generally in the easy-going mansion which he proposes to enter as a son-in-law, suddenly plunges into a mood of melancholy philosophizing, of sad regretfulness over wasted sentiment, she holds the audience pleasantly spell-bound, while she recites lines ending with the refrain, "For he's only a man, that's all." The lines are not much, but a player can sometimes make an audience believe that doggerel is real poetry, by the way he recites it. I remember that Oscar Figman, when, in "Madame Sherry," he read from the wall the inscription hanging thereon—the well-known lines, in fact, whose frequent repetition later nearly drove us all to take the rest cure—put into his delivery of them an elegance, a finish, and an expressiveness that made me believe at the time that he was reciting something really worth while. And similarly Edna Wallace Hopper made us believe we were listening to poetry when she recited the verses with their extremely commonplace refrain.

The press agents, oddly enough, do not seem to have made very much of the fact that Karl Hoschna, the author of "Madame Sherry," has composed the music of "Jumping Jupiter." But this fact accounts for the thread of resemblance in the sentiment of "He's only a man, that's all," to "We're only poor, weak mortals, after all," that Oscar Figman recited so beautifully in "Madame Sherry."

The wit and humor of "Jumping Jupiter" is the average quantity and quality of shows of this kind. The line that everybody will be sure to remember is said by Jupiter himself, as impersonated by Richard Carle, apropos of that elfin coquette, the ex-model, who, being hastily shoved by her strategic ex-lover into the position of supposed wife to Jupiter, proceeds to revenge herself upon everybody and everything by kindling his susceptibilities to danger-point, so that he dejectedly, unresentfully, and in a thoroughly Carlean manner, says, "She is a banana peel on the threshold of indiscretion." A chuckling murmur went around the house when this future classic burst into sound; they were repeating it delightedly.

No one else of any particular note figures in the cast of "Jumping Jupiter," although Charles Edward Wright gave an alarmingly faithful picture of an apoplectically jolly fat man who seemed to be drinking himself into a deplorably remote grave. Mr. Wright is a clever comedian, and is an astonishingly light-heeled dancer, considering his weight.

Mr. Harry Meyer, who impersonates the love-defaulting artist, has no particular claims to distinction except for his lightness and grace in the dance. The same could be said of Miss Albertine Benson, and several others in the cast.

In spite of Carle's quiet yet poignant funnyisms, there was more than one presumably amusing situation which fell flat last night; notably that in which the women in the cast took turns in going off one by one with loud hoots of feminine weeps.

There is quite an assortment of chorus girls to do the songs, some of them quite pretty, and all of them nimble in the dance. I should say that next to the comedy work of Richard Carle and Miss Hopper, the principal attraction in "Jumping Jupiter" is the dancing, of which there is a lot in concerted form, very agreeably effective, and exhilarating to watch at one's ease.

JOSEHINE HART PHELPS.

VAUDEVILLE NOTES.

There was a time, and not long past, when a talky dramatic sketch would not have been offered to a vaudeville audience. Perhaps it would have pleased, even then, but no vaudeville manager could have been induced to chance it. For proof that such a thing is suited to that sort of environment, attention may be directed to "The Woman Who Knew," on the bill at the Orpheum this week. There is no singing or dancing or even melodrama in the act. It is, for much the greater part, an interview between a woman and a lawyer, and simply a contest of wits. The two talk across the lawyer's desk most of the time, yet the audience gives them close attention and not a word of the dialogue is lost. It is a well-made comedy scene, with but one glaring fault. The woman's story of her past is too long. But there is compensation even in this, for the woman is played by Mme. Besson, an actress of attractive presence and remarkably good method. Her interpretation displays a wealth of resource, and is evidence that a more exacting rôle would not find her wanting. Charles Dodsworth, an actor who also has done many greater things, is her principal support, and to his skill many of the opportunities of the star are due. In the long list of dramatic bits really worth while which the Orpheum has offered this little play should have a prominent place.

It is a long and diversified programme this week, and nearly all the numbers are notable—several of them for genuine merit. Lasky's Pianophiend Minstrels is a pretentious act, but if it were not for winsome Ila Grannon it would not get a unanimous vote of approbation. But Miss Grannon is a talented comedienne, and her songs are artful bids for favor that are never refused. "Consider yourself engaged—good-morning," is the one line that every auditor unerringly brings away from the show.

Some will question the Gallic derivation of the Cadets de Gascogne—they have a sunny Italy appearance—but none will question their ability to evoke thunders of applause with their selections from grand opera and other sources. They begin with a vocal transcription of "The Beautiful Blue Danube"—another peculiarity that is not distinctively French—and proceed with increasing success through a list that would never end if the gallery was allowed to have its way. The basso is a particularly pleasing singer, the soprano quite as acceptable vocally and much more so in the way of personal attractiveness.

Other gymnasts and athletes have done some of the feats in the curriculum of the Wynn Brothers, but none have done them with such finish. The two are fine specimens of muscular development, though they do not discard conventional attire to display it, and they are to be commended unreservedly for their style. No matter how great an effort is required, they show no strain or anxiety, but retain their cigarettes and a care-free air.

Rosa Crouch and George Welch are acrobatic in their dances, and swift as changing electric lights. Miss Crouch sings and Mr. Welch comedianizes, both successfully.

Karl Emmy and his trained terriers are perhaps a little better than the average of such acts. Carlton, the tall prestidigitator, is also just over the line to the good. Bob Pender's Giants is the sort of an act that was thought to be desperately amusing the year pantomimes were invented. G. L. S.

The Manager's Problem.

It is not very easy for the theatrical manager to choose, for the public taste is fickle or impossible to foretell. On this topic a writer in the New York *Sun* recently said:

"The public never flocked to the support of Lester Wallack when the days of his last theatre, to one who could read the writing on the wall, were already plainly numbered. The handful of spectators that gathered to see his revivals of the old comedies never went to see them because of his career as a manager. They represented the very small element to which 'The Road to Ruin,' for instance, acted by Osmund Tearle, John Gilbert, Mme. Ponisi, Rose Coghlan, and an incomparable company in such works still appealed. The greater public which owed Lester Wallack some degree of loyalty for the theatre which he had long conducted so brilliantly, was across the street laughing at 'A Night Off' or listening further up-town to the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas.

"Augustin Daly was at his wits' end during the later years of his theatre's existence to bring back public interest to his company. London musical comedy half the week and Ada Rehan for the rest of the time were as powerless to bring the attention of his clientèle to the house and its actors again as the most elaborate of his Shakespearean revivals. The drawing-room comedy of the German writers on which the Daly institution had long existed was so dead that even so really delightful a variation on the theme as Von Schoenthan's 'Countess Gucki' could not awaken it. Yet there never was a New York manager who as such was a more important figure in the life of New York.

"The crowd passed up and down Broadway, ignoring Shakespeare and German farce, London musical comedy, and the occasional revivals such as 'The Honeymoon' and 'Meg Merrilies,' and the manager wondered why his old-time power had passed. It had not passed, as events proved. A Drury Lane melodrama, rejected by two or three other impresarios, fell into the hands of the manager. 'The Great Ruby,' for some inscrutable reason, struck the public fancy. The public that had not troubled its head about the struggles of the great manager for several years, suddenly found its way back to Daly's, and once more success perched on his banners.

"The crowds that thronged Daly's during the run of this commonplace melodrama were not attracted by a desire to exhibit their admiration for so eminent a member of his profession as the manager of the theatre, nor did they seek to show their sympathy for his failures in the past. Nor did the church presumably advise the people to go to see the plays of a manager who had habitually kept his stage clean. No, the only reason Daly's Theatre knew the sensation of large audiences once again was some indescribable quality in 'The Great Ruby' that drew the people.

"When A. M. Palmer went to the theatre which he renamed in his own honor he stood high in the dignified favor with which the people of New York at that time regarded their theatrical *entrepreneurs*. He had behind him the wonderful record of the Union Square Theatre. Its successes are to this day historical. 'The Two Orphans,' 'The Banker's Daughter,' 'A Celebrated Case,' were some of the typical dramas of that institution. There were at the little Madison Square Theatre such plays as 'The Private Secretary,' 'Jim the Penman,' and 'Saints and Sinners' to strengthen the reputation of Mr. Palmer as a manager of successes. But his road at the new theatre was hard.

"Managers are seriously invited, however, to cease their search for works that will appeal to the taste of the public. It is not easy to see what is promised to them in return. If there were any guaranty of the support that would follow their efforts to put on the plays that their critics consider appropriate for the public to enjoy, the advice so freely offered to them might seem less officious."

The Bohemian Club Music.

Last Friday afternoon the Central Theatre held a larger and more brilliant audience than it has gathered for many a day, the public being given there its only opportunity to hear the words and music of the recent Bohemian Club grove play, "The Green Knight," by Edward Stricklen and Porter Garnett. Every seat in the playhouse was filled. On the stage a great orchestra was gathered, most of the prominent musicians of the city taking part, and one after another the composers of music of former years, as well as of the latest addition to Bohemian Club jinks scores, appeared and led the players. Miss Anna Miller Wood and H. L. Perry sang, and Marshall Darrach recited. The selections from the compositions of Perlet, Vogt, McCoy, and Stricklen were given to the unbroken enjoyment of the audience. Many views of scenes from the plays and charming vistas in the grove were shown by stereopticon, and the feeling of privileged admission to secluded and mystic haunts was shared by the spectators. The event was much more than a pleasing concert, for it defined with clearness the gifts and achievements of San Francisco musical leaders.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Klaw & Erlanger's idyl of youth, will make its first tour this season in the third year of its existence. The first season was played in Boston and New England. Not until a year later was the play brought to New York, where it remained during its second year, charming thousands with its simplicity, humor, and heart tugs. Edith Taliaferro will play the rôle of Rebecca when the play opens at the Illinois Theatre in Chicago in October. "Rebecca" will be seen in all the leading cities of the South and West.

Pietro Mascagni, who has been in Buenos Ayres to produce "Isabeau," will return next winter to the Costanzi in Rome to assume the artistic direction of the theatre and incidentally to introduce his new work to Italian audiences. In addition to his own opera Mascagni will introduce to Rome Strauss's "The Knight of the Rose" and Giordano's new work, "Mme. Sans. Gene." Mascagni says he will also conduct his own "Iris" and "Ratcliff," as well as "Siegfried," "Die Meistersinger," "Otello," and Puccini's "Manon Lescaut."

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VANITY FAIR.

There is a writer on the Syracuse *Post-Standard* who has too much solemnity in his cosmos, half a column too much. At least he had, but things may have mended with him since he indited that much of reproof for sundry flippant comments on the eugenists that crept unobserved into this column. Eugenism, he tells us, is not a jesting matter, hut that is just where he makes a mistake. It is a jesting matter. All serious matters are.

Now if eugenism means anything it means that we must select our hushands and our wives, not because we have fallen in love with them, hut because we believe them to have inherited certain characteristics that we should like to transmit to our offspring. Now it is certain that any one capable of following such a plan of campaign as this would not regard it as a jesting matter. Nor anything else. He would not have evolved up to the jesting point. He would prohably he a writer on the Syracuse *Post-Standard*, would talk solemnly about our glorious age, and try to fix the precise day of the week when crime, poverty, and disease would finally disappear before the magic wand of the eugenist and the germ maniac. But the wise man will jest, and the wiser he is the more he will jest. The eugenists would bring a grin to the face of a stone tiger. Fancy marrying a girl because her father was a bishop or a policeman. Fancy telling her so.

Of course there is much to he said for a judicious inquiry into antecedents. We have always advocated a glance at the mother hefore a proposal to the girl, and it can not he denied that a frugal father who has laid up riches on earth as well as in heaven, hut more particularly on earth, is a recommendation. Why of course it is, and we are actually eugenists without knowing it. If said father has a nasty cough we will try to bear it with equanimity. But we refuse to go further than this. That her grandmother died of glanders, or foot and mouth disease, or the blind staggers, does not concern us at all, and her grandfather may have heen hanged for sheep-stealing or witchcraft for all we care. Why there was a fellow who actually married the daughter of a Democrat, a sweet young thing—the daughter, not the father. Of course that was going a little too far. There should he moderation in all things, hut she showed no trace of the lurking poison in her veins. Anyway, he was willing to risk it. We all have our little failings, and Angelica is none the less angelic upon that account. Since last Friday we have felt that we can not live without her, and that is ahout all there is to it. If our union should he blessed with what the scaraheeist in the "Breakfast Table" called larvæ we will do the hest we can to eradicate the evil dispositions that will come to them from their mother's side, hut we are not afraid. Courage is the first essential to matrimony. The man who is not afraid to marry can surely snap his fingers at his wife's lamented grandmother. But, hless your heart, we couldn't talk to the girl ahout these things. We are a newspaper man, hut we have our feelings, our instinctive modesties, our native bashfulnesses. We simply couldn't.

Colonel H. R. Green is a hrave man. He must he or he would never have chosen Mrs. Hetty Green for his mother. But now comes additional proof. When he was young he promised his mother that he would not marry for twenty years. Well she knew the temptations and the lures, the traps and the decoys, that are spread upon the path of our youth. Possibly she had read ahout the white slave traffic and she tremhled for her hoy. With the eye of a maternal imagination she saw the shrinking and diffident colonel yanked, so to speak, from her genial and joyous home circle and condemned to a life of drudgery as the hushand of a society helle or a suffragette. Can we wonder that she erected a fence around his hudding years, that she hedged him in with such a promise? If only all mothers would exact from their haby hoys, from their little colonels, a pledge that they would not marry until they had reached years of discretion how few marriages there would he. This earth would he like the kingdom of heaven, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

But to return to the gallant colonel, who has the temerity to announce that the twenty-year prohation is ahout to flicker to its close. Thus he leaves himself at the mercy of a merciless and predatory sex. Hitherto he has been able to shelter himself hehind his promise. To each and every solicitation he could hite the corner of his handkerchief and murmur "I promised mother." But now he deliherately sallies into the open, scorning the defenses of his youth—and the poor lad is only forty-three now—and making himself a target for innumerahle missiles. It is magnificent, hut is it war? He might have renewed his note. He might have secured an extension of time. But no. With that desperate and invincible valor indicated hy his military title he scorns defense. He says practically, Here am I! Do your worst!

The result was a foregone conclusion. He is overwhelmed with offers of marriage, submerged hy them, inundated with them. Never did he suppose that there were so many ladies who could love him for himself alone, or who would he willing to have Mrs. Hetty Green for a mother-in-law. That would he a hit of a handful, come to think of it. And Colonel Green only laughs. Well, let him laugh. There is a time for laughter and a time for tears. When Colonel Green grows up he may look hack with regret to this time of his effervescent, hubhling boyhood and wish that he still had something to laugh at.

Mr. W. T. Stead has heen interviewing the Sultan of Turkey, and by the way how is it that Mr. Stead is able to interview any one he wishes? If you or I were in Constantinople we couldn't get close enough to the Sultan to hit him with half a hrick, hut as soon as Mr. Stead appears on the scene he is able to hohnoh with the Shadow of God and to chat ahout all the scandals of the day.

Nevertheless Mr. Stead should be careful. He should select his topics. He is the head of a family and a pillar of religion, and he shows a certain hrazenness, if the word is permissihle, when he actually cahles home a message to the effect that he discussed the life of the harem with the Sultan of Turkey. And not as a reformer, either. He did not implore the Sultan to ahandon his evil ways or to distribute his wives among the poor. No. The point at issue was quite a different one. He discussed the relative merits of the "favorite wife" plan and the other method wherehy all the wives are placed on an equality. The Sultan, he says, thought it hest to have a favorite in the harem, hut whether Mr. Stead agreed with him or inclined to the other alternative is not yet apparent.

It's rather a delicate matter, and not one to he decided offhand. At the first hlush it seemed that we should he apt to select a favorite and give her all the ice-cream and pocket money she needed. That is what we ourselves have done, with the exception of the ice-cream and the pocket money. But then, again, that would he difficult. Recalling the descriptions of harem life given hy Lord Byron and other pious hymn-writers it would he surely hard to make a selection from so much heauty, at least a selection that would be weatherproof for more than a week or two. Moreover, if you have a favorite, what is the use of the rest of them?

American practice inclines, of course, to the favorite wife plan. For some reason we require that a change of favorites shall he attended with some slight legal formalities, presumably for the same reason that we support a Senate, to prevent precipitate or unreflecting action. But the principle is exactly the same. The wealthy Turk keeps his harem in a special huilding, and he supports all of his wives, favorites and non-favorites, all the time. But we have improved upon that plan. We select our favorites one after the other and we support them only during the period of favoritism, or marriage as we call it.

The New York woman has decided that she must have a dimple in her elhow, and so at least a dozen dimple-makers have heen called into being and they ply their trade all day. Each artist has a different method, and each one claims that hers is the best and the safest. It is to he noted that the artistocrats among the beauty doctors never make a claim of cheapness. They know their customers too well for that. If money enters into the matter at all they ask for the custom of their patrons on the ground that their charges are higher than those of any others. That is the way to the favor of the *élite*.

One of these artists creates the dimple effect hy making a cut in the skin and applying certain dressings while the little wound is healing. She explained this to a reporter who was evidently a man, for he expressed surprise and asked if the operation was not a painful one? The beauty doctor smiled in a superior way and said that the pain was not a consideration. And of course it is not. If some one advertised that he could make a society woman heautiful hy hoiling her in oil he would have to have a pipe line laid to his office, and he would have to hire a mouse to keep the superfluous women from his doors.

But there is another operator who has a gentler method. She says that all plump feminine elhows have dimples and that all feminine knees have dimples hecause they are usually plumper than elhows. The reporter was here understood to murmur something about Missouri as his hirthplace, but as no such *personalia* had been invited from him the remark was passed over with contempt. "All we have to do," said the operator, "is to plump the elhows. In obstinate cases it may he necessary to inject paraffin wax, hut as a rule it can be done hy soaking the elhows in sweet oil." It was quite easy. Let the lady procure two pans of sweet oil. If she does not like the smell of sweet oil let her try castor oil, or codliver oil. Or cream will do. Let her place her elhows in these pans and assume an attitude of reverie. As the operator said quite poetically, "While you are thinking your elhows are working out their own salvation. They are getting soft."

That is the whole secret. Get the elhows as soft as possihle, as soft as the head. As they get soft they will swell. They will ahsorb the oil and the dimple will appear. It does not matter what the lady thinks ahout, and that's rather a good thing. All that she needs to do is to devote an hour a day to the oil husiness and the dimples will come. Cream will do just as well. Remember that.

An English society newspaper contains a portrait of Mrs. Harvey du Cros, who is a *grande dame* and a hostess of repute. It seems that Mrs. Harvey du Cros has just given a ball that is described as a notable event of the season. So far there is nothing remarkahle in the occurrence, hut note carefully the ohject of that hall. It was intended to advance a friendly understanding hetween England and Germany, and a number of influential German noblemen and officers were present.

There are a good many reflections that would be pertinent to that hrief announcement. If women are actually and truly debarred from a participation in the government of the world how comes it that Mrs. Harvey du Cros is ahle to put her finger into such a pie as this? To promote amicable relations between two great nations may almost he described as a political activity, incomparahle of course in importance to the coveted right to vote for a sheriff and a coroner, and yet, in its feehle way, a step towards the political emancipation that has the sheriff and the coroner business for its goal. We may wonder if Mrs. Harvey du Cros is ever heard to lament a political impotence imposed upon her hy the jealousy of men. At least she does not repine at it. If she is not allowed to make her choice at the polls from the list of rogues and rascals offered for puhlic consideration, at least she does what she can in her humhle feminine way. She gives a hall in order to help forward an international relationship and to hold at arms' length a war that would devastate and desolate a continent.

They have a language of their own in high society, and unless we understand the speech of the natives we may be sadly misled. For example, take the case of the Newport heiress who has just eloped with the chauffeur. Naturally the reporters went to the lady's relatives to find out all the inner and secret details of the affair. A blatherskite puhlic has a right to know all ahout these domestic affairs and it hires a yelping press to discover them. Now note the diplomatic tone of the reply: "Miss Julia French was married on Wednesday to a man unknown to her family. There is nothing further to be said."

Of course there is nothing further to he said. The man is "unknown to her family." But do not he misled by a social formula. Do not be indifferent to the wealth of social excommunication, the complete casting into outer darkness implied by those few words. They do not mean that the family was unaware of the chauffeur's name, of his parentage, lineage, tariff opinions, previous condition of servitude, height, complexion, hirthmarks, favorite author, and inherited characteristics. Prohahly they have all the information ahout that chauffeur that is not exclusive to his Maker. Nevertheless he is "unknown to the family." Being a chauffeur he is heyond the sphere of their social recognition. They do not "know" him.

Margaret—Isn't it strange? *Katharine*—What? *Margaret*—That many a woman who has hleached her hair wants to keep it dark. —*Life*.

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Colorado Springs	$55.00	Houston	$ 60.00
Atchison	60.00	Dallas	60.00
Leavenworth	60.00	Memphis	70.00
St. Joseph	60.00	New Orleans	70.00
Omaha	60.00	Washington	107.50
Council Bluffs	60.00	Baltimore	107.50
Kansas City	60.00	Philadelphia	108.50
St. Paul	73.50	Boston	110.50
Minneapolis	73.50	New York	108.50
Duluth	79.50	Toronto	95.70
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		Portland, Me.	113.50

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The first night Walter Kelly, known to vaudeville as the "Virginia Judge," walked up the Strand he complained to his English companion that the most famous street in London was dark at nine o'clock. "Why," said he, "at this hour Broadway is as bright as day. There is one sign alone, 'The Chariot Race,' in which there are 50,000 electric lights." "But I say, old top," said his English friend, "wouldn't that he rather conspicuous?"

A lawyer made a hard fight for a client who was charged with stealing $16.50 from the cash drawer of a saloon, and succeeded in having him acquitted. "Now," he said, "how are you going to raise some money for me for getting you out of this?" The defendant grinned in the bland manner of the innocent. "I've still got that sixteen-fifty," he said. "You infernal scoundrel," exclaimed Mr. Johnson, "I thought you were innocent. Hand it right over."

Senator Frye had a splendid sense of humor and fund of anecdote. His reminiscences were most entertaining. His characterizations were singularly accurate. It was he who spoke of Martin Maginnis of Montana as the senator who had more certificates and fewer chances to sit down than any one else he had ever known. When Buffalo was represented in the House by a flighty and erratic youngster, who must he nameless, and a severely prim elderly statesman, Mr. Frye expressed his wonder that so flourishing a city should desire to he served hy "a corpse and a lunatic." He told, on his return from Paris, of his fruitless efforts to acquire French. Schooling himself so as to give directions to his harher, after repeated efforts, he heard the tonsorial artist exclaim: "Oh, if you could only speak a little English!" And Mr. Frye liked the story.

In the ahsence of the regularly appointed spokesman, Mr. Makinhrakes had reluctantly consented to make a presentation speech: "Miss Higham," he said, "unfortunately it is my—er—fortunate lot to fulfill the embarrassing—the pleasant duty of—of—inflicting a few remarks upon this occasion—which is highly appreciated, I assure you, and hy none more so than myself, for the reason that—in short, as I may say, it falls to my lot to convey, so to speak, the assurances of—that is, with the assurances of those to whom—to whom I have occasion to refer to—more or less—in this connection, together with the hest wishes, if I may so express myself, of those who have clubhed together—who have associated themselves—not that you need anything of the kind, of course, hut as a token of—as a token of—of—with which few remarks, Miss Higham, it is my—my pleasant surprise to hand you this gold watch and chain. I—I thank you."

Lincoln Beachey, after his flight over Niagara Falls in a biplane, was congratulated on his daring by a reporter. "But I wasn't daring," the aviator said. "I put my machine only to such ordeals as I knew it could withstand. In flying, as in love, we must run no risks." He laughed softly. "I know," he said, " a young woman ahout to wed who decided at the last moment to test her sweetheart. So, selecting the prettiest girl she knew, she said to her, though she know it was a great risk: 'I'll arrange for Jack to take you out tonight—a walk on the heach in the moonlight, a lobster supper, and all that sort of thing—and I want you in order to put his fidelity to the proof to ask him for a kiss.' The other girl laughed, hlushed, and assented. The dangerous plot was carried out. Then, the next day, the girl in love visited the pretty one and said, anxiously: 'Well, did you ask him?' 'No, dear.' 'No? Why not?' 'I didn't get a chance. He asked me first.'"

Joe, the regular office hoy, had heen sick for several weeks, so the head of the office was forced to engage a suhstitute. The substitute proved such an intelligent hoy that the employer was loath to let him go. "But I have worked for you for two years," pleaded the regular hoy as he asked to return. "Well, if you can arrange with Tommy, then you can come hack," said the employer. The next day the employer came down to his office. The top of his desk was smashed, an ink hottle had heen overturned, while the glass in the door was hroken where a paper weight had heen thrown through. The papers in the office were scattered over the floor, and the furniture was in wild disarray. Seated in the midst of this wreckage, his eyes beautifully hlackened, his nose hleeding, and his clothes torn nearly to shreds was the regular office hoy. When he saw the employer, his eyes lit up in triumph. "Tommy is gone, sir," he said. "I've arranged with him."

The candidate was a young memher of the nobility and hefore he started his speech he had slips of paper passed to every one in the audience and requested them to write down any questions they cared to ask him as to his past record or how he stood on any public matter, and agreed to answer them at the end of his speech. He got through his speech with comparatively few interruptions and then thirty-four questions were sent up to him. Every one was keen on hearing their questions answered and he finished thirty-three of them in thirty-five minutes. The last was, "Where the h—— did you get your d—— title from?" To which he replied, "The same place you got your d—— name from—my father." The crowd all cheered him, there were loud cries of "That young chap's a sport, 'e is," and he carried the meeting that stood 10 to 1 against him at the start.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Fitting the Hat.

Fashions in hats for the coming year
Announce that the ladies must appear
With dinky lids about the size
Of a peanut shell, jammed over their eyes;
They have tied the can to the old style lid—
Peach-basket effect and the Merry Wid.

But, oh, the feature that gets my goat
Is the calm remark in the fashion note,
If the lady's face doesn't fit the bonnet
They'll turn loose the reconstructors on it,
Alter this feature and build up that
Till the feminine phiz becomes the hat.

Right there, I swear, it gels too thick,
And I rise right up and prepare to kick.
How should I know my lady dear
If she altered her face four times a year?
You can change her figure in every case,
But one must object when you change her face.

You may go the limit from hoop to hobble;
Cinch in her ankles to make her wobble,
Banish hips till her form seems far
Less like a girl than a thin cigar;
But here I beseech you to have the grace
To leave her cute little nose in place.

Given the new style, soon we'll hear,
"Ladies will not wear chins this year,
Because we find they do not go well
With the style of hats that we have to sell;
Ears will be obsolete next fall
And noses will have no place at all."

So here I hasten to come to bat
And raise a howl at a scheme like that.
Shift her waistline where you please,
From under her chin to below her knees,
But hang the milliner who would bid
Her alter her face to fit her lid.
—*Dean Collins, in Portland Oregonian.*

First Over the Bars.

Oh, the tenor skipped a har, skipped a bar,
And the mad director gave a savage frown.
Oh, the tenor skipped a har—but you know how such things are—
He didn't skip a bar on his way down town.
—*Milwaukee News.*

The Baldheaded Man.

The baldheaded man is a happy old guy—
Though some persons never can understand why.
It's because his decided capillary lack
Enahles his mirth-loving fellows to crack
Rare wheezes and jests on the glistening state
Of his jollity-superinducing old pate.
Thus he spreads joy and sunshine wherever he goes
And the debt the world owes him just he alone knows.
—*Springfield Union.*

The Umpire.

He was tall and rugged and coated with tan,
He asked no odds and he feared no man.
When he shouted "Strike!" or yelped "Ball Two!"
You can wager it went, and went clear through.
Seldom he argued, and never he fined
The player who cursed or the player who whined,
But he ran the game from beginning to end,
Knew no mercy and feared no friend.

Six years in the league he remained the same,
Sneering at kickers and bossing the game,
Snapping at roughnecks who made foolish howls,
Slapping them, sometimes, fair on the jowls;
Taking no talk, always making good,
He ran the game as an umpire should,
Till every paper and every fan
Allowed that Flynn was a fearless man.

Flynn weighed two hundred, ringside weight,
His sweet little wife weighed a hundred and eight,
But when he finished the daily game
And home to his small apartment came
It was "Mike, you're late!" and "Stay in the flat!"
"Mike, do this!" and "Mike, do that!"
'Twas surely a shame, and almost a sin,
The way that she bullied the fearless Flynn.

* * * * * *

Kipling knew nothing concerning the Flynns
When he wrote about "bearing the yoke."
A woman is only a woman, perhaps,
But an umpire's only a joke.
—*From "Right Off the Bat," by William F. Kirk.*

The Widow Wagg had lost her third. George Jones, D. D., delivered the funeral address, and an eloquent and moving address it was, but George, in his inaccurate way, hadn't made sure whether it was her third or her fourth that the Widow Wagg was hurying. Hence he spoiled a grand oration with these concluding words. "And now we commend to the divine mercy this widowed handmaid who hath been bereaved again, and again, and again——" George hesitated, frowned, and added: "And perhaps again."

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Cash and Sight Exchange..... 10,170,490.90
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I. W. HELLMAN, JR....Vice-President
F. L. LIPMAN.....Vice-President
JAMES K. WILSON.....Vice-President
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Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,605,792.68
Employees' Pension Fund..... 113,473.47
Deposits June 30, 1911..... 44,567,705.83
Total assets 47,173,498.51

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; 1st Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; 2d Vice-President and Manager, George Tourny; 3d Vice-President, J. W. Van Bergen; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Assistant Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodfellow, Eells & Orrick, General Attorneys.
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Many men go fishing for pleasure, not to catch fish. There are few advertisers who pay out money for advertising without the expectation of some returns. But there are a great number of advertisers who do not trouble themselves to find out whether their advertising is as productive as it should be. There is an easy way to discover the truth of the matter. There are tests, and very simple ones.

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Well, then. The advertiser who does not advertise merely for the pleasure of paying the bill, will choose a publication that is read with attention and care, by people who buy and are able to buy. He will cut out the waste. There is no waste in the circulation of the ARGONAUT. It is read carefully and thoroughly. Its pages are not crowded. It has a standing with its readers earned by thirty-five years of dignified service. Its advertising rates are reasonable, and the same to all.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. Percy Selby has announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Jane Selby, to Mr. Robert Y. Hayne, Jr., son of Mrs. Robert Y. Hayne and the late Mr. Robert Y. Hayne of San Mateo. Miss Selby's mother, the late Mrs. Selby, was a sister of Mrs. Lawrence Rathbone, Mrs. Edward Lilburn Eyre, and Mr. Faxon Atherton. Mrs. Frank H. Johnson (formerly Miss Carmen Selby) is a sister of Miss Selby, and Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. Perry Eyre, and the Messrs. Atherton, Henry, and Arthur Macondray are her half-sisters and brothers. Mr. Hayne is a grandson of Mrs. Abby M. Parrott and is a nepbew of Mr. John Parrott, Mrs. Joseph Donahoe, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. William Alston Hayne, Mme. de la Lande of Paris, and the late Mme. de Guigne. The wedding will be a society event in October.

The engagement of Miss Bertha Daily of Shanghai and Lieutenant Arthur Nicbols, U. S. N., was announced at a tea given last week by Miss Daily, who is visiting here en route from Shanghai to New York. She is the daughter of Mr. Martin J. Daily. The wedding will take place in Shanghai early next year.

Judge Charles Weller and Mrs. Weller bave issued invitations to the wedding of their daugbter, Miss Anna Hayes Weller, and Lieutenant Earl R. Shipp, U. S. N., which will take place Monday, September 11, at the Weller residence on Pacific Avenue.

The engagement of Miss Winona Derby and Lieutenant Henry Tacitus Burgin, U. S. A., was announced at a luncheon given Monday by Miss Florence Aitken at her home on Washington Street. Miss Derby is the daughter of Mrs. Richard Derby of this city. Lieutenant Burgin is tbe son of Dr. Perry Burgin of Louisville, Kentucky. He is in charge of the submarine mines planting in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego.

The engagement of Miss Irene Melvin and Mr. Charles Mason was announced at a tea given at the Melvin home on Washington Street. The wedding will take place October 12. Miss Melvin is a daughter of Mr. J. B. Melvin of tbis city and a niece of Judge Harry Melvin of Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Hazel Pierce and Mr. Percy Thurston Hincks of San Jose took place Tuesday evening at the home on Chestnut Street of the bride's father, Mr. W. Frank Pierce. The Misses Franc and Hazel Pierce attended their sister, and Mr. Alfred Winslow Hincks was the groom's best man. Only relatives and intimate friends were present at the ceremony, wbich was performed by the Rev. Palmer of the Congregational Church in Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. Hincks will reside on a ranch near San Jose upon their return from Southern California.

Miss Estelle Fay was married Wednesday evening to Lieutenant Kirby Barnes Crittenden, U. S. N. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Edna Fay, and was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. Charles Fay. Mr. Paul Fay was the groom's best man. The Rev. Father Josepb McQuaide and the Rev. Fatber Jerome Hannigan officiated at the ceremony, which took place at tbe Fay residence on Grove Street. Lieutenant Crittenden and his bride bave gone to Canada, and upon their return will reside here until December, when they will go to Coronado, where Lieutenant Crittenden will be in command of the new submarines.

Miss Anna Weller was the guest of honor at a luncheon Wednesday given by Miss Ila Sonntag.

Miss Florence Braverman was hostess at a bridge tea which she gave recently in bonor of Miss Amalia Simpson.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Van Bergen gave a yachting party last Sunday in honor of Miss Amalia Simpson, Mr. William Hough, Miss Florence Cluff and her fiancé, Dr. Edward Janss of Los Angeles.

Miss Simpson was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Wednesday by Miss Helen Sullivan at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Hope Glenn entertained at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Janet Klink, who bas recently announced her engagement to Lieutenant Robert L. Irvine, U. S. N.

Miss Janet Klink was the complimented guest at a tea given by Mrs. William M. Klink.

Miss Dorothy Boericke was bostess at a bridge party Thursday evening, August 24, at her home in Berkeley. The affair was in honor of Mr. Lawrence Metcalfe Symmes, the fiancé of Miss Boericke.

Governor Eugene N. Foss and Mrs. Foss entertained a number of friends at a dinner Wednesday evening, August 23, at the Fairmont Hotel. During tbeir brief stay in this city they enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred B. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sberwood, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sberwood, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, and Mr. Clinton E. Worden. Governor Foss and bis family left last Friday for their home in Massacbusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave a dinner at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander.

Mrs. Alexander was the guest of honor at a reception given last week at the Young Women's Christian Association. Mrs. Alexander's mother, the late Mrs. Charles Crocker, was one of the founders of the California branch of this association, and Mrs. Alexander has augmented her mother's benevolence with numerous benefactions to the organization.

The Right Reverend William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols were the complimented guests at a reception at the Palace Hotel by the members of Bishop Nichols's diocese. Among those who received were Mrs. Philip M. Lansdale and Mrs. Charles Mills, daughters of Bishop and Mrs. Nichols, Bishop Sidney Partridge and Mrs. Partridge, Bisbop William H. Moreland and Mrs. Moreland, Bishop Louis C. Sanford and Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mrs. James Cunningham, Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Mrs. William C. Peyton, Mrs. Edwin Griffith, Mrs. George H. Kellogg.

Mrs. H. S. Haskell was hostess at a dinner recently at the Hotel Victoria in honor of Mrs. Prentiss Beck Bassett, Mrs. Allyne von Schrader, two visiting brides, and Miss Lutie Collier, whose engagement to Mr. Bergie Barry Beckett has been announced.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis and invited a few friends to meet Lady Lawrence of London.

Mrs. Pbebe Hearst was hostess at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel last Friday. With her guests Mrs. Hearst attended the Bohemian Club concert.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding, wbo has entirely recovered from ber severe illness, entertained a number of friends at an informal luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy was hostess at a dinner last Tbursday evening, August 24, at her residence on Clay Street. Mrs. Pomeroy entertained the young friends of her daughter, Miss Harriet Pomeroy, who will be introduced to society this winter.

General Oscar Fitzalan Long and Mrs. Long, wbo bave recently returned from Santa Barbara, gave a garden party and tea to celebrate the opening of their new bome in Piedmont.

Mrs. Walter Greer was bostess at a tea in honor of Mrs. Alden Trotter, who bas since left for New York.

The officers of the U. S. S. *Maryland* gave a dinner Tbursday evening, August 24, and entertained Captain J. D. Reames, Thirtietb Infantry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Reames, Miss Cook, sister of Lieutenant Cook, U. S. A., of Fort Alcatraz, and Miss Madeline Carlin of Vallejo. The party afterward attended the Navy Yard bop.

Miss Margaret Carrigan entertained a number of friends at a tea Tuesday at her home on Walnut Street.

Mr. Knox Maddox was host Monday evening at a theatre party in honor of Mrs. Robert McMillan.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker will entertain the young friends of her son, Mr. Harry Crocker, at a dinner Tuesday evening, September 12. The party will later attend the dance wbich will be given by Mrs. Van Fleet in honor of Miss Isabel Beaver and Miss Marian Crocker.

Miss Innes Keeney will be hostess at a dinner Tuesday evening, September 12, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Tbe junior dances will be continued this winter under tbe patronage of Mrs. Jessie Bowie Detrick, who bas issued invitations to the young people who are still attending school and college. The dances, of whicb there will be ten, will be given at Century Club Hall.

Miss Wilhemina Tenny gave a luncbeon recently at the Palace Hotel. Miss Tenny and her mother are here from Honolulu and expect to remain until October, when they will return to their island bome.

Mrs. F. P. Hardaway entertained the Five Hundred Club recently at her home in the Presidio.

Colonel Cbarles A. Murpby was bost at a dinner at the Hotel Bellevue in honor of Mrs. Ada Greenwood McLaughlin of Kansas City.

Mrs. McLaughlin was the complimented guest at a dinner given at the Palace Hotel by Mrs. Peter Cook of Rio Vista.

Mrs. Julia Bolado Ashe was tbe guest of honor at a tea Wednesday, August 23, given by Miss Josephine Beedy at ber home in Sausalito. Mrs. Ashe has gone East to place her son, Master Gaston Ashe, in school at Lawrenceville. She will spend the winter in Europe and will be accompanied by Miss Constance Borrowe, who has been spending the past year with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Leggett, in New Jersey.

Mrs. Eugene Lee was hostess at a tea last week at her home on Steiner Street. Tbe affair was in honor of Miss Margaret Lee, who is visiting here from the East, and Miss Virginia Walsh of Los Angeles.

Lieutenant Stephenson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Stepheson, gave a dinner preceding the hop at the Presidio and entertained a number of their friends at the post.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

San Francisco's newest playhouse, the Cort Theatre, at Ellis and Market Streets, will open its doors to the public for the first time this Saturday evening, September 2. The proprietor, John Cort, who has been in the city some days busy in the final preparations, bas left nothing undone to ensure the happiest auspices for the event. For his opening attraction he chose "Baby Mine," the most joyous comedy of many seasons. It has been running for a year in New York, and for montbs in London, and no further evidence is required to substantiate the claim that its author, Margaret Mayo, has succeeded perfectly in suiting the popular taste. The company to be seen in the play is already identified with its success, and includes Ernest Glendinning, whose work was bigbly praised in the criticisms of the initial production, Walter Jones, Marjorie Cortland, Marjorie de Lane, and others. The engagement here is for two weeks and one night, with regular matinées on Wednesdays and Saturdays. A special holiday matinée will be given on Monday next, Labor Day. More than a paragraph should be given to the arrangements and decorations of the new theatre, but it must suffice to say that it is admirable in every way, and not merely beautiful but most comfortable, safe, and attractive.

Ferris Hartman, Walter de Leon, Miss "Muggins" Davies, and a singing and dancing company of fifty will begin a limited engagement at the Savoy Theatre next Sunday afternoon in Walter de Leon's musical comedy of college life, "The Campus." Since its first production here last season the play has been phenomenally successful in other cities. In Los Angeles it broke all records with a run of 162 performances. Ferris Hartman, Walter de Leon, and Miss Davies will appear in their original rôles, and prominent in their support will be Myrtle Dingwall, Josie Hart, Roscoe Arbuckle, Oliver Lenoir, Lester Paul, William Epperly, and a fine chorus. There are more than a dozen song hits in the piece. The usual popular-priced matinées at the Savoy Theatre will be given on Thursday and Saturday, in addition to a special afternoon performance on Monday, Labor Day. At the initial production, Sunday afternoon, every lady in attendance will be presented with a souvenir "Campus" pennant.

At the Columbia Theatre big audiences are the rule, entertained by Richard Carle in "Jumping Jupiter," Edna Wallace Hopper, and a notable company. The play and people are reviewed at length on another page. "Jumping Jupiter" will be seen up to and including Sunday night, September 10. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday.

"Cheyenne Days," Gus Hornbrook's Wild West Show, which includes Lucille Mulhall and her high school bronco, Red Buck; Art Boden, Wyoming's champion roping expert, and Otto Klein, riding the only outlaw bucking horse on the stage, Wampus, will be tbe Orpheum's headliner attraction next week. The act is elaborately mounted and full of excitement. The Trio du Gros, comic artists and skilled aerial gymnasts from Europe, will make their first appearance here. As athletes they display originality, and during their feats they indulge in unique comedy. Lee Lloyd and Jay Roberts, popular drawing-room entertainers, will be included in the features of next week. Mr. Lloyd excels as a singer of character songs, and Mr. Roberts is a rag-time pianist of skill. Al and Henry Klein and Sibyl Brennan will offer "Bits of Comedy." The Klein Brothers are versatile comedians and Miss Brennan is a pretty girl who sings well. Next week will be the last of the Cadets de Gascogne, Rosa Crouch and George Welch, the Wynne Brothers, and Mme. Besson and her company in "The Woman Who Knew."

Florence Roberts, Thurlow Bergen, and Theodore Roberts, in "Jim the Penman," are now in the last nights of their engagement at the Savoy Theatre, the last performances to be given Saturday afternoon and evening. The play was never given here with so distinctive a cast, and it bas pleased large audiences since the opening night.

"The Spring Maid" will follow Richard Carle at the Columbia Theatre. It is one of the best of the comic operas that have come from Vienna since the great success of Lehar inspired playwrights and composers.

Mrs. Fiske will open ber fall season with a new play by Langdon Mitchell, called "The New Marriage." Mrs. Gertrude Atberton's play, "Leila France," will be produced later.

Frederick Warde and Marie Wainwrigbt will be in the Western company playing Walter Brown's allegorical morality, "Everywoman."

Olive Vail, a San Francisco girl, is the star of "Miss Nobody from Starland."



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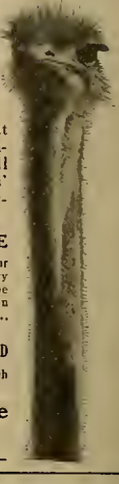
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Lady Lawrence and her two daughters, who are traveling around the world, arrived from the Orient last week on the *Tenyo Maru*. They have spent the past six months in India, China, and Japan, and will visit the principal Eastern cities en route to their home in England.

Miss Augusta Foute was the week-end guest of Mrs. Charles Lyman at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Augustine Strickland of New York, who since her arrival here has been visiting Miss Hooker, is now the guest of Mrs. William Denman.

Miss Ethel McAllister has recently been spending a few days with Miss Cora Smith at her home in Berkeley.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Miss Doris Ryer, and Miss Cecilia O'Connor will spend the next two weeks at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent have opened their town house on Washington Street for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard D. Girvin and Miss Lee Girvin are at Del Monte, where they will remain during the festivities.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon at their home in Menlo.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Jr., and Mrs. Samuel Knight left Burlingame yesterday for Del Monte.

Mrs. Hyde-Smith sailed Wednesday for Honolulu, where she has rented a cottage near the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham.

Mr. and Mrs. William Denman have returned from Wildwood, Sonoma County, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Miss Marian Crocker, Mr. Harry Crocker, and the younger members of the family are again in town, after having spent the summer at their country home in Cloverdale. Mrs. Crocker will leave September 14 for the East to place her daughter, Miss Kate Crocker, in school. She will be accompanied by her son, Mr. Harry Crocker, who will return to Taft's, and by a large number of young people who will return to their schools after having spent their vacation with their families.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ross Baker (formerly Miss Natalie Hunt) returned last Friday from their wedding trip and are occupying the house of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis in Ross.

Miss Helen Chesebrough has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Morawetz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and their daughters, the Misses Harriet, Janetta, and Mary Alexander, have been spending the past week in Santa Barbara. After a visit to Del Monte they will return East and will join a coterie of friends at Virginia Hot Springs, where they have engaged apartments for the latter part of September.

Mr. William H. Crocker, Jr., and Mr. Grafton Minort returned from the Yosemite and have been spending the past week in Santa Barbara.

Miss Harriet Alexander spent the week-end with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson, at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker will sail September 15 for home.

Miss Jennie Hooker spent the week-end with Mrs. James A. Robinson and Miss Elena Robinson at their home in Redwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean are again in town, after an outing at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Tracy Cummings and Mrs. Alden Trotter left last Saturday for New York.

Mrs. Lawrence P. Fuller has gone to Philadelphia to join her sister, Miss Marian La Tourette, who will be married in October to Paymaster Edward Stuart Stainaker of the U. S. S. *Rhode Island*.

Mrs. Edward Perrin has returned from Europe.

Mr. Edward W. Hopkins and his daughter, Miss Florence Hopkins, have gone East for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Magee, Jr., have recently been motoring through France, and spent a few days at Cabourg and Trouville. They will sail September 26 for America.

Miss Alice Hager has gone to Del Monte, where she will take part in the golf tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Dimond have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Mary Huntington left last week for Los Angeles to visit her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington, who will go abroad for the benefit of Mr. Huntington's health.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs and their daughter, Miss Emily Tubbs, have joined Mr. Chapin Tubbs at Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Thurlow McMullin has returned from Lake Tahoe, where she was the guest of Mrs. Charles Brigham.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters are camping at Greenbrae, Marin County.

Mrs. George C. Boardman and her granddaughter, Miss Dora Winn, will remain in Ross until September 15, when they will return to town for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin have returned to Colorado Springs, after spending several weeks in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and Dr. Herbert Carolan have moved from their former residence on Buchanan and Franklin Streets to the corner of Jackson and Buchanan Streets, where they are awaiting the arrival of Miss Emily Carolan, who is expected next week from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Towne Snaw have returned to their home in Brawley, Imperial Valley, after an outing of six weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Claus August Spreckels has arrived from New York, where he has been spending several weeks since his return from Europe. Mrs. Spreckels will sail September 15 for New York, where she will be joined by Mr. Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness have returned from Europe, where they have been traveling for the past two years. Their visit here will be a brief one, as they will return shortly to Paris to reside for the next two years. They will be accompanied by their three grandchildren, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Van Ness. The latter is visiting her family in Johannesberg.

Miss Emma Grimwood is at present in Grass Valley, where she is the guest of Miss Frances Jones.

Miss Teresa Thompson, sister of Mrs. Charles Norris, has decided to remain indefinitely in New York.

Miss Geraldine Bonner, who has been spending several weeks in Santa Barbara, left yesterday for New York, where she will remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali spent the week-end at Hotel Del Monte, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins.

Rev. Edward Morgan has arrived in New York from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Kennedy and Miss Jessie K. Kennedy of Honolulu have arrived from Honolulu and will spend several weeks in this city.

Mrs. Gustav Touchard and her son, Mr. Maynard Touchard, arrived yesterday from New York. They will spend several weeks with Mrs. Alexander McCrackin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro have arrived in New York from Europe, where they have been traveling for the past six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering have returned from Alaska.

Miss Ethel McAllister has been spending a few days in San Mateo as the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister.

Mr. Russell Veit left Tuesday morning for New York to join his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Veit, at their country home on Long Island.

The Misses Marion and Ruth Zeile have returned to town and are residing on California Street with their grandmother, Mrs. Henrietta Zeile. Miss Ruth Zeile will go East shortly to finish her course of study at Miss Spencer's school.

Mrs. Horace Pillshury and her children have returned from Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, where they have been spending the summer with Mrs. Pillshury's parents, General and Mrs. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lowden at Thousand Islands since their arrival a week ago from Europe.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt has arrived from Chicago and will remain here for a brief stay. He will be accompanied on his homeward trip by his daughter, Miss Rehecca Kruttschnitt, who has been spending the summer in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy M. Pike left yesterday for Coos Bay, where they will visit Mrs. Pike's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Simpson, en route to Cincinnati, where they will reside another year.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mr. Livingston Baker, and Miss Marian Baker have returned to town from Castle Crag, where they have been spending the summer.

Miss Marie Louise Black spent the week-end with friends in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran will sail October 15 for Paris, where they will remain indefinitely.

Miss Maye Colburn of San Rafael will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Knight have returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King have returned from a visit to Portland and Seattle.

Mrs. Frank Butler Glenn and her daughters, the Misses Nancy and Hope Glenn of Glenn County, are established at the Palace Hotel for the winter. Miss Nancy Glenn will be one of the season's débutantes.

Miss Persis and Miss Janet Coleman have returned from Santa Barbara.

The Misses Ysahel, Marie, and Elena Brewer left Wednesday for Los Angeles, where they will reside indefinitely with Mr. and Mrs. Louis R. Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg have been recent visitors at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kirchen, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bronte Aikins in this city, have returned to their home in Tonopah.

Mrs. L. L. Braverman and Miss Florence Braverman have gone to Del Monte for a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. de Laveaga have returned from a motor trip to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Fannie McCreary and her nephew, Mr. Clark Van Fleet, arrived Tuesday from Europe, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. Robert Rathbone and Mr. Joseph Moody were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott has returned from a month's visit in Los Gatos.

Miss Beatrice Castle of Honolulu is visiting relatives in this city.

The Misses Sarah, Elizabeth, and Mary Cunningham spent a few days recently at Woodside, where they were the guests of their cousins, the Misses Genevieve and Evelyn Cunningham.

Dr. Frank D. Bullard, president of the University Club in Los Angeles, has been spending a few days in this city

Mrs. Marguerite Hanford has returned from Santa Barbara, and has since been visiting Mrs. Selby Hanna at her cottage in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. King and their son, Mr. William King, have returned from the East and are at the Fairmont Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. King have been residing in Annapolis so as to be near their youngest son, Mr. Thomas Starr King, who graduated in June from the Naval Academy. Later in the month he was married to Miss Anne Winchester of Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Van Sicklen and Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Miss Innes Keeney was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon at their home in Menlo.

Miss Frederika Otis spent a few days in town as the guest of Miss Isahel Beaver.

Mr. Allen Van Fleet and Mr. Paige Monteagle returned Monday from Yolo County, where they were among the young people entertained over Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. De Puc.

Major Charles Hammond and Mrs. Hammond have returned to Upper Lake, Lake County, after spending a few days in town.

Lieutenant-Colonel Guy L. Edie, Medical Corps, U. S. A., and Mrs. Edie and their children will spend the next two years in the Philippines. Since their arrival from Washington, D. C., they have been the guests of Mrs. Edie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William I. Kip, at the Hotel Monroe, where they will remain until they sail in October.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Ralston are established in one of the Cliff Dweller apartments on Washington Street near Taylor.

Colonel W. H. Bowen, U. S. A., has gone to Manila to rejoin the Twelfth Infantry. During his absence Mrs. Bowen and her daughter, Miss Gladys Bowen, will remain in this city. Upon the return of Colonel Bowen with his regiment he will be stationed at the Presidio, Monterey.

Miss Ernestine McNear has returned from Santa Barhara, where she has been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leonard are established at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. Robert McCay, who has been visiting his hrother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant, has returned to his home in Portland.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott returned last week from Del Monte and has since heen entertaining Lady Lawrence of London at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. John Gill (formerly Miss Sarah Drum) of Redlands is the guest of her sister, Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock, at her home in San Mateo.

Lieutenant Owen H. Oakley, U. S. N., and Mrs. Oakley will soon leave Mare Island to reside in the East. Lieutenant Oakley has been attached to the U. S. S. *South Dakota* for the past two years and is now awaiting orders which will probably take him to the Atlantic coast.

Major Charles H. McKinstry, U. S. A., will arrive shortly from the Philippines. Major McKinstry was stationed here two years ago in connection with engineering affairs of the War Department.

Major John C. Gilmore, Jr., Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., will come here from Fort Monroe to be an assistant to the coast defense officer of this division.

Mrs. Frank M. Bennet and Miss Bennet have arrived at Mare Island, where they have joined Captain Bennet of the U. S. S. *South Dakota*.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson and Miss Kate Peterson have returned to their home in Belvedere, after a visit of two weeks with Mrs. H. P. Miller of Santa Barhara.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. H. Ferguson, who will soon leave on an extended trip for the East, will be at home Sunday and Monday, September 3 and 4.

Mrs. S. L. Bee, who has heen spending August on her son's ranch at Cupertino, has returned to the city and will be with her son, Mr. Everett N. Bee, at the Hillcrest for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Burke Holladay, with their daughter Helen and son Collis, will return to San Francisco September 5, and open their residence at 2215 Buchanan Street, after a year's absence, during which time they have been living at their home in Oneonta, New York. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Holladay, who went East with them, will return at the same time.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Holmes returned last Sunday from New York, after a six months' tour of Europe.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado for the week included Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Bostwick, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Foss, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Palmer, Mr. Thomas Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Rogers, Miss Hattie Wyatt, Miss Annie Wyatt, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Master, Mrs. F. W. Johnson, Mr. G. H. Chilcote, Mr. C. W. Smith, Mr. G. P. Ayers, Mr. A. B. Spreckels, Mr. John McLaren, Mr. H. Banning, Mr. J. J. Mellus, Mr. A. J. Penfield, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Burch.

Among those who are already at Del Monte for the annual out-of-door carnival are Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murphy, who are accompanied by Mr. E. C. Wolseley, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Miss Lydia Hopkins, Mrs. W. B. Tubhs, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Mr. Douglas Grant, Mr. Chapin Tubhs, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome A. Hart, Mr. Richard D. Girvin, Miss Myra Josselyn, the Charles W. Clarks, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, who has with her Miss White of Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings.

Next to the Puccini opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," the most important of Mr. Savage's musical attractions this season will be "Little Boy Blue," which will receive an early production. It is a musical comedy adapted from the German of Rudolph Schanzer and Karl Lindau, with music by Henri Bereny. It was produced in Berlin and Vienna under the title of "Lord Piccolo." The American adaptation is by A. E. Thomas and Edward Paulton. The scenes are laid in the Bal Tabarin and in a baronial hall on the Scottish moors. The piece will be given on Broadway in October.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Taylor of Boston (formerly Miss Daisy Van Ness) are being congratulated upon the birth of a son, the second son in their household.

Mme. Lillian Nordica will give but one concert in San Francisco, and Myron B. Whitney and Romain E. Symons will appear with her.

Miss Enid Brandt, the gifted young California pianist, will begin her "across the continent" tour in October.

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Redd—I see he's got an automobile. *Greene*—Why, what has he got to mortgage?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Smith—I didn't know you owned a motor-car; why these auto goggles? *Smyth*—My wife has hatpins.—*Puck.*

"I don't see why he wants to marry her, he has only known her a week." "That's the answer."—*Houston Post.*

Miss Highsee—But it is time for the guests to leave. *Hostess*—Yes; that's why I want you to sing.—*New York Sun.*

Mojor Mull—The doctor says he thinks I am suffering from brain fag. *Miss Cynic*—Rather a flatterer, isn't he?—*Landon Opinion.*

Cholly—The dentist said I had a large cavity that needed filling. *Mabel*—Did he recommend any special course of study?—*Toledo Blode.*

"If I huy you a seat in the Stock Exchange will you agree to go to work?" "I aint crazy for work, dad. Make it a seat in the Senate."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"That girl in the breakers is evidently in distress. Why don't you swim to her rescue?" "It would he very had form. I rescued her yesterday."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"Are you going to start a garden next year?" "I am not," replied the luckless amateur. "Next year, instead of hurying good stuff, I'm going to eat it."—*Washington Star.*

"Weil," the friend said, "he seems to he able to make an honest living." "Yes," she replied, "hut, heavens, who wants to marry a man of that kind nowadays?"—*Chicago Record-Herold.*

"You refused me ten years ago." "I remember," said the heiress. "You said it would wreck your life." "It did. I have had to work for a living ever since."—*Louisville Courier-Journol.*

Fair Girl—My father made his fortune when he was a young man. Would you like to know how he did it? *Sordid Youth*—Not particularly, hut I would like to know if he still has it.—*Alberta Lynx.*

Upgordson—Your cousin is a practicing physician, isn't he? *Atom*—He has discovered one or two specifics for cancer, I helieve, hut he hasn't settled down to regular practice yet.—*Chicogo Tribune.*

Mistress—This water has a queer taste. *Careful Servont (who hos heord much scientific conversotion)*—It's all right, mum. There aint a live germ in it, mum. I run it through the wringer.—*Boston Iris.*

"He is always doing something that causes a lot of talk." "Why, I never heard any of it." "He is the only one who hears it. He is always staying out at night later than his wife wishes him to."—*Houston Post.*

"Why do you always tell people to give up the things they most enjoy?" "Becanse," replied the physician, "I am pretty sure they won't do it. And then if they don't recover they can't hlame me."—*Woshington Star.*

"Is your hushand at home?" "Yes; what do you want with him?" "I'm—er-revising the voting list, and I just wanted to inquire which party he helongs to." "Do yer? Well, I'm the party wot 'e helongs to."—*London Tattler.*

"I thought Mrs. Meadowgrass wasn't goin' to take summer hoarders any more?" "Wal, her daughter, Sally, married one of the last year's hoarders, an' now the old lady has got ter take more to support him."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Mrs. Brown-Jones—Mrs. Smith is opposing your nomination hitterly. Can't you conciliate her in any way? *Mrs. Smith*—It is impossihle. Twenty-four years ago I said that her bahy was small for its age.—*Horper's Magazine.*

"Talk 'hout railroads hein' a hlessin'," said Brother Dickey, "des look at de loads an' loads er watermelons dey haulin' out de state, ter dem folks 'way up North what never done nuthin' ter desarve sich a dispensation!"—*Atlonta Constitution.*

"Prices in this country are disproportionate," said the man who has all kinds of trouhle. "What is your especial grievance?" "You can send a letter for a two-cent stamp, and it may cost you $15,000 or $20,000 to get it hack."—*Washington Stor.*

"Doctor Fluh-Duhhe," said the court severely, "do you know that that hum flute-player you are talking ahout played three flies that were parading across his music?" "Art," said Dr. Duhhe, "is expression. The technique that can play a common or house fly, that can translate form, even the form of a little fly. into tonal color to enthrall the ear, to intoxicate the senses with its hravura——"—*The Prelude.*

"I have mislaid my fountain-pen," said the father. "I guess mother found it," said the daughter. "What makes you think so, daughter?" "Because I heard her say she'd heen doing nothing hut washing her hands all day."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Well, madam?" "The allowance my hushand makes me isn't enough." "But, madam, we decided it was ample for your support and the support of the children." "Yes, I know, judge, hut I'll need as much more for the support of the automohile."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A sight-seeing visitor recently went ahoard a tramp steamer in the harhor. Noting that the deckhands were Chinese, she approached one of them and said, "You no speak English?" The Chinaman looked hored and answered nothing. The lady continued, "Me go your country soon. Me learn speak Chinese, teach little Chinese hoy and girl. You savvy 'missionary'?" The Chinaman looked at her a minute and answered, "Madam, if you are not more successful in mastering our language than you appear to have heen with your own I fear that your attempt to enlighten our race will prove anything hut satisfactory. Good-afternoon." The Chinamau sought the other side of the ship and the woman sought oblivion. She had heen addressing a Yale graduate who was working his passage hack to China.

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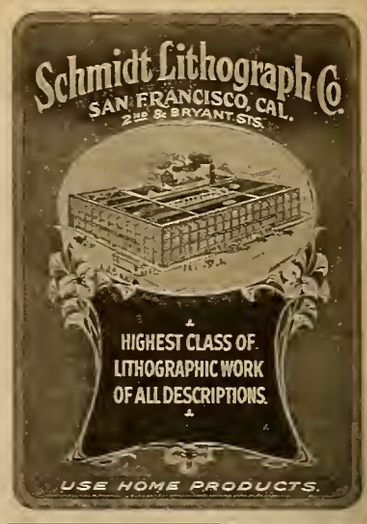

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Discovered—A Royal Road to Knowledge.

The eloquent Dr. Aked came to New York from across the water, and in two years came to the limit of that city as a field for religious effort. By that time, having grown wise enough to instruct Americans in American affairs, he came to San Francisco, where he has been enlightening us as to our political duties. His latest experience has been a vacation trip to Salt Lake, where he found out more than the officials of the government have been able to discover in a search extending over several years. He assures us that there is practically no polygamy in Utah, though curiously his testimony on this score is in contradiction of that of the head of the Mormon church, both of Utah's senators, and many other well-known authorities. The good doctor, it appears, was able to find out more on a brief vacation trip than anybody else has been able to find out by years of close inquiry. Talents like these are worth while. San Francisco is to be congratulated upon the possession of a man who, even though still a comparative stranger, knows more about most things than others who have spent their lives in investigation and study. The doctor does well to speak freely now, for with more time and further study, he may not know so much.

Kruttschnitt and the Shopmen.

In declining terms of readjustment proposed by the shopmen employed under the Harriman railroad system, Mr. Kruttschnitt has rested his case on firm ground. The railroads, Mr. Kruttschnitt declares, can not do what the shopmen ask and sustain their obligations to the public. He states the case definitely, and in terms so positive as to leave no doubt about the determination of himself and his associates. They will not yield—that is plain.

There will be no strike; for aggressive and insistent as the new federation leaders are, as illustrated by their demands, they know a stone wall when they run up against it. If Mr. Kruttschnitt had fallen into a rage, if he had permitted himself the cheap indulgence of passionate declamation, they might still have cherished hope. The force of Mr. Kruttschnitt's refusal was in its judicial moderation and in its assured determination. The labor leaders saw it in their formal interview with Mr. Kruttschnitt; their followers saw it when they read his public announcement.

The people of California and of the country lie under profound obligations to Mr. Kruttschnitt and his associates for their course in this affair. To have yielded to the demands of the shopmen would have been to surrender the industry of the country into hands which acknowledge no limitations upon self-interest and which accept no responsibility for the public welfare. We say it would have surrendered the industry of the country, for with the lever of transportation under the hand of an unrestrained and exhilarated unionism, all else would speedily have followed. It would within a year have wrought revolution not alone in industry, but in social and political affairs. There would have been no restraining a power which knows neither moderation, reason, nor mercy, which aims openly at class domination, which halts at no extremity when it sees a chance to promote its ends.

This incident is suggestive of a very grave hazard to government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Organized labor is now openly committed to a movement to overwhelm and subordinate all other elements and interests. It aims at nothing less than government by organized labor for organized labor. It proposes to set up its own authority, for its own purposes, as the organizer and dictator of a new system in the United States. It proposes for itself nothing less than authority to say who shall live here, and under what conditions; for its plan is to take away from whomever will not submit to its system the chance to live.

No reasonable man resents the demand of labor for a fair share in the rewards of industry. No reasonable man objects to organization of labor for the purpose of enforcing justice. But labor gains no special rights by organization; organization should give it nothing more than the power to secure what belongs to labor in equity. The demands of organized labor for monopoly of industry, for an authoritative relation to politics, for the right to tax at will and to drive from their elementary privileges all who will not submit to its exactions—these demands are revolutionary. They call for concessions inconsistent with primary and fundamental rights. They would speedily substitute a tyranny of organized labor for government by the people.

The integrity of our system, which rests as upon its cornerstone on the right of every citizen to labor unmolested and undisturbed upon his own contract and in any work of his choice, ought not to be left to the chances of contention between employer and employed. It has been found necessary to curb the rapacity of the great corporations, to hold them in their policies and courses within the limitations of general rights and under the penalties of fixed laws. A time has come when some corresponding scheme of restraint must be imposed upon organized labor to the end that it may not in unreason and selfishness proceed to destructive extremes. The end for which it now openly aims—the monopolization of all industry, with penalization of all who do not come under its yoke—is a far greater danger to the integrity of our system than the lawless greed of corporate selfishness ever was. For if this end shall ever be attained, if it shall ever fall to organized labor to say who may and who may not earn his livelihood, then and there will come the collapse of liberty with all that it implies in the broad scheme of civilization.

The City Hall and the Law.

Several evasions of the city charter have been brought to light within the last few weeks. Indeed there was no particular attempt to conceal them. Successful illegality, often repeated, brings with it a sort of hardihood that degenerates before our sight into positive impudence. When the board of supervisors voted an unlawful appropriation for the use of the board of works there was no effort to defend an action that was patently in defiance of the charter. Indeed the malefactors responsible for the miserable business were cynically amused that any one should remind them of the law or insist upon its observance. They had the power to vote the money. No one but the auditor could interfere with them, and they knew their auditor, or thought they did. So the charter was put on one side as though it never existed and one more step was taken toward the degradation of the law, a step more serious because less spectacular and less frankly barbarous, than the burning of a negro at the stake. Every one knew why the supervisors wanted the money. They wanted it to buy an army of votes. They wanted it for naked and unashamed bribery. They wanted it so that they might put two men upon every one-man job within sight. And they wanted it at once, not because it was needed for the streets, but because it was needed for the election. In pursuance of these nefarious objects they flouted the city charter as though it were a piece of waste-paper and so stimulated the prevailing contempt for law that can have only one ending—anarchy.

The defiance of the civil service law is another case in point. The *Argonaut* has no particular admiration for the civil service system, which puts a man to do one sort of work because he has shown that he can do some other and quite different kind. But the civil service system is the law over a large area of the city service, and like most other laws that stand in the way of rascals it is put quietly upon one side and nullified. The grand jury reports that there are at least one thousand job-holders in the city who ought to have passed a civil service examination, but who secured their places in quite another way and that are kept in those places by a trick. There is no need to ask the price that they paid for their illegal appointments. Most of them have agreed tacitly to deliver a vote in exchange for their employment. In other words, they are bribed, and just as actually as the roustabouts who will be hired to loaf away their time on the city streets. They are bribed to vote for the injury and the disgrace of the public, with money belonging to the public, and taken from the public in illegal ways. The ultimate price for this contempt of law will of course be paid at some future time in the paralysis of our governmental system.

It may be doubted if this sort of civic thuggery can be of even an immediate or transitory advantage to the administration. Every vote gained in this way ought to mean several other votes repelled. Indeed Mr. McCarthy has shown an almost incredible stupidity from the beginning of the campaign until now, a stupidity often associated with mental ignorance and an inflated self-esteem. Only an unusual intellectual density [illegible]

stoop so far as to deprive a poor newspaper vendor of his license for the offense of a political opinion, or to harry a few wretched consumptives. Even if he can secure the votes of some cringing and abject dependents in such ways as this, he produces a sense of contemptuous indignation that far outweighs their value. The exigencies of the election have given Mr. McCarthy occasion for the display of a crude and brutal stupidity that has distinguished him in less apparent ways from the beginning. He has that peculiar form of stupidity that assumes stupidity in every one else. The same hectoring spirit that he now displays in public has created for him hundreds of enemies even among the labor unionists, and probably there is no man in San Francisco so cordially detested by his friends. But the defiance of the law is the gravest part of the whole matter. Mr. McCarthy's personal meannesses, incidental as they are to most vulgar natures, will be forgotten an hour after the election, but the whole decency of the city should unite to curtail a lawlessness that bids fair to debauch our whole system.

Mexico.

Political conditions in Mexico are not far removed from chaos. There is a nominal government; but it seems unable to sustain public order; indeed, there is reason to doubt if it really desires public order. The presidential campaign has degenerated into a guerrilla fight in the rural districts and into mob turmoil in the capital. That out of this ruck of passion and lawlessness there can come anything bearing the semblance of moral credit, and the powers of orderly administration —not to speak of representative legitimacy—is not to be expected. It looks as if Mexico, left to her own devices, would sink to the level of her Central and South American neighbors—become a mere field of contention between the contending schemes of political and military ambition and of financial exploitation.

When the character of the Mexican population is considered, it is not easy to see how anything better than political and social chaos can be expected without the ascendancy of some strong and militarily dominant personality. Out of an approximate total of 15,000,000 inhabitants only 19 per cent, or less than one-fifth, are of pure, or nearly pure, white blood; and this element, be it remembered, belongs to a race densely ignorant in all but its higher castes and absolutely without experience or understanding of representative institutions as they exist in the United States. It is a race drilled through ages of subordination to military authority, understanding nor respecting no other. Regarded racially and politically, the Spanish Mexicans are close kin to the ruling castes in other Central and South American countries, who are forever illustrating their propensity for fighting and their incapacity to organize or accept representative institutions.

Upon this foundation there is superimposed a race of mixed bloods comprising 43 per cent of the whole population, and an aboriginal race (Indians), 38 per cent. Of this mixed and native population only a very small fraction can be regarded as civilized, approximately one-seventh of the entire population (Indians) not being able even to speak Spanish. Illiteracy is all but universal. True, there has been an effort to enforce primary education, but the latest available reports on the subject exhibit upwards of 10,000,000 unable either to read or write, approximately 2,000,000 able both to read and write, with approximately half a million able to read but not write. Practically the so-called educated elements are limited to the higher caste pure white population with the foreign element, which approximates 60,000.

To expect a people of these conditions and antecedents to understand, organize, and administer a representative system, modeled after our own, is obviously ridiculous. It is a thing out of all reason, out of all possibility. Under any circumstances, a rule to be effective must be that of a more or less arbitrary force, limited of course to the white race. If the whites were Americans or English, it might be managed after a fashion; but in the case of men of the Spanish race, with no instinct for political coöperation and no training except under despotic systems, the thing is out of the question. Left to themselves—and for the time the Mexicans are being left to themselves—ambition will contend against ambition, interest against interest, until there may arise some man strong enough to duplicate the powers of Diaz. This, or the country will sink to the condition of chronic revolutionism.

Beyond a doubt the political condition of Mexico in the immediate future would approximate that of other Spanish-American states were it not that foreign capital in great sums has been invested in that country and that its security depends upon the maintenance of social order. Neither the United States, England, nor France will consent that investments in Mexico shall go to pot because the Mexicans are not able to govern themselves. Together or singly, these countries will insist upon conditions essential to the integrity of their investments; and if the strong hand shall be necessary to the maintenance of peace and order, it will not be lacking.

The situation is one of especial difficulty for the government of the United States. It has not only to look after the safety of American investments, but to maintain some sort of consistency with respect to its long-cherished Monroe Doctrine. Under this doctrine we can not consent that England or France, or both together, shall lend an active hand in Mexican affairs; and the only reasonable way to prevent it is to take such steps on our own account as will make it unnecessary. In other words, we are bound to maintain working and workable conditions for invested capital in Mexico, or to allow European countries whose capital may be involved to protect themselves.

The dilemma is not a pleasant one. It involves us in duties in conflict with our national pretensions and traditions. There is, however, no way of evading the issue. We shall have either to fish or cut bait. And unless Mexico shall very speedily come to a settlement of her internal trouble, which now seems out of the question, we shall have to step in and enforce order. To decline to do it would be not only to abandon our own financial interest, but to abandon our Monroe Doctrine, even to the extent of permitting European authority to entrench itself between our southern border and the Isthmian Canal.

It was a natural instinct which led the American people to sympathize with the Diaz régime in the revolutionary struggle of last winter, for the maintenance of that régime or some other dominating force in Mexican affairs was the one possible circumstance capable of saving us from national embarrassment. With the failure and expulsion of Diaz there came into existence conditions which sooner or later seem destined to involve us in definite responsibility for social and political order in Mexico. The fact is vastly to be regretted. It would be in better keeping—pleasanter all around—to leave Mexico to her own devices. But if there is no way to do this, and there now seems no way, then we shall have to follow whatever course our national responsibilities may lead us. We must follow this course whether we like it or not.

Marriage and the Clergy.

It is always a pleasure to know the opinions of the clergy on the various social matters that come up for settlement. It may be said also that it is a pleasure usually within reach and in voluminous measure. Just now we may observe a sort of spasm of moral indignation against the marriage of divorced persons who have been pronounced guilty by the courts. Clergyman after clergyman is rising in his wrath and announcing that he will never perform a ceremony forbidden alike by the moral law and by the policy of the church.

It is all very edifying, and very noisy. The churches have been marrying these wicked divorced people for a good many years now, and without any undue solicitude about the court records so long as the fee was forthcoming. But penitence is always a virtue, and if the clergy have decided to obey a moral law it would be unbecoming for the laity to discourage them.

But this is not wholly a matter for the moral law, and it would be well for the clergy to understand that human law also has its claims. Now nearly every state in the Union permits divorced persons to marry again, even though they are not entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life. The great mass of citizens regard marriage as a civil ceremony, a social contract, and as such to be regulated absolutely by the common-sense methods of legislation. The clergyman who celebrates a marriage does so as an official of the state and he has state authority for his functions in just the same way as a governor or a militiaman. He is not acting as an agent of moral law, but of human law, and if he has come to believe that the two are in opposition it would become him to surrender his legal and civic powers, or allow them to be taken from him. It is very certain that he can not retain his civil authority while refusing to carry out the civil law or while setting up some other law that is adverse to it. A coroner might as well refuse to hold an inquest because he suspected the deceased of heretical opinions.

Perhaps that would be the easiest way out of the difficulty and one that would relieve the clerical consciences. The average citizen can not for the life of him understand why the presence of a clergyman should be necessary at a wedding any more than at a vaccination. Let all marriages be performed by a civil official and supplemented by whatever religious formulas the victims may select. In this way the tender consciences of the clergy will be protected and no harm will be done to any one.

"All Rot."

It would ill become the *Argonaut* to intervene in the interesting little quarrel between Governor Johnson and Secretary of State Jordan, or to determine which of these two gentlemen is actually and truly the friend of the people. So far we have heard Mr. Jordan's candid opinion of Governor Johnson. No doubt we shall presently be favored with Governor Johnson's equally candid opinion of Mr. Jordan, if indeed that opinion is fit to print. Governor Johnson is a "doughty little admiral," he is "incompetent," "slovenly," a "demagog," and much more to the same effect. Mr. Jordan's expletives are too numerous to quote, but evidently they come from a full heart. He has been wounded in the house of his friends and he calls upon the whole state to witness and to sympathize.

It seemed for the moment that the whole cargo of constitutional amendments would be lost, and our hearts stood still. It was Mr. Jordan who was the bearer of the ill news. He was anxious to do his whole duty in the matter of these amendments, but when he came to the task of preparing them for submission he could not for the life of him remember what they were. Nor could the janitor. Certified copies had been filed by the governor, but they "were not worth the paper they were printed on." Then the secretary of state, harassed but still filled with the fine frenzy of reform, obtained a legal opinion. He was advised to go to the journals of the legislature and ascertain the "exact language" of the precious amendments. He found that there was no "exact language." It was all delightfully inexact. The legislature had raised a grand triumphal hymn of "Let there be light," but had failed to observe those precise forms so necessary in law-making. Even the attachés had been carried up into a sort of seventh heaven of incoherency and they were just as bad as the legislators. There was one amendment for giving everybody everything that had passed the senate with a whoop and that would have passed the assembly in another three minutes had it not been mislaid on its way downstairs. There was no hope for that amendment at least. Anyway it was No. 13 and probably full of original sin and bad luck. Let it go. But the fate of the others was nearly as bad. The journals refused to disclose the facts. They were in a "chaotic condition." For the moment Mr. Jordan was almost tempted to go out of the reforming business altogether and get a living in some other way, but as a last resource he appealed to the governor. And the governor said it was "all rot."

That was the last straw. Mr. Jordan's cup was full and running over. Under the mistaken impression that the public was interested in the matter Mr. Jordan took up an agile pen and indited three thousand words of explanation, admonition, and denunciation. He had done his duty by the governor and this was the result. He had cheered him on the path to reform, he had always applauded at the right moment, he had been helpful and he had been adulatory. If the governor, and the legislature, and the attachés, and the janitor, had but done their duty some one would have had these amendments written down before they were forgotten, No. 13 would not have been mislaid, and a most unpleasant situation would have been avoided. And all the satisfaction that he can get from the governor is a brief statement that it is "all rot."

Unwilling as we may be to follow the governor in a somewhat popular use of the vernacular it really seems that he is in the right of it. We may thank him for thus tersely epitomizing a widely held opinion of the legislative proceedings, of the amendments, of Mr. Jordan, and of himself. That opinion might be expressed more elegantly, but neither more candidly nor more accurately.

The incident has its humorous side, but it has also a side that is by no means humorous. It is one of those explosions of the vanity, the self-esteem, and the practical incompetence that distinguish the work of the

professional reformer. Its keynote is the personal jealousy that dreads to share the centre of the stage with another, that must be the sole focus for all public attention and for all public applause. The real executive work that must be done out of sight and that calls for discrimination and for practical ability is either left undone or it is disgracefully scamped. Nothing counts except partisan cheers. Nothing is valued except adulation. The stump speech is the sole obligation of statesmanship, and an inordinate vanity replaces the amenities that ought to govern, and that used to govern, the relationships of public life. That any useful or orderly progress can result from what is no more than a competition for notoriety is impossible. The only results are just such undignified and incoherent quarrels as that between the governor and Mr. Jordan.

Labor Day.

Thirty thousand men and boys marched in the San Francisco parade on Labor Day—an impressive, even an inspiring spectacle. Yet there are more than a hundred thousand voters in the city and, as many who marched are not voters, less than one-fourth of the working men of the community appeared in the ranks. Nearly every man in San Francisco is a working man. Exceptions are fewer among men of property than among the propertyless. If there are enough idlers here to form a class they are to be found among the youths who crowd the entrances of cigar stores, hang around poolrooms, and infest saloons and dives.

America is the country of working men. There is no distinction here that may not be won by a working man; there are no legal, traditional, or physical boundaries that restrict his ambition or achievements. From the beginning it has been so, and generations will pass before the doors of opportunity can be barred. But present time shows a change in the spirit of the workers—no, in a clamorous faction of the workers. There are more men today in America who hate their employer, who hate their work, who hate their fellow-worker, than ever before. Proofs are not needed—it is an admitted fact. In an earlier time men and women labored steadily through long hours at lower wages, and yet with loyalty, contentment, and aspiration. Seventy years ago in New England villages the sons and daughters of self-respecting, even well-to-do people were not too proud to work in the factory near their homes. Had their pay been double they could not have obtained as luxuries many of the common necessities of this time. Opportunity then came only to those who watched for its coming and met it half-way. Workers were sturdier and more independent. They were individual soldiers of fortune who did not move in battalions or under military discipline.

First among the claims of organized labor is the assertion that it has raised the wages and bettered the conditions of the laborer. Neither of these contentions is true, except in occasional instances. They should be true, by right, and they might be true. Organization, united effort for general welfare, are not merely laudable, but absolutely necessary. This has been said a hundred times by the *Argonaut*, and always with sincerity and emphasis. As in the guilds of centuries past, the craftsmen should come together for counsel, for united action looking to the improvement of their trade, and the increase of their rewards. And, as in those days, they should be assured that the genuine will always have a higher value than the imitation, that thorough workmanship is something more than its own reward, and that the best interests of the citizen are included in the scheme of good for the whole community.

Thoughtful men, even in the ranks of organized labor, know that the spirit which moves the organization today is not a worthy one. They know that it has been indicted again and again, has been tried over and over, and has always been found guilty. These are its crimes: It is selfish, cruel, tyrannical, under its present leaders. Every blow it has ever struck has fallen on other workers. Here is the evidence: More than three-fourths of the working men of America stand outside the ranks of organized labor and refuse its bondage. Were organized labor just, kind, charitable, even to its own, no laborer would withhold allegiance. Were there no good reason for opposing its sway, not one American in a thousand would stand up against it.

Intelligent industry has made the United States what it is, its people what they are. But Labor Day is not what it should be in such a country, among such a people. It should be the celebration of glorious privilege and achievement, participated in by all patriots. It should show something more than the selfishness and tyranny of the few. It should not flaunt the banners of hate and enmity. It should declare the brotherhood of Americans, for all Americans are workers; the courage and charity of strong men, for the Americans who love their country and its institutions are fearless before the world.

May there come a time when Labor Day shall be the festival of all patriotic Americans, and celebrated as the Swiss remember their national birthday, not by a faction, a narrow marching line, but by all; not with utterances of defiance and scorn, but with evening bonfires and heartfelt songs of joy.

The President and Our Reformers.

The dominant note in a love feast held on Monday of this week at the Palace Hotel by Governor Johnson, Congressman Kent, Meyer Lissner, and other "progressives" was that of disrespect of President Taft. The moving cause was the President's veto of the Arizona bill on the ground of its application of the recall to the judiciary. This hits hard because the Johnson-Lissner programme for California includes the recall of the judiciary. It is curious, truly, how enthusiasm for a political novelty inspires on the part of those who sustain it resentment against all who question and distrust it. It is ever the way of your furious professional reformer to denounce all men who will not accept his whims and vagaries; he has no respect or charity for those who decline to follow him in any and every proposal, no matter how contradictory it may be of established usage or accepted principle. Whoever is not for all reform proposals, body and breeches, is anathema. Even the President of the United States is not exempt from contemptuous slurs if he have the hardihood to hold views at odds with the reform programme.

At this stage of our political affairs it is not impertinent to question the right of any man to call himself a Republican when his main interest in political affairs is to discredit and thwart party policies and to embarrass party champions. We think that any man who finds it necessary under the guidance of his conscientious impulses to be an offensive and persistent enemy of Mr. Taft ought in grace, even in decency, to cease calling himself a Republican and either go it alone or seek other affiliations. Those who find nothing to their satisfaction in the principles or practice of the party, who can not for conscience sake hold themselves in sympathy and approval of the party officials and leaders —such have no right to claim character as party men. The Johnsons, the Kents, the Lissners, are not Republicans; they have no respect for party principles and purposes; they have no right to claim part and authority in party affairs.

It was the programme of the Johnson-Lissner crowd, a little while back, to set up a delegation to the national convention next year for La Follette. This plan was in the way of execution when Mr. Roosevelt was here in the effort to create a boom for himself, and it tended rather unpleasantly to limit the cordialities of the ex-President's reception. But it appears to have been given over. It was found that there is no sentiment in California for La Follette; that on the other hand the Republicans of California are for Taft. When the delegation to the national convention shall be elected it will be found to be for Taft to a man. The Johnson-Lissner outfit will have to accept the situation and pocket its discomfiture as best it may. In the meantime, there being no law against stupidity and vulgarity, they are at liberty to make faces and sneer spitefully at the man whom the real Republicans of California are delighted to honor.

Editorial Notes.

The announcement that a history of San Francisco from the pen of Mr. John P. Young, managing editor of the *Chronicle*, is about to appear has something more than a passing interest. The fire destroyed the official records covering a period of years too recent to have found their way to the printed page of history. They ought to be replaced as soon as possible and while it can be done with some approach to completeness. The years since 1880 were important ones, and while their official record, statistical and otherwise, has been swept away, it can be reconstructed with comparative ease by one who had his finger on the pulse of events. Mr. Young is well qualified to undertake such a work as this and to give to it a due place in a narrative of the city that will extend from 1526 down to the present day. His command of the necessary material and his own literary abilities are the guaranties for the production of a history that will be inclusive, competent, and dignified.

The discovery of a "primal" man in Tuolumne County is a "mystery" precisely suited to the needs of our yellow journalism in the fag end of a dull summer season, and at a time when interest has somewhat palled in the disappearance of young girls and the other familiar subjects of professional sensationalism. But it is a bit surprising that grave professors should cooperate in making a mountain of mystery out of a very commonplace fact. To be quite plain about it, the thing is ridiculous, absurd, grotesque, from any point of view. Idiots and other defectives are numerous enough, it would seem, in all reason, to be exempt from exploitation for the entertainment of the credulous and the morbid.

Governor Hay of Washington has duly recognized the new political status of the once gentler sex in that state by putting women on all the committees appointed in connection with the coming visit of President Taft. Although the President's party will be made up wholly of men, there will be women everywhere in the receiving and entertaining groups. In a state where women have just come into the voting privilege this is undoubtedly good politics. There will, however, be hard hearts to question the taste of it.

Dr. Hill, late ambassador to the German court, must be a singularly dense man; for he is apparently the only man in Europe or America who doesn't know why he is no longer available for the diplomatic service. Nobody doubts his talents; nobody questions his integrity. In all personal regards he is a very fit man—an exceptionally fit man. But in these modern days there are other essentials in diplomatic life. One of them is that an ambassador's wife, if he have one, shall have some acquaintance with the rules of social life, some instinct for the minor proprieties as they are understood in the formal world. The domestic virtues are highly regarded in Germany—nowhere more so—but they do not in diplomatic circles make up for the lack of tact, grace, and common respect for the lighter amenities. The surprising thing is that a man of so much observation and understanding as Dr. Hill should not know this.

New York political gossip represents Vice-President Sherman as intriguing mildly for the next gubernatorial nomination. The real purpose of Mr. Sherman, so it is declared, is to find a dignified way down and out from the vice-presidency. He sees that his renomination is an improbability, and therefore would like to have an excuse for not being a candidate. Probably the easiest way for Mr. Sherman to escape from his embarrassments would be to quit—just quit. He has not the ghost of a chance to be named again for the vice-presidency, and if he were named for the governorship he would surely be defeated. Mr. Sherman belongs to the "Old Guard," whose day is done in New York politics. If it shall nominate Mr. Sherman or anybody else for the governorship it will assure Republican defeat in the election. Nomination at the hands of the Old Guard—whether it shall go to Mr. Sherman or to another—can be nothing happier than an experience of unhonored martyrdom. Mr. Sherman would better draw out of the game for any reason he may choose to give or for the real reason, which is this, namely, that the game has no longer anything for him. Perhaps it would be better to give no reason, since political explanations never mean anything to anybody but the deluded man who makes them.

The famous Mr. Dooley was once quoted as saying: "I'm tellin' ye, Hinnissy, that where wan man goes to a exposition to see how boots is made, noinety-and-noine go to see the Hoochy-Koochy." Mr. Dooley is right, undoubtedly. And by this token the storm centre of our exposition will be, not the palace of fine arts, nor the machinery department, nor the agricultural department. It will be the Hoochy-Koochy; and if the Hoochy-Koochy is out at Harbor View, there to all popular intents and purposes will be the fair.

Boundaries are now being located for one of the greatest game preserves in the world, in Western Canada. It will be owned by the government, and will take in practically all the east slope of the Canadian Rockies, extending north and south for 500 miles, and will average more than thirty miles in width.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

It is said that King George is seriously perturbed at the prospect of an estrangement between himself and the aristocracy of England. No one knows better than he that the Tory attacks upon "his majesty's ministers" were actually directed against the king himself, and that only a thin political fiction saved him from the position of a defendant. The peers counted upon direct aid from the monarch. He was supposed to be "one of us," and now their indignation at his official accuracy takes the form of a sullen resentment. It is significant that a popular Tory newspaper should speak of the king as "conscious of his lack of political acumen" and that it should look back with regret to the tact and diplomacy of King Edward that would have saved the situation. King Edward, we are reminded, talked to every one and read everything. To be informed was the secret of his strength. In King George these virtues are replaced by a political accuracy that never reads a book or a newspaper, but only such portions of either as may be officially blue penciled, that never talks to any one except those whose official duty it is to talk, and that is inaccessible to everything but regularity and precedent. It was said at the beginning of his reign that King George was unpopular among the masses of the people. He seems now to have offended the classes.

The palace of Versailles is to be restored, but in order to save the shudder with which intelligence always regards a work of restoration it may be said at once that in this case the restoration is to be a real one instead of the usual obliteration of the past that so delights the infusorial soul of the modern vandal. In other words, Versailles is to be restored backward. How far back is still upon the knees of the gods and we may pray the gods that it be not too far. But the Napoleonic additions will not be spared and even the work of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette may be in danger if we may judge from the disappearance of some few relics of the eighteenth century. In the days of Louis XIII Versailles was a shooting-box, but we do not want to see such wholesale restoration as that. Perhaps public interest would be the best guide, and if we may allow ourselves to guess at the preponderance of public interest we may believe that the days of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette have a greater general fascination than all other periods of French history put together. But the French rarely make a mistake in matters of taste. Let us leave it to the authorities and so make a virtue of necessity.

Pure food laws are not quite so modern an invention as we may believe. Dr. Reisner has made discoveries in Palestine that seem to indicate some sort of supervision of the food supplies delivered to the palace nearly three thousand years ago. Labels have been found that were once affixed to "a jar of pure olive oil." We may wonder what tests were employed and what would happen to the man whose oil was found to be not pure. Probably something unpleasant, for there was no Supreme Court in those days. We know what happened in the middle ages to the enterprising tradesman who adulterated his goods. In 1444 a Nuremberg merchant was burned alive for mating foreign material with his saffron and the saffron itself was used for fuel. Probably that artistic touch impressed the matter upon his memory. Some Augsburg bakers who used false weights and bad flour were ducked in a muddy pool, and through a faulty knowledge of the human respiratory system, or sheer carelessness, they came to the surface dead. In 1482 a wine merchant was ordered to drink six quarts of his own adulterated wine, and as he died soon after it is evident that the adulteration must have been serious. It is true that he had to finish the draught in a given number of minutes, and a small number at that, but in those days they had a pleasant way of weighting the scales and loading the dice upon the side of justice. Civilization has changed all that. Nowadays we shiver with apprehension lest a rogue shall be punished.

At last a native of Ceylon has protested against the favorite missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." Mr. Gayatilake sees no reason why Ceylon should be chosen as a synonym for human vileness. He admits that in his native island "every prospect pleases," and he will not deny that there are vile people there. But not more of them than may be found elsewhere, and he objects to the discrimination that asks the whole Christian world to say, or to sing, the contrary. And Mr. Gayatilake has right upon his side. How should we like it if California were invidiously worked up into such a hymn as this, if tuneful religionists all over Christendom were invited to consider our peculiar depravities to the exclusion of all other depravities elsewhere. We should not like it at all, and we can only wonder at the patience of Ceylon under this opprobrious, intolerant, and generally hateful hymn. Nothing is so remarkable about the heathen as their invincible patience. Probably it is born of contempt.

The English newspapers are printing fervent appeals for the victims of the revolt in Albania, appeals signed by archbishops, canons, and the lesser artillery of the religious and social world. Twenty-five thousand people, we are told, are in danger of starvation. They are mainly Christians and must be helped quickly if at all. They may revolt again if they get too hungry, and then they will be suppressed some more, and if there is anything that the Turk can do effectually it is to suppress. It is very seldom that his victims make subsequent complaints of hunger. Now of course it is very sad to think of a hungry Albanian. If we knew of a hungry Albanian we would give him something to eat and see that he ate it, just as Sidney Smith said he would do his best to convert a Jew if the society for that purpose would bring him one instead of asking for a subscription. But the enthusiasm of the archbishops, canons, and great guns of the church is still perplexing. Surely there are more than twenty-five thousand people in England who are not only in danger of starvation, but who are actually starving. But we hear of no appeals. In India and China they starve by the million every now and then, but of course they are not "mainly Christians" and so they know how to starve in gentlemanly silence. Moreover, they are used to it. Heaven forbid that the smoking flax of charity should be quenched, but surely the starving people of England must wonder why archbishops make no appeal for them, and why Albanians should sponge up all the funds available for starvation. Of course they have not revolted as did the Albanians, and this may make a difference.

Mr. Cunninghame Grabam, the English agitator and patent medicine man, should realize that he is not great enough to own so execrable a handwriting. Recently he sent a letter to the Manchester *Guardian*, which appeared after editor, compositor, and proofreader had mingled their guesses and their tears. Mr. Graham protested at the resulting distortion, and he may now find what consolation he may in the following apology from the *Guardian:* "If in future Mr. Graham will sit in a chair when writing, and not on horseback, and use a pen instead of the candle-snuffers, we think we may be able to do him justice."

Anatole France said recently that "in every well-ordered state wealth is a sacred thing." But he added, "in a democracy it is the only sacred thing."

The father of young Boris Sidis, the latest and let us hope the last of that particular brand of boy prodigy, may reflect upon the fact that there have been others who were just as prodigious and without any special training. When Macaulay was seven years old he had begun a compendium of universal history. A year later he wrote a book in order to convert to Christianity the natives of Malabar. And later on in life he said that if every copy of "Paradise Lost" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" were destroyed he could reproduce them from memory. He was credited with a similar knowledge of "Ivanhoe."

The latest edition of the Episcopal prayer-book as published in England affords another illustration of the confusion that springs from an identification of religious and civil authority. The prayer-book, as we all know, contains a list of the people whom we are forbidden to marry, such as our grandmothers. Now the Episcopal church is the established church of England and consequently the prayer-book may be regarded as a sort of state publication, like a blue book or a board of trade return. Some inquiring spirit has just discovered that the deceased wife's sister still appears in the list of prohibitions, although such marriages are now legal by act of Parliament. Consequently the question arises, by whom are such marriages prohibited, seeing that the church and consequently its prayer-book, are identified with the government? The question is to be brought up in the House of Commons when the time comes to pay the bill of the official printers, who print also the prayer-book. No one who wants very much to marry his deceased wife's sister has ever refrained from doing so because of the law of the land or the law of the church, but it is interesting to know that an established church that wishes to be identified with the government in matters of privilege is fully prepared to "go it alone" in questions of authority.

How true it is that half the world does not know how the other half lives. A law has just been passed by the Egyptian authorities to the effect that the lepers of Egypt shall no longer make cigarettes for sale. There are six thousand lepers in Egypt, and but for this law we might never have known that we are indebted to them for certain kinds of expensive cigarettes. There is nothing to show whether all Egyptian lepers were in the habit of making cigarettes for the unsuspecting consumer or whether only a few employed themselves in this way. At least it is a relief to know that they will do so no more, and that we shall not be under the necessity of giving our cigarettes a preliminary soaking in chloride of lime or carbonic acid.

If it is actually true that the American authorities have convinced the Filipino of the virtues of the bath then they have not lived in vain. And it seems to be true. Before the occupation the Filipino would have nothing to do with any water that was not of surface origin. And he used very little of that. He had a rooted distrust of the subterranean supply. Coming from the mysterious depths of the earth, who could say what evil spirits had disported themselves therein and tainted it? But now he has learned the virtues of the artesian well. Dr. Heiser, health director for the Philippines, says that he needs no longer to plead for wells, as he did in the early days; no candidate for the assembly has any slightest chance of election unless he pledges himself to vote for all the artesian wells his district needs. With more abundant water assured, the Filipino is taking to the bathtub habit also. These facts ought to convince the most ardent imperialist that our wards in the Orient have some of the qualifications for self-government and even for independence.

If Florence has actually come into possession of the death mask of Dante it owns a treasure of unique interest. There is no reason why the relic should not be genuine, but there seems to be no positive proof that it is genuine. It was discovered in 1830 by the sculptor Bertolini. Then it became the property of the English painter Seymour Kirkup, whose widow gave it to Professor Alessandro d'Ancona, who has now handed it over to the city of Florence. The professor himself believes it to be genuine, but Signor Ricci thinks that it was taken from the effigy on the poet's tomb at Ravenna. Professor d'Ancona writes enthusiastically: "This antique and authentic portrait of our greatest fellow-citizen should return among us. Let Dante come back in effigy into his own city and be once more near his 'bel San Giovanni.' Let him live again in a place which, 600 years ago, heard his voice, yes, and in a palace where several times he, the respected and admired orator, spoke."

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

OLD FAVORITES.

If Love Were Not.

If love were not, the wilding rose
Would in its leafy heart inclose
No chalice of perfume.

By mossy bank in glen or grot,
No bird would build, if love were not,
No flower complacent bloom.

The sunset clouds would lose their dyes,
The light would fade from beauty's eyes,
The stars their fires consume.

And something missed from hall and cot
Would leave the world, if love were not,
A wilderness of gloom.

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

Heart of My Heart.

Heart of my heart, my life, my light!
If you were lost what should I do?
I dare not trust you from my sight
Lest Death should fall in love with you.

Such countless perils lie in wait!
The gods know well how fair you are!
What if they left me desolate
And took and set you for a star!

Then hold me close, the gods are strong,
And happiness so rare a flower
No man may hope to keep it long—
And I may lose you any hour.

Then kiss me close, my star, my flower!
So shall the future grant us this:
That there was not a single hour
We might have kissed, and did not kiss!

—*Author Unknown.*

Love Bringeth Life.

Fond hands laid sweet Ophelia softly low
In that small straitened grave beneath the yew;
Thenceforth the world a little sadder grew,
Seeing one lover's footsteps come and go,
And wander in a sudden drear amaze
Through all the winter days.

In darkness lies white-robed Juliet,
With slender hands close folded on her breast,
On the quick-throbbing heart at length at rest
In the forsaken tomb of Capulet;
And earth hath one more mourning for a bride,
One other grief to hide.

And what of thee, O tender Marguerite?
Long dead thou art, and thy lone grave is deep,
But scant to hide from us thy maiden sleep
Loose held within a moldered winding-sheet;
Thou still awakest, and canst not forget,
And pray'st assoilment yet.

And thou, Francesca? On the open page
Of thy dark history a rose-spray lies,
As though to hide thee from unrighteous eyes,
Whose evil looks are all thy heritage.
Thou art love's victim. On thy pensive face
Grief finds abiding place.

These died for love's sake. Many such there be:
Yet best for thee, O little maid, whose vows
Were made last eve 'neath blossomed cherryboughs,
Were love, though death shall follow. Best for thee!
Love bringeth sorrow, yet unto our need
Love bringeth life indeed.

—*Caroline Wilder Fellowes.*

To Phillis.

TO ABANDON THE COURT.

Fie on this courtly life, full of displeasure!
Where neither frowns nor smiles keep any measure,
But every passion governs in extreme:
Free love and faith from hence falsehood doth banish,
And vows of friendship here like vapors vanish;
Loyalty's counted but a dream;
Inconstant favors like rivers gliding;
Truth is despised
Whilst flattery's prized;
Poor virtue here hath no certain abiding.

Then let's no longer stay, my fairest Phillis;
But let us fly from hence, where so much ill is,
Into some desert place there to abide;—
True love shall go with us, and faith unfeigned,
Pure thoughts, embraces chaste, and vows unstained.
Virtue herself shall ever be our guide;—
In cottage poor, where neither frowning fortune
Nor change of fate
Can once abate
Our sweet content, or peace at all importune.

There will we drive our flocks from hill and valley,
And whilst they feeding are, we'll sit and dally;
And thy sweet voice to sing birds shall invite;
Whilst I with roses, violets, and lilies
Will flowery garlands make to crown my Phillis,
Or numbered verses to thy praise indite.
And when the sun is westwardly declining,
Our flocks and we
Will homeward flee
And rest ourselves until the sun's next shining.

—*Author Unknown.*

Professor Reinhold Begas, whose recent death in Berlin, at the age of eighty, Germany is deploring, had been for forty years Germany's leading sculptor. His preëminent position in art is exactly as old as the modern German empire itself. It dates from 1871. He was a personal friend of the Kaiser's, and his busy chisel has left its mark all over the chief cities of Germany. In addition to many another notable pieces of sculpture, Herr Begas executed the great national monument of the Emperor William I.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

Personal Experiences of London's Railway Strike.

Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis" was humdrum and commonplace compared with this year of grace. There has been nothing like it in the course of London's hoary history. Apart from the fact that it has witnessed a coronation and high prices, a prolonged heat wave and a paucity of ice, this has been the year of the thousand-pounds sweet pea, the ten-thousand-pounds air race, and the destruction of the British constitution. And, to cap all, there is the railway strike.

Like the coronation and the sweet pea, the last-named wonder did not come exactly as a thief in the night. Five days ago when I asked for my humble three-penny tube ticket for Charing Cross the booking-clerk greeted me with the cheery query, "Have you ordered out your motor, sir?" But even that subtle warning of impending trouble failed to disturb an equanimity which scare headlines had been powerless to discompose. Far be it from me to quarrel with the necessities of the London press. Something must take the place of the sea serpent and "Is Marriage a Failure?" If science has killed the one and ridicule the other, a substitute must be devised to fill the "silly season" vacant columns of the daily papers. So why not a railway strike—a railway strike on a more devastating and paralyzing scale than any known in English history?

Three days, then, after the "ordered-out-your-motor" warning of my friendly booking-clerk, I had the temerity to venture on a forty-mile railway journey. It was on the eve of the mammoth strike; nay, it was actually two hours later on the very day when at 8 a. m. every railway wheel in England was to cease revolving. But the depot from which I started on my perilous trip wore its wonted air; trains came and went after the normal fashion; guards and porters smiled, answered questions, and took tips with their usual alacrity. And my particular train reached its appointed destination on schedule time, without any hint of derailing, or dynamiting, or a hold-up. Late that afternoon, however, in the little country hotel there arose a rumor that a telephone message affirmed the men would be "out in three hours." As that would allow me just time to reach London again, I sauntered down to the depot, caught a usual train at a usual time, had another unexciting journey, and stepped out at the terminus on the minute inscribed in the time-table. Outside in the London streets newsboys were hawking last and "special" editions of the evening papers blazoned with more scare headlines of the terrible strike.

This was getting monotonous. But the "silly season" sensation was by no means at an end. The next morning's papers were full of alarms. What a day it had been for the cabinet ministers! They had ordered up the entire British army from Aldershot; they had authorized the swearing-in of special constables; in the House of Commons they had been badgered with pertinent and impertinent questions from the labor M. P.'s; outside the house they had spent every available moment interviewing railway directors and the leaders of the railway men. Never before had cabinet ministers worked so hard for their five thousand pounds a year.

To make sure there were not "visions about," the only thing to be done was to undertake a tour of the chief railway depots. At Marylebone, the starting point of the Great Central, things were certainly quiet. But hardly more than usual. The Great Central is not a flourishing line; on the rare occasions on which I have traveled by the route it always seemed to me as though the entire staff, from the station-master to the humblest porter, turned out to welcome my advent. What was abnormal, however, was to find Tommy Atkins on duty in khaki, his rifle fixed-bayoneted and his bandolier bristling with cartridges. Tommy was still more numerously in evidence at Euston, the famous depot of the London and Northwestern, and it was difficult to persuade him that one was a peaceful inquirer rather than a strike fomenter. Tommy was taciturn, too, a quality, however, not cultivated by the man in blue. He was both friendly and communicative. "It's a bit thick," ejaculated that London bobby, "and we shan't be sorry when it's all over. It's my opinion, sir, that it'll fizzle out same as all these things do." On the platforms large crowds were patiently waiting for such strokes of providence as might provide an outgoing train, or other large crowds were pouring from belated trains and experiencing the strange ordeal of sorting out and carrying their own luggage. Otherwise there was little amiss; a few trains had been canceled, but in the main the traffic was not more congested than is usual at this holiday season.

At St. Pancras, too, the headquarters of the Midland, the only effect of the "paralyzing" strike had been the elimination of a few trains, while next door, in the husy King's Cross terminal of the Great Northern, the day's work was following its normal course as though unions and agitators were non-existent. Conditions similar to the above prevailed, indeed, at most of the other great depots. Liverpool Street was practically unaffected; Waterloo and Charing Cross carried on their departures and arrivals with clocklike regularity. The only outward visible sign was the presence of Tommy Atkins on guard at station entrances, or the platforms, and near the signal-boxes. Perhaps he had saved the day more than anything else. The hooligan striker and the aggressive picketer evidently has a consuming borror of cold steel, and the glisten of fixed bayonets has proved a more potent factor than loyalty to a union.

Another matter making for peace has been public anger. Even the most obdurate individualist is willing to admit that the lower grade of railway workers is underpaid and would support any rational scheme for bettering their condition, but the fact that the present attempt to create a general strike has been engineered solely by a few swollen-headed agitators without any vote being taken of the men has eliminated all sympathy with the movement. The man in the street has not the least idea what it is all about and is correspondingly angry that he should be threatened by inconvenience for something which he does not understand. And it is at least suggestive that thousands of union members have refused to obey their so-called leaders. That being the case, the strike was bound to "fizzle" as my policeman friends foretold. The "leaders" have had sense enough to realize that, and hence long before these lines can appear in print the cables will have told *Argonaut* readers how this almost comic-opera strike has disappeared from the stage. They should not believe, however, that even for the few days it lasted it had any serious effects. Here and there a traveler may have been an hour or two longer on his journey, and some provisions may for a day or two have been a penny or twopence a pound dearer, but in the main the life of London has been but little diverted from its normal course.

And now the explainers are busy enlightening us as to the why and wherefore. The cause is as clear as noonday to one doctor who has been reading an American book, to-wit, Major Woodruff's "The Effects of Tropical Light on White Men." That savant of the United States Army Medical Service has collected a great pile of evidence to show that exposure to tropical light "at first stimulates and excites white men and afterwards renders them neurasthenic." Now England has been bathed in tropical light and heat for several months; *ergo,* a railway strike was to be expected. So lovers of peace are pining for rain and a return to the normal proportion of gray days. How that theory squares with the collapse of the strike without rain or gray days Major Woodruff will no doubt be able to explain.

But the fiasco has served to throw into relief one trait which Americans will recognize as peculiarly British. Not only have there been letters in the daily press urging the collecting of a public subscription for those railway workers who refused to strike, but on many of the suburban lines grateful city men have passed round the hat on their journey and collected substantial tips for the faithful engine-drivers and guards. Such a terrible precedent promises to add a new terror to the life of the traveler in John Bull's land. If large bonuses are to be obtained by remaining loyal in times of unrest, why should not the agitators engineer a strike every month or so on condition that the faithful disgorge half the spoils?

London, August 22, 1911. Henry C. Shelley.

A remarkable demonstration was given the other day in the Spree, near Berlin, of a new fabric designed to make clothing so buoyant that it will keep its wearer afloat in the water. The composition of the invention which brings about this result is a well-guarded secret. To don a garment lined with it is to become unsinkable. On the occasion mentioned, infantrymen, in full marching kit, clad in uniforms lined with the material, which rendered the clothing neither heavier nor thicker than usual, threw themselves into the water, and not only did not sink, but were able to "march" in the water and to fire. At the same time coffee was served to a party in the water, waiter and guests being clad in the special fabric. It is reported that recently the inventor, wearing his suit, jumped into the water before the Kaiser's steamer to demonstrate the value of his device, and that the police arrested him for impropriety!

Vessels of odoriferous clay were imported early in the sixteenth century from Peru, Chile, and Mexico by the Portuguese merchants, to which were given the name of buccaros. So highly was this ware esteemed that only the wealthiest collectors could afford to possess entire specimens. Broken pieces were set in gold or silver or ground to powder to be used to scent cakes and confections and to perfume gloves and handkerchiefs. It was also supposed to possess medicinal properties and was prescribed by contemporary physicians for certain ailments. The great demand for the buccaros resulted in the alleged discovery of scented clays in Portugal and the potters of the time used them to fashion all sorts of drinking vessels, on which they impressed a seal or stamp, hence the adoption of the name terra sigillata.

Without the air brake the fast passenger and freight trains of today would be out of the question, owing to lack of control. It takes a powerful locomotive drawing a train of ten passenger cars a distance of five miles to reach a speed of sixty miles an hour on a straight and level track. The brakes will stop the same train from a speed of sixty miles an hour in 700 feet.

American typewriting machines are favorites in Siam, being used in the government offices and the business houses. Some of the machines are fitted with Siamese types.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Cincinnatus Leconte, who headed the larger of the two revolutionary factions that overthrew President Simon of Haiti, and succeeded to the presidency of that restless island, is a lawyer, aged forty-one years. He was driven into exile by General Simon when the latter led the successful revolution against President Nord Alexis. From Kingston, Jamaica, whither he fled, he began intriguing against Simon.

Simeon E. Baldwin, governor of Connecticut, who is willing to run for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket, is a man of great vigor, despite his seventy-one years, and last winter he tramped four miles through the snow up the mountainside to attend the funeral of Justice E. B. Whitney, at Cornwall, Connecticut. Proffer of the use of vehicles was declined, and at the finish the governor was in advance of men thirty years his junior.

Dr. Albrecht Kossel, who has arrived from Germany to lecture at the Johns Hopkins Medical School, won his appointment to Heidelberg, one of the most coveted berths in the world of medicine, through his research work in the University of Marburg. He is one of the foremost authorities in the world on proteins and ferments, on the chemistry of nuclei of cells, and of the brain. Dr. Kossel was born in Rostock, Germany, in 1853. Many American physicians have studied under him.

James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture since 1897, who recently celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday, has held his portfolio longer than any other Cabinet officer in the history of the government. Secretary Wilson was born August 16, 1835, in Ayrshire, Scotland, coming to this country with his parents at the age of sixteen. The family first settled in Connecticut. He went to Iowa in 1855, and began farming in 1861. After serving as a member of the Iowa assembly he went to Congress, 1873-7.

George R. Colton, militant governor of Porto Rico, who has just returned to his island domain, is a great believer in advertising, and his trip to this country was made solely with a view to bringing Porto Rico and her products prominently before the world. He is a progressive American, and while in New York arranged for advertising headquarters of the island, to be maintained by the Porto Rican government. The bureau will place advertising for any island firm of standing which has the money to pay for it.

Dr. George Chalmers Richmond, who has drawn public attention to himself by his pulpit utterances concerning the approaching Astor-Force wedding, comes of Presbyterian stock, his paternal grandfather, Hugh Richmond, having come from Scotland to Thompsonville, Connecticut, where he was one of the founders of the Presbyterian church of that place. Dr. Richmond was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, but later the family moved to Easthampton, where he attended Williston Seminary. He is a Yale graduate, and is now rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia.

Postmaster-General Frank Hitchcock has done what England failed to do—obviated the necessity of thousands of bookkeepers for the new postal savings banks. He was put up against the task of opening 40,000 small banks throughout the country. The bookkeeping problem was a staggering one. He went to England to study conditions, finding 15,000 savings offices, with a staff of 2000 clerks in London to look after the general bookkeeping. Returning home, he solved the difficulty by abolishing the English system of pass-books and issuing drafts or certificates of deposits, following the plan used by banks and express companies. By this simple method the postmaster keeps no books.

Dr. Daniel K. Parsons, the Hinsdale, Illinois, philanthropist, after giving away his fortune of $7,000,000, has just entered the Hinsdale sanitarium, almost penniless, to spend the remainder of his days. He has turned his ninety-second year, and is in failing health. His last gift was his residence and five acres of land, valued at $35,000, the residence to be maintained as a public library and art gallery. It has long been his wish to distribute his wealth for the benefit of humanity, and in its disposal he has given largely to schools and colleges in twenty different states. He was born in Vermont, and practiced medicine until he moved to Illinois, where he became immensely wealthy through real estate speculations.

James K. Vardaman, the new United States senator from Mississippi, would repeal the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution of the United States, and says "God Almighty intended the negro to till the soil under the direction of the white man." He was largely instrumental in putting through the state constitutional amendment in 1890, which practically wiped out the negro vote by establishing certain educational qualifications. Vardaman was brought up on a farm left desolate by the Civil War. His boyhood was a struggle with poverty, embittered by the supremacy gained by carpetbaggers, aided by the votes of the newly freed slaves. He became a lawyer, a country editor, and then was elected to the legislature. He went to Cuba a private in the Spanish war, returning a major, became governor of his state, and, as he is a good fighter, the country will know he is in Congress.

FRANZ OGANAUG.

The Pursuing Retribution That Could Not Be Escaped.

Those singular acts of ferocity on the part of Franz Oganaug with which he brought about the fearful death of his stepfather, his stepmother, his wife, his brother-in-law, his hired man, his house servant—his innocent babe only escaping because the hurried savage blow with which he thought he dispatched it struck the pillow instead—were equaled only by the fears which, after the deed, followed him like furies; for, as he well knew, he would have been as tissue paper before the all-consuming wrath of his countrymen.

Having thus put all his fiendishness into the murder, he of necessity put all ingenuity into escape. His first plunge was into the underbrush and thick woods on the north slope of Mt. Hamilton, to which rendezvous of criminals he was easily trailed. It was here that Oganaug (he was a man of no uncommon intellect) played the coup which enabled him to escape to his chosen refuge, the wilds of Lower California. Nor was he slow in carrying out the ruse. Taking the two-year-old which persisted in following his swift mare, he felled it with two quickly following shots from the revolver. This was in the early morning after the murder; and of course watchers along the highway not more than half a mile distant heard the reports.

No officer of the law dared venture in, however, for, if Oganaug had suicided, it was reasoned he would safely keep; but, if wounded or still alive, that unerring pistol aim of his, which enabled him to put out a squirrel's eye at fifty yards, could mean but absolute death to the intruder.

All day from points along Mt. Hamilton road and along the high ridges surrounding the cañon the deputies kept their stern vigil, and the second day they did the same, and the third; and then flocks of ragged black vultures began to circle over the point where the shots were heard—yes, it was clear Oganaug had suicided.

Not so fast! The first night in the underbrush in the black fog of midnight, Oganaug had crept out over the wilds of Black Mountain; and when officials who considered themselves the acme of shrewdness had, in their minds, conclusively established the suicide theory, he was dashing south to the evil lands of Lower California.

Oganaug, a criminal by instinct, had chosen this place to hide long before he had slain his chief victim, covering up his crime with the remorseless slaughter of innocents. He was not a man to leave anything undone, evil or good, necessary to the accomplishment of an end. To commit the crime and to get away needed both cold intellectual acumen and tremendous physical power. What he needed at this stage was strength to get to his place of concealment. He was really well calculated to undergo the strain which demonish fears drove him to endure to escape the terrors of capture and punishment. He was low and squat in build, with heavy yet steely muscles; feet broad and flat; eyes, which never rested, steel-gray; hair a sort of dusty yellow—coarse as hog's bristles. As if intentionally to add to his hideousness, he allowed his fingernails to grow long like a Chinaman's. Across the back of his right hand, parallel to his knuckles, was an ugly scar.

The arch fear possessed him as he rode on, avoiding, as he would the horrors, every city and hamlet. On down he went, down further and further south through the land whose beauty was seared by breath of such as he, till he came to the waste places, where it seemed God had piled the angular adamant and thousand-ton bowlders as if in His most forsaken fields, until later, in His own good time, He should come again to smooth the chasm and tear the herbless ridges down to make them over into green valés and mellow plains.

But even here the immeasurable fear was upon Oganaug. Every ball that fell from the scrub oak, every dry spear of weed that murmured in the hot desert wind, every buzzard-shadow that crossed his path, every moan of the night owl, every rustle of the poisonous lizard that trailed the rocks in the damp cave he had selected as the only place in the world to be safe from pursuit, his hateful fancy figured into the stealthy pursuer, or shaped into the click of the trigger which spoke doom. Even the painted savage of the desert he dared not trust; for if he had, his peculations, which grew bolder and bolder, on their scanty demesne would have brought their wrath upon him.

No, even the savage, who at first would have perhaps left him to the torments of his soul, now, because he seemed an evil spirit, would have visited upon him direst furies.

But as long as he hungered and was scourged by the heat of the desert sun, his demonish power of intrigue could carry the current of life on in him. The little Mexican town of San Bartolome began to know him. At night, when he stole as a wraith through the dark streets, he made himself as one of their greasy denizens. He dyed his yellow woolly beard and hair, and with oozy oils and unguents, developed the dirty olive complexion of the Greasers. He tied the flaming red bandanna about his neck, threw aside suspenders and wore a dirty string to hold up grimy overalls. But, even with the disguise complete, the ineffable fear was always on him.

There was one way to live—by the life of crime natural to his; for no man had work for him to do; or would he have dared to trust himself to labor, lest at unwary moment some unguarded word or movement would betray the secret of his soul. Then the hyenas of his conscience, laughing him to scorn, drove him back to the dire solitude of his desert cave, where the furies of despair gnawed at his heart, till perforce he again braved the slimy companionship of San Bartolome's night renegadoes.

At last Oganaug found among the wreckage of San Bartolome a soul that seemed as demonish as his own; and he peered into that soul, and thought he found the sin black enough to sort with his own. He was not far wrong. For Andy Straunch, too, was pursued by the same arch fears as Oganaug; and like Oganaug he was a son of Cain. The two, therefore, leagued together, and the murder and robbery they one night wrought in San Bartolome sent them flying together into the desert; for San Bartolome would have given neither of them form of trial had they been captured.

But even with Straunch, Oganaug's old fear of betrayal came back to him. He imagined Straunch to be the avenging emissary of the murdered Americans, and that he had taken this guise to undo him. No, he would not trust Straunch an inch further. The thought plowed through his brain like an electric current of a myriad volts; and even then he flashed his pistols into the face of his only companion.

Straunch, broken, fell into the dust, pleaded; would eat the very entrails of toads or sharks if Oganaug found him unworthy.

Oganaug dropped one pistol to his side; then the other, and motioned the man back into his confidence.

"There are two now in the Cave of the Scorpions," said the painted savages of the desert, children of Ishmael, when they knew, as they always did know, that Oganaug and Straunch were back again on the desert. But neither murderer knew of the net their most unrelenting enemies, the savage outcast Indians of Lower California deserts, were weaving around them.

Straunch, one day, to get away from the atmosphere of despair which now always enveloped the cave, had gone to the crest of a hill above; while Oganaug, with a cold about his heart which not even a desert sun could warm, had chosen to remain behind.

Straunch's burdens lifted a little as his keen eye surveyed the horizon. For the first time since he had fled the scene of the trouble blackening his life he faintly realized that perhaps, after all, it would be better for him to return to justice and take her remedy for his sick soul, no matter how severe that remedy might be.

He gazed around. Black, shiny vultures with ugly, shaved, crimson heads were soaring above him. Everywhere were rolled about mountains of black volcanic stone; to which only the most tenacious scrub oak could cling.

"Why come here to avoid prison or death! Death! This is death!" he thought.

He remembered, too, that not even Oganaug trusted him. Straunch groaned; but he checked himself immediately; for looking towards the cave he was aware of the wierdest, uncanny shape stealing or rather sneaking from bowlder to bowlder up the cañon in the direction of Oganaug. The savage, as he saw it was, was armed with ugly looking knives, a club, and a carbine, such as is used by old-fashioned cavalry. The Indian had not more than appeared when another armed in much the same way followed him. Then came others and others, until full thirty of the lank hungry demons passed by armed, up towards the cave.

As the last figure came into view, Straunch climbed down a little, determined to see what the fiends intended. He skirted the mountain side several hundred feet above and followed cautiously. He had not gone far before the cave was in full sight, although Oganaug was not to be seen. The savages were still moving up the cañon while he, in security, was not lifting a hand to oppose them. He quailed as he thought of possibilities. Then he considered flight, but, again, he knew he was safe; and the curiosity as to what they might do to Oganaug held him. What did he owe that murderer? Oganaug did not even trust him. When Oganaug was aroused there would be a bloody fight. *He* was to be the spectator and he did not dare, did not want to, come to Oganaug's rescue. His sympathy instinctively went to the savages—bloody and cruel fiends incarnate though they were. All afternoon the savages crawled towards the murderer's cave; and Straunch saw they were surrounding their quarry. Oganaug was still quiet, knowing nothing of the unrelenting ring of death fast closing in upon him.

Straunch took a station comparatively safe from flying bullets and anxiously watched. The circle of savages grew smaller, but Oganaug was still undisturbed. At length there was a little spurt of smoke and fire from behind one of the logs and a keen report. Oganaug was now aroused; but he was not injured as Straunch could see; yet he was caught outside the cave, although with the quickness of a tiger he had jumped into a small recess of rocks, where he was fairly well protected from the bullets of the savages. For a moment there was no other sound. The murderer seemed panic-stricken. Then there was a second sharp rifle crack from the unseen foe; but it missed its aim. Oganaug understood. He dropped close to the earth in his protective crevice. The grim fighters in the circle kept their ghostly silence. The evening wore into twilight and this strange grewsome conflict went on. All through the long night Straunch waited, but could guess nothing of the terrible happenings going on.

In the morning the murderer was still in his position, while the circle of doom continued to close around him. With pistols in either hand he was peering out of the temporary fastness which, in the darkness, he had improved upon, and was endeavoring to draw a bead on the savages. They clearly thought, now, they had their enemy all but in hand, and were getting bolder. Back of the high rock by the side of which Oganaug had taken his hiding, the savages had gathered in force; but they dared not approach from the side as they knew how fatal was his shot.

Then Straunch noticed that they were failing to take advantage of chances to kill, and he concluded they intended to take Oganaug alive—probably for torture; while the murderer was bent on making them pay full penalty for his capture. Finally a savage crept to the top of a high rock behind him, intending to shoot down; but he was too clumsy in handling the gun and the murderer pulled first, but not without a scream of pain, for another savage had shot with dire effect, breaking the robber's arm. The savage on the rock rolled lifeless to the earth.

But Oganaug still had his left arm, and, though a yell of triumph arose from the savages, they by no means had their man. Grimly the robber sat in his improvised fort watching every move of his enemies, who now seemed completely at bay, but in reality were waiting for their game like coyotes for a stricken bear.

There was beginning to be trouble in the robber's uncomfortable quarters. The numbness which at first drove the pain from his broken fore-arm had left, and he was suffering excruciating agony. It was only a case of quarter-hours when he should collapse. The savages were aware of this, and, to worry him, opened a fusillade, while he shot once or twice wildly in response. At last he was completely exhausted, and the fiends were on him.

Straunch expected to see his pal torn bit by bit to propitiate the uncontrollable wrath that had turned the savages into fury. But not a whit of it! The unconscious robber was tied with thongs and then, no attention being paid to the dead lying by, he was earried or rather dragged back down the cañon to the spring at the source of which the murderers had previously found their water supply. Stealthily Straunch followed along the mountainside, wondering what next would happen.

He did not have long to wait. Gaining a concealed position, he had full view of the savages and their victim.

They had built a fire and were bringing water from the spring, using it freely to revive the fainting prisoner, who was now fully conscious, and watching with peculiar interest every step in the proceedings.

Finally there was a pause. The savages formed a ring about the prisoner and one of them, a leader as it appeared, arose and made a speech which was listened to by his men with fiendish glee. When he finished, a brawny warrior grasped his club and raised it over the man's head. Straunch saw the club fall. He heard the sickening blow.

Then as fast as he could go, consistent with concealment from the savages, made up and away from the horror. For hours in agonizing fear he lay hid in a deep cleft of the rocks, until finally, there being no difference to be thought of between the terror of starvation and terror of death at the hand of savages, he again made his way down the cañon.

It was silent and deserted. The savages had disappeared. Straunch went cautiously on to the scene of the orgy. Nauseated by the sickening odor of half-eaten and burnt flesh and bones, he only glanced about to catch the sight of a hand spiked to the stump of a tree. There were the long fingernails and there, too, was the ugly scar across the back. Straunch hurried out of the charnel house. His face was heavy with cold sweat. He gathered his few things together at the cave, and at the coming of dusk set out on the long trail for San Bartolome. Arriving there, he took the first sailing vessel to the north, where in due time he arrived at the town, the scene of his old crime. Later he confessed, was tried, convicted, and is today expiating his crime behind the walls of the penitentiary.

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1911.

Housing conditions in Amsterdam among the wealthy are peculiar. Very frequently men of large business affairs have their residence in their office and warehouse buildings. The upper floors are elegantly fitted up, while the lower floors are occupied as office quarters, or the lower floors are used for residential purposes and the upper floors as warehouses. These homes front on the canals. Household furnishings, merchandise, etc., are hoisted to the upper stories by block and tackle. An ingenious mirror arrangement in the windows furnishes persons who live above the first floor a view of the street and of any one ringing the doorbell.

During the year 1910 no improvement was made in the Spanish railway system. Madrid is connected with the great centres of population and industry by one nominally fast and one intentionally slow train a day. As a result passengers are often compelled to wait several days before they can secure places in the few trains which run.

In spite of its great oil fields, the United States imports refined petroleum, though in limited quantities. Far-off Roumania, pleased with returns on a former shipment, has sent on another steamer load of 2600 tons.

IMPERFECTLY MONOGAMIC.

Pleasures and Perturbations of a Manhattan Marital Compact.

It might be suggested that one would feel obliged to turn in relief from this topic to that volume, more often referred to than read, "How to Be Happy, though Married"; but I am more inclined to give an hour or so to "Civilization, Its Cause and Cure," that Carpenter work which, if not antidotic, is at worst a counter-irritant. How perniciously and bafflingly run the currents now in the matrimonial river! We had nearly exhausted the possibilities in the way of satire and sardonic humor over the Astor-Force and Geraghty-French alliances when another suggestive development on related lines is projected on the screen. Upton Sinclair, the best-advertised muckraker and reformer of them all, the one who has awed popular magazine readers for years with his knowledge of how things should be done, demonstrated by his revelations of the shocking way in which things are done, in the kitchens of society and the stockyards of Chicago—Upton Sinclair is in the divorce court asking for freedom from his loose and messy marriage bonds.

And just because of this, and the naming of an artist co-respondent, Mrs. Sinclair furnishes the newspaper reporters with some intimate information concerning Mr. Sinclair's shortcomings on the hither side of manly virtue. They are not interesting so far as they offer a more or less exact chart of Mr. Sinclair's traits, but they provide a text or two for those who are most eloquent in describing the characteristic vagaries of feminine intuition. The lady is of course sadly disillusioned by her marital woes, but she "had had no experience and did not know the comparative value of loves."

Eleven summers and winters have gone over the heads of Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair since they joined their hands and fortunes, and it may be admitted that the better or more advanced half of the pair has gained a fairly complete assortment of experiences in that time. She knows him now. He is, if her definition may be accepted, "an essential monogamist, without having any of the qualities which an essential monogamist should possess. He is a conservative by instinct and nature and a radical merely by choice."

Mr. Sinclair is a Socialist. Just how far his theories of community interest in property go may not be affirmed. He certainly resents the alleged intrusion of Harry Kemp, a young Kansas poet, into his family circle. There is but one statutory cause for absolute divorce in New York. The Utopian colonist has shown by his legal action that the climax of his marriage misfortunes has been reached. All his encyclopædic wisdom has failed to assure his success as a husband.

On the other hand, Mrs. Sinclair resents nothing except the possibility that she will not be given her freedom, though she is rather concerned that her side of the story should be told. She says that her husband is "over-developed intellectually." The fact is, it is a simple case of monotony and weariness, not of incompatibility of temperament. More has been said of the action than would have been heard had Sinclair been less notorious as an apostle of advanced thought. The accruing advantage of a big lot of new advertising entirely free will not be overlooked by him.

An engagement on the stage is Mrs. Meta Fuller Sinclair's ultimate goal, if things go well, according to the reporter's stories. Thus may she find some good for her at the end of her long and unconfining career of connubial infelicity. Mr. Kemp is not a prominent object in the foreground, so far as her confidences illuminate the picture. She declares that, like every other woman, she hungers for a "real mate" and when she finds him she will marry him. In the meantime, she hazards no statement concerning the probability that she has found him.

As one of the evening papers remarks, so many have labeled Mr. Sinclair "absurd" that newspaper writers do not take this divorce case seriously. Why it should not be serious to him does not appear. With all his eccentricities, from irrepressible curiosity to vegetarianism, he has been rather masterful. If he is not more than surprised, deeply grieved in fact, to find one of his temples in ruins, he is something above absurdity. He certainly will not be able to make this limping conclusion fit any of his perfect schemes of existence. How can one be a leader in Utopian projects after being convicted of inefficiency, even in the minor accomplishments?

One incident in the domestic entanglement really gives the key to the whole situation: While the papers were being prepared by Mr. Sinclair's attorney for service upon the wife she and her husband and the co-respondent poet sat in the assembly room of a hotel and quietly discussed with reporters the problem of marital relations and Utopia in general. There was nothing in the manner of any one of the three to intimate that their relations were so strained that the law was being invoked to settle their personal difficulties. Indeed, the author and his wife frequently addressed each other in endearing terms, and in a most matter-of-fact way Mr. Sinclair told his wife that his attorney would call later in the day, as he did so, with the formal papers.

Perhaps Mrs. Sinclair's complaint has a more general application than we are willing to admit. It may be that we are all imperfectly monogamic. There is nothing reassuring in the news of the day, from the Atlantic to Reno. Sanguine, indeed, must be the one who finds in the present trend of activities among the progressive women the promise of a change for the better. Man, weak man, must be the victim in one way or another, when freedom of choice, by contract-bound as well by unencumbered, is firmly established under the coming régime. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 31, 1911.

No estimate can be made of the number of wild elephants in the jungles of Siam. In one of the elephant "drives" in the Aypthia district recently more than two hundred were seen at one time. These drives are held yearly in the various districts of Siam, during which great numbers of the animals are driven into a stockade. The finest specimens are then captured and later tamed and trained for domestic use. The district of Aypthia is famous for its drives, and the king usually attends when large events are arranged for. Permission to capture wild elephants may be obtained from the Siamese government, and for each animal caught a royalty of $150 is paid; but such capture is exceedingly difficult and expensive, and the animal often dies before it is properly trained.

Von Kinderlen-Waechter, acclaimed "The New Bismarck," is not of noble birth, but is a scholarly, industrious man, bold and ostentatiously contemptuous of others' views, who has won his position by merit and indomitable courage. He was born in 1852, his father being director of a Stuttgart bank. As the result of the marriage of his father to a noble lady—Waechter—the family adopted the name as it now stands. Young Kinderlen fought in the war of 1870-71, afterward entering Tübingen University. He has been secretary of the embassy at St. Petersburg and in Paris and councilor of embassy at Constantinople. In 1909 he first appeared in the Reichstag, where his maiden speech was greeted with laughter.

It may be claimed that lawn tennis is at least three centuries old (says the London *Chronicle*), having been played in 1591, when Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Elvetham, in Hampshire, by the Earl of Hertford. Strutt, quoting from Nichol's "Progress of Queen Elizabeth," tells us that "after dinner, about three o'clock, ten of his lordship's servants, all Somersetshire men, in a square green court, before her majesty's window, did hang up lines, squaring out the form of a tennis court, and making a cross line in the middle. In this square they, being stript out of their doublets, played, five to five, with hand ball, to the great liking of her highness."

The adventurous *voyageurs*, Radisson and Groseilliers, in the years between 1658 and 1661, pushed their steps to Lake Nipigong and the Lake of the Woods, and learned from the Indians there that a great body of water, Hudson's Bay, lay not far away. The outcome of that pioneer trip was the chartering, in 1670, of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose existence as a virtual monopoly in the fur trade has continued for two hundred and forty years, and whose far-flung line of trading posts now marks always the outermost limits of habitation in that frozen country.

Venice's famous Campanile has been restored. It collapsed nine years ago. It was originally a watch tower, before the Christian world was yet in its teens. In the work of reconstruction one man has worked for years piecing together the 2000 fragments of the figure of the Madonna and the Child. The figure of St. John was originally part of the group, but it was shattered to atoms in the fall. Four of the five bells have been recast, and their first peal was recorded by a gramophone, which was sent to Pope Pius X, who expressed his delight at their clear tones.

Thousands of men in England earn their living during a considerable portion of the year by their ability to walk and work on tall stilts. Most of them are employed in the hop-fields of Kent and other districts, where they have displaced the high step-ladders formerly in use. During the pole-stringing season the stilt-walkers, twelve feet from the ground, perform the work with ease and without loss of time or motion. A trained stiltman will do the work of four or five men working with stepladders.

Making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before has been outdone in the culture of silkworms in the Philippines. Ceylon silkworms, which produced cocoons of a bright golden yellow, have been crossed with the Japanese breed, the result being a pure white cocoon giving a crop of silk nine times a year, compared with the usual two or three crops of the Japanese and Chinese worms.

Six skyscrapers were begun in Chicago last month, to represent an outlay in the aggregate of ten million dollars. These buildings will be 260 feet high, the old-time limit, but beginning with the present month no greater height than 200 feet will be allowed under the city ordinance.

London still depends upon its army of cats to handle the rats among the ships that come up the Thames. The port of London authority has made known its estimate for eats' milk for the year. The appropriation is for $4000.

SWITZERLAND'S NATAL DAY.

On the first of August every year the Swiss celebrate their national fête day (says the London *Spectator*). The day is to them what July 4th is to the United States and July 14th to France; it is the day when they recall the victory of three small states against the House of Habsburg. The struggle with the Austrians of course went on for centuries, and was tempered with phases of friendship, but the year 1291, which is the subject of veneration on the national fête day, was the beginning of Swiss independence. A correspondent describes the character of the celebration with emphasis laid on the delicacy and reticence of the rejoicings. There was nothing official; there were no public banquets; no striking parades; no fuss, noise, or boasting. And yet the patriotism of the Swiss is one of the most effective patriotisms in Europe. The Swiss serves his country as a soldier with more cheerfulness and more intelligence than any citizen in Europe, but he does not keep his patriotism up to the mark with any of the Dutch courage of vainglorious rhetoric.

The Swiss did not imitate their glorified militia from some other country. They invented it for themselves. The whole heart of the country is put into it. Many of its superior officers may be hotel-keepers in Lucerne, Geneva, or Bâle, but the problems of war are the recreation of their leisure. Rifle-shooting is the hobby and pastime of the whole youth of the country, and when a young man has served his time in the *élite* of the army he receives his rifle as a present from the state, is proud of it and takes as much care of it as a sportsman in England takes care of his gun. Not long ago the Swiss were asked by means of a poll of the people whether they were willing to accept a bill which laid on them a longer period of service and the burden of more military expenditure. By a great majority they answered "Yes." The result of a poll of the people is frequently a negative. Here, if ever, one would have expected a negative.

The correspondent says that it is the "freedom from official organization which gives such a personal character to the festivities of August 1." In town and village nothing happens till the evening. At eight o'clock the bells in every belfry in the land are set ringing, and at dark bonfires are lit upon the hills and young and old sing, "O Monts Indépendants," which goes to our tune of "God Save the King." The correspondent quotes M. Philippe Monnier, the Swiss novelist, who died a few weeks ago, as writing of this simple celebration of bells and bonfires: "It is spontaneous like a scrap of happiness which has its birth one evening in a family. Its only origin is the unpremeditated harmony of heart and spirit." Again Monnier says:

"One must not always say 'Patrie, patrie.' It is a profanation. The feeling for one's country is an exceedingly delicate feeling, which has its shyness and its reserve, its silences and its exquisite discretion. It belongs to the ineffable. A divine emotion, a movement of worship, it is in the depths of the heart, in the secret places of the conscience. With us it is something beyond expression and incapable of being formulated. When an orator apostrophizes it in the tribune decorated with a flag the image of it takes flight in terror, for it is nervous of fine language. But when a tiny people gathers by itself on the slopes of a field, when it listens in silence to the deep voice of the bells, when it watches the splendid flames rising in the night and spontaneously, without wishing, without knowing, begins of its own accord, in spite of the airs it hardly grasps, in spite of the words it barely understands, to sing with all its heart and voice, then the mystery, sheltering close in the folds of the soul—the fugitive image—finds its home and sometimes consents to stay."

Remarkable is the Sulu *News*, a newspaper printed chiefly in the language of the people of Sulu and Zamboango. As might be supposed, it is edited by an American, Charles R. Cameron, superintendent of schools of the Moro province of the Philippines. He also founded the paper. His associate editor is Datu Raja Muda Mandi, who gets out the Arabic section of the *News*, and calls on his people to beat their swords into pruning hooks and plowshares. The government shows its interest in the educational peace movement by printing the paper free of charge. It is also distributed free. To many of the Moros it is a great curiosity, but they are much interested in the first newspaper to be printed in their own language.

European visitors who do not know South American conditions are surprised at the extravagance of many of the women's toilets in that part of the world. The most extravagant of French confections are often scarcely elaborate enough for Buenos Aires, and firms in Paris create specially expensive fashions for the South American trade.

Fruit trees from California will be planted in Egypt by an English company which has secured a large tract of land with a view to engaging in the fruit-growing industry on an extensive scale.

Although Newfoundland was visited by 5000 tourists and sportsmen last year, only about one hundred were Englishmen.

No person over eighty years of age can marry in Russia, according to the law of that country.

CURIOUS AND FAMOUS WILLS.

Virgil M. Harris Presents a Remarkable Collection of the Bequests of All Ages.

That many curious discoveries may be made by the diligent study of wills is almost a truism. There seems to be something in the making of a will, in the preparation of a document that will deeply influence the lives of others and yet that will not be read until after the death of its maker, that searches the recesses of human nature and brings to light much that was hidden or that was obscured by convention. We may not go so far as the legal writer who says that by a man's will we may know "of the goodness or foulness of the heart that conceived it," but that it has a curious indicative power none will deny.

Mr. Virgil M. Harris is to be congratulated on the thoroughness of his examination into a subject that is by no means without its charm. Other collections of curious and famous wills have been published, but none so complete, so philosophic, or of so wide a range as the present. To collect interesting wills is comparatively easy. To present them in an orderly way and in the light of a profound legal knowledge is quite another thing. But Mr. Harris has done it, and in a scholarly way. He helps us to understand the history of will-making, the difficulties that a complex civilization has created, and the pitfalls that await the unwary, nor should we forget a word of special commendation for the admirable chapter on the wills of fiction and poetry. Mr. Harris assures us that he has confined the fiction of his fine book to this one chapter and that all other citations have been carefully verified.

The arrangement of such a work must have been a matter of some difficulty, and there will be no disposition to quarrel with the author's division. First we have a luminous chapter on the importance of will-making, and this is followed by a substantial collection of ancient wills that are given in full except where they contain matter of no general interest. Among them is a quotation from the will of Rabelais, and one that well represents his satirical genius:

I have no available property, I owe a great deal; the rest I give to the poor.

A good many will-makers have dropped into verse, and very poor verse it usually is, perhaps because of the restraints of the subject. One such will is the following:

In the name of God, Amen;
My featherbed to my wife, Jen;
Also my carpenter's saw and hammer;
Until she marries; then, God damn her!

Whether the final expletive was due to the exigencies of rhyme or to the memory of past tribulations is not apparent. From the legal point of view the will leaves much to be desired, but as the estate was not large there may have been no dispute.

The wills relating to families are the most prolific in curiosities, and of these we have a large number:

It is recorded of an old English farmer that, in giving instructions for his will, he directed a legacy of one hundred pounds be given to his widow. Being informed that some distinction was usually made in case the widow married again, he doubled the sum; and when told that this was quite contrary to custom, he said, with heartfelt sympathy for his possible successor, "Aye, but him as gets her'll deserve it."

Sometimes the will has been used for purposes of confession. Thus we find J. Withiol of Walthamstow, England, who leaves his landed estates to his wife:

Trusting, yea, I may say, as I think, assuring myself, that she will marry no man, for fear to meet with so evil a husband as I have been to her.

On the other hand the will may be used for purposes of invective and for a freedom of statement inadvisable during life. Thus the Earl of Stafford, who followed James II in his exile to France and who married the daughter of the Duc de Grammont, inserted the following denunciation into his will:

To the worst of women, Claude Charlotte de Grammont, unfortunately my wife, guilty as she is of all crimes, I leave five-and-forty brass halfpence, which will buy a pullet for her supper. A better gift than her father can make her! for I have known when, having not the money, neither had he the credit for such a purchase; he being the worst of men, and his wife the worst of women, in all debaucheries. Had I known their characters I had never married their daughter, and made myself unhappy.

Of a more benevolent nature was the will of the Hon. J. H. Gregory of Marblehead, Massachusetts. The will was probated in February, 1910, and the first claimants appeared about five months later:

Having had my sympathies often aroused by reason of the extra burden and care entailed on loving mothers, poor in the things of earth, who have brought twins into the world, as an expression of that sympathy I leave in trust to my beloved town $1000, with the provision that the interest be divided on January first between all twins born in Marblehead during the previous year. In case no twins are born during a given year the interest shall be added to the principal.

It will be noted that there is no provision that the twins must be born in wedlock, but whether this was due to oversight or common sense there is nothing to show.

Sometimes wills have been found to contain mysterious directions, perhaps understood by the family, but by no one else. Such a will is that of the late Countess of Loudown, half-sister of the late Marquis of Hastings, whose will contained the following curious passage:

After my death I direct my right hand to be cut off, and buried in Donnington Park, at the bend of the hill towards the Trent, with this motto over it, "I hyde my tyme." This direction was faithfully carried out by the lady's husband, and the monument can now be seen in Donnington Park, in England.

Another remarkable will is that of Theodore James Ralli, an artist, who died in 1909. Nevertheless it is a will of vigorous good sense:

Let me be placed in my coffin as quickly as possible after my death, and let nobody outside the household be admitted to my death chamber before I am placed in my coffin. In a word, I do not wish anybody to attend through curiosity to see how I look. Let no photographs be made of my corpse, and let me buried as soon as possible. For the love of God, do not weep for me. I have lived a life happy enough. The aim of my life was painting, and I gave it all of which I was capable. I might have lived twenty years more, but I could not have progressed any more, so what was the good of it? And how content I should be if no one wore any marks of mourning for me. I always had a horror of it. So, if you can not do otherwise, wear the least of it possible.

A will of a confirmed woman hater is that of a rich old bachelor who had endured much from "attempts made by my family to put me under the yoke of matrimony," and who wrote:

I beg that my executors will see that I am buried where there is no woman interred, either to the right or to the left of me. Should this not be practicable in the ordinary course of things, I direct that they purchase three graves, and bury me in the middle one of the three, leaving the two others unoccupied.

The Duchess of Northumberland, widow of the Protector, was evidently a modest lady, too modest indeed to tolerate the thought of dissection. She wrote:

In nowise let me be opened after I am dead: I have not used to be very bold before women, much more would I be loth to come into the hands of any living man, be he physician or surgeon.

Dr. Southwood Smith is quoted as telling a curious story about the disposition of the body of Jeremy Bentham. Dr. Smith says:

Jeremy Bentham left by will his body to me for dissection. I was also to deliver a public lecture over it to medical students and the public generally. The latter I did at Well Street School. After the usual anatomical demonstration a skeleton was made of the bones. I endeavored to preserve the head untouched, merely drawing away the fluids by placing it under an air-pump over sulphuric acid. By this means the head was rendered as hard as the skulls of the New Zealanders, but all expression was gone, of course. Seeing this would not do for exhibition, I had a model made in wax by a distinguished French artist. I then had the skeleton stuffed out to fit Bentham's own clothes, and this wax likeness fitted to the trunk. The whole was then enclosed in a mahogany case with folding glass doors, seated in his arm-chair, and holding in his hand his favorite walking-stick, and for some years it remained in a room of my house in Finsbury Square. But I ultimately gave it to University College, where it now is.

Many wills express a dread of premature burial and endeavor to guard against it:

A Hertfordshire farmer inserted in his will his written wish that "as he was about to take a thirty years' nap, his coffin might be suspended from a beam in his barn, and by no means nailed down." He, however, permitted it to be locked, provided a hole were made in the side through which the key might be pushed, so that he might let himself out when he awoke. However, as his death took place in 1720, and in 1750 he showed no signs of waking, his nephew, who inherited his property, after allowing him one year's grace, caused a hole to be dug and had the coffin put into it.

The same fear mingled with an eccentric superstition may be traced in the will of the Rev. Langton Freeman:

The Rev. Langton Freeman, rector of Bilton, Northamptonshire, England, desired in his will that his body should be left undisturbed on the bed whereon he died till it could no longer be kept, that it was then to be carried, bed and all, decently and privately to the summer-house in his own private garden at Whilton. The bed with the body on it was then to be wrapped in a strong double winding-sheet, and to be treated in all respects as was the body of our Lord. The doors and windows of the summer-house were then to be secured, and the building planted round with evergreens and fenced with dark-blue palings. This eccentric will was conscientiously obeyed. The fence and even the trees have now disappeared, and the summer-house is in ruins. Some years ago an entrance was effected through the roof, and the deceased was found completely mummified, without any wrappers, one arm lying down by the side, the other across the chest.

The author believes that the will of Mr. Greitulke expressed a fear of premature burial, but it might be supposed that the process of embalming would be a sufficient guaranty of death:

I do not wish to be buried; but desire that my body be embalmed, and placed in a coffin, the lid of which shall be glazed; also I desire it be not nailed down, so that my body may not be deprived of air and light. Ultimately it may be buried, if the law permit.

A desire to take a final look at the scenery is shown by the recently executed will of a Parisian:

I desire that on the day of my burial I may be carried round by the Rue Le Peletier, to visit once more the table where I have spent so many of the pleasantest hours of my life.

Pure eccentricity probably accounts for the will of Valentine Tapley, who died recently in Missouri:

Valentine Tapley, owner of the longest beard in the world, died Saturday, April 2, 1910, at his home, Spencerburg, Pike County, Missouri. He was eighty years old. It is said that when Lincoln was a candidate for the presidency, Mr. Tapley, who was a Democrat, made a vow that if Lincoln was elected he would never cut his beard. The length of his beard was twelve and a half feet for several years prior to his death. This is said to be longer than any other beard known. Mr. Tapley took great pride in his whiskers, and wore them wrapped in silk and wound about his body. During the latter part of his life he was apprehensive his grave would be robbed for his whiskers, and in his will he made provision for a tomb of extra strength to guard against this. Mr. Tapley declined several offers to exhibit his beard. He was a large owner of Pike County farming land, and died wealthy.

A certain individual, one of the Vanderbilts, left to a lady a bequest in these words:

I supplicate Miss B. to accept my whole fortune, too feeble an acknowledgment of the inexpressible sensations which the contemplation of her adorable nose has produced on me.

Wills that are based upon wholly fictitious information are rare and to be accounted for only on a theory of insanity:

A Mr. George, resident of one of the British colonies, who died possessed of a large property, contrived to puzzle the brains of his executors by imagining and inserting in his will two heirs who had no existence but in his brain. After bequeathing his worldly goods in the usual form, he named as his residuary legatees a son and daughter, whom he stated to be his children by a beautiful Circassian he had married at Plymouth in St. Peter's Church. He added that, though the lady had subsequently eloped with a parson, he bore no ill-will to the children, whom she had taken with her, but should be glad to think they would be traced and apprised of their good fortune.

The whole romance turned out to be a complete fabrication, but not until it had severely tried the patience of the executors.

But there are some other wills that contain no ambiguities and that seem to indicate "a plain case." Among them is the will of E. J. Halley of Memphis, Tennessee, who died a few months ago:

To the nurse who kindly removed a pink monkey from the foot of my bed, $5000.

To the cook at the hospital who removed snakes from my broth, $5000.

There are some wills that show an eccentricity amounting to insanity:

An eccentric testator, having been told that so long as the proper formalities required by law of wills were complied with it was immaterial whether the said will were written on paper, parchment, canvas, or wood, elected to write his on his door. The executors had therefore no choice but to have the door unscrewed from its hinges and carried into court for probate before it could be administered. The author has not been able to locate the court in which this rather weighty will was probated, but its existence is well authenticated.

Perhaps the same might be said of wills that impose humiliating or degrading conditions:

Money is so generally welcome that it is hardly conceivable that a legacy in cash would ever be refused. Occasionally, however, as a result of the absurdity or harshness of the conditions attached to legacies, substantial bequests of this kind have been declined. An Englishman refused a legacy of two hundred pounds because it was stipulated that before receiving it he must walk down the most important street of a fashionable summer resort (Brighton) "dressed in female attire."

A desire to exterminate the Irish has been expressed upon more than one occasion, but it was left to an English gentleman to formulate a definite method and to explain it in his will:

I give and bequeath the annual sum of ten pounds, to be paid in perpetuity out of my estate, to the following purpose: It is my will and pleasure that this sum shall be spent in the purchase of a certain quantity of the liquor vulgarly called whisky, and it shall be publicly given out that a certain number of persons, Irish only, not to exceed twenty, who may choose to assemble in the cemetery in which I shall be interred, on the anniversary of my death, shall have the same distributed to them. Further, it is my desire that each shall receive it by half-a-pint at a time till the whole is consumed, each being likewise provided with a stout oaken stick and a knife, and that they shall drink it all on the spot. Knowing what I know of the Irish character, my conviction is, that with these materials given, they will not fail to destroy each other, and when in the course of time the race comes to be exterminated, this neighborhood at least may, perhaps, be colonized by civilized and respectable Englishmen.

Among ingenious ways of evading a will the plan followed by Major Hook may be commended:

A county newspaper some years ago recorded the death of a Major Hook, and spoke of him as "a singular character." "He died," says the report, "on Monday sennight, at his house, Ham Street, Ham Common. He was an officer in the East India Company's service, and reached the age of seventy-five. His house was remarkable for its dingy and dilapidated condition."

His wife had become entitled to a life annuity, bequeathed to her in these ambiguous terms: "And the same shall be paid to her as long as she is above ground." When, therefore, the good lady died, her husband very naturally objected to forfeit this income by putting her *below* ground; and ingeniously devised a mode of keeping her in a room which he allotted "to her sole and separate use," placing a glass case over her remains. For thirty years he thus prolonged his enjoyment, if not of his wife's society, at least of her income.

A grisly and revolting bequest is that recorded by Dr. Forbes:

A certain individual, who, having been crossed in love, concluded to end an unhappy and disappointing life, ordered his body to be boiled down, and all the fat to be extracted therefrom to be used in making a candle, which was to be presented to the object of his affections, together with a letter containing his adieus and expressions of undying love. The time chosen for the delivery of the candle and the letter was at night, in order that the lady might read the touching lines by this veritable "Corpse Candle." The will, the learned Dr. Winslow tells us, was literally carried out.

It must not be supposed that the author confines himself to the grotesque aspects of will-making. His work contains as many documents remarkable for their dignity as of those other bequests wherein the absurd and the eccentric predominate. It is an inclusive collection and one of value to the student of human nature and even to the historian.

ANCIENT, CURIOUS, AND FAMOUS WILLS. By Virgil M. Harris. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $4.

China is forming the American chewing-gum habit. A Hong Kong firm last year sold $5000 worth of the American-manufactured article. The manner of introducing the gum was characteristic of the American-educated Chinese merchant, who had spent sixteen years in Oregon and had become infected with the Western spirit of activity. He went through Southern China, solicited the retail trade, and personally interviewed many of the wealthy Chinese, demonstrating the value of chewing gum.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

John Sherwood, Ironmaster.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell tells us that a study of the mental and moral characteristics of children as altered, lost, or valuably developed in later life would be interesting. It would, and this is precisely what the author has given us so far as the constraints of fiction will permit. He shows us an orphan boy left to the guardianship of two narrow and miserly uncles and of an unmarried aunt whose sense of duty is tempered by a sort of starveling affection. When the boy gets unruly he is sent to his uncle's iron foundry, where he is left to shift for himself and to find such protection as his fists can give him. At last his uncles die and he becomes their heir and a wealthy man, while on the debit side of the human ledger is entered an incipient tuberculosis that compels him to sell his business and to lead a camp life on the coast of Maine. Youthful experiences and a presumed heredity have now produced a man of cold exterior, passionless, inflexibly just, and with a certain liberal charity that seems the result of intellectual judgment rather than of impulse. To what extent will such a character he modified by the threat of death, by communion with nature, and by contrast with the simple and elemental people of a desolate coast. It is a problem worthy the attention of a novelist who is also a philosopher and a scientist. Dr. Mitchell works it out in the course of a leisurely story, full of introspective accuracies and told with a sense of easy strength that attracts the reader and holds his attention.

The trouble is that there are so many elements of which we know nothing. Among them is the element of heredity, and this must account for the hero's apparent indifference to women. Until he meets Mrs. Norman on the Maine coast there is no suggestion that his mind had ever turned in the direction that is usually the pole star of the average young man. And when he does fall in love the emotion is of a supernatural calmness and without the fret and fever that plagues a lower humanity. On the whole we are inclined to give the weight of influence to an undisclosed heredity rather than to an environment that was equally likely to produce a diametrically opposite character.

JOHN SHERWOOD, IRONMASTER. By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL. D. New York: The Century Company; $1.20.

Adam Mickiewicz.

Miss Gardner gives us so admirable an account of the Polish poet that we can only wonder that honor has been so long delayed where honor is so plainly due. There have, it is true, been other attempts to familiarize the English-speaking world with the work of Mickiewicz, but they have failed, partly from incompetence and partly from a failure to convey the magnetism of the living personality. Miss Gardner is likely to succeed because of her enthusiasm and because of the picture that she gives of the man himself, a man consumed and utterly devoured by a volcanic patriotism, and who became the mouthpiece for the martyrdom of his nation.

Mickiewicz was a fanatic, but it is only the fanatics that can stir the world from its lethargy. It is only the fanatic that could have written the tremendous "Litany of the Pilgrim" that ran through the ranks of Polish patriotism like to a fire among the straw:

For a universal war for the freedom of the nations,
We beseech Thee, oh Lord.
For the national arms and eagles,
We beseech Thee, oh Lord.
For a happy death on the field of battle,
We beseech Thee, oh Lord.

It was almost natural for a man of his temperament to fall victim to the seductive mysticism of Towianski, who foresaw the kingdom of God upon earth and with Poland for His throne. But it was the end of his poetic work, it diverted the stream of his genius into fantastic channels that were unfruitful and blighting. It is to be hoped that Miss Gardner's admirable work will now be supplemented by adequate metrical translations. She has told us so much of Mickiewicz that we would willingly know more.

ADAM MICKIEWICZ: The National Poet of Poland. By Monica M. Gardner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.50.

The Ship of Coral.

Dr. H. de Vere Stacpoole always manages to give a distinction to his novels. All of them leave a mental deposit either of actual knowledge or of speculative curiosity. They are thoughtful, informed and purposeful.

"The Ship of Coral" is a story of buried treasure. Its location is discovered by two French sailors shipwrecked on one of the Bahama Islands. A quarrel ensues, although not about the treasure. One of them throws a knife and kills the other. Perhaps it was a legal murder, but morally it was an accident. Then comes the horror of remorse, the rescue of the survivor, his adventures at Martinique, and his return to the island with a subtle and sinister villain who has discovered the double secret of the murder and the treasure. The adventure parts of the story are well described, but they are subsidiary to the psychological interest and to the picture of life on Martinique with its vivid tropical characters that nature moulds in her own image. Dr. Stacpoole's name is a magnet for the eye that wanders over the book shelves, and those who take down his latest novel will not be disappointed.

THE SHIP OF CORAL. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.20.

Mrs. Thompson.

W. B. Maxwell has added another exceptionally clever story to an already ample list. Mrs. Thompson is a widow and the head of a large department store in a country town, a store that owes its success entirely to her good sense and conservative management. But she has naturally spoiled her daughter, who has been pushed into a "good society" that despises trade and whose whole nature has been cloyed and surfeited with indulgence. Then comes a love affair for both mother and daughter. The daughter's lover is an aristocratic young fortune hunter whom Mrs. Thompson properly detests and refuses to countenance or to endow. A series of stormy scenes between mother and daughter finally breaks down Mrs. Thompson's resistance, and in a moment of desperation she says that if the girl is determined to have her own way she also will do what she knows to be foolish and marry one of her shopmen, who with extraordinary audacity has proposed for her hand. And so both mother and daughter are married and we are allowed to watch a tragic disillusionment in all its stages. The daughter finds that she has married a rake and a gambler and the mother sees the slow destruction of her business at the hands of a man who might have endured everything but prosperity. The brilliant *coup de main* by which Mrs. Thompson ultimately rescued herself must be left undivulged, but the author is to be congratulated upon the success with which the secret is kept and upon a bold and original conception. The story is to be commended as a thoroughly competent piece of work, full of delicate analysis, psychological insight, and workmanlike composition.

MRS. THOMPSON. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30.

George Meredith.

The Memorial Edition of the works of George Meredith is nearing completion. Three handsome volumes of poems have just been issued, and as this brings us to Volume XXVI we have still to await the concluding volume, showing various changes, alterations, and deletions made by the author in the several editions of his works, together with a complete bibliography.

The completed shelf will be an imposing one and well calculated to arouse the cupidity of the collector. Paper, printing, binding, and illustrations are all worthy of the occasion. It may be said that the volumes of poetry include some hitherto unpublished stanzas for "Love in the Valley" and an early draft of the verses entitled "The Head of Bran," together with other reproductions from old notebooks.

THE WORKS OF GEORGE MEREDITH. Memorial edition. In twenty-seven volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; in sets; per vol., $2.

Yellow Men and Gold.

Gouverneur Morris tells a story that is an almost undisguised imitation of "Treasure Island." But "Treasure Island" is a good story to imitate, and no one can produce a better yarn of its kind than Gouverneur Morris. We have the accidental discovery of a chart showing the whereabouts of hidden treasure, a hastily planned voyage to recover it, the interference of a gang of ruffians, a series of duels between the rival parties, alternating successes, and finally the triumph of the right man. But Gouverneur Morris introduces a woman into the story, perhaps as a concession to the modern spirit or as an adventitious aid to the lesser genius. Women have no right on a treasure-hunting expedition and this particular woman is an improbable superfluity.

YELLOW MEN AND GOLD. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.20.

The Gift of the Grass.

It is a strange perversity that persuades so accomplished a writer as Mr. John Trotwood Moore to tell the story of a horse in the first person as an autobiography. There is only one man living who can enter clairvoyantly into the animal consciousness or at least who can make us think that he can, and we are by no means sure how far even Mr. Kipling's magic is one of glamour.

But in spite of this pervading error the "autobiography of a famous racing horse" is full of good things, of the open air, of animal rapture and ambition, and of an exuberant sympathy for the world of the horse.

THE GIFT OF THE GRASS. By John Trotwood Moore. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50.

Sir John Hawkwood.

Here we have a lively presentation of an incident in the life of Sir John Hawkwood, free lance and soldier of fortune, who was accorded a state funeral by the republic of Florence and whose picture may be seen in the cathedral of that city. Sir John Hawkwood was in the service of Antonio della Scala, the profligate and infamous head of the House of Saliger and ruler of Verona. But Sir John becomes aware of a double perfidy on the part of his employer, who proposes not only to destroy Sir John himself, but to abduct and dishonor the Princess Guilia. Sir John champions the lady, abducts her from the abductors, convoys her in safety to the Duke of Padua, and then changes his allegiance and overthrows the treacherous prince whom he had so strenuously served. The author tells the story with a forcible simplicity that reminds us of Marion Crawford.

SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD. By Marion Polk Angelotti. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

New Books Received.

THE CARPET FROM BAGDAD. By Harold Macgrath. Indianapolis: The Bobhs-Merrill Company; $1.25.

A new novel hy the author of "A Splendid Hazard."

STORIES THAT END WELL. By Octave Thanet. Indianapolis: The Bobhs-Merrill Company; $1.25.

A series of "optimistic tales."

KENNEDY SQUARE. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

A new novel hy a popular author.

HER LITTLE YOUNG LADYSHIP. By Myra Kelly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A novel hy the author of "Little Citizens."

STORIES OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER. By Mr. and Mrs. William Platt. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

With sixteen full-page illustrations hy M. Meredith Williams.

THE STORY OF THE CRUSADES. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F. R. Hist. S. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

With sixteen illustrations hy M. Meredith Williams.

THE HIGH DEEDS OF FINN. By T. W. Rolleston. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.50.

A collection of hardic romances of ancient Ireland. With an introduction hy Stopford A. Brooke, M. A., LL. D.

THE WITCH'S KITCHEN. By Gerald Young. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $2.

A "story in large type for small readers."

THE UNMANNERLY TIGER. By William Elliot Griffis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.

Korean tales for young people.

WHY WE MAY BELIEVE IN LIFE AFTER DEATH. By Charles Edward Jefferson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.

A presentation of arguments for and against immortality, heing the first of the series of Raymond F. West Memorial Lectures at the Leland Stanford Junior University.

CHILDREN OF TO-MORROW. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.30.

A new novel hy the author of "Felicity."

SELECTIONS FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Edited hy Andrew S. Draper, LL. B., LL. D. New York: American Book Company; 35 cents.

The latest addition to the Gateway series of English.

RAINIER OF THE LAST FRONTIER. By John M. Dean. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.20.

The adventures of a "war special" in the Philippines during the Aguinaldo insurrection.

THE COMMON LAW. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.40.

A new novel by a popular author.

MADAME MYSTERY. By May Crommelin. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

A romance of Touraine.

MONNA LISA. By Guglielmo Scala. New York: Thomas L. Crowell & Co.; $1.

A story founded upon a supposed diary of Leonardo da Vinci.

SUCH A WOMAN. By Owen and Leita Kildare. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.35.

A novel of the New York Bowery hy the authors of "My Mamie Rose."

A TEXAS RANGER. By William MacLeod Raine. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.25.

A ranch story hy the author of "Wyoming."

MAN: KING OF MINO, BOOY AND CIRCUMSTANCE. By James Allen. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 50 cents.

A hook that explains "how to live so that all our troubles will he smoothed away."

BEAUTY CULTURE. By William A. Woodhury. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $2.

Containing instructions on manicuring, chiropody, hair-dressing, massage, bodily development, and reduction, etc.

GOTTEROAMMERUNG. By Oliver Huckel. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 75 cents.

Wagner's music drama retold in English verse.

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.25.

A story of the "ideal American mother."

A MOTHER GOOSE READER. By Charles W. Mickens and Louise Rohinson. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.; 36 cents.

A hook for school children.

THE BLUES. By Albert Ahrams, A. M., M. D., F. R. M. S. New York: E. B. Treat & Co.

A treatise on Splanchnic Neurasthenia, intended for the medical profession.

KANSAS IN THE 'SIXTIES. By Samuel J. Crawford. San Francisco and Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $2.

Governor Crawford's book of recollections covers his long life spent in Kansas in the service of that state, and his exciting experiences as an officer in the Union army in the operations west of the Mississippi.

BOY SCOUTS IN THE MAINE WOODS. By James Otis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.25.

A book for boys, hy a popular writer.

THE AEROPLANE AT SILVER FOX FARM. By James Otis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.50.

A story of boys who huilt an acroplane, and what they did with it.

A LIFE OF GRANT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Warren Lee Goss. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.50.

THE NEW HOME COOK BOOK. San Francisco and Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Compiled from recipes contributed hy ladies of Chicago and other cities and towns. With new, additional matter.

HAPPY CHILDREN. By Ella Farman Pratt. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.

A hook of bed-time stories.

DOROTHY BROOKE'S EXPERIMENTS. By Frances C. Sparhawk. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.50.

A third volume in the "Dorothy Brooke" series.

LEARNING TO LOVE. By J. R. Miller, D. D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 50 cents.

An ethical booklet intended to inculcate unselfish love.

A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS. By Henry D. Thoreau. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $2.

A new edition. With illustrations hy Clifton Johnson.

THE GREAT OFFENDER. By Vincent Brown. New York: Brentano's; $1.35.

A new novel with a heroine who is "neither young, nor pretty, nor married."

THE CIRCLE K. By Edwin L. Sabin. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.50.

A story of Western ranch life.

INDUSTRIAL CAUSES OF CONGESTION OF POPULATION IN NEW YORK CITY. By Edward Ewing Pratt, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in "Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law."

NEW JERSEY AS A ROYAL PROVINCE, 1738-1776. By Edgar Jacoh Fisher, Ph. D. New York: Columhia University.

Issued in "Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law."

THE KITTEN'S GARDEN OF VERSES. By Oliver Herford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.

With numerous illustrations hy the author.

SOME OUTDOOR PRAYERS. By George A. Miller. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 35 cents.

A collection of prayers.

THE INDIAN BOOK. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.25.

A collection of Indian legends and lore.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Lady John Russell.

There is much virtue in well-written biographies of great men, hut their families have usually only a reflected glory that is withdrawn with the extinction of the chief luminary. The memoir of Lady Russell that is given us hy Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell is interesting and even important hecause it throws some light upon the career of a distinguished man. We are interested to know how much of that distinction he owed to domestic inspiration, and we find that he owed a good deal. Lady Russell was the model wife of a statesman. She followed her hushand's career with keen and intelligent interest and she was always fruitful in counsel and criticism. The correspondence on political affairs hetween Lord John and his wife necessarily gives a confidential insight into public affairs that could never he ohtained from state papers, and in this connection may he mentioned the defense of Lord John for his resignation from the cahinet during the Crimean War, an act that was never forgiven either hy his colleagues or hy the public.

Lady John Russell knew all the chief men of her day, and this gives her memoir a certain social and literary value that deserves appreciation. But the hook might have heen shorter with advantage to itself.

LADY JOHN RUSSELL. A Memoir. Edited hy Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell. New York: John Lane Company; $3.50.

The House of the Seven Gabblers.

The author has given an infelicitous title to a simple and unpretentious story of an American lady artist who hires a French country house for her work. She iuvites numerous friends to stay with her. and naturally they fall in love and conduct themselves in the ancient and time-honored way of young people. But why introduce an aeroplane? It is so easy not to do so, and it is so ohviously an intruder as to mar a pleasant and otherwise hlameless little romance.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABBLERS. By Nina Larrey Duryea. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A Sense of Humour.

This is a story of two aristocratic English couples who share a cottage during the golf season. The relationships hecome unfortunately mixed through an excess of flirtatious zeal on one hand and retrihutory plottings on the other. It all comes right in the end, hut those who pass over "A Sense of Humour" will not he serious lovers.

A SENSE OF HUMOUR. By Beryl Faher and Cosmo Hamilton. New York: Brentano's; $1.35.

Briefer Reviews.

The Christian Science Puhlishing Company, Boston, has issued a collection of "Editorial Comments on the Life and Work of Mary Baker Eddy."

"Happy Children," by Ella Farman Pratt (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1), is described as a hook of hedtime stories intended for children who are just heginning to read for themselves, hut who would rather he read to.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. are to he congratulated on a fine edition of "Westward Ho!" hy Charles Kingsley. The letterpress and the paper are all that they should he and the illustrations are numerous and good.

Among the latest hooks upon New Thought lines is a little volume entitled "Man: King of Mind. Body, and Circumstance," hy James Allen (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 50 cents). Mr. Allen's writings are already well known and popular.

Charles W. Michens and Louise Rohinson are authors of a volume entitled "A Mother Goose Reader," intended for small children and consisting of Mother Goose rhymes developed into little stories. Silver, Burdett & Co. are the puhlishers. Price, 36 cents.

James Otis has made a name for himself as a writer of hooks for hoys. His latest volume, "The Aeroplane at Silver Fox Farm" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.50), is well ahreast of the times in its narrative of two men and three hoys who make an aeroplane and meet all sorts of adventures incidental to aviation.

"Dorothy Brooke's Experiments," hy Frances Campbell Sparhawk (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.50), is the third volume in the Dorothy Brooke series and carries the heroine forward another year to the threshold of young womanhood. It is as well written as its predecessors and it should he as popular.

"Wells Brothers, the Young Cattle Kings," hy Andy Adams (Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.20) is the story of how two young hoys started a cattle ranch, went through all the usual experiences, and finally succeeded so well that they were called "the young cattle kings." The story is intended for hoys and is vigorous and wholesome.

"Corporation Finance," hy Edward S. Meade, Ph. D. (D. Appleton & Co.; $2), is intended as a college and high school textbook of commerce. It describes the processes of financing a corporation, raising money for construction, distribution of earnings, and a large number of other theoretical considerations in addition to a large amount of concrete material relevant to the subject.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Winston Churchill's new novel, "The Inside of the Cup," is among the fall hooks announced hy the Macmillan Company.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce that "Shakespeare on the Stage," hy William Winter, some part of which has heen appearing in the *Century Magazine* during the spring, will he puhlished in hook form in Octoher. These studies contain the stage history of the plays hy Shakespeare which are customarily acted, and also a minute description of the manner and method in which these characters have been dressed and acted from the earliest performances to the present day. This is diversified with striking anecdote and personal recollection, with instructive hiographical remark, and curious opinions as to character uttered hy actors.

A new edition of Richard Henry Dana's classic, "Two Years Before the Mast," will he hrought out soon hy the Macmillan Company. The hook will have numerous colored illustrations hy the English artist, Charles Pears.

Lovers of Rohert Louis Stevenson will find what virtually amounts to a new presentation of that writer in Katharine D. Oshourne's "Rohert Louis Stevenson in California," which A. C. McClurg & Co. hring out this fall. Stevenson's life in California is described hy his step-daughter, the place which the state took in the development of his life is indicated, and a numher of letters written when he was on the coast, and not heretofore puhlished, are included in the volume. The illustrations include a new portrait of Stevenson. As well as the ordinary edition of this hook, a limited large-paper edition will he puhlished.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has heen spending a good part of each summer on Mount Desert for twenty-nine years—his acquaintance with and love for the heautiful island dating hack to a trip down this alluring coast made in company with Phillips Brooks. During all this time Mount Desert's fine system of woodpaths has heen Dr. Mitchell's special care and delight; and it is on Mount Desert that most of Dr. Mitchell's poetry and fiction is written.

The Hon. Shelhy M. Cullom of Illinois, governor, congressman, and senator, has written entertainingly of experiences in his career in his "Fifty Years of Puhlic Service," which A. C. McClurg & Co. will hring out this fall.

At least seven plays having hooks for their sources will he seen on the stage this season. Irving Bacheller's new novel, "Keeping Up with Lizzie," will be among the first. "Ann Boyd," hy Will N. Harhen, and "The Wild Olive" are soon to follow. An all-English company is to produce Henry Seton Merriman's novel, "With Edged Tools," and arrangements have heen made for a play from Booth Tarkington's novel, "The Conquest of Canaan." David Belasco has the rights of Onoto Watanna's Japanese story "Tama." And "Ben Hur" is to he, as usual, a factor in the theatrical season.

"A Likely Story" has heen decided upon as the title of Mr. De Morgan's new novel which has heen announced as "Bianca." The scheme of the new story is said to suggest his earlier hooks. Henry Holt & Co. expect to issue the hook in Octoher.

In a recent article in the New York *Times* devoted to poets who have made money, Madison Cawein was cited as one who was especially worthy of note. It might he further added that Mr. Cawein not only has made money, hut is going to make some more in the future. A volume of his verse is announced for puhlication this fall.

Miss Jeannette L. Gilder says in the *Woman's Home Companion:* "In looking over the list of the so-called 'hest sellers' of the past few months, it is interesting to note that most of them have heen hooks written hy women. Not only are these hooks popular, hut they are clean and wholesome. Not long ago most of the popular hooks written by women were neither clean nor wholesome, and it got to he a hyword that novels written hy women were not fit to read. There was unfortunately too much truth in the statement at that time, hut it is not true today; then women seemed to he possessed hy a writing demon who urged them to write unclean stories, arguing that such literature (heaven save the mark!) showed strength. Women must not write namhy-pamhy stories any more than men. Some women listened to the tempter, and the result was a numher of unspeakahle novels that had their little day, hut now are forgotten. I do not think that there has been one novel written hy a woman in the past year that helongs to the class of which I speak. If there has heen one such, I do not recall it—and it must have been a mere flash in the pan."

CURRENT VERSE.

The Poets.

'Tis we that gather fuel
To keep the heart from cold.
The earth is cold and cruel,
But in its caverns old
We dig for Joy the jewel,
We test for Truth the gold.

Seeds of a single flower
Are Beauty, Truth, and Love.
The hloom endures an hour,
But, scattered from ahove,
The seedlings gather power
And flood the hills with flower,
And drown in green the grove.

'Tis we that gather fuel
That keepeth Love from cold.
The world is cold and cruel,
But on the churchyard mold
The daffodils unfold. —*Academy.*

A Woman.

She in a high-walled garden walks,
Drenching each flower;
And bends ahove her favorite heds
After each shower.
There seems no trouhle in that hrow,
Those quiet eyes;
The buds her silent children are,
Their roof the skies.
Was ever kiss upon those lips,
Voice at her ear?
Lived she as now forever cold
Without a tear?
Ah! in the locked room in the night,
May then he seen
Signs upon her, as on some shore,
Where the sea hath heen.
—*Stephen Phillips, in the Forum.*

The Heart of the Sea.

Sweetheart of my heart, the skies will greet you
With all their glory of hlue and gold—
And out of the lonely ocean caves,
With eager voices, the flying waves
Will rush to the silvery sands to meet you—
Clasp and fold you, and set you free
From the land where the mortal lovers he?

Laugh to the winds—let your sea-lovers claim you—
Ravish your loveliness, give you hliss!
All that my yearning arms must miss,
Shy caresses, delights that shame you.
(Never he half thine daring told!)
Ah, love and he loved and I shall not hlame you
But only love you, a thousand-fold!

So, hy and hy, when the hright waves send you
Back to my side, all sweet and warm,
With sunlight's heauty and sealight's charm—
The strength and vigor that salt tides lend you—
I shall not he jealous of joy you gave
A willing hride, on the sea's soft pillows—
I shall feel the kiss of each dreaming wave—
The wild embrace of the surging hillows!
Sweetheart of my heart, you will hring to me
The heart of the heart of my own hlue sea.
—*M. S. Bridges, in Life.*

By Jeddah Town.

There were ten Arahs in the plain, who met him with his guide,
The Sheikh of them rode forward then, to talk at eventide.
He said: "The desert is a place where rarely strangers thrive,
Give up your horse, give up your gun, and you'll go home alive."

He answered to the Arah Sheikh: "Peace on you and your kin,
But I shall give my horse tonight to ostlers at the Inn.
My race is not a humhle folk whom such as you hid walk,
Have you no powder with your ten that one comes out to talk?"

And silence fell hetween the two. The Moslem pulled his rein,
Then, "Here's the truth of El Hejaz, why should hrave men he slain?
You have ten Beduw lances, four Beduw shots to fear."
But gayly laughed the Englishman, "I have five hullets here."

"It's a full league to Jeddah Town, the evening will he done
Before you reach the tomh of Eve and the Turkish garrison,
Resign yourself to Allah's will, and see tomorrow's sun,
And go in peace, you can not fight, for we are ten to one."

They shot at him against the light, and twice they missed him wide,
Then swiftly up hehind him came Mahmoud, his desert guide.
He shot his guide and still he had four hullets that he stored,
And when his horse fell. wounded, three. He would not use his sword.

They followed him as kites that mark a stag that's soon to die,
Unfalteringly he held his way, his gallant head was high.
Eleven fighters crossed the sand, their shadows grew apace,
While ten of them were taught the truth about his English race.

They had hut one shot still to fire. The world was very still,
And safety shone from Eve's white tomh, that shone a tiny hill.
Their last shot failed, and he went on content that he had won,
And glad to see the glory of the hlood-red setting sun.

The desert is a cruel place, where rarely strangers thrive,
He shot his horse, he shot his guide, hut he walked home alive. —*London Spectator.*

The Chicago Plan Good

Operating a greater car mileage than ever hefore in its history, San Francisco compares very favorahly in street-car efficiency with Buffalo, Cleveland and Milwaukee and other large Eastern cities which have long heen pointed to with pride in this line of enterprise.

Milwaukee, however, has just taken a step to enahle still hetter service to he rendered hy putting into operation new police traffic rules.

It was recently pointed out here in San Francisco that if something resemhling a metropolitan traffic police system were adopted at the crowded Market-Street corners, the efficiency of the street-car service in that quarter could he increased ahout twenty-five per cent.

Such a system is needed here, and passing time, with increasing population, will only serve to make the necessity stand out more strikingly. Ultimately the city will adopt some plan.

It was ohserved in Milwaukee that the traffic police system in opcration in Chicago was an excellent thing, and, after learning the details of the working scheme, Chief of Police Janssen decided that something similar would he of very material assistance to pedestrians, drivers of vehicles and motor-cars and the street-car company.

It was only a few days ago that his instructions went into effect, and already the change has heen sufficiently happy to meet with general approval.

Traffic is moved and stopped hy whistle, and the entire principle is much the same as employed in Chicago. At the most congested points the new police regulations result in stopping the cars on both sides of the street if the crowd at such places requires a halt, in the opinion of the officer. He is, of course, clothed with discretion in these matters, and is not expected to delay traffic unless it is for the safety of the puhlic and the more advantageous movement of it all. The whistle service is hrought into use principally during the afternoon and early evening rush hours.

The rules issued are as follows:

One whistle—All east and westhound traffic moves, while at the same time all north and southhound traffic must stand still.

Two whistles—All north and southbound traffic moves, while all east and westhound traffic stands still.

Under present conditions the point has been reached at which it would he a detriment to put on more cars on lower Market Street. The loss in speed would be greater than the gain in seating capacity. Under a hetter municipal system for handling vehicle traffic, however, street-car efficiency might he increased one-quarter. Proper rules of the road and their prompt enforcement would do much to relieve the rush-hour congestion. The wisdom acquired hy other cities, if adopted to meet local needs, can and will he of henefit.

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"BABY MINE" AT THE CORT.

After seeing "Bahy Mine" I find myself very curious to know just the color of Margaret Mayo's sentiments when she wrote it. No doubt to many, to most, in fact, it is just an amusing huhhle of farce, without any undercurrent of the savage cynicism that can he detected hy the seeker of motives.

Those two astonishingly conscienceless women are not to he taken seriously for a moment. They play with the mysteries of hirth, of maternity, and paternal love, and take it all as lightly as if those property hahes composing the presumahle triplets were a trio of hlind kittens.

And so should they, one might assume; for "Bahy Mine" is a screaming farce. Yet, strange to say, even in the midst of the concatenations of mirth—for it is a very amusing farce—one occasionally heard gasps of protest, of a kind of shockedness, drawn forth hy the moral insensihility, and the unwomanly callousness, of the reputed young mother.

As a general thing the women in farcical plays are unworldly, gullihle, and in a never-ending state of being hoodwinked hy their nearest male relatives. Miss Mayo has turned the tahles completely. The unfortunate wretch who is the hushand of Zoie, while knowing that his fair and frivolous partner is the champion liar of the universe, gets fooled so completely as to accept as his own, one hy one, the various infants composing the joh lot secured hy the ohliging Jimmy.

Alfred, the hushand, is a typical young American twentieth-century husiness man, with the paternal instinct (ye gods!) in all its pristine strength, still surviving the atrophying effect of living in an apartment house. He wants a hahy, two hahies, three; if the enterprising Jimmy had brought on a sextet, Alfred, who was horn with the paternal considerahly stronger than the uxorious instinct, would have welcomed each little stranger with the glad hand, and hahy talk. And, poor wretch, he lived in an apartment house with a fool for a wife, an arid, sexless creature who called a hahy "that thing" and shrieked "take it away," as if it were a lizard, or a caterpillar. It was funny to see the hahy-loving women in the audience, fairly shrieking with laughter, as one amusing situation after another developed, and with illicitly appropriated hahies piled like Pelion on Ossa to appease the insatiahle Zoie, ever demanding another hahy as a stage manager might demand "props."

And still, as I say, in the midst of the shrieks of mirth, the natural, hahy-loving instinct of the women was continually affronted hy that hard little piece of insensihility, Zoie. I don't know this minute whether Margaret Mayo, when she hit upon her idea for "Bahy Mine," merely meant Zoie and Aggie to represent two undeveloped, married girls, playing with their scheme, as children play with helpless kittens. Perhaps, possessed hy her idea, it did not occur to her how really odious the two seemed. Perhaps, on the other hand, she allowed herself the luxury of an underlying motive in the airy realms of farce, and really meant to administer a stinging slap in the face of those wives living purely for amusement, who have grown so far away from natural human instincts that a baby is to them merely a red, wriggling nuisance.

However that may he, "Baby Mine" proves its right to its spectacular success. The piece is cleverly constructed; the situations move rapidly, and are tremendously funny, without any suggestion of heing forced. The hahy population swells hy leaps and hounds, and each fresh accession is greeted by the audience with screams.

The fun in the piece is caused principally by the situations, which steadily rise to the culminating point, amid increased volumes of appreciative mirth from the audience. Nevertheless, although it seems as if "Bahy Mine" couldn't fail to go well hy its own momentum, even without skilled interpretation, they have quite a good company at the new Cort Theatre to lend it further prestige.

Ernest Glendinning, formerly a popular member of the Alcazar Theatre company here, represents the young hushand, hadgered to the point of desperation by the airy deceitfulness of his wife. He does his part with so much energy, and launches reproaches at the little hlonde image of heartless egoism that Alfred Hardie has married, with such volumes of hreath, voice, and emphasis, that he effected a very good contrast when, later, he dawdled the numerous infants that the young hushand believed would hang from his genealogical tree.

I think the affections of the house curled warmly around Jimmy, as acted hy Walter Jones. Jimmy was the obliging friend, who stood for lunch and hahies for the rapacious Zoie, in an equal spirit of instinctive accommodatingness. Jimmy couldn't say no to a petticoat. What audience could resist such a man? And then Jimmy is comfortahly fat, so fat that he couldn't hide under the hed, when parents rohhed of their offspring were on his track. He had to leap in it, and hide under Zoie's deceiving pink coverlets with that agility and accuracy of aim with which fat men constantly amaze us on the stage.

Walter Jones is excellent in the part; funny, in a quiet, yet telling way, that reaches clear to the hack seats. When poor, innocent, ohliging Jimmy tremhles in the face of an outraged hushand's just wrath, and when he launches the ineffectual sarcasms of the good-natured man who is hound to he victimized, and knows it, the audience were always rippling with laughter. Whether it is the acoustics of the new theatre, or the special distinctness of the company, we can not tell yet, hut people in the hack seats were not called upon to mourn over one lost repartee.

Marjorie Cortland, the Zoie of the cast, has a very good voice and clear enunciation. She does her part well, and is a perfect goat in performing swift and dizzy leaps, when Zoie, in her pretended *accouchement*, was forced to depart swiftly from shrill councils of war with the hapless Jimmy and his amiahle yet ruthless wife, and assume the languor of an invalid at one second's notice.

Miss Cortland plays her part so well that one can not justly criticize her; her light figure and hlondeness are particularly suited to a rôle that requires deer-like agility and a complexion harmonizing with the numerous pink decorations with which the false, fleeting Zoie celehrated her false, fleeting *accouchement*.

I very much think, however, that a face of the hahy type would have sat hetter on the hussy that Alfred Hardie had the ill luck to mate with, and would perhaps have somewhat softened our hard judgment against her, which we felt even while we laughed.

Mrs. Jimmy, in the hands of Agnes de Lane, tickled me. She was so calm, so husy, so matter-of-fact, in the midst of the rain of infants. Miss de Lane always met the telephone situation so well, and did her marital cajoleries with the too-yielding Jimmy with a quiet naturalness that matched her telephone interviews.

Judging from the quiet dexterity with which Aggie manipulated Jimmy, and the unruffled competence with which she planned the pink *mise en scène* for Zoie's grand coup, and engineered the Hardie household through the convolutions of the hahy scheme, Aggie was an example of parasite woman deprived of her natural vent for energy.

The author had a happy inspiration in winding up the farce. Nothing is settled. Nohody makes up, and hushands do not clasp their wives in their conciliatory arms. Jimmy is so exhausted furtively clasping an endless installment of kidnaped hahies to his ample torso that, if I rememher aright, he has run away from the police.

Alfred pushes farce aside for the moment and tries to awaken in Zoie movements in the soul which she does not possess. And Zoie, suddenly animated for the first time hy a desire to tell all, mentions the fatal word truth, and the curtain goes down on the spectacle of the young hushand gripped hy his chronic distrust of the wife who is a constitutional liar. And so, sweetly indulging in the hope that Alfred is going to evict the soulless little scalawag from his hearth and home, we go contentedly away. And as we think it over, we recognize that author and players have skimmed over a rather peculiar situation without a word, look, or tone suggestive of vulgarity.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Sousa and His Band.

A letter received hy Will Greenbaum from John Philip Sousa contains the statement that never hefore has the March King wielded the haton over such an organization as he will have when he reaches here. The hand has heen on tour over fourteen months with concerts every day. The programmes as usual will he replete with novelties, and there will he an appetizing prospect when Sousa appears at Dreamland, on the first four days in Octoher.

On Thursday, Octoher 5, the organization will give afternoon and evening concerts at the Greek Theatre, and on Friday night, Octoher 6, a special programme will he given at Stanford University.

Eames and De Gogorza will open their first engagement since their marriage on the Pacific Coast, and of course it is Impresario Greenhaum who has taken the risk in securing such an expensive comhination. Two concerts will be given in this city and one in Oakland.

"Paid in Full" hegan its fifth year in Newark, New Jersey, the last week in August and proved that time increased its popularity.

THEATRE NOTES.

Cort's Theatre, the latest addition to San Francisco's Class A playhouses, opened at the announced hour last Saturday evening, though a week of strenuous preparation preceded the happy event. John Cort, the proprietor, had proved on a former occasion, when he remodeled the Savoy Theatre, that he could accomplish the impossihle. The last hour works wonders under his direction.

No handsomer theatre than the Cort can be found. Its scheme of decoration is striking and effective, rich in color, yet framing the stage opening with perfect harmony. In seating arrangement and its acoustics the house proves as near the perfect thing as knowledge and skill can make it. The opening was an auspicious occasion. Every place was occupied and hundreds were unahle to get in. Every other incident in connection with the inauguration of the theatre was all that could he wished.

When Walter de Leon's musical comedy was first produced at the Princess Theatre, almost a year ago, it was praised in these columns, and declared to have "promise of a joyous life." That prediction has been fulfilled, and the praise justified. It has been playing more than a third of the time since it first saw the footlights, and it is still going strong. As the first work of a young author and composer its success is particularly gratifying. It has returned to its hirthplace, though at a down-town playhouse, and is renewing its first impressions, though it will shortly he taken on a tour to the East. Ferris Hartman, Walter de Leon, and "Muggins" Davies will continue the stars of the production. Of these Ferris Hartman has earned the favor of a great Pacific Coast puhlic by long, faithful, and intelligent service as a singing comedian. Mr. de Leon is a young actor who has applied himself seriously, no less to the technic of stage art than to the musical and dramatic canons of composition, and he is now an easy and accomplished leading juvenile with a pleasing voice. Miss Muggins Davies is a picture of hlonde loveliness, and a graceful actress and dancer. The company is well halanced throughout. Miss Myrtle Dingwall, the soprano prima donna, has won her way up from the chorus, though her progress could not have heen so rapid had she not possessed the gifts of a voice remarkahle for purity and sweetness, and an attractive stage presence. The chorus of the company compares most favorahly with that of any light opera organization, and nearly all of its memhers have heen under the Hartman management for more than one season.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine" will he an early attraction at the Cort Theatre, with H. B. Warner as the star. Every one who has read the ahsorhing O. Henry story from which the play has heen taken will he interested in it as it has heen done into footlight form.

Edgar Selwyn originally conceived the famous hoarding-house scene in "The Country Boy," the comedy success that will shortly he seen here, as a sketch to he presented at one of the Lamhs' Gamhols at their club house in New York City. The sketch was such an unqualified hit that the author elahorated it into a four-act comedy at the suggestion of Henry B. Harris.

Pictures and the theatre are prohahly closer today than they ever were (says the New York *Sun*), although the union dates from an earlier period than admirers of the progress of Mr. Pipp and his long-necked daughters may ever have supposed. When the Gihson girls and their father were made the material of a drama there was less novelty ahout the process than there appeared to he. The stage has never disdained inspiration from the other arts. When David Garrick delivered the prologue to "The Clandestine Marriage" and recited the line that "painter and poet each should steal with decency from one another," he was foreshadowing the ohligation to Hogarth which he more explicitly stated further along in the verse. Before that day Hogarth had proved that pictures may tell a story so strongly as to hear transfer to the stage. Theophilus Cihher had converted the series known as "The Harlot's Progress" into a pantomime as early as 1733 and the same source inspired the hallad opera known as "The Jew Decoyed."

Changes made at the Astor Theatre in New York this summer include the reëstahlishment of the old-time greenroom. Wagenhals & Kemper, once actors and considerate of the players in their companies, have equipped a comfortahle room off the stage of the Astor for the use of the company during performances.

Carrie Swain, who has hecome one of the most popular American artists in Paris, has just triumphed in her rendering of the Santuzza air from "Cavalleria." Miss Swain is coming to America in the fall.

Still another down-town theatre, the Ferris Hartman, is soon to he erected.

Mahel Riegelman in Concert.

Mahel Riegelman will give a Sunday afternoon concert at the Columhia Theatre on Septemher 17. There has already hecn shown in this recital by the talented young Oakland vocalist an unusual interest and a success is assured. Miss Riegelman first received special notice when it hecame known that Mme. Gadski had taken her up, and so enthusiastic was the grand opera star over her wonderful vocal qualities that she arranged for her training and placed her under the charge of her own teacher, Shodercalupski. For four years the German professor trained and developed the remarkahle singing voice of the Oakland girl. Immediately after her schooling she was engaged to appear at one of the hig opera houses in Germany, where she sang for two years. Coming hack to her native country, she was secured for appearances with the Metropolitan Opera House companies, singing the important rôles with the Chicago and Philadelphia organizations. Miss Riegelman next season will appear in the English presentation of the famous opera, "Hansel and Gretel."

The Irish Players, as an organization, have heen in existence since 1904, when Miss Horniman, a manager who has done worthy things on the other side, gave them the Ahhey Theatre rent free, together with a small suhsidy. Ever since the Ahhey has filled the part of a national theatre for Ireland, developing a folk drama and a native school of acting. The Players, under the direction of Lady Gregory and William Butler Yeats, have produced in less than seven years sixty new plays and seven adaptations from the foreign drama. During their American tour they will give plays hy Bernard Shaw, Lady Gregory, Mr. Yeats, the late J. M. Synge, and others. They have heen selected to dedicate Liehler & Co.'s new Plymouth Theatre in Boston next month.

Myron B. Whitney, the haritone, and Romaine Symmons, pianist, will accompany Mme. Lillian Nordica for her Pacific Coast tour.

Golden State, Extra Dry,

the new hrand of California Champagne that the Italian-Swiss Colony is to put on the market hefore the holidays, was awarded the Gold Medal at the Sacramento State Fair last week.

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NOTE—"The Campus" will not play Oakland. Everybody will be presented with a souvenir "Campus" pennant at the Sun. m.t.

VANITY FAIR.

An attack of acute indigestion prevented Admiral Togo from visiting Newport and the other zoo at Central Park. Now if the gallant admiral's sickness had followed, instead of preceded, a visit to Newport the circumstance would have been natural. Perhaps some one had told Admiral Togo about Newport and his indigestion was of the diplomatic or prophetic kind. Newport would make any one sick.

But he missed a lot. No one who has ever stood outside the cages at that festive resort is likely to forget the experience. Perhaps Harry Lehr, that accomplished American gentleman, that Admirable Crichton of our aristocracy, would have given his remarkable imitation of a jumping and barking dog. No one can do this quite so well as Harry Lehr. Or a monkey dinner might have been arranged for the Japanese guest under Mr. Lehr's auspices. Mr. Lehr can imitate a monkey almost as well as he can a dog. This sort of thing seems to come natural to him. It is a great gift and a source of pure joy to Newport. We don't know if it is customary for Japanese travelers to give lectures on their return to their native land like our own travelers do, unfortunately, but if Admiral Togo should be called upon to occupy the rostrum when he returns home he will have to omit all references to that joyous resort except the bald statement that he was too sick to go there. It seems a pity. The Japanese ought to know about Newport. They have nothing like it in their own country.

A writer in the *Independent* says that the people of Newport are going from bad to worse. Like the other swine of Gadarene they are rushing down a steep place into whatever sea may ultimately await the drainage of our social system. The *Independent* writer does not put it quite in that way. He has not our gift of language, but he means well and may learn by imitation and emulation. He says that things were different when Mrs. Astor was alive. Mrs. Astor had an eye for real merit. If a man of genius appeared he would be placed on show or, in lesser cases, allowed to stand among the waiters or musicians. Of course it would never do to invite him with the crowd, because his manners would betray him in a moment. He would behave so differently. Your ears would tell you that he wasn't a millionaire by his inaudible way with bis soup, and society must really protect itself from literary and artistic celebrities who haven't much money. But Mrs. Astor did at least recognize that a man might be a human being without being a millionaire, and that the really great may sometimes allow themselves a moment of condescension toward genius without compromising themselves or allowing false ideas of their income to gain currency.

But all that is changed. Mrs. Astor had a certain intuition, a certain intelligence, that helped her to discriminate, but her successors have neither—only instincts. They can understand a hank hook, and that is all they can understand. Unless a man has a certain fortune he does not, can not, belong to society. Mr. Lehr will not bark like a dog for him, and he has no right to a place at the monkey dinner. So a great many people whom Mrs. Astor used to invite are now excluded. Their income is not sufficient.

Take it altogether, the reception of Admiral Togo was rather a disgusting affair. As a display of brutal hospitality it would be hard to find its parallel. If we can imagine the beasts of the field developing a sense of hospitality they would act pretty much in this way. They would provide their guests with a vast trough. They would push their heads into it and keep them there until they gasped for breath. Admiral Togo is notoriously a man of the most frugal habits, not because he can not afford luxuries, but because he does not like them. And yet he was fed until he was sick. There is no other way to describe the process. We do the same to all distinguished visitors. Our own Presidents are not exempt. We receive them with an unclean and a revolting hospitality. We pretend that they are animals, never happy unless they are gorged. The Strasburg goose who is nailed to a hoard and fed with a tube until its liver bursts is somewbat better off, for the goose may even enjoy the process, at least in its early stages. But to treat a human being in such a way!

They were a more practical people in ancient Rome. They were too civilized to assume that their foreign guests were anacondas, but they themselves loved to gorge, and they provided accordingly. The *vomitorium* of the Roman banquet was a great institution. When a diner felt that he had reached the limits of human capacity and that something must bend or break he withdrew gracefully to the *vomitorium*, and by means of a gentle emetic he discharged the whole cargo and so was enabled to start again. And did start again. We say that this was a barbarous and a filthy custom, but our own customs are more barbarous and more filthy. We make the disease compulsory and we provide no remedy. We hurry our guests from banquet to banquet and break the speed laws in doing so and allow no time for the emetic. No wonder Admiral Togo said: "I have enjoyed your city. I am used to difficult tasks."

Except for an occasional divorce suit we should never know of the pitiful economies to which the rich have been reduced by hard times or of the courage with which they meet an altered situation. Take the case of Mrs. Trude of Chicago, who has just been divorced from her husband, or who has divorced him. Mrs. Trude was asked in court to give a suffering public some account of her toilet expenditures. To do her justice, she was most willing to do so, and she accompanied her disclosures with an edifying homily on the duties of economy and the virtue of living within one's income. Would that all women were like Mrs. Trude, fortified alike by a Christian resignation and a determination to confine her pomps and vanities within the limits of her revenue. Her concluding exordium should be framed and displayed in every workman's cottage throughout the land: "Reduce your wants 10 per cent below your income, regardless of the demands of society, even if you have to go without the best perfumes now and then."

But here is Mrs. Trude's annual bill for her personal beautification:

Perfume and toilet waters	$600
Face powders	450
Services of a manicurist	200
Hairdresser's bills	350
Miscellaneous cosmetics	275
Annual expenditure	$1875

The subject of armorial hearings is one to which we have so far given but slight attention. Like the tariff, it is one of the things that can always wait for a more auspicious moment. But if a man is possessed of armorial bearings it is hard to see why he should not display them without a license, or why, if he does so display them, he should be fined for doing so. Such seems to be the custom in England, where these things are made. The Woolwich Radical Club has just been prosecuted for printing a sort of design upon its notepaper which the revenue authorities say is a crest and which the radicals say is not a crest at all. It is a neat little picture of "a coronet cleft with a pickaxe," and underneath are the words, "Industry, not privilege, must rule." The sentiment seems good enough in its way, while the motto does no more than express a genial intention to poleaxe any duke or earl who may happen to stray into the Woolwich Radical Club with a coronet on. This is by no means likely to happen, so the threat may be described as theoretical.

The case was adjourned, presumably to give the judge time to look up the matter in the encyclopædia. No one seemed able to say exactly what armorial hearings are, and probably no one exactly knows. Those of us who have read "Ivanhoe" and books of that ilk will remember that the piratical cavalry who called themselves knights and rescued distressed maidens, or distressed them some more, were accustomed to paint designs upon their shields such as a cat looking out of a dairy window, or three brass balls, or something of that kind. Underneath they wrote a motto expressive of their general sentiments, political or religious, and these things became armorial hearings. Maiden ladies from New England still write to the Herald's College in London in order to have their armorial hearings traced and so find out just what kind of brigands their ancestors were. And it may be said in passing that no such inquiry, if accompanied with the correct fee, was ever fruitless. But does any kind of a symbolic picture constitute an armorial hearing, or must it be ancient? What is an armorial hearing anyway? Evidently the judge in this particular case did not know or he would have scalped that radical club on the spot. But does any one know?

A New York physician explains, indeed complains, that his English patients always hand him his fee inclosed in an envelope. He appreciates the delicacy of the action, but at the same time it has its drawbacks. He feels that there would be something wolfish in throwing himself at the envelopes, tearing them open, and counting the contents in the presence of the victims, and yet how can he be sure that the amount is correct? When the door has once closed it will be too late to rectify an error. It is one of the chances of his profession and he faces the risk like a little man.

But there is a reason for the envelope. Now when the Englishman goes to a dentist he hands over the damages in good coin of the realm just as he would to the ordinary domestic butcher. When he visits the family doctor he does the same thing. There is no envelope for them. But the consulting physician stands on a higher social plane. In the first place his medical degrees are of a higher and special kind, and this gives him a certain caste distinction. This distinction is further emphasized by a curious fact. There is an ancient fiction that the consulting physician can not enforce payment for his services. He is supposed to be a philanthropist, and however much money you owe him you may continue to owe it and he has no remedy against you. For this reason he is paid on the spot for each consultation, and because he is a philanthropist the money is enclosed in an envelope in order that his fastidious delicacy may not be offended by the sight of naked coin. He is supposed to discover the envelope accidentally after your departure, to open it with curiosity, and to wonder who on earth could have put it there. As a matter of fact he watches you narrowly to see that the little formality is duly carried out, and before you are outside the door he is inside the envelope. But the New York physician explains that he is not sensitive about money. There are many ways to offend him, but this is not one of them. He has no real objection to being paid in nickels and dimes counted one by one into his hand.

There is one other profession in England that is supposed to be philanthropic. The harrister, as well as the consulting physician, must be paid in advance, and for the same reason. He, too, is a philanthropist.

Germany has its eye upon the hatpin. At least it fears it will have its eye upon the hatpin unless it does something remedial. The police president of Berlin issued a courteous appeal some months ago, but he might as well have appealed to the Colorado beetle. Now he issues an edict that any woman causing injury even to a man shall be liable to a fine of $225, to a term of imprisonment not exceeding two years, and to damages up to $1500. Berlin being one of the cities where authority still exists and where people have to obey some one, we may expect to see a diminution of this particular evil. London, too, is in similar trouble. A hospital doctor says that accidents are very numerous, and especially among children who are held on the laps of women with the fortified hats. Moreover, he says that women fight with their hatpins, and this must be a rather amusing sight. A fashionable West End milliner says that women will not buy the protectors made for the purpose and that so far from selecting the short ones, the innocuous ones, they positively demand that they shall be long, strong, and sharp. And yet they want the suffrage.

Mary Ryan Collins writes an article for *Just Ourselves*, a world-shaking magazine published in the interests of shop assistants. Miss Collins—we assume her to be unappropriated—says that the American department stores are the finest in the world, and we all know that these are the words of truth and soberness. The stores are all right, but the assistants fall far short of the glory of God. She is speaking, of course, of the manners and habits of these dear creatures and not of their physical excellences, which are numerous. In Europe the assistants show attention, politeness, and courtesy. In America they show none of these things. They show a good many other things, but not these. Now in Paris, London, Berlin, or Vienna, says Miss Collins, it is a pleasure to go into any of the shops. Whether you buy or not you are treated with courtesy. This is one of the chief reasons why European shopping is so fascinating to the American woman. She does not want deference or servility, but she does want a cheerful politeness, and it costs her a trip across the Atlantic to get it.

Now it is all very well for Miss Collins to talk of, and to, her own sex, but if she wants to throw a plumb line into the unfathomable depths of human ignominy let her dress up as a man and go into a woman's shop to buy something, something un-male in its characteristics, but something that a man may happen to want. In no other way can she appreciate the power to wither, to scorch, that is possessed by the shop assistant, who does not always exercise her power and who is governed by considerations that are past finding out, but she certainly has that power to a phenomenal degree. It has been suggested that the shop assistant reserves her crushing and pulverizing machinery for the male whom she suspects of filling a feminine commission for a wife or a sister or who consults a memorandum before formulating his wishes. However complete his specification, she will floor him with an unforeseen question. She gets that poor worm every time. But when he is obviously seeking something for his own benighted purposes she will be helpful and gracious. There may be something in the theory. Perhaps Miss Collins can tell us.

Since her return from Europe Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin and her sister, Miss Nora Archibald Smith, have presented a library building to the little Maine village of Salmon Falls, near Mrs. Wiggin's country home. An old house, which was formerly a village eyesore, was bought and renovated under the direction of Mrs. Wiggin and her sister so that it made an attractive village library.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Italian woman was asked in court if she had any musical instruments in her home. "No, signor," she replied, "nothing but rackets." "What?" queried the lawyer. "Rackets—the things they put in graphophones."

One day in the British Museum a guide was recounting to a little knot of tourists the glories of a battered centaur when a Chicago meat salesman hroke the reverent hush with the question: "Excuse me, sir, hut what would they feed a hloke like that on—ham and eggs or hay?"

The druggist danced and chortled till the bottles danced on the shelves. "What's up?" asked the soda clerk. "Have you been taking something?" "No," gurgled the dope dispenser, gleefully. "But do you remember when our water pipes were frozen last winter?" "Yes, but what——" "Well, the plumher who fixed them has just come in to have a prescription filled."

Ex-Senator Depew, at a recent dinner, told the following story on himself: "I have received many compliments on my skill at after-dinner speaking, but the naïvest compliment of all came from an up-state farmer. 'Senator,' said he, 'you might have typhoid and recover, you might have pneumonia and recover, you might have yellow fever and recover, but if you ever get lockjaw, you'd burst.'"

John Wesley had a reputation for cheerfulness. In his journal he writes: "I preached in Halifax to a civil, senseless congregation. Three or four gentlemen put me in mind of the honest man at London who was so gay and unconcerned while Dr. Sherlock was preaching concerning the Day of Judgment. One asked: 'Do you not hear what the doctor says?' He answered, 'Yes, but I am not of his parish!'"

Representatives Hughes and Kinkead, of New Jersey, and Cravens, of Arkansas, wits of the House, had just returned from the funeral of a colleague. They were discussing the pomp and publicity of a congressional funeral. "I do not want such a funeral, do you, 'Gene?" said Mr. Hughes to Mr. Kinkead. "No, Billy, I do not care to he put away with so much display. What about you, Ben?" said Mr. Kinkead, turning to Mr. Cravens. "I don't want any funeral," responded the Southerner, dryly.

This is one of the old stories told hy Henry Clews of Travers, the New York stammering wit. Mr. Clews always insists that the average Wall Street hroker is the most honest of men. "Travers," said Mr. Clews, "was once invited to be a guest at a yacht regatta. The waters of Newport harhor were covered with a heautiful squadron. Mr. Travers found that each yacht helonged to a hanker or broker. He gazed hlankly into the distance for a time, and then inquired softly: 'W-w-where are the c-c-customers' yachts?'"

George Fitch, the author of the Siwash College stories, which are to he issued in book form, went all the way from his home in Peoria to Boston to attend the annual convention of the American Press Humorists. It was the sad-faced Peoria humorist's first encounter with the far-famed crooked streets of Boston. "I started out to take a short trolley trip one morning," says Mr. Fitch, "and after the car had turned forty-eight corners, the conductor came into the car. 'I beg pardon,' said he, 'but has any one a pocket compass? The motorman has lost his way!'"

Among the clerical humorists of Ireland, Father James Healy stands out prominent. On one occasion when a pretty child was proudly shown him hy her mother, he remarked: "My dear child, you'll have a hlue lookout as long as you live!" The mother's face at first clouded, hut immediately after hrightened up when she saw the smile on Father Healy's face, for the child had hlue eyes. Once Father Healy was asked how he would describe a Scotsman, and in answer, assuming as he spoke the Scot's accent, said: "A Scot is a mon wha keeps the Sawhath and iverything else that he can git."

When Joseph F. Johnston arrived in Washington as a memher of the United States Senate from the glorious and gallant State of Alahama, Senator Burrows of Michigan took a great fancy to him. One day in the cloakroom Burrows turned to another senator, and said: "Du Pont, stand up. I want you to meet Johnston of Alahama." The man from Delaware rose to his feet. "Du Pont," said Johnston, taking the proffered hand, "I helieve you're the infernal Yankee who shot me at Cedar Creek." "Well, well!" commented the Delaware senator, somewhat puzzled. "What makes you think so?" "I see hy the two pages of your hiography in the Congressional Directory," explained Johnston. "that you commanded practically every regiment in the Union army during the Civil War. Some infernal Yankee shot me, and I think it was you."

When Mr. Newrich was asked, on his return to Tacoma, what he thought of Italy, he hesitated for several seconds. "I want to speak fair ahout every country I've heen to in my travels," he said, slowly, "and there are points about some parts of that Eyetalian country that I'd like to see copied in Tacoma. I am referring," said Mr. Newrich, letting his slow and heavy gaze rest on one memher of his audience after another, "to the natural heauties of the country, you understand. When you come to huildings, the whole of Italy, partic'larly Rome, has seen her hest days, in my opinion, and seen 'em a good while ago, what's more."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Spell of the Summer.

I'm really in an awful state,
All power of thought I lack,
Peculiar feelings agitate
My region cardiac.
I can't keep still a minute. In-
Termittently I hlush.
My friends all say I'm getting thin:
I have another crush!

Much maudlin verse I daily pen,
As love-sick suitors do;
Her golden hair I sing, and then
Her eyes of shining blue.
A saner man, no doubt, would call
My rimes inchoate mush.
I just can't help it—that is all;
I have another crush.

So sempiternally I sing
Of golden hair,—blue eye.
Themes that inspire me to—— By jing!
Who was that just went by?
Those hazel eyes! What hair! Like jet!
A mantling, rose-pink flush!
By Jove! My heart will kill me yet!
I've got *another* crush!

—*N. Salsbury, in Puck.*

Italics.

Said a prominent firm on the Street,
Discussing the market today:
"The general tone is discreet;
On the whole, there is nothing to say.
The bank statement? Some quarters dread it,
But certain conservative powers
Feel somewhat inclined to discredit
These fears." (The italics are ours.)

"This 'Social Unrest' is a fable."
Says J. Gathergold, king of finance,
"As business conditions grow stable
Cost of living is bound to advance.
If the masses were not so misguided
They would labor with all of their powers,
Content with what *Heaven* has provided
For *their* good." (The italics are ours.)

"On my page in the Inlook each week
I shall speak of a number of things:
Supreme Courts and song-birds and Greek,
Religion and lions and kings,
Norse Sagas, affairs diplomatic,
Whatever disputable is—
I can not make this too emphatic.
T. R." (The italics are his.)

But the rich and the evil they've wrought,
The Street, with its phantoms and flurries,
To the Average Man are as naught,
And T. R. is the least of his worries;
The Social Unrest doesn't daunt him,
But the bane of his mundane affairs
Is the bills of the tradesmen who haunt him:
"Please remit." (The italics are theirs.)

—*E. O. James, in Life.*

When You Smoke.

Light up your sweet old briarwood and come
And walk with me and we will ponder some.
Doc Wiley says that smoking's on the slide,
That fifteen more short years of time and tide
Will see all public smoking quite tabooed.
Then men will hike for some vast solitude
Whene'er they feel the longing. They will sneak
And fill their pipes with Turkish and perique,
And settle down with comfort quite immense,
One eye glued to a knothole in the fence.

Or they will fill their pipes with Brown Delight
And crawl beneath the house and smoke all night;
Or they will trudge from town, away out far
Behind some bill, to smoke a big cigar.
But thinking of cigars we have known—wow!
I'm almost wishing they would do so now.
Take those cigars one gets election time!
The smell of them will make you want to climb
Up a high pole and, when you get up there,
Give a loud shriek and jump off in the air!

When Johnny steals out to the stable loft
With rolling, frightened eyes and footsteps soft,
To smoke a cigarette up in the hay,
He'll find his dear old father in the way
A-smoking there. His dad will hear his feet
And then will sneak away from his retreat
To find another place; the cellar door
Will coax him to the darker depths explore
The coal bin! Ah, he'll find it and crawl in—
But he'll find uncle smoking in the bin!

Uncle will hear the cautious footsteps come,
And he will hide the pipe's glow with his thumb,
And push the dark aside and go from there
In search of some undreamed of nooklet where
He can enjoy a quiet, peaceful smoke;
He'll climb up to the attic and will poke
Into a nook behind the chimney there
But, heavens! Grandpa, with a guilty air,
Crawls out of that with symptoms of dismay,
Hiding a corncob pipe, and trots away!

—*New York Globe.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will he found in the following department:

The engagement of Miss Frances Martin and Mr. Duval Moore was announced at a luncheon which was given hy Miss Martin at her home in Ross. At the same hour Mr. Moore entertained a number of his friends at the University Cluh, where he gave a luncheon and received the congratulations of his guests. Miss Martin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Martin and a sister of the Messrs. John, Jr., Walter, Howard, and Lewis Martin. Mr. Moore is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. George Moore and a hrother of Mrs. Arthur Geissler of Chicago and Mr. Kenneth Moore of this city.

Letters from England hrought the news of the hetrothal of Miss Theresa McEnery to Captain Foster Grelton of the Seventh Lancers, stationed at Punjauh, India. Miss McEnery left here a year ago with her hrother, Dr. W. A. McEnery, for their home, Semington House, Sherborne, Dorset. They were accompanied hy Miss Isabelle McLaughlin, Dr. McEnery's stepdaughter, who was a student at Miss White's school in Paris. The wedding will take place October 3 at the family residence in England, and Captain Grelton and his hride will sail Octoher 18 for their future home in India.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Elizaheth Bohrman to Mr. John J. Scott of New York. Miss Bohrman is a sister of Mrs. H. Clay Miller of Sausalito, Mr. William Bohrman of Nevada, and Mr. Charles Kohler Bohrman of this city. She is a niece of Mrs. Edward Van Bergen and Mrs. Charles Foster, and a cousin of Mrs. Pierre Moore and Miss Sydney Davis. Mr. Scott is the son of Mr. Thomas W. Scott of this city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emmeline Holmes of New York to Mr. Gustav F. Touchard, Jr. Mr. Touchard is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Touchard, who left here four years ago to reside in New York, and a nephew of Mrs. Alexander McCracken of this city. Miss Holmes was one of the hridal attendants at the wedding of Lord Decies and Lady Decies (formerly Miss Vivien Gould).

Mrs. M. B. Owens has announced the engagement of her daughter, Mrs. Marion de Lappe, to Mr. Robert Pike. Mr. Pike is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Pike and a nephew of Mrs. George Barr Baker of New York and the Messrs. Roy, Thomas, and Percy Pike.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Taylor and Mr. Donald Parker Heminway took place Tuesday evening at the home on Pine Street of the hride's mother, Mrs. Thomas G. Taylor.

The wedding of Miss Amalia Johanne Ortwed Simpson and Mr. William Edwin Hough took place Wednesday evening at nine o'clock at St. Luke's Church on Van Ness Avenue. The hridal attendants included the Misses Lurline Matson, Metha McMahon, Grace Gihson, Florence Cluff, Lillian Van Vorst, and Amalia Partridge, and the Messrs. Joseph King, Roy Ryone, Percy King, Kim Kennedy, and William Wilson. The ceremony, which was performed hy Bishop Sidney Partridge, was followed hy a reception given hy the hride's mother, Mrs. John Simpson, at the home on Steiner Street of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Hough, parents of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Hough will reside on Cherry Street upon their return from their wedding trip.

Miss Margaret Stuyvesant Rutherford, daughter of Mrs. William K. Vanderhilt, will be married September 20 to Mr. Ogden L. Mills, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills and grandson of the late Mr. D. O. Mills. The wedding will take place in Paris.

Miss Anna Weller, daughter of Judge Charles Weller and Mrs. Weller, will he married Monday, Septemher 11, to Lieutenant Carl Shipp, U. S. N.

The wedding of Miss Janet Klink and Lieutenant Robert L. Irvine, U. S. N., will take place Tuesday, Septemher 12, at the home on Lyon Street of Miss Klink's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Klink.

Miss Florence Cluff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, will he married Tuesday, September 12, to Dr. Edwin Janss of Los Angeles. The wedding will take place at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner which she gave at her residence in honor of Lady Lawrence of London.

Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., entertained a number of friends at a luncheon and hridge party Wednesday, August 30, at her home in Menlo.

The Misses Cora and Frederika Otis were hostesses at a luncheon Wednesday at their home in Ross.

Miss Gertrude Thomas entertaioed a few friends at a luncheon recently at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Harriet Peterson Miller gave a luncheon last week at her home in Santa Barhara in honor of her niece, Miss Kate Peterson, who was her house guest for several weeks.

Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle was hostess at luncheons Tuesday and Thursday of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue. The former affair was in honor of Mrs. James Cunningham of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin entertained a number of friends at a dinner Wednesday evening, August 30, at their home in Ross.

Miss Marian Huntington gave a luncheon recently at the Town and Country Cluh.

Miss Amalia Simpson was the guest of honor at a luncheon last Friday at the Palace Hotel hy Miss Laurine Nell Rauch.

The Rev. Wilmer Gresham and Mrs. Gresham gave a luncheon last Friday at the Palace Hotel in honor of Mr. Arundel.

Mrs. J. F. Sullivan was hostess at a luncheon Saturday at her home on Pacific Avenue complimentary to Mrs. Franklin K. Laoe of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Lane was also the guest of honor at a luncheon which was given hy Miss Ethel Moore at the Hotel St. Francis.

The Misses Anna and Evelyn Van Winkle were hostesses at a tea last Saturday, when they entertained about one hundred guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White entertained a week-end party at their home in Mill Valley. Among the guests were Miss Dorothy Boericke and her fiancé, Mr. Lawrence Metcalf Symmes, of New York.

Passed Assistant Paymaster John M. Hornberger, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hornherger gave a dinner and hridge party at their home in Mare Island in honor of Pay Inspector Edmund W. Bonnaffon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bonnaffon, who have since gone East to reside on the Atlantic coast. They were also the complimented guests at a hridge party which was given at the Navy Yard hy Lieutenant Allen B. Reed, U. S. N., and Mrs. Reed. Dinners in their honor were given hy Captain Guy W. Brown, U. S. N., of the *Independence,* and Mrs. Brown, and hy Lieutenant Milton S. Davis, U. S. N., Assistant Naval Constructor Frank D. Hall, U. S. N., and Assistant Naval Constructor Lee S. Borden, U. S. N.

Naval Constructor Henry M. Gleason, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gleason entertained a numher of friends at a dinner last week at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Mrs. Chappelear, wife of Captain Louis S. Chappelear, gave a tea at her home in the Presidio in honor of Mrs. Waterman, who is the house guest of Colonel J. P. Wisser, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wisser.

Mr. William Edwin Hough entertained his best man and ushers at a dinner Saturday evening at the University Cluh.

Miss Lurline Matson was hostess at a dinner Monday evening in honor of Miss Amalia Simpson. The guests included the hridal party of the Simpson-Hough wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck, Jr. (formerly Miss Zaidie Zahriski), and the Misses Wilhelmina Tenny and Jessie Kennedy of Honolulu.

Miss Florence Cluff was the guest of honor at a hridge tea Tuesday given hy Miss Matson.

Miss Helen Sullivan was hostess at a luncheon Monday complimentary to the Misses Frances and Clemenceau Garneau of St. Louis.

The dates for the Berkeley "Saturday Nights" in the Town and Gown Cluh are announced for Octoher 14, December 2, 1911; January 27 and April 20, 1912. The patronesses are Mrs. Charles Mills Gayley, Mrs. Harry Alston Williams, Mrs. Sidney V. Smith, Mrs. Selim E. Woodworth, Mrs. A. M. Sutton.

Five months hefore the hirth of the King of Rome, Napoleon I ordered curtains of Valenciennes lace. Lacemakers had hecome rare since the revolution, so a marvelous piece made for Marie Antoinette, or some princess of the house of Bourhon, with hranches of lilies was offered. The emperor accepted the offer, and had a hive of hees with the imperial crown added to the lace. When she hecame Duchess of Parma, the Empress Marie Louise, who had taken the lace with her, had the imperial crown removed, and a short time after her third marriage she sold her lace, as she found herself in need of money. She took care, however, to sell it under such circumstances that no one should know of the transaction. Now it has reappeared in Paris.

On Sunday evening, Septemher 17, Mort Singer's hig musical revue, "Miss Nohody from Starland," will hegin an engagement at the Cort Theatre. The featured one in the cast is Miss Olive Vail, a former San Franciscan, who has attained an enviahle place among musical-comedy prima donnas. "Miss Nohody from Starland" has scored heavily wherever it has been presented this season. It is said to he a wonderfully entertaining mixture of mirth, tunefulness, costumes, and heauty.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick has heen hrightened by the advent of a daughter.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Next Monday night the Columbia Theatre will resound with the merry harmonies of "The Spring Maid." This is the newest of Viennese operettas to he heard hy Americans, although it is now in its third year ahroad and heing sung in more than twenty cities of continental Europe. While it is classified with "Naughty Marietta," "The Merry Widow," and "The Chocolate Soldier," the unusual fund of underlying humor, as well as the very human romance of its story and its melodies, have comhined to hold it in the hearts of the music-loving Viennese longer than the other operas of its class. The present production is made hy Werha & Luescher, and much stress is laid upon the heauty and lavish quality of the entire offering. The opera demands a long cast, and for the prima donna rôle the producers have hrought to this country Mizzi Hajos, who first played the part and gave to it a personality of her own that caused it to he largely rewritten to fit her hy the composer, Henrich Reinhardt. "The Spring Maid" as presented here will he an exact replica of the original Viennese production and even include Miss Hajos's native dance, the Hungarian Czardas, which is danced in the second act in the original costumes hy Fraulein Hajos and George Leon Moore. "The Spring Maid" has only heen heard in Atlantic City, Denver, and Salt Lake, outside of its long run in New York, and comes with a freshness which few other operas have possessed when they reach here.

"Bahy Mine" has proved the happiest kind of an initial attraction for the new Cort Theatre. Since the opening of the playhouse, last Saturday night, the hriliiant Margaret Mayo comedy has played to capacity houses, and the advance sale indicates that the same condition will prevail during next week, the final one of the "Baby Mine" engagement. Matinées will he given as usual on Wednesday and Saturday. An extended review of the play and players appears on another page.

The feature of next week's Orpheum hill will be the accomplished Hermine Shone in the farcical fantasy, "The Little Goddess." Miss Shone will appear as Venus, a good fairy who hrings with her a message of happiness that is felt hy all who come in contact with her. Feats of magic and startling little surprises pop out all the time. Miss Shone will be supported hy John Sterling, Rose Davis, Adele Olcott, John Dillon, and Will Gaylor. The Primrose Four, one of the hest singing quartets in vaudeville, will he heard in a repertory of songs. They are capital comedians, and from the fact that their weights average 250 pounds the quartet styles itself "A Thousand Pounds of Harmony." The names of its memhers are Russell J. Wright, James Cantwell, Thomas Murphy, and Robert Gihner. "The Three Leightons" will present a new version of their famous musical and comedy skit, "A One-Night Stand in Minstrelsy." Their songs include a numher of their own compositions, among which are "Casey Jones," "Harry Tracy," and "Steamhoat Bill." Douhle juggling hy the Blank Family, the champions of Europe, will he included in the attractions of next week. The star of the troupe is a girl, who is as fascinating as she is skillful. Next week will he the last of Lee Lloyd, Klein Brothers and Sihyl Brennan, the Du Gros Trio, and "Cheyenne Days," Gus Hornhrook's Wild West Show.

As was to he expected, "The Campus" is fairly launched on a profitahle and indefinitely prolonged engagement at the Savoy Theatre. Mr. de Leon's work is hright, tuneful, interesting, and fragrant. It has heen perfected in its long run in Los Angeles, and now there is nothing to he taken away without a loss, and nothing to he added to complete its charm. The company is well suited to the play, and as almost every memher is a favorite in this, its home city, it is greeted with every sign of full appreciation. Ferris Hartman has a peculiarly sympathetic part as the exiled professor. Walter de Leon, the author and composer, carries the romantic interest well, especially since "Muggins" Davies is his partner in calcium scenes. Miss Davies was never more attractive than in the rôle of the heroine. Josie Hart is a handsome college widow. Myrtle Dingwall proves her right to the title of prima dona with a voice that is pure and sweet. Roscoe Arhuckle, the new comedian, is a jolly young fellow, carrying well his two hundred pounds of agility and humor. The costumes and scenery are all hright and new. Matinées of "The Campus" are given on Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday, and at the last-named performance everyhody in attendance will he presented with a souvenir "Campus" pennant.

At Nelson, British Columhia, nearly twelve hundred musical enthusiasts will hear Nordica sing, though the theatre holds hut six hundred. During the intermission holders of three-dollar seat tickets will give up their places to others who will come in and hear the last half of the concert. A numher who pay six dollars will remain in their seats from the heginning to the end.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereahouts of absent Californians:

Lady Lawrence has been spending a few days with Mrs. Eleanor Martin since her return from Burlingame, where she was the guest of Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Miss Helen Carlisle will spend part of the winter in this city.

Colonel Frank Denny, U. S. A., Mrs. Denny, and Miss Esther Denny will return from Applegate the end of this month and will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Agnes Tillmann has returned to Aptos, after having spent a week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heller have returned from Fair Oaks and have opened their home on Pacific Avenue for the season.

Miss Albertine Detrick has returned to Berkeley from Portland, where she spent several weeks with the family of her fiancé, Mr. John Jerome Alexander.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dickinson Sherwood have arrived from the East, where they have been spending the summer yachting on the Atlantic coast and motoring in the Berkshire Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali, who since their marriage have been living in San Jose, have come to town to reside permanently. They are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali.

Mr. Charles Page Bryan, the newly appointed ambassador to Japan, has arrived in New York and will spend several days in this city en route to his new post.

Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., Mrs. James W. Keeney, and Miss Laura McKinstry returned by motor from Santa Barbara Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan returoed Wednesday to Burlingame from the East, where they have beco visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lowden since their arrival a week ago from Europe. They were accompanied by Miss Emily Carolan, who has joined her family in this city.

Mrs. Edward Barron and her daughter, Miss Marguerite Barron and Miss Evelyn Barron, have been spending the past week in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and their daughters, the Misses Harriet, Janetta, and Mary Alexander, after spending a few days in Santa Barbara, will leave in a private car Tuesday for Virginia Hot Springs.

Mr. Claus August Spreckels left Wednesday for New York, after a brief visit in this city.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson returned Tuesday from Paso Robles, where she has been spending the past month.

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg has returned from the Presidio, Monterey, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Major G. W. McIvor, U. S. A., and Mrs. McIvor.

Miss Helen Ashton and Miss Ruth Casey have been traveling in Scotland during the past month and are again in London. They will sail for home September 30.

Mrs. Lucy Otis will spend the winter with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship will come to town next week and occupy their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel. They have been spending the summer in San Mateo.

Miss Margaret Casey will go East Tuesday to attend Miss Bennett's school on the Hudson.

Mrs. William M. Pierson has returned from a month's outing at Idlewild, near Los Gatos.

Mrs. Richard Hammond and her sister, Miss Julia Langhorne, have been visiting Miss Martha Calhoun and Mrs. Paul Foster in Cleveland.

Mrs. Robert McMillan and Mrs. Silas Palmer left Monday for the East. Mrs. McMillan has been spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Miner spent a few days in town en route to their home in Los Angeles from Europe, where they have been spending the summer.

Commodore J. H. Bull, U. S. A., Mrs. Bull, and Miss Marjorie Bull have returned to their home in Santa Barbara. Mrs. Bull and her daughter arrived last week from Europe.

Lieutenant Daniel M. Gardner, Jr., U. S. N., sailed Tuesday for Honolulu in command of a detachment of marines, being sent out to the Honolulu Barracks. Licutenant Gardner is to continue on to Guam for a two years' tour of duty.

Captain Arthur W. Stone, U. S. N., who has been assigned to the U. S. S. *Maryland*, has arrived at Mare Island from the Bremerton Navy Yard.

Commodore John T. Orchard, U. S. N. (retired), has returned from Napa, where he spent a few days as a guest at the William McDougall home.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. Q. Brodie, U. S. A., attached to the adjutant-general's office of the Department of the Pacific, has retired from the army and will return to his old home in Arizona, where he was once governor.

Miss Alexandra Hamilton has returned from Montesol, where she was the guest of Miss Elizabeth Livermore.

Mr. Allen Kittle has returned from a brief visit in Sacramento.

Mrs. Walter Albion Hewlett left this week for her home in Ann Arbor, where her husband, Dr. Hewlett, is a member of the faculty of the university.

Mrs. Samuel Blair has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Delatour at their home in Rutherford, Napa County.

Lieutenant Kirby Crittenden, U. S. N., and Mrs. Crittenden (formerly Miss Estelle Fay), whose wedding took place last week, have been spending a few days at Monterey.

Judge Charles W. Slack, Mrs. Slack, and the Misses Edith and Ruth Slack have returned from a trip to Colorado. En route home they spent a few days at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Wilson Dibblee have gone to Santa Barbara, where Mr. Dibblee will assume the management of the Dibblee ranch.

Mr. Wilberforce W. Williams left Tuesday for a ten days' hunting trip.

Miss Corinne Dillman of Sacramento has recently been the guest of Miss Ila Sonntag.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, who for many years have resided in Ross, have purchased a lot on Green Street near Broderick, where the erection of a home will soon be begun.

Miss Helen Elizabeth Cowles will spend the winter in Atlanta, Georgia, with her father, Mr. Paul Cowles. Miss Cowles is a niece of Mrs. Thomas Magee, Sr., of this city.

Miss Grace Ewing has gone to New York, where she will open her studio for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley are established at the Hotel Bellevue, where they will remain indefinitely.

Mrs. F. A. Harnden has returned from Honolulu, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James Wilder.

Miss Cornelia Kempff has been spending a few days with friends at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon spent a few days last week in their apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Professor George A. Boke of the University of California and Mrs. Boke are established for the winter in the house on Lombard and Hyde Streets of Mrs. Lloyd Osborne.

Mrs. Genevieve Walker and her daughter, Miss Eleanor Walker, of Philadelphia, are spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. William Burke (formerly Miss Genevieve Walker) and Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Miss Walker may remain with her relatives during the winter season.

The Misses Cora and Frederika Otis have been entertaining Miss Dorothy Eaton of Santa Barbara at their home in Ross. Miss Eaton is now at Carmel-by-the-Sea, where she is the guest of Mrs. William A. Kimball, mother of her fiancé, Mr. Rufus Kimball.

Mr. and Mrs. George Volkman, Miss Johanna Volkman, and Miss Emily Johnson spent the week-end at Lake Tahoe, making the trip by automobile.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bright Bruce (formerly Miss Peggy Stow) have arrived in New York from Europe and will visit San Francisco en route to their home in the Philippines.

Mrs. Adolph Barkan and her daughter, Miss Fannie Barkan, will leave about September 15 for Europe, where Miss Barkan will spend a year in school.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean are established for the winter at the Fairmont Hotel. They have been spending the summer in San Mateo, where they occupied the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green, who will arrive next week from Europe.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and her daughter, Miss Marian Newhall, left Santa Barbara last Saturday and have since been at Monterey. Mr. Newhall and Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, Jr., remained in Santa Barbara.

Miss Ysobel Chase has been spending a few days in Woodside as the guest of Miss Myra Josselyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear have been spending the past week at Monterey.

Miss Helen Bailey has returned to her home in Berkeley after a visit in Bremerton, where she was the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Seth Williams.

Mrs. Clinton Jones is at present in Seattle visiting her daughter, Mrs. Webb Ballard.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins are established in their home in Mill Valley, after a summer outing at Lake Tahoe, Bolinas, and Pleasanton.

Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy is contemplating a visit to Portland, where she will spend several weeks with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke.

Mr. Alan Van Fleet has returned from a fishing trip on the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Clark, Jr., spent a few days in town en route to their home in Los Angeles.

Signor Galacio and his family are en route to their home in Guatemala, after a residence here of several years, during which time Signor Galacio was consul from Guatemala.

Miss Marcia Fee has returned from a visit with Mrs. James King Steele at her ranch in Mendocino County.

Miss Grace Bromfield of San Mateo has recently been the guest of Mrs. Fletcher Elliott in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Geissler and their two children left Tuesday morning for their home in Chicago, after spending two months in Ross with Mrs. Geissler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore.

Mrs. William Denman returned to town Tuesday, after a visit to Wildwood, Sonoma County, the country home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness. Mrs. Denman was accompanied by Mrs. Augustine Strickland, who is at present her guest.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent spent the week-end in San Mateo with Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker.

Mrs. Edwin Goodall, Dr. Charles Minor Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, and Mr. Arthur Goodall are established at the Fairmont Hotel for the winter.

Miss Patricia Cosgrave will leave next Tuesday for New York, where she will reside with her brother, Mr. John O'Hara Cosgrave.

Mrs. Lane-Leonard returned Tuesday from Monterey, where she spent three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale have returned to town from Shasta Springs, where they have been spending the summer.

Miss Nina Pringle has returned from Montesol, where she has been the guest of Miss Elizaheth Livermore.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carrigan (formerly Miss Jessie Foley of Chicago) are established for the winter at the San Carlos, on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin have been spending the past ten days at Lake Tahoe. During their absence Mrs. Douglas Fry was the guest of Miss Frances Martin at her home in Ross.

Miss Kate Peterson has returned from Santa Barbara, where she has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Harriet Peterson Miller. Mrs. Miller has closed her home, Earlton Lodge, in Santa Barbara, and with her son, Mr. Earl Miller, is at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle and their sons, the Messrs. Paige and Kenneth Monteagle, spent the week-end at Lake Taboc. They were accompanied by Mrs. Laura Roe.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister and their family returned from Berkeley this week, and have opened their town house for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. La Boyteaux have returned from San Rafael and are occupying their home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Margaret Nichols has been spending the past week at Monterey as the guest of Miss Ethel Mary Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Hennen Jennings, Miss Katherine Jennings, and Mr. Coleman Jennings left last week for their home in Washington, D. C., after having spent the summer in California.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado for the week included Mr. M. M. O'Shaughnessy, Mr. W. M. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Walker, Mr. I. W. Tucker, Mr. M. F. Tarpey, Mr. Al Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Trodden, Mr. and Mrs. James Peabody, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Palmer, Mr. T. W. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Creel.

Pasquale Amato, the Great Baritone.

Pasquale Amato, leading haritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, where he shared honors with Caruso in the production of "The Girl of the Golden West," and who is at present repeating his success in the same work in Rome, will he the first of the galaxy of vocal stars to he presented hy Manager Greenhaum this season. Modest Altschuler, of the Russian Symphony Orchestra, calls Amato "the Stradivarius of the singers," and many critics hail him as the greatest living male singer. Equally at home in the Italian, French, and German repertory, Amato, although hut thirty years of age, stands at the very head of his profession.

Assisting this artist will he Mme. Gilda Longari, who will make her déhut in America this season, and Signor Tanara, one of the conductors of the Metropolitan Opera House.

On Tuesday night, Octoher 10, Signor Amato will give a special concert under the auspices of the Elizabeth Murison School Association, the object of which is to secure a permanent endowment for this splendid educational institution.

Leonard Borwick, Pianist.

Leonard Borwick, a pupil of Clara Schumann and one of the greatest pianists living, is seldom heard outside of the very large musical centres of Europe. Not heing obliged to travel as a virtuoso Mr. Borwick has led a very retired life in one of the most beautiful spots in England, appearing in puhlic only when the fancy seized him. In Berlin, Dresden, Leipsic, Paris, and London, every time he appears critics hemoan the fact that he chooses to play so seldom.

Manager Will Greenhaum announces that he has secured the services of Mr. Borwick for one and perhaps two concerts, late in Octoher. The artist is making a trip around the world and will arrive in this country from Australia, where he consented to play three times in Sydney and twice in Melhourne, hut it took twelve concerts in the one place and fourteen in the other to satisfy the music lovers. Mr. Borwick will play in hut three cities en route to New York.

The Paris Grand Opera Company will sail from Cherbourg on Octoher 21, coming direct to this city with an organization of over one hundred people, the principals and chorus coming from Paris and the orchestra from this country. The complete organization will numher over two hundred, and it will open at the Valencia Theatre on Monday, Novemher 13.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.
EFFIE I. SIMONS, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.
ORDER FOR PUBLICATION OF SUMMONS.

Upon reading and filing the affidavit of EFFIE I. SIMONS, and it satisfactorily appearing therefrom that the defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS, can not be located in the State of California, and, after due diligence, can not be found within this state, and it also appearing from the complaint herein duly verified hy said plaintiff that a good cause of action exists herein in favor of the plaintiff, and against the said defendant, the said action heing to dissolve the bonds of matrimony existing hetween the said plaintiff herein and the said defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS;

And it further appearing that a summons has been duly issued out of said court in this action, and that personal service of the same can not be made upon the said defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS, for the reasons hereinhefore contained, and by the said affidavit made to appear;

On motion of Bush Finnell, attorney for the plaintiff, it is ordered that the service of the summons in this actioo be made upon the defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS, by publication thereof in "The Argonaut," a newspaper published at said city and county of San Francisco, hereby designated as the newspaper most likely to give notice to said defendant; that such publication be made at least once a week for two months.

And it further in like manner satisfactorily appearing to me that the last known residence of said defendant was at the city and county of San Francisco, state of California, it is ordered and directed that a copy of the summons and complaint in this suit be forthwith deposited in the United States postoffice, at the city and county of San Francisco, post paid, directed to said defendant at his said last known place of residence.

JOHN J. VAN NOSTRAND, Judge.
Dated this 5th day of September, A. D. 1911.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.
EFFIE I. SIMONS, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.
AFFIDAVIT OF EFFIE I. SIMONS.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, being first duly sworn, deposes and says: that she is the plaintiff in the above entitled action.

That on the 29th day of August, A. D. 1911, affiant commenced an action to dissolve the bonds of matrimony existing between herself and CLARENCE F. SIMONS, the defendant herein.

Affiant says that she has not seen the defendant for the two years last past; that the last affiant knew of the said defendant he was residing in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California, and affiant says that she has now no knowledge as to the whereabouts of said defendant. EFFIE I. SIMONS.

Subscribed and sworn to hefore me this 5th day of September, A. D. 1911.
(Seal) M. V. COLLINS,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

BUSH FINNELL, Attorney for Plaintiff, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Pedestrian—Hey! You just missed me hy an inch! *Chauffeur*—Be patient! I'm coming hack directly!—*Puck.*

First Imp—Ananias won't he so lonely now. *Second Imp*—Why? *First Imp*—There's a theatrical press agent coming tomorrow.—*Puck.*

Lady—What a handsome dog! He must he valuahle. Vendor—Yer het 'e is. The gentleman wot I hought 'im off's offerin' £5 reward if I hring him hack.—*The Sketch.*

"Gee! Now tell me as man to man what you would do if you were married to that woman." "You tell me what you would do; I am married to her."—*Houston Post.*

Judge—Do you know the meaning of the oath, madam? *The Witness (proudly)*—Your honor! An' me hushand shippin' hefore the mast these fifteen years!—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Dora—So you have decided to break off your engagement with him. *Nora*—Yes, hut I don't think I shall do it until after my birthday—as it comes next week!—*The Club-Fellow.*

"Waiter," he complained, "I smell fresh paint." "If you'll just wait a minute, sir," answered the ohsequious functionary, "those young ladies will have gone away."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

He—Do you approve of dancing? *She*—No. *He*—Why not? *She*—Why, it's mere hugging set to music. *He*—Well, what is there ahout that you don't like? *She*—The music.—*Tit-Bits.*

Aunt Mary (horrified)—Good gracious, Harold, what would your mother say if she saw you smoking cigarettes? *Harold (calmly)*—She'd have a fit. They're her cigarettes.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Ello—That young farmer tried to kiss me, saying that he had never kissed a girl hefore. *Stella*—What did you tell him?' *Ella*—That I was no agricultural experiment station.—*New York Press.*

Wife—To he frank with you, if you were to die I should certainly marry again. *Husband*—I've no ohjection. I'm not going to worry ahout the troubles of a fellow whom I shall never know."—*Variety Life.*

"You don't know what a 'thesaurus' is, Johnny?" ejaculated Mrs. Lapsling, reproachfully. "Your Uncle Horace has had one for years. He showed it to me once. It's a dictionary of cinnamons."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"You spend so much time in your room," protested the other guests. "Why don't you come out on the veranda more or join in the games?" "I pay $35 a week for that room," explained the odd one, simply.—*Buffalo Express.*

"Maw, why can't we put up a hammock hetween these two trees? Aint we part owners of this park?" "No, dear, it helongs to that fine-looking man in uniform with the white gloves on his hands."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mr. Bilkins (a seoside cottager)—I notice you always go to a private hathing establishment. Why don't you hathe in the ocean? *Mrs. Bilkins*—The ocean? Goodness me! Why, all those hotel hoarders hathe in it.—*Philodelphia Times.*

"My! Miss Ma'r," said the old darky to the young lady of the house the morning after her coming-out hall, "you sho' did look sweet las' night. My! I hardly knowed you. Dey wasn't a thing ahout you dat looked natchel."—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

Orator—I thought your paper was friendly to me? *Editor*—So it is. What's the matter? *Orator*—I made a speech at the Odd Fellows' dinner last night, and you didn't print a line of it. *Editor*—Well, what further proof do you want?—*Canadian Courier.*

"What did my ma say to you when you came in?" inquired Johnny to his friend who had come to tea. "She said she was very pleased to see me." "I'm glad," said Johnny in a relieved tone. "'Cos she said this morning she hoped you wouldn't come."—*Stray Stories.*

"Joined in June" is the way a Southern newspaper heads a wedding report. This suggests a few other alliterations, as, "Fastened in February," "Mated in May," "Attached in August," "Spliced in September," and "Divorced in Decemher."—*Boston Transcript.*

"I'm afraid you may think we're giving you a lot of fish this week, old man," said the genial host, as they sat down to dinner. "The fact is, my wife has got hold of what sounds like a really capital device for removing a fish-bone stuck in the throat, and we want to see if it works."—*London Globe.*

"Is your town doing anything in the uplift way?" "Oh, yes! We have a committee appointed to see all shows suspected of being immoral and report on them." "Good!" "Yes, a committee of one thousand." "Indeed! Isn't that a—er—rather large committee?" "Well, you see, we couldn't afford to create any hard feeling, and so we made it large enough to include ahout everyhody."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"Do you think women would improve politics?" "Well," replied Mr. Growcher, "after listening to the conversation on the front porch, I'll say this for them: If they ever start an investigation they'll find out something."—*Philadelphia Times.*

A plan was formed to scare a certain Tim Casey, living in a village near Belfast, on his returning from market hy night past the churchyard. As he went hy the usual turnip, white sheet, and lanthorn of the conventional ghost were suhmitted to his gaze, with the customary weird howls. Tim, however, simply looked fixedly at the apparition for a moment and remarked: "Arrah, now and is it a general resurrection, or are ye just taking a walk hy yer self?"

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Municipal Election.

All indications point to the election of Mr. Rolph in the primary to be held on the 26th instant—one week from next Tuesday. Mr. Rolph's support is made up of various elements brought into coöperation, through resentment against the McCarthy régime, by hope of better conditions in the municipal government and in recognition of the fact that business here is suffering under conditions which McCarthyism imposes. Labor, even union labor, has come to see that McCarthyism, by discouraging investment and barring enterprise, is creating a situation which can yield nothing to the man who toils with his hands or to anybody else.

We have said that the election of Mr. Rolph seems an assurance. It is, however, conditional on getting out the conservative vote. The McCarthyites, the sinister and vicious elements, are always on hand; they go early to the polls, and as often as may be. But there are many difficulties in getting out the so-called conservative vote; so many individual voters find themselves too busy to go to the polls, so many have to go to Del Monte or the Yosemite, so many are visiting friends in the country, so many have to play golf or go out for dinner, that the real strength—if strength be the right word—of respectability and conservatism is commonly not available.

But if the men who ought to want Rolph elected, who think they want him elected, and whose interests, material and moral, are bound up in his election, will only bestir themselves and get to the polls, there is small doubt about the outcome. There are always more decent people than blackguards in any community; the difficulty is in getting the decent people to take their duty seriously and go to the polls.

Labor Under a Black Flag.

Leaders of the railroad shopmen's federation are still keeping up a noise—alternately threatening and postponing—but their fight, if it may be so called, is lost. There will be no strike in support of the demands presented at San Francisco and Chicago ten days ago, either now or in future. These demands are worth remembering as the boldest and most extreme ever presented by organized labor, and they will probably stand as the high-water mark of unionistic pretension. In their sum total they called for nothing less than control of the transportation of the country with the power through it of enforcing practical monopoly of industry with all that such power implies in relation to modern life in its varied departments. If these demands had been conceded—if power had been surrendered to the managers of organized labor to paralyze transportation at will—it would have subordinated and made subservient every other force in government and society.

Mr. Kruttschnitt for the Harriman system and Mr. Markham for the Illinois Central system have won a momentous triumph not merely for the business interests which they represent, but for liberty and equality among men. They are entitled to the honors of victory; yet it is to be said that it is a victory they could not have achieved if behind them there had not been an overwhelming support in the form of an intelligent and resentful public opinion. Men in every position in life, even in the ranks of unionism, saw that the demands of the shopmen were practically those of the highwayman. They saw that it meant such a weakening of the railroads financially that they could not render efficient service. They saw that it meant practical confiscation of private property by unionism. They saw that it meant ultimately the domination of American life in the interest of unionism, for whoever in these days holds unrestrained power over transportation throughout the country is master of its industry, the dictator of its policies, an authority to which all else must yield. The logic of equity, of common sense, of liberty, had for such a proposal but one answer; and behind that answer there was the weight of universal intelligence, plus the powers of moral resistance which unfailingly are thrown into the balance against revolutionary proposals.

We are reminded by this incident of the old maxim that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Labor unionism has indeed an assured basis, not only in moral logic, but in the essential circumstances of modern industry. Modern enterprise calls for the incorporation of capital; incorporation of capital calls in turn, and imperatively, for incorporation of labor. Without incorporation labor can not hope to hold its own against incorporated capital. But while labor is under the necessity of enforcing its just dues by incorporation, it gains no new or special rights by incorporation. Labor assumes the character of a highwayman the moment it insists under the powers of incorporation upon things which do not belong to it in moral right. These are simple, even self-evident, principles. It would seem that nobody should be so dull or so selfish as not to recognize and concede them. But organized labor—under selfish and vicious leadership—does not recognize and does not concede that there are limitations upon its powers. And it is because it seeks, as in the demands of the shopmen's federation, under the powers of corporate action, to get more than its rights, that it destroys its respect and standing with reasonable men. Here in San Francisco, for example, we find organized labor standing not for the legitimate and proportionate interest of the working man, but rather for the selfish interest of a particular group against other working men, at the same time reaching out for privileges inconsistent with common equity—with the rights due to others in moral logic and common sense.

In the later development of organized labor there is something akin to the madness which invites destruction. Society can not concede to organized workmen a disproportionate share of the products of industry. It can not concede a disproportionate authority in affairs, nor the privilege of nullifying laws made in equity for all. It can not consent that other elements in society shall knock under to one element and surrender to it things which belong in equity and in due proportion to all. It surely will not, while reason and justice survive, subordinate intelligence to selfishness and the spirit of aggression, however fortified in organization or however aggressively marshaled. There is that in the nature of men, especially of men bred in the precepts of liberty, which must inevitably rise in resentment against proposals repugnant to the spirit of reason and the plain dictates of common justice.

We say that aggressive unionism has touched its high-water mark in the demands of the shopmen's federation, because these demands go beyond the limits of justice—because they illustrate illegitimate pretensions and stamp the whole scheme as inequitable, dishonorable, destructive. On a large plan and with unmistakable emphasis they represent unionism as insisting upon more than it has the right to ask for, as attempting with the weapon of organized might to gain more than is morally right. This attempt has been balked by the resistance of the men immediately in charge of the interests under assault; and we repeat that behind these agents there is the irresistible force of an overwhelming popular sentiment.

It is a notable fact in the history of social movements as in the history of individual men that practical break-down usually follows moral deterioration. Whatever or whoever may be sustained by the forces of justice and consistency—whatever or whoever is morally worthy—finds the ground underfoot firm and the going tolerably easy. It is when equity is forgotten, when justice is thrown to the winds, when there is an attempt to substitute the force of might for the force of right, that strength is supplanted by weakness. Organized labor was strong when it stood for the demand of the working man for a proportionate share in the products of community effort, for a proportionate authority in public affairs, for a proportionate respect and consideration among social forces. Public opinion sustained demands inspired by the common sense of justice. It was not until organized labor ceased to stand for the rights of men in due proportion that it lost the consideration essential to public respect and to the legitimacy of its powers. It has ceased to be a champion of rights. It no longer even pretends to base its demands upon reason and equity. It has cast aside every restraint of morality to become the agent of an insistent and remorseless selfishness. It has become an openly aggressive and conscienceless power, marching under a black flag, threatening destruction wherever there is not instant yielding to its summons of surrender and tribute. It has been morally debased, and it must die as it deserves to die.

And yet there remains the necessity for some schools

of incorporated labor, inspired by justice and supported by reason, to sustain the cause of working men against selfish and incorporated capital. Legitimately organized labor is one of the fixed hopes of society now and in the future. That there may arise such a form of incorporated labor is the wish of every man not blinded by self-interest or class-interest, by every man inspired by the hope of justice among men.

More Freak Laws.

Boss Sullivan of Tammany is not usually looked upon as a pillar of law and order. Neither his career nor his constituency are of the kind at which good Americans will "point with pride," nor has he been counted among the forces that make for peace and propriety. When Mr. Sullivan first began to denounce the carrying of concealed weapons he was heard by his supporters with pained surprise. The occasion was a political meeting in the Bowery, and it was generally believed that there were rather more revolvers in the crowd than there were votes. But Mr. Sullivan stuck to his guns, so to speak, and now at last his "dangerous weapon law" has been passed by the legislature and is about to receive such enforcement as the police are likely to give to it. Henceforth no one must carry a revolver in New York without official permission, and no one at all must sell or carry a sandbag, slungshot, or metal knuckles. No wonder Mr. Sullivan's heelers should feel that their chief had betrayed them, that he had robbed them of the political influence that they used with such convincing persuasiveness. Politics is no longer what it used to be.

No doubt Mr. Sullivan feels that he has done something to abate an evil. Actually he has done nothing of the sort. Not one law in ten which undertakes to regulate individual conduct is other than mischievous. The evils at which they were aimed are usually unaffected, while the tone of the whole community is lowered by enactments that create new crimes, and supply fresh incentives to evasion, bribery, and the whole swarm of social iniquities. The Sullivan law is a case in point. It is no more than a law to disarm honest men and to leave them at the mercy of armed rogues, for no one can suppose that the thug and the desperado will hurry off to get official permission to carry their weapons. Nor can any one suppose that they will cease to carry them. The only people who will cease to carry their accustomed revolvers are a few timorous citizens who rightly or wrongly believe themselves to be in danger, but who are yet unwilling to apply for a permit. That there can be any adequate restriction in the sale of revolvers is out of the question while there are side doors and back rooms and so long as the ferry fare to New Jersey is only ten cents. Mr. Sullivan has therefore passed a bill for making the helpless citizen rather more helpless than he was before, and perhaps that fact accounts for the acquiescence of Mr. Sullivan's Bowery constituents after the first flush of indignation had passed away.

The mania for the making of grandmotherly laws is not, of course, confined to New York. In fact it is more acute in the West than in the East. It bids fair to become a veritable plague, and especially to travelers, who find themselves confronted at every state boundary line with catalogues of pettifogging regulations from which not even the traveler with a through railroad ticket is exempt. Of this no better proof can be found than an extract from a Pullman car wine list to be found on transcontinental trains. Here it is in its naked absurdity:

> No wines or liquors sold between Redlands Junction and Yuma, or between Dunsmuir, California, and Barlow, Oregon, or in Texas, or Louisiana, or on Sunday in New Mexico, Oregon, or Washington. No cigars or cigarettes sold in Louisiana on Sunday. No cigarettes sold in Nevada, Nebraska, or Wasbington.

The State of Louisiana has forbidden the use of public drinking cups in Pullman cars. The unwary traveler who has neglected to provide himself with a cup must go thirsty until he has crossed the boundary line, which probably he will do as speedily as possible and with a rigid determination never to cross it again. Kansas is agitating for a law against coffee-drinking, and its health officers are warning citizens to clip their cats in order to eliminate germs. A list of these preposterous laws would be too long to print. We may laugh at them as freak legislation, but the unfortunate traveler who has been fined $20 for smoking a cigarette on Sunday or drinking a glass of beer on Monday will sadly find them a laughing matter. At a distance they are objects of derision; at close quarters they are objects of exasperation and detestation.

If this sort of insanity continues it will destroy the last remnant of personal liberty that is left to us. It will be legislated to death. An impudent and intrusive officialism will be always at hand to regulate what we shall eat, what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed. Every session of every legislature is besieged by social mountebanks clamoring for some new prohibition, some new restriction, some new regulation. That we are making of ourselves a laughing stock for the world may not matter very much. That we are wrapping ourselves in swaddling clothes and depriving ourselves of the elementary rights of human beings matters a good deal.

Robert G. Fowler, Aviator.

The whole country, indeed the whole world, will watch the fortunes of our new aviator with a hopeful sympathy, and none the less hopeful for the initial reverse that he has encountered. Robert G. Fowler has undertaken a task greater than has ever before been attempted. He will try to reach New York in thirty days, the whole journey to be performed through the air. On his first day of flight he exceeded the necessary average, while the special supply train that will accompany him is a guaranty against some, but by no means against all, of the risks incidental to such a flight. The routes are as uncharted, the difficulties as unforeseen, as in the exploration of a new continent. The mental and the physical strain must necessarily be of the most severe kind. Mr. Fowler is not an experienced aviator, but perhaps experience is among the least of the qualities needed for successful aviation. Courage is certainly the first requisite, and when this is sustained by physical vigor, resourcefulness, and determination we have a combination that will not easily be denied. Mr. Fowler may fail, but at least he will have the moral success of a gallant attempt. To aim at such a goal means its eventual accomplishment, and Mr. Fowler has already won the glory of the pioneer.

It is hard to compare one aviation record with another where the conditions of flight are not identical. But it may be said that no such course as this has ever before been set, nor one that involves the same kind of difficulty. The nearest approach to the present attempt is the international aeroplane race around England and Scotland that was concluded a few weeks ago. The only serious contestants were two Frenchmen, Conneau and Vedrines, and Vedrines won the race by an hour and ten minutes. This particular course was a little over a thousand miles in length, and the distance was covered in about twenty-two and a half hours. That was a very rapid flight and under exacting conditions, the precise points for stoppages being arbitarily fixed. A still longer flight was that made by Atwood from St. Louis to New York, a distance of 1265 miles, that was covered in twenty-nine hours and thirty-five minutes. Mr. Fowler's course is a much longer one, but he has no competitors and he may stop where he wishes. All that he has to do is to reach New York within the stipulated time, and therefore it is not easy to make an accurate comparison with the feats of his predecessors.

It is hard to realize that it is only two years since Bleriot made his record flight across the English Channel, a distance of twenty-seven miles, and yet when Vedrines flew back to his home in France after his flight around Great Britain the fact was recorded in a ten-line news item, and in less than a year after Bleriot's channel flight Sopwith flew 169 miles without a stop. At the end of the same year Tabuteau flew 365 miles in eight hours and thirty-five minutes. It must be admitted that no other modern invention has shown such a progress as this, or so rapid a passage from the sensational to the commonplace. The increase in speed is not so phenomenal. In 1903 the Wright brothers flew at the rate of thirty miles an hour. This record has been gradually raised until James Radley reached a speed of seventy-five miles an hour over a measured mile and with a following wind. But it is in high flying that we find the most startling advance. In 1906 Santos Dumont flew three feet from the ground. A year later Farman flew at a height of eight feet. In 1908 W. Wright ascended 400 feet. Latham increased this to 1640 feet in 1909, and in 1910 Legagneux made the present record of 10,746 feet if we except Hoxsey's unofficial record of 11,476 feet.

In the face of such figures it seems impossible to doubt the future of aviation. Never before has an invention aroused such interest or attracted so many experimenters. Those who imagine that the art of flying is represented by the few aviating names that are most familiar to newspaper readers may be surprised to know that the total number of aviators is now about 3000, and that there are over 700 certificated pilots. Their machines include 361 biplanes and 302 monoplanes, and among the latter the Bleriot machines outnumber all the others.

France, of course, takes the lead in aviation, but it is disappointing to find that America comes far at the end of the list of pilots which is given by Claude Grahame White and Harry Harper in their recent work on the aeroplane, as follows: French 387, British 128, German 46, Italian 38, Russian 37, American 31.

It is hard to account for this disparity, unless it is due to a commercialism that will undertake no experimentation unless the reward be well in sight. American conditions are peculiarly favorable to aviation, and there is certainly no lack of money. It is therefore doubly desirable that Mr. Fowler should succeed in his present effort. Certainly he will meet with no failure that can be avoided by resolution and courage.

Prohibition in Maine.

After fifty-seven years of nominal prohibition, and as the result of a spirited campaign, the Maine prohibition vote is so close as to leave the issue in doubt, and to justify the belief that a long-continued policy of repression has been reversed. This vote will be variously interpreted according to the ultimate result, but its real significance will not be lost to judgment and common sense. For all her prohibition law, Maine has not been at any time free from all of the ordinary, and some of the exceptional vices of the liquor traffic. The difference between Maine under prohibition and her neighboring states under the license system has been the difference between a regulated and an unregulated traffic in liquors. In the opinion of practical men—even of practical men enthusiastic in the cause of temperance—the advantage has not been with Maine. For it is notorious that liquor-selling and liquor-drinking are as common there as elsewhere. The special conditions of the traffic under prohibition are those implied in secrecy and irresponsibility. Under prohibition the liquor dealer must be a creature of a low type, because his business, being a crime under the law, must be carried on under some form of subterfuge. Therefore you have in control of the traffic not men even of nominal respectability whose operations are conducted openly and before the restraining eye of the public, but irresponsible creatures, willing for profit to play a fraudulent and criminal rôle. It hardly needs to be said that under this condition the evils of the liquor traffic must be greatly augmented, since it matters much on the score of public morality whether business of any kind, especially the liquor business, be in responsible and decent or in low and criminal hands.

And by the same token the effect of liquor drinking under prohibition is in a moral sense more serious than under an open system. A man may drink liquors in Nevada with no very serious sacrifice other than that involved in the physical effect upon his system; but it is quite another matter if the same man climbs into an attic, or crawls into a cellar, or sneaks in through a back way and makes himself a quasi-criminal under the law in taking a drink. The moral effect in such a case is a very grievous thing because it cheapens and vulgarizes to a greater or less degree every man who patronizes a bar.

If prohibitory laws estopped the liquor traffic they would still be open to protest on other and important grounds, fundamentally as an interference with natural and individual right; and their expediency might seriously be questioned on that score. But as a matter of fact prohibition, as the experience of Maine has abundantly proved, does not prohibit. What it does in practice is to put the traffic into vicious hands, to drive it into more or less secret places, to multiply its vulgarities, and to augment and deepen its demoralizing tendencies. These facts, which have all along been known and understood by men of competent observation and judgment in Maine, have been the basis of an anti-prohibition movement which after a long contest with misinformation and prejudice has probably wiped a foolish and impracticable law from the statute book.

All men concede that traffic in liquors is more or less of a social evil. Nobody attempts to justify it or to claim for it any privileges on moral grounds. But

experience has shown that the evils which flow out of this traffic are minimized when it is placed in responsible hands, under careful regulation, openly before the public and under the eye of the police. Since to prohibit it is not merely questionable but futile, common sense undertakes to make the least of it as an evil, even while exacting something from it as an offset to the mischiefs created by it and flowing from it.

Attempts at prohibition in Maine and elsewhere have all gone to emphasize the principle that temperance in the use of liquors, like other forms of good conduct, to be practically effective must stand upon a moral footing. No man was ever made temperate or chaste by legislative enactment. If men are to be won from evil to worthy courses of life, it must be through forces and under influences which find their springs not in constitutions and laws, but in higher sensibilities and motives.

Hooligans In New York.

The letter from our New York correspondent that appears in this issue of the *Argonaut* is a timely reminder of a destructive social force that exists potentially as much in the West as in the East and with which civilization will have to cope if it is to preserve its own safety. The occasion for the riotous outbreak in New York was of the most trivial kind. A number of ruffians, unable to secure admission to a prize-fight, proceeded to created a scene of indescribable anarchy. Every Satanic passion in the crowd seemed to be aroused, and if an overwhelming force of police had not been instantly available it is hard to say how far the evil contagion would have spread. Such a phenomenon is by no means isolated nor unusual. There is not a great city in America that can afford to overlook the threat created by hordes of human wild beasts always ready for an exciting cause, always watchful for a relaxation of official vigilance. One day there will be such a relaxation and it will be followed by a catastrophe that will arouse us to the real dimensions of the problem.

How comes it that there is so much inflammable ferocity in our midst? We may take it for granted that these men are either unemployed or that they belong to the ranks of an unskilled labor that has never learned to respect itself and that is necessarily spasmodic and intermittent. It is safe to say that not 5 per cent of that ravening mob in New York had ever learned a trade or been through the discipline of an apprenticeship. Their human value was about equal to that of a like number of animals, while they were far more dangerous, cruel, and bloodthirsty than animals could possibly be. That we should concern ourselves with the ordinary questions of party politics while remaining apathetic in the presence of these savage and recurring outbreaks seems to show a lack of the sense of proportion that may be remedied in a particularly rude manner.

How far are the labor unions to blame for this increasing number of men and boys who are not nearly so useful to a civilized community as are beasts of burden? We need hardly ask that question after studying the union rules for the restriction of apprentices. In San Francisco at this moment there are hundreds of bright and honest boys who have despairingly abandoned the search for a useful training and who are being driven into the ranks of unskilled labor at the best and into hoboism and hoodlumism at the worst. And this not because there is no work for them to do, but because of a degrading and cowardly fear of their competition when their training is completed. There is not a man of affairs in San Francisco who does not know this to be the truth, and it is a shameful and an infamous truth. These boys, untrained, unskilled, and undisciplined, are the recruits of the great army of actual and potential criminals who lurk on the outskirts of society ready for just such scenes of rapine and violence as were witnessed in New York and that strained the resources of order almost to the breaking point. Every great city can tell the same tale. Every great city sees this same swelling of the dangerous classes. Every great city knows that they are becoming irrepressible and unmanageable.

It is the question of the day. No other force in American life has ever inflicted such remorseless calculated ruin as this. No other caste in American life has ever dared avowedly to close the doors of opportunity, all the doors, in the faces of the rising generation. It is making a mockery of our schools and our training colleges, neutralizing the education for which we are spending millions, displacing honorable hopes and ambitions by a blank futility. It is one of those questions that we can solve here and now by the exercise of a little stern determination and that will presently solve themselves in a way unpleasant to contemplate.

La Follette and Hughes.

It is easy to credit the story which comes in the news dispatches from New York that Senator La Follette, regarded as a presidential candidate, finds himself down and that he is planning to get out. He will not have far to go, for in his character of presidential aspirant he has never been anything better than a man of straw. Outside of his own state he is not in the way of a single vote in the next Republican convention. His impotency was demonstrated when Nebraska —Nebraska, the home of Bryan, and one of the storm centres of "progressive" discontent—gave the congratulations of her state convention to President Taft with such assurances of support next year as a new-fangled primary law permitted. Again it was demonstrated, although with less emphasis, when the effort to work up a La Follette delegation from California met with no response excepting cheers for Taft, and left our precious coterie of progressive leaders with only such poor satisfaction as could be got through jeering and sneering at the most worthy and capable man who has sat in the executive chair this half-score years past. Mr. La Follette is indeed down and out, if that be a fit expression to describe the status of a man who never had the first chance for the presidential nomination.

But it is not so easy to credit the report that Justice Hughes will fall heir to La Follette's presidential shoes. Passing by the circumstance that La Follette never had any presidential shoes, it is perhaps sufficient to say that Judge Hughes is hardly a seeker for or an acceptor of second-hand merchandise in politics or in other things. Judge Hughes indeed is a "progressive," not of the La Follette type, but rather after the style and fashion of his friend President Taft. He wants things done right, and he knows that the way to do them right is through and by the law, above all to go no faster than the law. He is a practical rather than a sentimental reformer, and no doubt appreciates as well as any man in the country the difficulties under which Taft has labored with the value of the results he has attained. He knows that Taft has done more to advance worthily progressive principles than any other man in the country. It is quite possible that Mr. Hughes would be glad if the opportunity should come to him in the right way to be President of the United States. But he is little likely, we think, to be seduced by the blandishments of a weak and failing coterie working upon his personal vanities into a position of antagonism to the one personality in the Republican party competent at this time to carry the party banner successfully. It will be found next year that Judge Hughes will be for Taft without reservations of any kind.

Progressivism flatters itself when it takes itself seriously as a political party or even as an effective faction in the national sphere. It is nothing better or more serious than a group of mutually jealous malcontents inspired by individual vanity, quite incapable of concerted or effective action. There is not in the so-called progressive group any man to be compared as a sound "progressive" with our worthy President, William Howard Taft. It will be found next year that the progressive element of the party—at least all that part of it worthy of respect—will be on board the Taft bandwagon. Of course there may be a few soaring spirits wounded in their personal vanities because the country will not accept their counsels or their leadership. But every real Republican, every man who wants to see the cause of political progress advanced under Republican principles, will be for Taft.

A Mysterious Shake-Up.

One would have to be several kinds of a mind-reader to determine with any degree of certainty the meaning of the latest shake-up in the police department. Possibly it means that Mr. White is tired of being a mere nonentity and is undertaking to manage the department as the law provides, but this is not likely. Probably it is a stage play arranged through some manner not plain to the eye of ordinary intelligence designed for effect upon the coming election. But it may be just one of those stupid and purposeless movements, done without reason and to no end as a manifestation of individual authority in relation to a small matter.

In its personalism and its mystery, this latest shake-up is like many another which has gone before it. It may be nothing more than a new illustration of the vicious whimsicality which has governed the police department for so many years, making of it a mere football in a disreputable game of personal politics, tending to moral deterioration of the force itself and to public contempt for it as an agency of authority. For so many years the police department has been the subject of this sort of practice that the wonder is that there is left to it even the pretense—we do not say the semblance—of respectability and decency.

One of the things to be hoped for through the election of Rolph, which now seems a certainty, is the reorganization of the police department with some respect for its legitimate purposes as defined by law. At first no doubt it will seem novel and curious enough to have a police department under some other sort of inspiration than that of personal and sinister politics; none the less the experiment is worth trying, and if Mr. Rolph ever gets into the mayor's chair we are assured that he will try it. His idea, so we are told, is to organize the police in respect to the letter and spirit of the law, under a strong and worthy personal administrative head and then to bid it mind its business in accordance with the principles of legality and legitimacy. It will be an amazing change, truly.

Editorial Notes.

It is a curious fact that Governor Johnson, who is so loudly heralded by his supporters as a man of open political virtue and forthright courage—skeered o' nothin', so to speak—should permit a campaign like that now being waged in San Francisco to go by without a word of counsel. He has not been shy in the matter of declaring his views about affairs in the national sphere, even to the extent of making public his dislike of President Taft. Now why is he so shy about letting it be known where he stands with reference to Mayor McCarthy? Is it possible that his excellency, for all his boasted courage, for all his forthrightness of character, is playing up to the labor vote? Is it possible that, in standing apart and quite ostentatiously neutral while San Francisco wages a fight for decency, he hopes to maintain good relations with McCarthy and McCarthyism, with a shrewd eye to future political advantage? Perhaps it would be presumptuous to question so great and forthright a man, yet there are those who would like to know where the governor stands—whether for Rolph or McCarthy.

All the business considerations involved in the Canadian campaign for reciprocity with the United States support the fight which Laurier is making. Reciprocity—although it has not always been called by that name—is what Canada has been praying for this past half-century. Now that it is offered as a free gift, there is opposition, first from those "interests" in Canada in the way of being disturbed by any change, second on the score of British imperialism. It remains to be seen whether the interests and the imperialists will be able to outvote those who are ambitious for commercial and other forms of progress.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"The Lighthouse of Central America."

Juayun, San Salvador, July 21, 1911.

Editor Argonaut: You will kindly pardon my calling your attention to a paragraph in the *Argonaut* of June 24, where it treats of a lighthouse without a keeper. It is really a proper comparison; so much that many call it "the lighthouse of Central America." But here come the *Argonaut's* mistakes: El Salvador, and not San Salvador, is not an island, but a small country well stuck to the American continent; it forms part of Central America. The "Izalco," or the volcano you refer to, is about twenty-eight miles away inland from the port of Acajutla, and not nine as you say. I live near it, so I must know. Although it has been extinguished for the last four years, it never was so punctual at spouting fire and smoke; sometimes eruptions came every five, ten, twenty and more minutes, it never kept a regular time. And to close I must say that I have never known that the port authorities had ever charged a lighthouse fee; it would be simply ridiculous. Your old subscriber,

J. Dolores Salaverria.

During the strike disturbances in Liverpool the police used an armored motor-van with bullet-proof sides for patrolling the streets, manned by a number of armed constables. Obviously, in this case, a motor-driven vehicle was much safer than one drawn by horses, which would be liable to be injured or panic-stricken by missiles from the mob. This description accompanies a picture in London *Sketch* of the new war-ch[illegible]

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Leonardo da Vinci is a curious example of posthumous fame. Unquestionably one of the greatest geniuses that the world has ever known, the world was nevertheless willing to wait for three hundred years in placid incuriosity as to his writings. He left masses of manuscript to the mercy of his heirs, who distributed them among relic hunters, giving complete works to some and detached pages to others. Thirty years ago an effort was made to remedy the mischief, and some of Da Vinci's works were published. Perhaps there was some excuse for the heirs. Da Vinci's handwriting was of the most illegible kind. He was left-handed and wrote from right to left. His spelling was phonographic, he abbreviated wherever it was possible, joined his words, and was innocent of all punctuation. One of Bandello's novels says of him: "He used often to go early in the morning and mount upon the platform and from sunrise until the dusk of evening, never putting down his brush, and forgetting to eat and drink, paint without ceasing. Then two, three, or four days would pass when he would not touch it, but remained for one or two hours together contemplating, considering, and examining within himself, judging his figures. I have seen him, too, according as his caprice or humor moved him, go off at noon-day, when the sun was in Leo, from the Corte Vecchia, where he was composing his stupendous horse of clay, and come straight to the Grazie, and, mounting the platform, take a brush and give one or two strokes to one of the figures, and straightway depart and go elsewhere."

If civilization were civilized it would find some way to reward Mr. Dwelly for a work almost without a parallel in the history of literature. Mr. Dwelly is not a Scotchman, and his knowledge of Gaelic is an acquired one. Nevertheless he has spent twenty strenuous years of his life in the compilation of a Gaelic dictionary containing two million words and now issued in three volumes that are sold for the modest price of $10. But a statement such as this give but a faint impression of the magnitude of the work. Mr. Dwelly retired from his position as a bank clerk twenty years ago, having saved barely enough to carry him through his intended task. His only assistant was his wife and a few interested correspondents. No publisher would become responsible for so unpromising an undertaking, so Mr. Dwelly bought type and set up the whole vast work with his own hands. Then he bought a stereotyping apparatus and stereotyped it. Then he bought a printing press and printed it. He says that at the nine hundredth page he "got very sick of it," and felt that he could not go on, but "we got over that," and finished the 1038 pages, double column, seventy-six lines to a page and thirty letters to a line. And so at last the work is finished and Mr. Dwelly proposes to take a vacation and start upon the study of pedigrees. Some day we shall hear that the British government has made Mr. Dwelly a grant of $5 a week in recognition of his literary efforts, which is of course the best that can be expected by any man who has not invented an explosive.

The young Emperor of China is about to be educated, and a court order has been issued appointing his instructors and outlining the course of his studies. They seem formidable enough for a child of five years and five months. He must be instructed in "the causes from which has proceeded good government or anarchy in ancient and modern times in all countries of the world." This in itself is a large order, and if China can produce a competent instructor she is the only country that can. He is also to be taught the "needs of the day," and here, too, the programme seems a full one. Other items of education are not enumerated, but it is understood "that the cardinal principles of Confucius shall be faithfully adhered to, wherehy the investigation of knowledge produces sincerity and righteousness, and the cultivation of the moral nature leads to a state of ideal government." This sounds very well, and we may expect great things for China when the young emperor gets these things into practical application. It is almost as inspiring as a commencement day address in America.

The charge of nepotism can never be laid at the doors of the present Pope, whose sisters are the same simple and unpretentious women that they always were and who inhabit a little flat that an American workman would despise. But the case of the Pope's brother is still more remarkable. Angelo Sarto is a third-class postman attached to the little village of Grazie. He has to walk an average of seventy miles a week, and his pay has lately been raised to $80 a year. Probably it will never be more than this, nor does it ever occur to Angelo Sarto or to his sisters that the exalted position of their brother ought to have, or can have, any effect upon their own material fortunes. It is probable that no display of statecraft on the part of the Pontiff, no exhibition of genius, could so deeply impress itself upon the mind of the world as this evidence of detachment from material concerns.

The question of religious precedence is evidently a very bitter one in Scotland, if we may judge from the vials of wrath poured by the Rev. Jacob Primmer upon the devoted head of the lord chamberlain of Great Britain. Mr. Jacob Primmer voiced the opinion of a public meeting when he wrote to the lord chamberlain protesting against the order of precedence enforced at the king's levee at Holyrood, where "the first name is that of a Popish priest who is styled the Most Rev. Archbishop J. A. Smith," who was given precedence over dukes, marquesses, earls, barons, and—horrible to relate—the moderator of the general assembly. Mr. Primmer goes on to point out that with one or two exceptions "there are no ecclesiastical persons belonging to Scotland recognized by law as of higher or other rank than that of a parish minister," and that the "Popish and Episcopalian priests have no status recognized by law in Scotland," that it was a "gross outrage to place the names of priests of these two alien systems, which in the past drenched Scotland with the blood of Reformers and Covenanters, before the ministers of the Church of Scotland and the Scottish ancient nobility," and much more to the same effect. Mr. Primmer not only launched this incendiary document at the lord chamberlain, but he sent copies to the secretary for Scotland, to the prime minister, and to the king. And, strange to relate, the lord chamberlain descended from his tree with the speed of the opossum who begged the hunter upon no account to shoot. He not only apologized, but he wriggled about in the dust before the offended feet of Mr. Primmer. He explained that the foul deed was due to pressure of work and to the carelessness of an underling and that such a thing should never occur again. But even then Mr. Primmer was not quite satisfied. He accepted the apology, but grudgingly, and with a final Parthian shot to the effect that "we fondly trust that your lordship will root out the nest of Papists and Jesuits who have by their outrageous audacity and impudence revealed their presence in the lord chamberlain's department."

The lord chamberlain will remember the tremendous name of Jacob Primmer as long as he draws the official breath of life.

M. Paul Souday, writing in the *Eclair*, takes a gloomy view of the future of Venice and incidentally shakes an admonitory finger at the Venetian authorities should his forecast be realized. Venice, he says, is disappearing, and by that same sin of ambition "by which the angels fell." Not content to be the museum of the world, she has cast a longing eye upon her old commercial supremacy and has dreamed dreams of its restoration. To this end she has tried to deepen the Grand Canal, and the result has been a flow of water around the ancient foundations of the city and with lamentable consequences. The fall of the Campanile, says M. Souday, was due to no other cause, and now there are ominous cracks in the Doge's Palace, there has been a subsidence in the base of St. Mark's, and fissures have appeared in the Bridge of the Rialto. M. Souday asks if Venice is doomed to disappear and if the death of her commerce is to be followed by the death of her romance. It is to be feared that M. Souday must be answered in the affirmative, although it would be a pity to hasten the inevitable by an attempt to revive commercial glories that are glorious only because they are blurred by the mists of time. Venice will disappear like all other human things. If the Rialto could be wrapped in cotton wool, still it would not be immortal. The world is full of ruins haunted by ghosts who would look upon Venice very much as we look upon a new mining camp. They have disappeared, or nearly so, and Venice must go the same way sooner or later. But let it be later. To hasten the process by commercialism would be a crime for which only Dante could furnish the adequate penalty. A modern ocean liner in the Grand Canal would be an inspiring spectacle, but for this the Doge's Palace would be too high a price.

To read that Mr. Hall Caine has been denounced and almost mobbed in the Isle of Man is a further proof of the fickleness of popular applause. Mr. Caine may be said to be the discoverer of the Isle of Man, its literary Christopher Columbus. And now the Manxmen turn upon him and metaphorically rend him, and for no better cause than a word of censure. The Isle of Man is practically a self-governing community with its own parliament and even a sort of king. It administers its own justice, and Mr. Caine's offense consists in a public statement that Manx justice is a very bad kind of justice, not easily to be distinguished from rank injustice. The Manx deemsters, says Mr. Caine, recognize only one kind of crime, the crime against property. Grave outrages inflicted upon women and children are hushed up or treated as the mere exuberances of frolicsome human nature. The remedy that he suggests is a court of appeal to be presided over by English judges, and at such a proposal the heart of Manxland ceased for a moment to beat. But Mr. Caine was not dismayed. He announced that he would make a speech at the end of a performance of "The Christian" at Douglas. He wore no white sheet and his tone was not apologetic. He denounced a recent verdict as "a sin against God and humanity, callous, cruel, brutal, and inhuman," and much more to the same effect. Then chaos reigned for a time, but Mr. Caine waited for silence and said it again with amplifications. He had the last word, and now that the Isle of Man is recovering from the first shock it is beginning to feel a little ashamed of itself. Moreover, it has the unpleasant realization that Mr. Caine can make himself heard around the world and that the English Parliament might conceivably devote ten or fifteen minutes to sweeping the Manx parliament and judges clean out of existence. Which would be a pity.

Musical Opinion has some good stories to tell about Rossini. On one occasion he was asked for an opinion on one of Wagner's scores. After a time he was observed to be holding the sheet upside down. "I have already read it the other way," he explained, "and am now trying this as really I can make nothing of it." When Prince Poniatowski had written two operas he asked Rossini to hear them and advise him as to the selection for a certain public occasion. Rossini went to sleep during the performance of the first, but awoke in time to say, "Now, my good friend, I can advise you. Have the other one performed." When Rossini was rehearsing one of his operas in a small theatre in Italy he noticed that the horn was out of tune. "Who is that playing the horn in such an unholy way?" he demanded. "It is I," said a tremulous voice. "Ah, it is you, is it? Well, go right home." It was his own father. "Maestro," said some one to him: "do you remember that famous dinner given you in Milan, when they served a gigantic macaroni pie? Well, I was seated next you." "Indeed!" replied Rossini; "I remember the macaroni perfectly."

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

INTAGLIOS.

Going Blind.

Back to the primal gloom
Where life began,
As to my mother's womb,
Must I, a man,
Return:
Not to be born again,
But to remain:
And in the School of Darkness learn
What mean
"The things unseen." —*Father Tabb.*

Life.

Sun time and cloud time,
Blue is the sky and bright;
Breath of the morn of southern clime,
Joy and delight.

Cloud time and storm time,
Chill and the drenching rain;
Black is the day in its waking prime,
Sorrow and pain.

Day time and night time,
Hopes of day unsuccessed;
Toil of the day ceased at even chime,
Sleep and rest. —*Andrew Harvey Scoble.*

Twilight.

The pale gray sea crawls stealthily
Up the pale lilac of the beach;
A bluer gray, the waters reach
To where the horizon ends the sea.

Flushed with a tinge of dusky rose,
The clouds, a twilit lavender,
Flood the low sky, and duskier
The mist comes flooding in, and flows

Into the twilight of the land,
And darkness, coming softly down,
Rustles across the fading sand
And folds its arms about the town.
—*Arthur Symons.*

The Legend of the Pine.

When earth was done all bleak it stood,
And the four winds 'gan to pray
To the Maker of things great and good:
"Give us a harp to play—

"A harp to twang in winter days,
When snowdrifts high are piled;
A harp to fill the mountain ways
With music weird and wild.

"Give us a harp that we may strum
When summer days are here,
So that the sons of men may come
And marvel as they hear."

And as the four winds prayed there grew
The swaying mountain pine,
A harp that all the ages through
Plays harmonies divine. —*Arthur Chapman.*

Flower o' the Grass.

On the ripened grass is a bloomy mist
Of silver and rose and amethyst
Where the long June wave has run.

There are glints of copper and tarnished brass,
And hyacinthine flames that pass
From the green fires of the sun.

This web of a thousand gleams and glows
Was woven silently out of the snows
And the patient shine and rain.

It was fashioned cunningly day by day
From the silken spear to the pollened spray
With its folded sheaths of grain.

Oh, gardens of grasses deep and wild,
So dear to the vagrant and the child
And the singer of an hour,

To the wayworn soul you give your balm,
Your cup of peace, your stringed psalm,
Your grace of bud and flower.
—*Ada Foster Murray.*

Three o'Clock.

(MORNING)

The jewel-blue electric flowers
Are cold upon their iron trees.
Upraised, the deadly harp of rails
Whines from its interval of ease.
The stones keep all their daily speech
Buried, but can no more forget
Than would a water-vacant beach
The hour when it was wet.

A whitened few wane out like moons,
Ghastly, from some torn edge of shade;
A drowning one, a reeling one,
And one still loitering after trade.
On high the candor of a clock
Portions the dark with solemn sound.
The burden of the bitten rock
Moans up from underground.

Far down the street a shutting door
Echoes the yesterday that fled
Among the days that should have been,
Which people cities of the dead.
The banners of the steam unfold
Upon the towers to meet the day;
The lights go out in red and gold,
But time goes out in gray.—*Ridgely Torrence.*

The Lake Isle of Innisfree.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core. —*W. B. Yeats.*

A MANHATTAN RINGSIDE.

Madison Square Garden Holds the First Exhibition Under the New Law Legalizing Prize-Fights.

For eleven years prize-fight promoters have been sadly handicapped in New York state. Their industry has been under the ban of the law, and in catering to the classes addicted to pugilistic excitement they have been obliged to make their exhibitions unobtrusive and restricted. Now the field is open once more, and for a time the harvest will be rich. Under the new Frawley law ten-round boxing contests are allowed. What that really means was shown conclusively Wednesday night. Twenty-five thousand men and boys, sports, pugilists, politicians, men-about-town, pickpockets, and ruffians of all odors, swarmed in the streets surrounding Madison Square Garden, and for two hours in a drenching rain surged, jostled, struggled, and fought to gain admission to the first slugging exhibition under the new régime. Two hundred police vainly endeavored to keep order, and found themselves almost as powerless as the weakest degenerates in the mass. Ticket-sellers and ticket-takers were fortunate in the protection of their cages. Not that the crowd murderously resented their methods, which were dark and peculiar, but the pressure from behind and from the sides was hydraulic and irresistible. At first gallery tickets were sold for a dollar; in half an hour the price had advanced to three dollars, and a little later another jump made them five. Most of the best seats, at ten and twenty dollars, had been sold before the opening of the doors, but all prices were obtained for those in the hands of the ticket speculators who managed to maintain their foothold in the lobby.

As the building slowly filled with those who were able to press through the jam, the crowd seemed to grow larger outside. Rain-soaked enthusiasts battled to reach the ticket-windows, and finding their offered dollar bills disdained suffered themselves to be carried past the wicket and whirled again into the surging mob, cursing their misery. Many who carried admission coupons in upraised hands were unable to get through to the entrances. In Twenty-Sixth and Twenty-Seventh Streets the mob stopped all traffic. In Madison Avenue the arriving automobiles, bringing the white-shirted contingent, gained delivery vantage-ground by inches. When twelve thousand had entered the Garden ten thousand or more still clustered outside, under the colonnades and hugging the half-sheltering walls. Scores of ticket-holders painfully extricated themselves from the struggling horde about the lobby and went away with smashed hats and twisted clothing. There were women among those turned away, but these did not attempt to make an entrance by muscular exertion.

Though few in the throng remembered or cared for the fact, it was an anniversary celebration. Just eleven years before, in that same Madison Square Garden, took place the fixed-beforehand match of James J. Corbett and Kid McCoy. That pre-arranged affair, held under the Horton law, gave the finishing blow to the so-called sport. Prize-fights, crooked or straight (if there are straight ones in these days of promotion finance), were outlawed. The present occasion marked the return to old conditions. Indeed, the red-roped, twenty-four foot ring used was the same that enclosed the two exponents of the manly art the night Kid McCoy "laid down."

Under the new law the police are debarred from entering the exhibition hall. Some of the inconveniences of this restriction developed. The crowd pressed up around the ring and obstructed the view of those in high-priced boxes. Uniformed ushers tried to move the intruders back, but they would not budge. Placarded warnings on all sides denied the spectators the privilege of betting on the fight. The cigar smoke was so thick that they could be read with difficulty, and betting was free and unrestrained. With uplifted voice the master of ceremonies requested observance of the law. His speech was applauded and ignored, and the gloved gladiators began their ordeal. There were several matches, the principal event being an interchange of courtesies between Mr. Wells, an English lightweight champion, and Knockout Brown, an American claimant, both wearing five-ounce gloves. The visitor from over the ocean struck the hardest and oftenest and won the big end of the purse. Those who bet on Mr. Brown may have been cheered by the thought that his defeat merely served to strengthen the bonds of international amity, but they did not express themselves to that effect.

Among those present were numerous representatives of the professions. James J. Corbett and Kid McCoy appeared, the latter as one of the ring attendants. Abe Attell, Wilson Mizner, Alfred Henry Lewis, and other bearers of names more or less prominent had a place in the reporters' lists. Tammany politicians were there in solid phalanx. They are admitted free, through some delicate understanding with the license board, or the boxing commission, or the promoters. Republican politicians had to buy tickets or remain outside, and a number of them failed to participate in the function. But the hooligans who had the price were not left out. A fire on one floor of a business building down town last spring ended the lives of more than a hundred workers. Had fire swept Madison Square Garden last night, with the thousands penned in its flimsy walls, it could hardly have destroyed a greater number of those who are of real value in the world.

At the Corbett and McCoy fake fight the box-office receipts were $75,000. Last night they reached $30,000 only. However, the promoters profited nearly as well as before. The attractions were cheaper. Today there is much discussion of the event. It is thought to be an inauspicious beginning of the new order of things. Some take it so seriously that they predict a repeal of the law and a setback to Tammany domination. An investigation will undoubtedly follow. There are some informalities connected with the lease of the Garden and the license. In defiance of the law some three hundred spectators were allowed to stand in the aisles and behind the rows of chairs. Nothing will come of the examination, should it be opened. A dozen or more so-called athletic clubs have already sprung into existence and each one will apply for a license to give boxing exhibitions. The licenses will be granted, for the orgy begun has whetted the appetites of the sports. Mayor Gaynor does not like the new Frawley law, but Governor Dix favors it. He thinks prize-fighting can be regulated. There is a way: Abolish glove contests and compel the fighters to use clubs or bolos, all contests to continue to the quietus of one of the contestants or both. They did this sort of thing better in the palmy days of Rome. FLANEUR.

New York, August 31, 1911.

While Kil-So-Quah, the princess of the Miamis, at the age of 101, was running down through Indiana in an automobile to witness a spectacular reproduction of the battle of Mississinewa—fought in 1812—Eva Geronimo, aged twenty, last of the children of Geronimo, the famous war chief of the Apaches, was dying of consumption in the military reservation at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Kil-So-Quah is the only survivor of the famous battle. She is a niece of Chief Little Turtle, who commanded the war party of the Miamis. Kil-So-Quah represents the Indian reared according to an Indian's real mode of life. She was a woman—and an old woman, practically, before the days of civilization came upon her. The daughter of the Apaches with the blood of one of the greatest fighters of a generation in her veins represented a child reared out of her sphere. She succumbed to a disease of civilization before she was well started in life.

In rural Ireland popular tradition is still strongly opposed to the cultivation of the land within the peculiar earthen circles or "raths" which are found in every part of the country, and from which many places take their names. The land inside the fairy circles is held almost as sacred as a cemetery. Though rarely tilled, it is frequently used for pasture. Whether it is the fear of the fairies or some other cause which gives rise to the tradition, the tradition remains and in some districts is more binding than the law of England.

With no rent to pay, no street-car fares or other of the usual, unavoidable city expenses to meet, the barge and canal-boat men of the Netherlands live possibly the most frugal lives of any of the urban working classes in Europe. They, with their families, exist in the hulls of their craft. The rooms are small, with little ventilation, and necessarily low to enable the boats to pass under the bridges. The decks form the children's playground. Chickens are sometimes kept on the boat and consume the garbage.

Sheep are put to double use in the northern part of India, in the Himalayas. They are driven from market to market with the wool still growing, and in each village the owner shears as much wool as he can sell there and loads the sheared sheep with the grain he receives in exchange. After his flock has been sheared he turns it homeward, each animal carrying a bag of grain.

In the schools of Holland it is part of the course of instruction to teach French, German, and English. When a pupil reaches the period of graduation he must take an examination in these languages. It is therefore not strange that a person of fair education in Holland is able to speak English, at least understandably.

Whaling is still a profitable enterprise in some parts of the world, though a few years ago it was believed to be on the point of extinction. A Scotch whaler recently declared a dividend of 34½ per cent. Norwegian companies are also reaping enormous profits in southwest African waters.

Manufacture of Portland cement has become almost a Swiss specialty. In the Jura region, in the vicinity of Basel, the banks of the streams are almost lined with cement factories.

Olive trees of Syria live to a great age. Some, known to be over 400 years old, are still in a flourishing condition and likely to bear fruit for many years to come.

Chicago leads all other cities in concrete construction, with over 32 per cent of the total. Seattle ranks second.

Finland, with its thousand lakes, is now considered attractive enough to be on the general tourist's list.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. La Follette has been a district attorney twice, a representative in Congress three times, governor of Wisconsin three times, and has been elected to the United States Senate twice. And now he wants to be President.

Dr. Mary Eddy, the only woman ever given a license to practice medicine in the Turkish empire, has arrived in this country to obtain medical supplies and funds with which to increase the scope of her work among the consumptives of Turkey. She will tour the Eastern states for two months, delivering lectures.

The Rev. John Moriarity, S. J., who has just celebrated his fiftieth anniversary of active connection with Boston College, as a member of the Jesuit brotherhood, is a paralytic, but he still continues his labors. He was stricken in 1909. Born in County Kerry, Ireland, in 1834, he came to the United States at the age of twenty-five years. After a short stay at Frederick, Maryland, he went to Boston, where he has lived ever since.

Lionel de Jersey Harvard, a young Englishman who is coming from London in October to enter Harvard University, is a member of the original Harvard family, and will also have the distinction of being the first of that name to attend the university founded by his illustrious kinsman 275 years ago. He is descended from Thomas Harvard, a second cousin of John, and prepared for college at the same London school at which John Harvard prepared for Emmanuel College, Cambridge, 300 years ago.

Miss Kate Barnard, who has in fifteen months succeeded in having property and money to the extent of $500,000 restored to its rightful claimants, the Indians of Oklahoma, is now working to have the next Oklahoma legislature pass her "Indian orphan" bill, which will prevent further robbery of Indian children and enable further restoration to be made. She is state commissioner of charities and corrections, and asserts that the white guardians of Indian children have profited to the extent of several million dollars by their trickery.

Jean Theophile Homolle, recently suspended from his position as director of the Louvre, owes his greatest fame to the excavations carried out at Delphi under his direction. It was a tremendous piece of work, and with the work at Olympia marks the greatest classical discoveries of the age. He was director of the French school at Athens from 1891 until 1903. Several works on Greek archæology have come from his pen, and he is still engaged in publishing the account of the Delphi excavations in a great work called "Fouille de Delphes."

Albert Jaegers, the sculptor of the Baron von Steuben statue, which was recently presented by the United States to Germany, has been decorated with the Order of the Eagle, fourth class, in recognition of his merit. He was born at Elberfield, Germany, in 1868, obtaining his education in the public schools. Without wealth or influential friends he worked away in the face of many discouraging features, until, self-taught in art, he arrived at the point where his creations commanded recognition. He came to this country several years ago to make his home, and he has an attractive place at Suffern, New York.

Mlle. Lucienne Heuvelmans, the first woman in the history of the Academy of the Beaux Arts, Paris, to win the Grand Prix de Rome for sculpture, was born in Paris on Christmas Day, 1880. Her sculpture is "Electra Guarding the Sleeping Orestes." Two years ago she won the second grand prix. Her father is engaged in artistic cabinet work. She took up sculpture seriously when she was eighteen. For some years she has been teaching drawing and modeling at the communal schools. By reason of her award she will be the first woman at the Villa Medicis since the French school in Rome was established, over 300 years ago.

The first lady university professor in Germany has just been created in the person of Mlle. Gertrude Jeanne Woekler, D. Ph., of Berne University, who has been appointed assistant professor of physics at Leipsic University. It is true that a year ago Countess von der Linden, *privat docent* at Bonn University, also received a title of professor, but the Prussian authorities opposed her nomination to the chair of assistant professor of zoölogy. Mlle. Wockler, who has been more successful, is a Swiss, thirty-three years of age, and will be the youngest professor in the only Saxon university. She has for several years taken a very active part in the feminine emancipation movement.

Professor Richard T. Ely, who has been appointed by President Taft to represent the United States at the International Institute of Statistics, in The Hague, this month, is head of the department of economics at the University of Wisconsin. He is a native of New York, author of many books on economics, and, although recognized as the leading American economist, he did not gain his present position without a hard struggle in his younger days. While at Columbus University he helped pay his expenses by tutoring, and winning the fellowship of letters over a class of fifty was awarded four years' study in Germany under the best instructors. He is at present in Munich, studying conditions.

ACTRESSES IN LOVE.

Charles W. Collins Writes Twelve Vivacious Stories of Theatrical Romance.

Mr. Charles W. Collins makes no effort at inclusiveness in his selection of love stories from the annals of the stage. He prefers to tell a few stories well rather than to tell many stories less well, and for this he is to be commended. Moreover, he tries to find the stories that will be typical, that may be read each in a key of its own. In the case of Nell Gwyn, for example, the key is "glittering venality," although this sounds harsh. The key in the case of Anne Bracegirdle is "platonic discretion"; in that of Adrienne Lecouvreur it is "tragic disillusion"; in that of Mlle. Georges "hero worship." In all there are twelve of these stories, and the reader may amuse himself by discovering the key to the others. Mr. Collins has done his part by supplying us with the facts in liberal profusion.

He begins with Nell Gwyn and Charles II, and perhaps Nell Gwyn is the popular favorite, at least among English-speaking people. Pretty Nell was an orange girl and sold fruit and possibly kisses at the old Kings Theatre. But when Pepys saw her she was sixteen and already an actress, and she "pleased me mightily." Probably she played in "Othello," "Julius Cæsar," "Henry IV," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and in other Shakespeare and Johnson dramas. Pepys admits that he kissed her, and in fact was proud of it. Charles Hart, the actor, was already her lover, Lord Buckhurst was soon to become so, and the king himself was to follow and to hold the field henceforth against all comers. Nell was faithful to the king, but the king was certainly not faithful to Nell, who had to wage bitter war against her rivals. Chief among them at one time was Louise de Querouaille, who was sent to England to seduce the king into Catholicism. Louise became the Catholic mistress and Nell the Protestant, and they made quite an interesting pair of devotees, though somewhat lacking in piety. On one occasion Nell's carriage was stopped by a threatening mob. She looked from the window with a roguish smile and said, "Pray be civil, good people. I am a Protestant——." And the cat-calls changed to cheers. So great was the power of religion:

> Another anecdote illustrates Nelly's habit of chaffing her rival. The news of the deaths of a prince of the blood in France and of the Cham in Tartary reached London about the same time. Louise de Querouaille promptly put on mourning for the French nobleman; and the next day Nelly appeared at court also garbed in black.
>
> The king asked the cause of her grief, in the presence of the Querouaille, and Nelly remarked:
>
> "Oh, haven't you heard of my great loss in the death of the Cham of Tartary?"
>
> "And pray," demanded Charles, "what relation was he to you?"
>
> "Exactly the same relation as the French prince was to Mlle. Querouaille."
>
> Daniel Defoe may be consulted for the French lady's opinion of Nelly. He wrote:
>
> "I remember that the late Duchess of Portsmouth in the time of Charles II gave a severe retort to one who was praising Nell Gwyn, whom she hated. They were talking of her wit and beauty, and how she always diverted the king with her extraordinary repartees, how she had a fine mein, and appeared as much the lady of quality as anybody. 'Yes, madam,' said the duchess, 'but anybody may know she has been an orange-wench by her swearing.'"

Nelly had two children and she was much incensed because the king had made provision for the children of her many rivals, but none for hers. On one occasion she called to her eldest son in the presence of the king, "Come here, you little bastard!" The king objected to the harsh word and Nell answered, "I have no better name to call him." The hint was taken and the boy became the Earl of Burford.

The king's dying injunction was "Let not poor Nelly starve," but poor Nelly came near doing so. She was reduced almost to want, but James II was man enough to remember Charles's dying words and he gave her assistance in her hour of need:

> But for this injuuction, breathed by Charles upon the threshold of death, Nelly's career would have ended in dire misfortune. She was deeply in debt; the only letter of her dictation—she could not write—which is extant, dated the previous year, gives orders for the melting of her silver plate in order to satisfy some of her creditors. After Charles was taken to his last home in Westminster Abbey she sacrificed the pearl necklace which appears in many of her portraits, and which she had purchased from Peg Hughes, the actress-mistress of Prince Rupert, for 4250 pounds. Even then she was not able to satisfy all her old bills, which flooded in upon her for collection as soon as her great protector had gone; and in the spring of 1685 she was outlawed for debt, with the threat of imprisonment hanging over her head.

Nelly lived only two years after the death of Charles. She was thirty-eight when she died, just as beautiful as ever and "still strong in the Protestant faith."

We have some good stories of Mrs. Bracegirdle and William Congreve. Mrs. Bracegirdle had a reputation for immaculate virtue, a reputation that she sustained against the most notorious gallants of the day, but lost, curiously enough, to William Congreve:

> Once, before the sly and affable Mr. Congreve appeared upon the scene, it is said that a group of nobles, having exhausted all other themes of bottle-oratory, began to toast the Bracegirdle's impeccable morals. Among them were Lord Halifax and the Dukes of Dorset and Devonshire. At last Halifax declared:
>
> "Come, this is all very well, but why do we not present this incomparable woman with something worthy of her acceptance?"
>
> With which he laid two hundred guineas upon the table. The others increased the donation to eight hundred, and this golden purse was sent to "Diana" with appropriate compliments.
>
> Another anecdote illustrating her strict code of propriety describes her neat rebuff of Burlington's insinuating advances. His servant brought to her door a set of rare and precious china, and a fulsome letter. She accepted the flattery, but told the servant that he was in error about the china, which should be delivered at once to its intended recipient—Lady Burlington.

Mrs. Bracegirdle was able to arouse furious jealousies among her admirers, and one of them, an actor named Mountford, lost his life because of his supposed good fortune with the popular lady. Hill, a rascally soldier, and Lord Mohun tried to abduct her, but she was rescued by her friends in the pit and so the disappointed assailants lay in wait for Mountford:

> After she was safely bestowen in her house, Hill and Mohun stood on guard outside, with drawn sword, watching for Mountford. Two hours later, about midnight, when they had inflamed their purpose with several bottles of wine, the actor came by, legitimately homeward bound. He asked Mohun casually:
>
> "What does your lordship here at this time of night?"
>
> "I suppose you have been sent for?" Mohun sneered.
>
> "No, I came by chance."
>
> "I suppose you have heard about the lady?"
>
> "I hope my wife has given your lordship no offense."
>
> "No, it is Mrs. Bracegirdle I mean."
>
> "Mrs. Bracegirdle is no concern of mine," Mountford answered, "but I hope your lordship does not countenance any ill action of Mr. Hill."
>
> At this Hill, who had been standing aside, struck Mountford in the face, and then, before he could draw his sword, ran him through the body. The actor died the next day.

Congreve had to fight hard for his prize. Mrs. Bracegirdle was not to be won by a nod and a smile, as is shown by some amatory verses addressed by Congreve to his divinity:

> Pious Celinda goes to prayers
> Whene'er I ask a favor;
> Yet the tender fool's in tears
> When she believes I'll leave her.
> Would I were free from this constraint,
> Or else had power to win her;
> Would she could make of me a saint,
> Or I of her a sinner.

Mrs. Bracegirdle's infatuation for Congreve was not for life. The parting of the ways came when the actress retired from the stage to lead a life of charity and benevolence and when Congreve devoted himself to his many physical and unromantic ailments. Mrs. Bracegirdle withdrew from public life after being worsted in a competition with Nance Oldfield:

> A younger actress, none other than Nance Oldfield, had been challenging her supremacy, and finally the adherents of each, after excited debating, decided that the issue as to which were the better actress should be put to a test. So it was arranged, with the consent of the principals, that a comedy called "The Amorous Widow, or the Wanton Wife," should be staged on two successive nights, with Mrs. Bracegirdle as the wife at the first performance and Mrs. Oldfield at the second. Certain authorities on the Georgian stage believe the story to be apocryphal, but at any rate, according to the anonymous compiler of the "Authentic Memoirs of That Celebrated Actress, Mrs. Oldfield":
>
> "The long-expected night being come, the senior championess appeared, attended with such a crowd of beaux as might be expected from a long unrivaled superiority, and performed her part, as usual, to such admiration as inspired a confidence into all her friends, and made Mrs. Oldfield's well-wishers dread the issue would not be in her favor. However, the next night, when our heroine graced the stage, and had spoke but ten lines, such was the gracefulness and beauty of her person, so enchanting the harmony of her voice and justness of her delivery, and so inimitable her action, that she charmed the whole audience to that degree they almost forgot they had ever seen Mrs. Bracegirdle, and universally adjudged her the preëminence."

The story of Adrienne Lecouvreur is one of unusual pathos. She was an unusual woman, unusual in her power, in her tenderness, and in the misfortunes that followed the gift of her heart. Modern standards may refuse her the halo of a saint, but fortunately the halo is not in the gift of modern standards. With all her irregularities Adrienne was devoted, unselfish, and true, and if she threw herself away upon Maurice de Saxe she paid for it in tears, suffering, and death. The Chevalier de Rohan was among her earlier admirers, and so, to some extent, was Voltaire:

> When Voltaire's "Mariamne" was having its run, he and several other men, including Chevalier de Rohan, a duke's son, were in Adrienne's dressing-room at the theatre. The author was holding forth volubly, as usual, upon the canons of dramatic art and kindred topics, speaking as if his word were the law and the prophets—as, indeed, it soon became. Rohan, who was courting the actress and was jealous of her comradeship with Voltaire, suddenly asked with a sneer:
>
> "Who is this young man that talks so loud?"
>
> "He is one who does not carry about a great name," Voltaire replied, "but who earns respect for the name he has."
>
> The nobleman lifted his cane as if to chastise the upstart, but Voltaire's hand sought the hilt of his sword in such a threatening manner that he hesitated. In this emergency Adrienne fainted, with infinite tact and histrionic skill, and the rivals forgot their tentatives of combat in a simultaneous rush to her assistance.

Voltaire subsequently challenged Rohan and was sent to the Bastille for wishing to fight with the son of a duke, an offense nearly equal to high treason.

The story of Adrienne's long infatuation for the infamous Maurice de Saxe is well told. It cost her her life, for she was certainly poisoned by a rival, the Duchesse de Bouillon. But an adverse fate pursued poor Adrienne even after her death:

> The last irony of Adrienne's career came after she was at peace. The curé of her parish, an extremely bigoted priest, had been called in to administer the last sacrament and to receive the renunciation of profession which a player had to make in order to obtain Christian burial in consecrated ground. Certain accounts say that he did not come until she had breathed her last; others, that when exhorted to repentance she pointed to a bust of Maurice which stood near her bed and exclaimed:
>
> "Voilà mon univers, mon espoir, et mes dieux!" ("There is my universe, my hope, and my gods.")
>
> At any rate, she died unshriven, and the churlish priest refused her remains not only Christian burial (which was usual then), but also interment in the unconsecrated part of the cemetery reserved for heretics and unbaptized children. The latter denial is without precedent in all the church's spiritual warfare against the votaries of Thespis.
>
> The following night, therefore, after an autopsy, upon which Voltaire insisted and which resulted in a verdict of death from natural causes, all that was mortal of Adrienne Lecouvreur was taken in a coach, with only a few porters and guards of the watch in the dreary cortège, to a piece of unclaimed ground near the Seine, and was buried in quicklime. The place was kept secret and was unmarked by stone or cross.

Voltaire broke out into a splendid passion of indignation at this indignity "to her who in ancient Greece would have had shrines," but his single voice could do but little.

The story of Margaret Woffington and David Garrick is not one that reflects credit upon the character of the man. He was essentially mean and grasping, and although his ideas were originally honorable he allowed them to deteriorate under the strain of success. Fitzgerald is quoted as saying:

> The lively Garrick did not see in her merely what the men-about-town so much admired, the sauciness and boldness which seeks to captivate by an effrontery of speech and bearing, and a wearisome succession of "breeches-parts," but was taken, we may be sure, by the half-pensive, half-sad expression, and fancied an ideal that could be capable of real love and true happiness. Indeed, the whole of this amour, as it must be called, turns out on examination so different from the vulgar notion handed down by the Macklins, Murphys, and others, that it becomes a valuable illustration of Garrick's character. He was all through looking to an honorable establishment in life with one whom he could sincerely esteem. Under the follies and the failings which he fancied were those of the hour, he saw the generous nature, the honest purpose, the warm impulse, the sense of loyalty to herself and duty to her profession which might in time be earnest for her sense of duty to herself. Margaret Woffington, it must be remembered, had many gifts and accomplishments that were of an intellectual sort. She was indeed a captivating creature. She could speak French admirably and dance with infinite grace, and above all, possessed a kind, generous heart that could do a good-natured thing.

But Garrick was not a libertine, and his affair with Woffington was his only illicit entanglement. They were young, he twenty-five and she twenty-four, and so "like a couple of bright song birds, they nested together with no pretense at concealment."

We have a good story of a passage of arms between Margaret and Kitty Clive in which both ladies made use of well-sharpened claws:

> Woffington's quickness of repartee was famous. Between her and Kitty Clive there was a feud of long standing, and some of their exchanges of feminine banter have become classic.
>
> "A pretty face," said Kitty to Peg, "of course excuses a multiplication of sweethearts."
>
> "And a plain one," retorted Peg to Kitty, "insures a vast overflow of unmarketable virtue."
>
> Mistress Clive had her revenge for that. When Peg was playing Sir Harry Wildair, she ran into the greenroom, after a scene which had been received with enthusiasm, saying:
>
> "I really believe half the house take me to be a man."
>
> "And the other half know the contrary," whipped out the evil-minded Kitty.

Woffington and Garrick fully intended to legalize their union and would have done so but for a cooling of Garrick's ardor:

> Finally he appeared with the wedding ring, and tried it on her finger, which it fitted perfectly. She complimented him upon his taste, and ran on with Woffingtonian pleasantries, to which his spirits did not rise. At last she asked him the cause of his depression. He alleged a bad night of sleeplessness.
>
> "And pray was it this"—holding up the ring—"which has given you so restless a night?"
>
> "Well, to tell you the truth, my dear," he answered sourly, "as you love frankness, it was; and in consequence of it I have worn the shirt of Dejanira for these last eight hours."
>
> Then Peg's Irish spirit arose—and who can blame her?
>
> "Then, sir, get up and throw it off," she advised cuttingly, her black eyes flashing. "I could guess the cause of your dejection. You regret the step you are about to take."
>
> Garrick did not answer, and Woffington, after waiting for his reply, went on:
>
> "Well, sir, we are not at the altar, and if you possessed ten times the wealth, fame, and ahility that the world givcs you credit for, I would not, after this silent hut eloquent confession, become your wife. From this hour I separate myself from you, except in the course of professional business or in the presence of some third person."

Marshal de Saxe figures not only in the downfall of Adrienne Lecouvreur, but also in the ruin of Mme. Favart, whom he pursued with that peculiar form of baseness that so rarely failed. The marshal was now fifty years of age and saturated with vice, and Justine Favart was not easily won. She was "possessed by the demon of conjugal love" and escaped the great marshal upon more than one occasion. After one such occasion we read:

> Rage, first, and then despair, were the moods of the temperamental marshal when he learned that Justine had escaped him. An officer entered his tent to inform him that a bridge which kept his division in touch with Loewenthal's had been carried away by floods, and found the Mars of France sitting dejectedly upon his hed, hair disheveled, clothes in disorder—the picture of lost hope.
>
> "The misfortune is undoubtedly great," said the officer consolingly, "but it can be repaired."
>
> "Ah, my friend!" cried Maurice, "there is no remedy. I am undone!"
>
> "The loss of the bridge will perhaps not have the results that you fear," the officer argued politely.
>
> Then the marshal lost his temper.
>
> "Who could have supposed that you were talking of lost bridges?" he roared. "That is an inconvenience which may he repaired in a few hours. But the Chantilly has been taken from me!"

The persecution of Justine is the vilest chapter in the life of De Saxe. He drove her husband from the country and finally secured her own imprisonment under grave charges until she consented to surrender. Her husband never forgave her weakness. After Maurice de Saxe had been killed in the duel with the Prince de Conti the husband and wife met as friends

and acted together, but Favart never again admitted his obligations as a husband:

Justine Favart met death more bravely than she had resisted Maurice de Saxe; there was a gay irony, typical of her character, in her last moments. When a neighbor, grotesquely attired, entered the chamber, she said smilingly, with an allusion to one of the standard rôles of pantomime: "I think I see the clown of death." Before administering the last sacrament, the priest demanded a renunciation of her profession, which was still under the church's ban, but she firmly refused. At last a friend came to her with the news that her salary would be continued as an official pension, in case of her retirement; so she turned to the stern priest and murmured: "Very well, now I can renounce it." Having received absolution, she composed her own epitaph and set it to a dance tune; she was humming the lilt when her breathing stopped.

The story of Mlle. Georges and Napoleon is an old one, and Mr. Collins tells it with delicacy and so sets an example to some other writers who try to be realistic and who succeed only in being gross. Mlle. Georges certainly loved the emperor and allowed herself to be influenced by no sordid considerations:

Ten years after the liaison had been broken off, in the Hundred Days which ended with Waterloo, she sent word to the emperor that she had certain papers compromising the Duke of Otranto (Fouché). When his emissary returned from the appointment with her, Napoleon asked:

"She .didn't tell you that she was in low water, I suppose?"

"No, sire, she merely spoke of her desire to restore the papers to your majesty."

"I understand. I also know that she is in difficulties. You will give her 20,000 francs from my purse."

That was at a time when Napoleon needed all the sinews of war at his command, but he was quick to make a tactful sacrifice for the sake of his one-time "little Georgina." And she, after Waterloo, when Napoleon saw nothing but treason and desertion about him, requested the honor of accompanying him into his exile upon the lonely, heat-smitten rock of St. Helena.

She had plenty of admirers who supposed that money could purchase whatever she had to give, but there is no evidence that she succumbed to any of them. Some of them had fantastic ways of ingratiating themselves with the beauty of the theatre:

She was, of course, besieged by more selfish admirers. One of them announced himself at her dressing-room as Mr. Curling Papers, declared himself a hair-dresser, and asked permission to arrange her coiffure. This was granted, in order to get rid of him, and then he was shown the door. But when Mlle. Georges's maid removed the curling papers which the apparent madman had used, she found that they were 500-franc notes—twenty in all. Mr. Curling Papers was some amorous banker incog. But this Zeus of the counting-room found Mlle. Georges no easy Danaë responsive to his shower of gold.

Her final interview with Napoleon has all the elements of pathos. She recognized the inexorable necessity that parted her from her lover, while extinguishing her own hopes for the future:

"My dear Georgina, I have to tell you something which will grieve you. I shall not be able to see you for some time to come. Well, have you nothing to say?"

"No, I was expecting it," she replied. "I should have been mad to believe that I could have occupied a place, I do not say in your heart, but in your thoughts. I have been a simple distraction; that is all."

"It is charming of you to say that; you prove your attachment, and I love to know you love me. But I will see you again, I promise you."

"I shall not profit by your kindness. I shall go away."

"You will not make that mistake. You would lose your future."

"My future! I have none. It matters very little to me. I shall go away."

She took her troubles to Talma, and received his kindly comfort. A month later Napoleon crowned himself emperor. She rented some windows which afforded a view of the procession, saw her imperial lover drive past in his gilded carriage with Josephine by his side, and then went home saying to herself: "It is all over."

A few brief extracts are wholly inadequate to represent this skillfully written and entertaining volume, a volume that dwells upon sentiment rather than upon passion, and upon weakness rather than upon vice. Other love affairs dealt with by Mr. Collins are those of Marie de Champmeslé and Racine, Elizabeth Barry and Thomas Otway, Perdita Robinson and her prince, Becky Wells, Dora Jordan and the Duke of Clarence, and Marie Dorval and Alfred de Vigny. There are eight capital illustrations.

Great Love Stories of the Theatre. By Charles W. Collins. New York: Duffield & Co.; $3.50.

The oldest and largest university in the world is El-Azhar at Cairo. Founded in 975, it has been from the start a national institution, the Khedive being the rector. The minimum age of entrance is fifteen, and the applicant must know half the Koran by heart, if blind the whole Koran, and be able to read and write. The curriculum consists of virtually nothing but theology and canon law, the final examination fifteen years after matriculation being upon these, together with traditions of the Prophet, grammar, etymology, rhetoric, and logic. It is the same instruction which has prevailed for centuries, and one who goes into the great court where the circles of students are sitting at the feet of their Gamaliels, looks upon a scene preserved from the middle ages, "a perfect specimen, living, breathing, and entire."

La Coruna, the Spanish harbor, boasts, it is said, of the oldest lighthouse in the world, it having been built by the Romans in the time of Trajan, between 98 and 117 A. D. About 111 years ago the structure was overhauled and partly rebuilt, though the lower part of the pile was found to be in perfect condition, a tribute to the building ability of the Roman masons. When the weather is favorable the light can be seen a distance of twenty-two miles at sea.

LA GIOCONDA.

The Paris Louvre Mourns the Disappearance of Leonardo da Vinci's Great Painting.

Lord Beaconsfield said once that a foreign war was of inestimable advantage because it persuaded every one to study geography. We may ascribe similar virtues to the theft of a great picture. We become art experts in the twinkling of an eye and discourse learnedly about painters, their masterpieces, and the picture collections of the world. Incidentally we all become detectives.

The newspapers of Europe with one accord are discussing the "mystery" of the theft of the "Mona Lisa del Gioconda." As a matter of fact there is no mystery at all, except in the curious fact that Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated painting has been left unmolested for so long. There is no reason why it should not have been stolen years ago. Pocket-picking is more difficult and more dangerous than stealing from the Louvre, and we may be thankful enough that the Venus di Milo is still in her shrine. Perhaps her bulk has saved her.

The incidents of this curious bit of brigandage are so farcical that they could occur only in real life. They are far too incredible for comic opera. The picture was taken away on Monday morning, and the caretaker knew that it had been taken away. But he thought nothing of a trifle like that. Doubtless some one had borrowed it, knowing the galleries to be closed to the public on Mondays and that it would not be needed. But when Tuesday morning came and still no "Mona Lisa" the caretaker judged that such a lack of consideration for the public was reprehensible, and so he mentioned the matter to the curator. Then things began to happen. M. Lepine arrived with cohorts of police. Every entrance door was closed and all visitors invited to leave. Paris began to hum with the news that "Gioconda" had disappeared and was smiling no more from her usual place, but with a fatuous officialism the guards at the outer doors replied to all inquiries that the galleries were closed because the waterworks were out of order. It is strange how officialism numbs the intelligence and paralyzes the senses. Then came regiments of firemen. The doorkeepers had been questioned and none of them remembered seeing any one with the "Mona Lisa" under his arm. Consequently it must still be on the premises, and every one knows that firemen are clever at finding their way about. The police and the firemen between them did indeed find something. In an adjoining salon they found the frame of the picture. It had been neatly and carefully cut away, no small feat when we remember that the painting was upon a panel of stout wood and that it measured nearly three feet square. It is said that an honest workman would have spent two hours on the job.

As has been remarked, we have acquired more information as to the management of the Louvre galleries within the last few hours than we should have gained normally in the course of a long life. In the innocence of our hearts we had imagined that the galleries were actually closed on Mondays. Trustingly we had taken the word to that effect of the Cerberus who stood on guard at the outer portal and who doubtless smiled inwardly at our unawareness. As a matter of fact only those members of the public were excluded who were easy to exclude. It would have been enough to look impressive, to assume a bustling manner, to present the reverse side of any old visiting card, to procure an actual card from some art dealer, or a scribbled word from some under clerk of an under secretary of some insignificant "bureau." No kind of bluff was too shallow to serve. As a result the galleries were but thinly peopled on Mondays. It may be said in a general way that only those persons were admitted who ought to be excluded, and there again we see the fine flower of officialism.

And now a word as to the guardians. They are old soldiers who gain their position by the favor of governmental officials. And these fine old warriors are privileged as those who might have given their lives to their country, but who unfortunately omitted to do so. Being privileged, they have acquired an inflated sense of their own importance and have actually formed a union that sets at defiance the recognized government of the Louvre. It is said that recently they sent for the curator and kept him cooling his heels at the door for half an hour while they deliberated upon some matter touching their own status. It is they who practically govern the Louvre. It is they who permit priceless paintings to be borrowed by any one wishing to photograph them. These guardians are beyond discipline. They do as they please. There is a regulation that no parcel shall be carried into the Louvre until it has been examined and that no parcel can be taken away until it is identified. The guardian makes a chalk mark on the outside of the parcel, and so long as a similar mark is shown to him by the departing visitor he is satisfied. Undoubtedly the "Mona Lisa" was carried away by some one who brought another parcel of suitable size and who simply transferred the wrappings. The thief need do no more than walk into the gallery on a Monday, and take what he pleased. A little bluff would carry him through.

There have been plenty of warnings, but of what use is it to warn a smug officialism that regards an old soldier as sanctified and immune from control. The "Mona Lisa" has attracted lunatics as a candle attracts moths. Mr. Sidney Colvin speaks of its "irresistible spell," and so it has proved. Devotees gathered around it and worshiped it—actually and physically worshiped it, on bent knees and with uplifted hands. Others would sit in front of it all day long, and day after day, until they went mad. The curator says he was aware of this and gave orders for special care. But of what use is it to give orders to those who avow that they will take no orders, old soldiers and the like. It is very easy to dismiss the curator, as has been done. What is needed is to dismiss the system, to dismiss officialism, to dismiss the policy of bland complacence. But that would not be easy.

So now the newspapers are overrun with the hints and suggestions of private detectives and clairvoyants. It is only the officials who have no opinions, no evidence, no plans. Every one can get a hearing, even the young man who believes he remembers seeing some one with a furtive expression on his face in St. Lazare station, the young woman who clearly remembers noticing a young man with a parcel but can not recollect where, and the clairvoyant who urges us to look for a dark-complexioned stranger who may have been a Spaniard. It is remembered that there have been other thefts from the Louvre, notably a statuette from the Egyptian room. Some time ago the coin collection showed traces of disturbance, but nothing was missing. Probably the visitor could not find just what he wanted.

Like all the rest of the world, I have been looking up the history of "La Gioconda." Leonardo spent four years in its painting and he insisted that music be played during the sitting in order that the lady might be helped to sustain her expression. Francis I bought it for 4000 gold florins, and eventually it found its way to Paris. Mr. Grant Allen said: "No face that has ever been painted has so fascinated men as this subtle blending of all that is human." And now "Gioconda" is only a memory and perhaps is wasting her smile on some maniac who pursues his solitary debauch in an agony of dread and shivering with apprehension whenever his concierge raps upon his door. That no one but a maniac would steal such a picture is plausible but unconsoling because maniacs are not amenable either to threats or rewards. It would be almost impossible to negotiate a ransom, but we may remember that other great pictures have been stolen and have been restored. It is too soon to despair of "La Gioconda."

St. Martin.

Paris, August 24, 1911.

Morocco City, the capital of the southern half of the Moroccan kingdom, is a far more interesting city than Fez (says the New York *Sun*). Architecturally its monuments, including the famous Kutubia tower, the counterpart of the Giralda in Seville, the famous mosque of Muley Abdallah and a hundred other ruined or semi-ruined edifices surviving from the days when the city had 700,000 inhabitants and was one of the world capitals of Islam, are the most considerable and magnificent in Morocco. Equally beautiful is the site of this city in the upper valley of the Tenesift River, surrounded in a half circle by the great wall of the grand Atlas Mountains, whose snow-clad peaks are seen beyond a foreground of large farms and fertile fields. A city far less given over to war, with a population less ferocious, less fanatical than that of Fez or Mekinez, Morocco City has been much more frequently visited by Europeans than its northern rivals. Geographically, Morocco City is the real gateway to the Sahara. By the famous Glawi Pass one road climbs over the Atlas to Tafilet, and the caravan route continues to Timbuktu. A second road descends to the Draa crossing the Atlas chain, while a third leads to Tarudant and the Sus country. Close communication with the south has left its mark upon the people, who are darker and show more patently the infusion of African blood than the Berbers and Arabs of the north.

A German hawker, Hans Bauermeister, has just retired from business, having amassed a little fortune. According to a Paris contemporary misfortune was the foundation of his success. The hawker's specialty was the sale of portraits of the imperial family. His mode of haranguing his audience was something like this: "Buy a portrait of William I, whose motto was, 'I have no time to be wearied.'" "Who'll buy this of Frederic II, whose prayer was, 'Teach me to suffer without complaining'?" "Do not fail to complete your collection and buy this portrait of our great emperor, William II, whose favorite phrase is, 'Augusta, you pack your trunks.'" This last always brought down the audience, and in time the police, in another sense. Bauermeister was sentenced to sixty days for *lèse majesté*. He did his time, and on release restarted his business. He sold his portraits with the old formula until he came to that of the Kaiser, and then he said, "I have learned to my cost that it is not lawful to repeat what he says so often." The people were just as well pleased and the portraits sold splendidly.

In the Italian Alps, on the peak of Monte Rosa, is said to be the highest telephone in the world. Strung at the order of Queen Margherita, it took six years to complete the connection between the top of the mountain and the queen's apartments in Rome.

Canal boats operated by trolley are among the curious sights in Germany. They give perfect satisfaction.

THE QUINTET.

A Meeting of Musicians and the Master.

Toward the end of the last century four interesting looking men, smoking their long Dutch pipes, were sitting in a private room of a Vienna café. The tallow candles, burning in curiously scalloped candlesticks, threw uncertain gleams over a massive oak table decorated with a blue cover, over generous wine-glasses in which the Gumpoldskirchner shone soft as melted chrysolite and on a cloud of violet smoke that rose slowly toward the darkened ceiling. In the dusky corners of the room one could recognize open violin-cases lined with scarlet velvet. The instruments themselves were almost invisible, but the white strands of the fiddle-bows gleamed softly in the semi-darkness. The four men, in powdered wigs, were only perceptible when the united smoke from their beloved pipes lifted for an instant. Then one could discern smoothly shaven faces with full chin-beards, noses slightly tinged with red and a suspicion of snuff on the rough upper lips. The musicians, leaning back comfortably in their deep arm-chairs, were silent.

Open scores on the double racks showed that they had just finished a quartet. It must have been soul-stirring music to judge from the thoughtful attitude of the players.

Suddenly one of them rose to relight his pipe and accidentally overturned the taper-holder. It chanced to be a skull from the dome of which a square piece of bone had been removed. The strips of twisted paper rolled about on the table and, gathering them up, the musician found that the curious receptacle would not stand upright after the lighters had been replaced. He tapped it rather impatiently on the chin and the skull assumed its usual perpendicular position at once. A flare from the burning taper, a gleam of shining tobacco, and the pipe was relit. With a sigh of satisfaction the smoker sank back into his chair, but the silence was broken.

"What an odd listener we have had for years," said the first violin; "I would like to know why mine host placed a death's head in this cozy little room. Some people might have been very much annoyed at its presence. Even we had to become accustomed to it."

"I would not like to practice here without it," remarked the 'cellist.

"Why?" asked the first speaker. "Does it tell stories to you as it does to me when I look at it?"

"Many, many sorrowful thoughts come to me in this room," answered the 'cellist, and his massive head sank so far forward that his fine shirt-frill was in danger of being crumpled. "I love to look upon death because it comforts my aching heart. I lost both wife and child in one day when the cholera raged in this city eleven years ago. They lie out there in the cold bosom of St. Mark's churchyard. A bitter, bitter drop fell into my cup of life when I laid them away, and now the laughter of children and the gentle voices of women hurt me. Everything in this world is false and deceptive; a counterfeit glamour covers it all. Over and over again the sun rises and lures fresh young life out of the earth. It lasts but a moment and then night comes again and absorbs all color into its own evil blackness. Later death comes and destroys all flesh as if it were grass. Humanity makes a brave fight for existence. Men even built a Tower of Babel in order to ascend into heaven, but heaven with its unattainable heights merely mocked at them. Life is a perpetual glitter, a dance of midgets in the sunshine, a discord, a shrill dissonance, as if a false soprano note had somehow crept into church music. Death is a solemn organ-tone, majestic as the roar of the sea on a summer night. It will enfold us with rest and peace if we but lose ourselves in its contemplation. I hear the swelling tones of cathedral music and see wreaths of immortelles when that death's head looks at me. Patience comes, too, but with it an intense longing that seems to surge through and through my very being like a dark, fathomless river, flowing on forever."

There was perfect silence in the chamber. The musician had spoken as if in a dream, and when he ceased the muffled sounds from the city seemed to glide through the room like the vibrations of a quivering 'cello string. The four men listened for a moment.

Then the first violin struck the table such a blow with his fist that the glasses rattled and cried out:

"The plague take you, Meister, with your melancholy. You are enough to talk a fellow into his grave with your organ-tones, your immortelles and your deep, dark streams. Has the violin only a G string? Every instrument has four strings and I like the sound of E better than that of G. I shall allow neither you nor that chap yonder to destroy my pleasure in the sun. It shines both summer and winter and, after every night, it begins all over again.

"Do the birds weave graveyards into their joyous songs? Does the Gumpoldskirchner grow for death's heads? The skull talks very differently and much more sensibly to me. 'See here, my friends,' it seems to say; 'this is the end; you will have to come to it whether you have laughed or cried.' Be wise, enjoy what you have today, tomorrow may not be yours. The wine that you once drank you really enjoyed and the girl you once dared to kiss had real lips. Are you going to spoil your pleasure while looking at her by thinking of the bones that are under the rosy flesh? Fool because it must all end some day he is a fool who takes life too seriously. When the last hour strikes you can truthfully say, 'Life owes me nothing.' Do as I do if you are wise. As far as I am concerned, you may place my skull on this table, too."

The musician ceased speaking and took a deep draught of wine as if to show he was in earnest with his cheerful philosophy of life. The 'cellist made a deprecating motion with his hand and said nothing. The second violinist, however, a famous socialist before the Lord and a man who always carried a red handkerchief on principle, began excitedly:

"Neither of you understands the head and what it teaches, because you simply think of yourselves and your own narrow, little lives. Above the individual rises the race, and above the race stands the idea. That skull over there clearly utters one thought, namely, Justice. In this world everything is unequal; there are masters and servants, rich and poor. The one enjoys life and does not know what use to make of his abundance. The other is always poor and is glad if he can scrape together enough to keep his soul in his body. Down below there is equality. Rich and poor, prince and beggar, all lie in the same bed. Who knows what great man once carried this head on his shoulders? Now he holds the tapers for us musicians. Often, when we play in great houses and then eat in the kitchen while the invited guests dine off damask and drink sweet Hungarian wine, I wish a cataclysm would burst into their midst and bring order out of chaos. The one who knows, the one who can, should be in the forefront, and he who has learned nothing should sit with the servants, no matter if he does wear a coronet with pearls. Think of it, will you? Meister Bach was nothing but an organist all his life long, and he wrote such magnificent fugues that the whole world was delighted. What can a miserable little princeling do? Does he understand anything about thorough-bass or counterpoint? What does he know, anyway? He is a master simply because he took the trouble to be born, as Figaro remarked not long ago. We have to amuse him with music when he dines, of course.

"The guillotine, which has just been invented in France, ought to be imported into Austria. This death's head stands for Justice. After death we are all equal and therefore death is the loveliest thing in life. A skull should decorate every dinner-table, especially in castles and palaces, so that the proud proprietors might learn what equality means, might learn that musicians' dust equals princes' dust, and that when their heads are cut off their blood is not at all blue, but just as commonly red as ours."

Here the angry musician paused a moment and used his handkerchief so violently that even the melancholy 'cellist was forced to smile.

The violist, a sweet and gentle soul, now took up the broken thread of the argument and stated his point of view in his usual mild and persuasive manner.

"None of you, dear brothers, understands our friend correctly. He does not preach sorrow nor an excess of joy, not even the right to cut off people's heads. To me he says, 'Rejoice that you are, that you exist. You have had the good fortune to be born. You will live, not forever, nor very long, but still a certain length of time. Wood and stone, gold and precious metals are not sentient; they only fill space. But you, you are a self-conscious being with senses that can enjoy, with eye, ear, and tongue. You can find thousands of pleasures if only your soul be pure and directed toward the highest good.' Therefore, our dumb friend who was and who is no longer, teaches me this: 'Be thankful and rejoice that you exist. Envy no man and fear nothing; search for happiness not outside of but within yourself. You possess the greatest blessing already, that of existence.'"

"Many thanks for such an existence," grumbled the 'cellist; "if one must die, it were better never to have been born."

"Oho!" cried the first violinist; "it is only necessary to know how to enjoy existence."

"Justice!" exclaimed the socialist.

"Life! life!" repeated the violinist with emphasis.

The musicians all talked at once and in such an excited manner that the best leader in the world could not have harmonized the noisy and agitated quartet.

In the midst of the uproar the door opened and a slender young man with a gentle face and wonderful eyes filled with the fire of genius entered the room. His cheeks were flushed, from a lingering fever or excitement, one could not determine which.

The musicians ceased arguing at once and greeted the newcomer warmly, calling him, "Meister Wolfgang." The latter took a roll of notes from under his arm and said:

"Friends, I have brought you something new. It seems rather a good piece of work to me. It is a quintet in G minor. Let us try it at once, for I am curious myself to hear how it sounds."

Quickly placing the different scores on their respective music-racks, Mozart took the second 'cello. The musicians arranged their chairs, tuned their instruments and began to play the quintet from manuscript guiltless of a single erasure. Each one was master of his own instrument and the four played remarkably well together. Their music harmonized better than their philosophy.

At the very first bars of a sorrowful allegro the players' cheeks began to burn and their eyes to shine like twin stars. The theme was tender and full of a lingering pathos, fascinating, inspiring by its marvelous variety of form. Every note was a gem, every measure a golden thread strung with pearls.

The first violin poured out a flood of song as the fountain flings its shimmering spray high in air. The second violin, the viol, and the 'cello accompanied the singer just as the forest murmurs an undertone to the melodies of the little birds hidden in the tree-tops. Soon they became independent and presented the musical thought in ever-varying tone colors of exquisite grace and beauty. When the movement was finished the players wished to congratulate the composer, but he waved them aside, saying, "Go on! Go on!"

A minuetto followed, equally wonderful for its instrumentation, but mournful as the smile of a young girl doomed to fade away like the violets that perish.

The musicians did not pause again to praise their leader. Grief had stolen into their hearts and they pressed forward eagerly, anxious to know what was to follow.

And now it was an adagio, such an adagio as no human ear had ever heard before, so full was it of an overmastering sorrow; an adagio that told the story of a soul stirred to its very depths by the weight of a nameless woe almost too heavy to be borne. It was an endless cry of distress for which there was no relief, such as the mother pours forth at the grave of an only child. The violin attempted over and over to express tones of resignation and hope, but ever and anon sank sobbingly back into the depths of boundless despair. Unspeakably must the soul have suffered that could portray such agony. Music was the only language that could adequately describe it.

But listen! What mean these sweet and gentle melodies now flooding all the room! They are like a sudden burst of welcome tears that relieve the human soul struggling alone with grief. It is as if the heart's blood of a martyr were gushing forth, and while the victim is suffering the pangs of death he already views the glories of eternal life. The artists' hands began to waver, their hands to slip from the strings. It was high time that the movement should come to a close, for the musicians were weeping and could barely read their notes, while tears dropped upon instruments all unused to such a sacred benediction.

The 'cellist sobbed aloud. Had he sung his own requiem? Did he have a presentiment of death and parting from his dearly loved ones? The first violinist placed his arms about his friend to sustain him, but the latter recovered himself with an effort, murmured "forward" and on the men played.

And now it was an andante that slowly, slowly called them from the deepest, blackest night into the twilight. Then came a new, a happier allegro that was as different from the first as the sunrise differs from the last glimmer of sunset.

The quintet was finished and the musicians paused. For a moment there was absolute silence, broken only by the deep breathing of the men overcome by their emotions. Then they broke forth into a cry of joy that contrasted oddly with the traces of tears on their cheeks. While with one hand the artists groped for their handkerchiefs with the other they sought the hand of the master, who was striding up and down the room to conceal his agitation.

Finally they pressed him gently into a corner and caressed him as if he had been a little child.

"Truly there is something higher in life than mere pleasure," said the first violinist. "I never was so happy and yet so sad as when I was playing the adagio."

The 'cellist added impressively: "You have wrought a miracle, Meister Wolfgang; for you have conquered death. Men may pass away, but humanity will live forever and with it your music. It will be a comfort for the weary, a connecting link, a veritable band of hope, between one generation and the next. Blessed be he who turns sorrow into joy. Blessed be he who proves that we are immortal."

As he released himself from the embrace of the master the 'cellist strode to the table and with a mighty swing of his right arm flung the skull, symbol of mortality, far out into the night.—*Translated from the German of Hugo Ganz for the Argonaut by Mena C. Pfershing.*

In 1834 a dirigible balloon 130 feet long, endeavored to fly from France to England. The itinerary, from Champ de Mars to London, was mapped out with great precision, and a multitude gathered to watch the start. The machine failed utterly, whereupon the crowd demolished it in anger. The craft had the form of a monster sea fish and was inflated with hydrogen. Within was a second envelope, which, with the aid of pumps, compressed or rarefied the air for ascending or descending as might be desired. There was no motor and the navigators were to work the steering machinery by hand. The wicker car was built to hold ten persons. This was probably the earliest of airships of the Zeppelin type.

A great lake roofed over with salt is one of the wonders which the traveler who visits Obdorsk, Siberia, can see. It is nine miles wide and seventeen miles long, and except in a few places is solidly roofed over with a deposit of salt which is becoming thicker and thicker each year.

Two series of Chinese type, capable of being used in thousands of combinations, are produced at the Tokio type foundry, the largest in the Far East.

Blue coral, which is probably the most precious kind, is fished up in the Bay of Benin.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Early California.

Mr. Richman's "California Under Spain and Mexico, 1535-1847," easily takes a first place among Pacific Coast histories. Nothing so elaborate or so well authenticated is to be found elsewhere, and for this we must thank an industry that has left no promising corner of the world unsearched for material.

Mr. Richman has gone much further afield than any of his predecessors and into territory that was never touched by Mr. Bancroft nor his agents. It is surprising to learn that Mr. Bancroft never made any examination of foreign archives and that the treasure houses of Spain, Mexico, and England were left untouched. He collected material in enormous quantities and of inestimable value, but it came from a few sources only, from the Spanish archives in California, from the Vallejo collection, from Larkin's correspondence, from collections of private letters and from the mission records. And yet it must have been evident that the official files of Spain, Mexico, and to a lesser extent England, must have been full of California material essential to an inclusive history.

Mr. Richman's search has now been so thorough that we may doubt if there is much left to find. He has ransacked the Biblioteca Nacional of Mexico, the tabulation of California materials prepared at Sevilla in 1910 by Dr. Philbrick and Dr. Morse Stephens, and the Mexican archives. He has also used whatever was available from British sources. A valuable feature of the volume is the list of references to be found at the end of each chapter and that enable the reader to identify the sources of the contained information. The maps, charts, and plans, seventeen in number, have received the same elucidatory attention as the text.

Turning with some curiosity to the author's account of the historic meeting between Fremont and Gillespie, we find that he wisely refrains from speculation as to the nature of the message that the latter had brought and that caused Fremont to retrace his steps and so to apply the "spark to powder." But he does not believe that the message was a provocative one or that Fremont's instructions were opposed to those brought by the same messenger to Larkin and to the effect that there was to be no interference with California affairs. And yet the theory that the instructions to the soldier and to the civilian were actually so opposed is at least a tenable one. An astute diplomacy has done worse than that.

So substantial a contribution to California history must be left to the analytic examination of the student. Let it suffice to say that its every page bears the marks of a competent workmanship and of a fruitful research.

CALIFORNIA UNDER SPAIN AND MEXICO, 1535-1847. By Irving Berdine Richman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $4.

The Re-Appearing.

When Charles Morice produced his "Vision of the Return of Christ to Paris" the volume made a sensation. That a work should produce such a result is usually quoted in its favor, but the recommendation is a doubtful one when we remember that the modern metropolis can be similarly moved by a monkey dinner or a new fortune-teller.

Mr. Morice describes the effect of the appearance of Christ upon the various phases of life in the French capital. He describes it well, with much ingenious speculation and, we may believe, with a deep sincerity. But the fact remains that we are reading about Mr. Morice and not about Christ, unless we are to assume that Mr. Morice has some exclusive information. Nor can we escape the conclusion that those who thus outline a course of conduct for the Founder of Christianity are the victims of an almost unimaginable spiritual egotism, whether they assume to tell us how Christ would conduct a newspaper or how He would attack the social evils of the day. Consciously or unconsciously, they are based upon an arrogation of divine wisdom in themselves and of a lofty estimate of their own abilities that public opinion sees no reason to confirm.

THE RE-APPEARING. By Charles Morice. Translated by John N. Raphael. With an introduction by Coningsby Dawson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Madame de Pompadour.

The authorship of these memoirs seems a little doubtful, nor indeed does it greatly matter. They have very little historical value and they are marked by all the faults of the contemporary recorder who lays his emphasis without the guidance of a time perspective and in obedience to his own interest and sentiment rather than to the demands of an historical equilibrium. Moreover, they are saturated with a bitter prejudice against the Pompadour, whose hostility to the Jesuits was the supreme crime of her career, a crime that a more enlightened age has translated into a virtue.

But no amount of theological spite can divest Mme. de Pompadour of a certain grandeur. In spite of a disease that caused her removal from the active list of the royal favorites she was yet able to preserve her dominance over the affections of a king who was by no means a weakling either mentally or physically. The explanation advanced by the author is by no means conclusive. The misfortunes of the country, we are told, were attributed freely to the king's infatuation for a mistress who had been a mistress only in name for ten years. Her removal would in no way lessen those misfortunes, of which the weight must then be borne by the king alone. Why, then, should he discard a woman who thus usefully bore the brunt of public complaints that in any case were inevitable? The explanation is ingenious, but it seems more likely that the king had learned to rely upon a strength and upon capacities that are obvious enough after a century and a half and that might well have been more potent than the physical charms that had waned and disappeared. None the less the book is well worth reading. Its malice is too transparent to deceive, while it has a value quite independent of its historical precision.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR. "From the Notebook of Maréchale D." By Jean Louis Soulavie. Issued in the Court Series of French Memoirs. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; $1.50.

Evolution.

It would be bard to use an excess of praise in speaking of the work on "Evolution" by Professor Patrick Geddes and Professor J. Arthur Thomson that has just been issued in the Home University Library. As with most of the volumes in this series, the authors are less concerned with the facts of their science, less concerned with teaching their science in the classroom sense of the word, than with an explanation of its general intent, its history, and its future. But in this case the authors have done still more. Their general survey of evolutionary theories is masterly, and the few illustrations upon which they venture are luminous and satisfying, but the general reader may find that the chief fascination is elsewhere, in the effort to synthesize all evolutionary processes, to humanize and to generalize them. The independence of science from the social life, from the prevailing thought of its generation, is, we are told, a fiction and a superstition. The bold genius of Lamarck was a part of the French revolution. The frigidity of the English character produced a view of evolution that expressed itself in terms of the division of labor, of cumulative patenting, and of manufactures. The political state of Germany found a parallel in Weismann's theory of the germ plasm and of the ovum's strict inheritance. It was the problems of an evolving social life that inspired the genius of Kelvin. Pasteur was not essentially a great chemist. He was essentially a tanner's son, born and bred amid the greatest of antiseptic processes. He was tenacious and tireless because he was a Jura peasant. It is an evolving world that fills the fields of human energy with the flowers of genius, but those flowers are the product of the fields, they are conditioned by the soil, they indicate the changing factors in its composition. It would be hard to overestimate the ethical importance of such a view or indeed of the author's general conclusion that the emphasis among evolutionary forces must be given not to self-interest but to sociality, coöperation, and self-sacrifice. Truly, the fittest must survive, but fitness is not shown by teeth and claws, but by love, which is "creation's final law." The ideal of evolution is thus "no gladiator's show, but an Eden."

EVOLUTION. By Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thomson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents.

The Corner of Harley Street.

This book reminds us strongly of "Confessio Medici" of unavowed authorship. We have the same graceful and kindly humor, the same benevolent understanding of human nature, the same homely and satisfying philosophy. All these things are embraced in the series of letters written by Peter Harding, M. D., to his friends, his children, relatives, and acquaintances. His boy at school has "got religion" in a virulent form. His maiden aunt wants his opinion on the efficacy of wearing a ring on the third finger in cases of rheumatism, and his lawyer friend asks for counsel to ward off a threatened nervous collapse. And through it all there is a tender little love story depending more upon suggestion than narration. The author, whoever he may be, has a singularly pleasing style, due, perhaps, to a rare combination of skill and sincerity.

THE CORNER OF HARLEY STREET. Being some familiar correspondence of Peter Harding, M. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.25.

Nonsense Novels.

This book is made up of a series of parodies of popular novels, compressed into tabloid form and coated with that exuberant form of bumor that Mr. Leacock has made his own. Thus we have a detective story, a psychic research story, an allegorical story, a child's story, and a story of a super soul. In all there are ten of these parodies, and as they occupy only 230 pages it will be seen that the compressing machine was screwed down tightly.

The taste for the parody is an acquired one and must be judged accordingly, but Mr. Leacock's humor is often so genuine that it is bard to resist the conviction that it might be better employed.

NONSENSE NOVELS. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company; $1.



—FOR—

District Attorney

CHARLES M.

FICKERT

(INCUMBENT)

¶ Charles M. Fickert, who has held the office of District Attorney during the two years last past, seeks reëlection upon his record in the conduct of that office. The question may be asked, What has he accomplished as District Attorney? He is prepared to answer it.

¶ He has cleared the calendar of old cases. As shown by the Grand Jury report of 1910, out of the cases prosecuted in the Superior Court during his administration the percentage of convictions was 90.15. It has been said that a man should not boast of the convictions that he has secured as District Attorney. This is not a boast. A District Attorney must secure the punishment of the guilty; his only answer to the taxpayers who support his office is by bringing his report to the attention of the public.

¶ If his credit should show a like proportion of acquittals, the people would very speedily demand the reason.

¶ During his conduct of his office, as shown by the Grand Jury report, the District Attorney has expended for extraordinary expenses the sum of $5000. As against this, his predecessor in office expended the sum of $65,506.75, and this, notwithstanding the fact that fully one hundred more cases were tried during Fickert's administration than were tried during the term of office of his predecessor.

¶ No indictment or information drawn by District Attorney Fickert, or by any one in his office, has been set aside by any of the higher courts of this state. By clearing the calendars of old cases, defendants can now be tried within thirty days after commitment. In this way thousands of dollars heretofore expended in maintaining prisoners awaiting trial are saved. Speedy trials also prevent miscarriage of justice on the one hand and insure to defendants on the other their constitutional rights.

¶ District Attorney Fickert has taken a leading part in work to secure the probation of criminals, particularly the young criminal. On this subject in an address before the District Attorneys' Association of California Mr. Fickert said:

¶ "While we are considering the reform of criminal laws we should also consider the reform of the criminal himself. Those who enact, as well as those who are called upon to enforce the law, should make a disinterested and scientific study of the source of crime."

¶ It is the study that District Attorney Fickert has given this subject that has enabled him to apply the benefits of the probation law with very marked success, particularly among the youthful and first offenders.

¶ "When elected I will make the law and the law alone the exact measure of my duty," said Fickert in 1909. He has lived up to that declaration.

¶ He desires no better advocacy of his candidacy than a fair and reasonable consideration of the work accomplished by him.

The Contessa's Sister.

The hero of this story is a young American who buys a house on the island of Capri and proposes to make his home there. When he sees Francesca, the sister of his neighbor the contessa, he falls in love with her on the spot and is undismayed by her betrothal to a German baron who is fat and ludicrous but a gentleman. The story owes less to its plot than to the manner of its telling and to its charming picture of Italian life. It is humorous, reflective, and graceful all the way through.

THE CONTESSA'S SISTER. By Gardner Teall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.20.

Briefer Reviews.

"Learning to Love," by Dr. J. R. Miller (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; 50 cents), is an attractive little booklet intended to emphasize the need for unselfishness. It has a colored frontispiece.

The Gateway Series of English Texts, edited by Henry Van Dyke, has been enriched by "Selections from Abraham Lincoln," edited by Andrew S. Draper, LL. B., LL. D. The publishers are the American Book Company.

"Right Off the Bat," by William F. Kirk (G. W. Dillingham Company; 50 cents), is a collection of baseball ballads in vigorous vernacular. There are thirty-four of these compositions, as well as illustrations by H. B. Martin.

Dr. Venable and the literature of Ohio may be said to be almost interchangeable terms. The distinguished author already has some twenty-five volumes to his credit, and now comes "A Buckeye Boyhood" (Robert Clarke Company; $1.25), which may be described as a veiled autobiographical narrative relating to southern Ohio during the period beginning in the year 1836 and ending with the election of Lincoln in 1860.

Those who love cats should not overlook "The Kitten's Garden of Verses," by Oliver Herford (Charles Scribner's Sons; $1). The verses are intended for children, but they are inferior to the illustrations that appear upon every page and that also are the work of the author.

Among meritorious books for boys may be mentioned "Boy Scouts in the Maine Woods," by James Otis (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.25). A lumber king gives the Scouts $125 for their summer's work in the woods, supplying them with food and a man to cook it, and in return the young fire rangers patrol the bounds of their employer's tracts.

Admirers of John Masefield will welcome the publication in volume form of three of his plays. These are "The Tragedy of Nan," "The Campden Wonder," and "Mrs. Harrison." The first named was produced at the New Royalty Theatre, London, in 1908, and "The Campden Wonder" at the Court Theatre in 1907, both under the direction of Mr. H. Granville Barker. The publisher is Mitchell Kennerley, and the price is $1.25.

"The Gardens of England" is the title of the extraordinarily fine special spring number of "The Studio," issued by the John Lane Company, an issue that is practically a volume in itself. The letterpress is confined to a single descriptive article and to notes on the illustrations. These illustrations comprise eight colored plates by E. Arthur Rowe, George S. Elgood, Arthur Severn, and Ernest A. Chadwick. In addition to the colored plates there are 136 full-page photographs of celebrated gardens, photographs that are themselves works of art and that represent the high-water mark of reproductive [illegible]

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Miss Billy.

The author has not chosen a new plot—if there is such a thing—hut she has reworked an old one with skill and sincerity and also with a knowledge of Boston life. Billy Neilson, a girl, is left an orphan, and in her desire for a home she writes to her namesake, Mr. William Henshaw of Boston, who was her father's most intimate friend and who now maintains a hachelor establishment with his two hrothers. Unfortunately she neglects to mention her sex, and so she receives a dismayed welcome from three gentleman who were expecting and had arranged for a hoy. Of course we know at once that there will he complications and just what these complications will he, hut we are left in pleasant uncertainty as to where the handkerchief will finally fall. The characters are Bostonese and therefore a little unsympathetic to the lesser hreeds heyond the city limits, hut the story is well told.

MISS BILLY. By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $1.25.

The Rose with a Thorn.

When Verity Marlowe is still a little girl she finds that she is the heiress to her wealthy grandfather's fortune, but on one condition. Old Richard Marlowe was an Englishman who had never hecome reconciled to his American residence, and he stipulates that his granddaughter shall marry an Englishman or he disinherited. So Verity is sent to England so that there shall he no such calamity, hated alike hy gods and men, as a loss of money. The adventures of Verity in search of a hushand occupy ahout four hundred fairly readahle pages.

THE ROSE WITH A THORN. By Priscilla Craven. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.25.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Katherine Cecil Thurston, author of "The Masquerader," "The Gamhler," and "The Circle," died suddenly in London on Septemher 6. Mrs. Thurston was a native of Cork. In 1901 she married Ernest Charles Thurston, and collaborated with him on several popular novels. The Thurstons were divorced last year.

Edith Wharton's latest novel is a story of New England, life, entitled "Ethan Frome."

"Viewed exclusively as a dramatic fabric, 'Othello' is not only the best of Shakespeare's plays, hut the best play in the English language," says Mr. William Winter in the *Century Magazine*, in the fourth of his scholarly papers on "Shakespeare on the Stage." "No story could he more simple, direct, fluent, and elementally tragic; hut with what marvelous skill the poet has told it, with what ingenuity of invention, with what vibrant vitality of continuous action, with what ample and superh drawing of character, what prodigious volume of feeling, what tumult of surging and conflicting passion, and what perfection of poetic style!"

"Mother Carey's Chickens," the latest story hy Kate Douglas Wiggin, the author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and many other popular hooks, was hrought out this week hy Houghton Mifflin Company.

Marie von Ehner-Eschenhach has just celehrated her eightieth birthday, and the Goethe Society bestowed its new medal on her as the leading German poetess of the day. A special fund will he collected, which will be disposed of according to her judgment. Marie von Ehner-Eschenbach was the first woman on whom the University of Vienna bestowed the honorary doctor's degrees.

Some time ago twelve imperfect manuscripts of Oscar Wilde hrought £692 at Sothehy's in London.

Anthony Hope, whose latest novel, "Mrs. Maxon Protests," was puhlished during the summer, in spite of his numerous promises to the contrary, has never revisited America since his trip nine years ago which resulted in his marriage. He takes great pleasure, however, in the society of his American friends in London, and enjoys showing them some of the little-known picturesque hits of the city he knows so thoroughly.

It is asserted that Maurice Hewlett's new novel, "The Song of Remy," will delight the admirers of the author who first found his artistic appeal in that romance, "The Forest Lovers," as the book is in the earlier style, and has none of the eccentricities of the Scnhouse stories. Charles Scribner's Sons are the publishers.

The life of Louis Tracy, author of "The Wings of the Morning," has been of the adventurous type. As a boy, he went to college in France, after running away from home to join the navy. As a youth, he took to journalism, and quickly rose to a distinguished place in the profession. In 1889 Mr. Tracy went to India for three years. In 1892 he returned to England to help T. P. O'Connor start the *Sun*. Later, he joined Sir Alfred Harmsworth and others in the purchase of the London *Evening News*, and, in 1897, went hack to India for another period of three years. As a journalist he claims the authorship of the phrase "the living wage," coining the words as the caption of a leading article in the *Sun*. During the fierce winter of 1894-5 he organized a fund for the poor of London, gave away a million and a half free meals in six weeks, and kept the starving people supplied with food when eminent contractors failed in the task.

Miss Fannie Heaslip Lea, author of "Quicksands," has recently hecome Mrs. Hamilton Pope Agee, and has left the city of her hirth, New Orleans, to make her home in Honolulu, where her hushand is a government official. Mrs. Agee has written her puhlishers, Sturgis & Walton Company, that she is now at work upon a new novel. In its setting it will seek to catch the distinctive features of Honolulu life.

Lloyd Oshourne's new novel, "A Person of Some Importance," is said to he decidedly and delightfully Stevensonian.

The fact that eight puhlishers refused the manuscript of "David Harum" hefore it finally found acceptance is not entirely unaccountahle when one considers that it had to he largely rewritten before publication and even then was more a connected string of anecdotes than a thorough-going novel. But that "Queed" should have heen refused hy two New York puhlishers hefore its acceptance hy Houghton Mifflin Company seems scarcely possihle—especially as in this case no manuscript changes were necessary. To the unsophisticated mind it would seem impossihle that a novel which is now well on its way to a sale of a hundred thousand copies should not have convinced the most hardened manuscript reader of its merits.

Former associates and pupils of George Edward Woodherry, who was professor of comparative literature at Columhia for morc than thirteen years, have organized a society to advance the ideals of American literature for which he has stood, and to continue their relations with him and with one another. Professor Woodherry is the author of "The Inspiration of Poetry," "Makers of Literature," and several volumes of verse.

New Books Received.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
With a hiographical sketch by William M. Rossetti.

RIGHT OFF THE BAT. By William F. Kirk. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; 50 cents.
Basehall ballads.

CAREY OF ST. URSULA'S. By Jane Brewster Reid. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; $1.25.
A school story for girls.

THE RUBRIC BIRTHDAY BOOK. New York: Duffield & Co.; 60 cents.

LADY PATRICIA. By Rudolf Besier. New York: Duffield & Co.
A comedy in three acts. Issued in "Plays of Today and Tomorrow."

THE WONDER LADY. By Ella Lowery Moseley. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.10.
The love story of a charitable lady and a physician.

IN THE HEEL OF ITALY. By Martin Shaw Briggs, A. R. I. B. A. New York: Duffield & Co.; $3.50.
A study of the unknown city of Lecce.

FROM CONQUEST TO CHARTER. By Estelle Ross. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
A history of early England from 1066 to 1215.

CITY GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION. Edited hy Clinton Rogers Woodruff. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
Issued in the National Municipal League series.

THE BIRTH OF ENGLAND. By Estelle Ross. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.25.
A history of early England from 449 to 1066.

LA LYRE D'AMOUR. Selected and annotated by Charles B. Lewis, L. ès-L. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25.
An anthology of French love poems from earliest times down to 1866.

MARCIA OF THE LITTLE HOME. By Emily Calvin Blake. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
A story mainly about children.

DESMOND ROURKE, IRISHMAN. By John Hastlette. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30.
A novel hy the author of "The Passion of the President."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE WOMAN ALONE. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.25.
"This book is not a novel, hut a record of the actual experiences of the woman who is the narrator."

A PAINTER'S HOLIDAY. By Bliss Carman. New York: Privately printed.
Five new pocms.

THE RUGGED WAY. By Harold Morton Kramer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.50.
A new novel hy the author of "The Chrysalis."

THE DRIFT. By Marguerite Mooers Marshall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.10.
A novel hy a new writer.

LARRY BURKE, SOPHOMORE. By Frank J. Odell. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.25.
Second volume of Larry Burke hooks.

FOUR GORDONS. By Edna A. Brown. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.50.
A hook for girls and boys from thirteen to sixteen.

ON THE CINDER PATH. By Arthur Duffey. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.25.
A school story for boys.

PRUE'S MERRY TIME. By Amy Brooks. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.
Fourth volume of "Prue Books."

GREAT LOVE STORIES OF THE THEATRE. By Charles W. Collins. New York: Duffield & Co.; $3.50.
A record of theatrical romance.

THE DAWN OF BRITISH HISTORY. By Alice Corkran. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.25.
A history of early England from about 400 B. C. to 410 A. D.

HELEN GRANT'S HARVEST YEAR. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.25.
The ninth volume of Helen Grant hooks.

FOUR BOYS IN THE YOSEMITE. By Everett T. Tomlinson. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.50.
A story for boys. The scene is laid in the Yosemite Valley.

JOAN OF RAINBOW SPRINGS. By Frances Marian Mitchell. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.50.
A new novel with scenes ranging from Vermont to California.

THE HEART OF A WOMAN. By Baroness Orczy. New York: Hodder & Stoughton; $1.20.
A new novel hy the author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

Last fall there was puhlished a detective story, "The Strange Case of Eleanor Cuyler," hy an author who chose to conceal his identity under the pseudonym of "Kingsland Croshy." The climax of the story is the sudden, complete, and inexplicable disappearance of a young lady, daughter of a very prominent New Yorker, in hroad daylight, and in one of the husiest streets of New York City. Not long after the puhlication of this novel, a strange verification of the disappearance imagined by the author actually occurred (says the New York *Evening Post*). A young lady did disappear in New York, and although it hecame a matter of puhlic excitement, although the newspapers throughout the country puhlished columns about the matter, although there was a multitude of searchers, the mystery was never solved.

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Temper and Temperament

Occasionally the remark is heard that they do things so much better in Europe than in this country.

Certainly they do many things a great deal differently than they are done in the United States. Some things they do better and many things not so well.

Also much depends on the people, their temperament, and the manner in which they have hecome used to certain things done in certain ways.

Street-car traffic, for instance.

At first glance it might seem that Liverpool boasts of an ideal street-car system, hecause there is said to be very little crowding at any time of day. However, "things are not what they seem," and Liverpool is not the straphangers' paradise fancy might picture.

Traffic conditions in Liverpool are not reported to he hetter than in Boston or San Francisco, and the husy, rushing American would find as much cause for complaint as though he were at home.

Each car in Liverpool hears a sign telling how many passengers it can accommodate, according to a hard and fast law. Though more passengers could he carried without any great crowding, only the required number is allowed ahoard, and such passengers as may be left calmly wait for the next car or the next.

That is where temperament comes in.

The American at home wouldn't stand for that kind of regulation. He is not gifted with that kind of a temperament. Always in a hurry, he wants to he ahle to hoard the first car that comes along, and if it's crowded to the roof he'll take a chance, rather than lose any time waiting to see if the next car he full or empty. It's the take-a-chance nature of the New World folk that has made the country. They want no interference with the unwritten law which allows them to crowd cars to the utmost. They will not he told they must wait for the next car, and a fine riot would he the result here during the rush hours were the Liverpool system attempted.

Foreign cities have failed to solve the prohlem of a seat for every passenger without making many wait. The Liverpool rule mentioned occasions vexatious delays during the hours of heavy traffic, and in the end nothing is gained hy it.

Leading cities at home and abroad have long studied the situation, and various plans have been outlined. Some of them have been tried, but it must he confessed that the best of them, outlined hy experts, have not resulted in anything like ideal conditions. Boston is unfortunate in the fact that the street railway lines can not carry enough cars to move the people without discomfort during rush hours.

San Francisco is similarly situated. Owing to the many long, steep hills it is impossihle to put on more cars in some sections of town, and it has heen found that an increase of cars on lower Market Street would result in loss of time to passengers during the rush hours.

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"THE SPRING MAID."

Her name has the terror of the unknown to the public at large, accustomed in our non-linguistic land to pronouncing at sight only names in good, plain United States. But they will be sure to master hers. It will be often pronounced, for Mizzi Hajos was a success from the moment she propelled her diminutive person on the stage. And when she opened her piquant mouth and spake, the thing was immediately clinched. She had caught them, routed them, horse, foot, and dragoons.

For little Mizzi—which saucy little Christian name of her the public will infallibly take to, for refuge from Hajos, and also because it suits her—has a most enchanting accent, fascinatingly wedded to the most absolute distinctness. She has a lot of other things, too. She has a voice, a clear, pretty soprano, which knows how to sing with roguery, and sentiment, and charm. She has dainty German blondness, and tiny feet to match her height. Her round Hungarian face is rather too broad; so, too, is her firm, active, substantial little figure. But face and figure are both extremely pleasing to the eye, as the voice is to the ear. And topping everything else in witchery and charm, little Mizzi has, in full, bubbling effervescence, the temperament of the true comedienne. So, when the first curtain fell, on Monday night, one could hear on all sides murmurs of "Oh, what a little darling!"

Nor was the conquest confined to the first act. There are two acts and four scenes in "The Spring Maid," and in every one of them the little Hungarian maintained the spell which she laid on the audience at her first entrance.

She and the operetta suit each other. Adapted as it is from the German, its wooingly sweet music composed by Heinrich Reinhardt, the Americanized modifications of Harry and Robert Smith have not spoiled the essential Europeanness of the work as a whole. The story is prettily romantic, the atmosphere of the opera extremely joyous, the lyries sweetly melodious, the score full of variety. The composer can make his music crack jokes, and the orchestra, under the direction of Theodore Bendix, interprets felicitously its charming sentiment, its gay, exhilarating dance music, and its amusing drolleries.

There are no dull moments in the whole piece, for its innate good qualities are increased by the excellence of the company.

They kept giving us pleasant surprises. In the first place, the arrangement of the list of characters was a novelty, and one most grateful to the understanding. In my opinion, everything should be done in listing characters to help the audience at once into the current of the story; in this case, every character is labeled with just enough description or comment to put us *au fait* of things preceding the opening act. Then we kept making other pleasant discoveries: that Mizzi Hajos was quite a little artist in vocalism; that there were some old San Francisco favorites in the cast; that Jack Raffael, of old Tivoli days, still has a most agreeable voice, mellow, unforced, and easily blending; that he and Leo Stark, in their funniest moments, could make an owl relax into frivolous risibility.

A San Francisco audience loves dances, and there are any number of pretty dancing numbers in "The Spring Maid," beautifully done. Miss Dorothy Maynard, who plays the real spring maid, before the roguish princess took it into her wilful head to impersonate the favorite Hebe among the pretty girls who offered beakers of water at the Carlsbad springs, has the light, slender figure of the instinctive dancer, quite a nice little singing voice, and some acting talent, if not much temperament.

The chorus, collectively, is pretty, graceful in pose and in the dance, fetchingly costumed, and most carefully trained, not only in the choruses, but even—oh wonder!—in looking interested when important people hold the stage centre, and appeal to them for all the varieties of sympathy in the dramatic gamut.

There was a dancing number, in which the dance of wood nymphs, costumed in faint, floating gossamers, was actually, if dimly, reminiscent of the moonlit fairies in Théophile Gautier's exquisite idyl that was given by the Russian ballet last winter. There was a lot of pretty scenic effect, too, but people and plays always outshine scenery and costumes, and that is the way with "The Spring Maid."

Everything in the production is first class; the chorus, scenery, and costumes alone would constitute enough of a drawing power for the ordinary musical-comedy show. But to have people on the stage all the time of such calibre that one sees each exit with regret and each entrance with pleasure almost unmans the dramatic reviewer. Leo Stark, for instance; everything he does is enjoyable. His make-up as an actor, his unctuous delivery, the natural humor which underlies every syllable he utters, the relish which he inspired in us for that lightning step-triplet with which Roland signified his displeasure at liberties that infringed on his dignity. And, absurd as was his Othello get-up, he did not have to rely on it for the laughs, but started fresh ones every time he opened his mouth.

A very unique recitation occurs in the last act of the operetta, during the celebration of the discovery of Carlsbad Springs, in which music plays its part. The composer turns into fun the music-motive idea, by having every object mentioned, tree, hunter, spring, and so forth, immediately supplied with its distinguishing motive by the nimble orchestra. The idea is so clever and original, Mr. Stark did his part so perfectly, and the humorous music was such an appreciated bit of pleasantry that the house was thoroughly captivated. I feel sure that enterprising American librettists and composers will be sure to borrow the idea and write into it all sorts of humorous possibilities.

It seems to be the custom in these Continental operas to have one haunting refrain, which serves as the characteristic opera number, a sort of motive for the opera; like the "Every little, etc.," from "Mme. Sherry" and the waltz in "The Merry Widow." "Day Dreams," with its delicious harp accompaniment, serves this purpose in "The Spring Maid," and most wooingly did Mizzi Hajos sing it. "The Two Little Love Bees" will prove a popular number. They will probably take it up in the schools. It forms a sort of parallel to the butterfly song in "Madame Sherry."

Then we were switched back to "The Merry Widow" again when the Princess Bozena came out in Hungarian costume and, with a handsome young man for a partner, danced the Hungarian Czardas, her native dance. In spite of the too generous curves of her solid little Hungarian body, the miniature prima donna is cute, and a very expert and graceful dancer. There is sentiment in this dance, too, as in "The Merry Widow" one, but the frolicsome nature of the Princess Bozena does not allow the passionate solemnity of mood with which the lovers dance in the other opera, and which the romantic always enjoy.

Little Mizzi had for a partner George Leon Moore, a very personable young man, who plays the agreeably romantic part of a young prince who has heretofore been something of a Don Juan among belles of lowly degree. The princess, liking not that he should dare dispraise the charms of noble dames, makes herself into a "spring maid," a bewitching little coquette, clothed, like the vernal spring, in white clouds and blossoms and the green of burgeoning plants. She "lays" for him and catches his too-promiscuous affections, and then, successful charmer-like, plays with his sensibilities as a cat plays with a mouse.

The story you see, is pretty, and gay, and romantic, and amusing all in one. So is the music. So are the people. And the whole thing, if I mistake not, is going to stir up something of a furor in town.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

At the out-of-door theatre of Hortenstein on Vierwaldstättersee in Switzerland there are regular daily performances throughout the entire summer. At one of the open-air theatres near Paris the company of the Théâtre Français acted the other day one of the plays of its classic repertory. This performance, which may be considered the highest mark of artistic recognition of the free air stage, was the "L'Aventurière" of Emile Augier. All of the performances at this little theatre in the garden of the Maison Lafitte are of high artistic quality, but it is not often that the Comédie sends its best artists out into the open.

Remarkable is the floor in the Apollo Theatre in Paris. It is reversible, one side being made for dancing, while the other is the usual inclined floor, equipped with the folding chairs of a theatre auditorium. The floor is mounted on a horizontal axis and swings through an excavation over thirty feet deep.

Anna Lichter, a gifted and favorite soprano of Tivoli Opera House memory, has been engaged for the prima-donna rôle with Lulu Glaser in "Miss Dudelsack."

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CURRENT VERSE.

The Grass in the Pavement.

"God," cried the grass in the pavement,
"Am I not worthy of living,
Who am green in the waterless places
And subsist in the clefts of the stone?

"Where the feet of the horses trample
And wheels go passing and passing,
By strong desire of living
I live, but am harren and lone!

"Give me the fields of my birthright,
The shade of the quiet cool places;
There may I live to Thine honor,
Abundant, rejoicing, full grown!"

"Child," came the Voice in the stillness,
"Know I not well thou art worthy,
Thou who declarest my glory
Where dearth and destruction are rife?

"Therefore have I set thee in lonely
And parched and desolate places;
Are the weakest and least of the legions
Placed in the van of the strife?

"Know I not well thou art worthy?
I have chosen thee over all others,
Thou who art potent, unyielding,
And strong in the fullness of life!"

—*M. E. Buhler, in New York Sun.*

By the Fire.

I heard an old man—
They were talking, two old friends of youth
Who met but seldom now,
By a quiet little fire at the close of day—
I heard an old man say,
As the clouds fell on his brow,
"Sure I dread to ask for the old friends,
For the word is always now—
'Dead, these three years dead, dead this many a day!'
All have gone to their ends.
All have passed away.
White thin hairs to each brow,
And a chair in the corner each day,
And time to remember and pray,
And one by one to our ends!"
I heard an old man say,
Don't speak of the old friends,
They have passed away
These long years since, this many a day;
We are left lonely now
By the fire, to remember and pray!"

—*Shacmas O Sheel, in Harper's Weekly.*

Ballad of a Child.

Yearly thrilled the plum tree with the mother-mood;
Every June the rose stock bore her wonder-child;
Every year the wheatlands reared a golden brood:
World of praying Rachels, heard and reconciled!

"Poet," said the plum tree's singing white-and-green,
"What avails your mooning, can you fashion plums?"
"Dreamer," crooned the wheatland's rippling vocal sheen,
"See my golden children marching as with drums!"

"By a god begotten," hymned the sunning vine,
"Through my lyric children purple music flows!"
"Singer," breathed the rose hush, "are they not divine?
Have you any daughters mighty as a rose?"

Happy, happy mothers! Cruel, cruel words!
Mine are ghostly children, haunting all the ways:
Latent in the plum-bloom, calling through the birds,
Romping with the wheat-brood in their shadow plays!

Gotten out of star-glint, mothered of the Moon;
Nurtured with the rose-scent; wild, elusive throng!
Something from the vine's dream crept into a tune;
Something of the wheat-drone echoed in a song!

Once again the white fires smoked among the plums;
Once again the World-Joy burst the crimson bud;
Golden-hannered wheat-broods marched to fairy drums;
Once again the vineyard felt the Bacchic blood.

"Lo, he comes—the dreamer!" crooned the whitened boughs;
"Quick with vernal love-fires—O at last he knows!
See the bursting plum-bloom there above his brows!"
"Boaster!" breathed the rose hush, "'tis a budding rose!"

Droned the glinting acres, "In his soul, mayhap,
Something like a wheat-dream quickens into shape!"
Sang the sunning vineyard, "Lo, the lyric sap
Sets his heart a-throbbing like a purple grape!"

Mother of the wheatlands, mother of the plums,
Mother of the vineyard, all that loves and grows;
Such a living glory to the dreamer comes—
Mystic as a wheat-song, mighty as a rose!

Star-glint, moon-glow, gathered in a mesh!
Spring-hope, white fire by a kiss beguiled!
Something of the World-Joy dreaming into flesh!
Bird-song, vine-thrill, quickened to a child!

—*John G. Neihardt, in the Forum.*

"Baby Mine," Margaret Mayo's farce-comedy, will be seen for the last time at the Cort Theatre Saturday night.

Sousa and His Band.

John Philip Sousa and his band of sixty artists are now on the ocean, en route from Australia, having completely circled the globe. With the band are two American girls who have won the greatest praise for their admirable work. They are Miss Nicoline Zedeler, a violin virtuoso, and Miss Virginia Root, a soprano.

The programmes given by Mr. Sousa have been a revelation to the music lovers of other continents; they had never imagined that anything but a symphony orchestra could interpret the masterpieces of Wagner, Grieg, Strauss, and Elgar until they heard Sousa's Band, and when the organization accompanied the violin soloist in Mendelssohn's "Concerto" with all the delicacy and coloring of a string organization the enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Sousa and his band will give afternoon and evening concerts at Dreamland Rink on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October, 1, 2, 3, and 4, offering a different programme at every concert. Many important numbers will be given for the first time in this city.

The faculty committee on music and drama has invited Mr. Sousa to give two concerts in the Greek Theatre of the University at Berkeley on Thursday afternoon and night, October 5, and on Friday night, October 6, a special concert will be given in Assembly Hall at Stanford.

Pasquale Amato, Baritone.

Amato, the leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and considered by many to be the greatest living male singer, will be the first of Will L. Greenbaum's stellar attractions this year. Amato sings the lieder of Germany, France, England, and Italy with equal ease, and besides will offer some of the arias from his greatest operatic successes. Several of these will be from works never before heard in this city.

The Amato season will open Sunday afternoon, October 8, and on Tuesday night, October 10, he will appear in a special programme under the auspices of the Elizabeth Murison School Association.

On Sunday night, September 24, Harry Bulger, in the musical comedy, "The Flirting Princess," comes to the Cort Theatre.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW ORPHEUM O'FARRELL ST. Between Stockton and Powell
Safest and most magnificent theatre in America

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon
Matinee Every Day
A GREAT NEW SHOW

Lovely, Lively, Little LILY LENA Exclusive Songs
EDWIN STEVENS & CO. in the Musical Vaudeville "Cousin Kitty"

"AUSTRALIAN WOODCHOPPERS," Jackson and McClaren in an Exciting Felling Contest; FOUR ELLES, Danses Modernes; THREE LEIGHTONS, presenting "De Pawty oh de Second Pawt"; PRIMROSE FOUR; BLANK FAMILY; New Daylight Motion Pictures; Last Week, HERMINE SHONE and Company, in "The Little Goddess."
Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, $1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C 1570.

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Tonight, Sunday Night and All Next Week
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THE SPRING MAID
With Mizzi Hajos
All Europe, New York and San Francisco Agree as to Its Entrancing Beauty
Sun. mat., Sept. 24—"Pictured Talk on Canal Zone."
Mon., Sept. 25—"THE COUNTRY BOY."

CORT THEATRE Ellis and Market
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Mat. Today—LAST TIMES—Tonight "BABY MINE"
Beg. Tomorrow (Sun.) Night—One Week Only
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Mort H. Singer presents the big musical revue
MISS NOBODY FROM STARLAND
With Olive Vail
500 Consecutive Nights at the Princess Theatre, Chicago
Prices—50c to $1.50. Box and loge seats, $2
Beg. Sunday Night, Sept. 24—Harry Bulger in "The Flirting Princess."

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Third Big Week. Unbounded Success.
FERRIS HARTMAN
Walter De Leon and Miss "Muggins" Davies and a Superb Company in the record-breaking musical comedy of college life
THE CAMPUS
By Walter De Leon
Savoy Popular Prices Never Change. $1 to 25c. Thurs. and Sat. mats., 25c and 50c. Seats at the Theatre and Emporium.

VANITY FAIR.

Of course it is no affair of ours since we have no intention either to go to Boston or to join the Young Women's Christian Association of that classic city. But does it not seem a little hard that no woman over the age of thirty-five years should he allowed to rent a room in the new huilding? Is it not still harder that any woman in possession of a room when she reaches the age of thirty-five shall he compelled to vacate it? There may he reasons for the new rule, hut whatever they may he it is herewith respectfully suggested that the Young Women's Christian Association of Boston forthwith delete and expunge the third word of their title. It is deceptive and misleading. It is out of date and archaic. Let it go.

There are many reflections that crowd tumultuously into the mind in the wake of this pleasant little incident, hut perhaps they are hetter left unsaid. An improved postal service has brought us unpleasantly close to Boston and we should walk warily. But it may at least he pointed out that the Y. W. C. A. is controlled hy women. Its committee of management may he compared with a microscopical congress, its various officials to supervisors, judges, auditors, and mayors. It is, in short, a little social system all to itself, a miniature suffragette government, and this is the institution that has inflicted this cruel, callous, and impudent affront upon its own sex.

Is there any matter here for surprise? Of course there is not. The women of the Y. W. C. A. of Boston have acted as women have always acted when called upon to make rules for their own sex. They will always act in the same way, with the same hrutal impertinence, the same tranquil tyranny. And yet we are told that women ought to make laws for other women and in the interests of these other women. Perhaps they ought to he allowed to make laws for men, hut may heaven in its mercy defend the women who are subject to the legislative activities of their own sex!

Mr. H. Rohert Fowler, member of the House of Representatives from Illinois, is likely to he struck from the visiting lists of Chicago hostesses. He talks too much, does Mr. Fowler. He tells tales out of school, and actually gets them printed in the *Congressional Record*. He raises the irreverent laugh at the expense of our "hest people" and exposes them to the ridicule of Congress. He should he hoiled in oil and reprimanded.

Mr. Fowler says that he was invited to a party given in honor of the hirthday of his host's dog. All the tykes of the neighhorhood were present, that is to say all the tykes of hlue hlood. They had heen taught to walk upon their hind legs, just like the "hest people," to march in procession, and to do all sorts of amusing things. Indeed, there was no reason why they should not he corporation directors. We are accustomed to see a millionaire act this way, hut to see a dog act like a millionaire must have heen intensely funny, although it seems a pity to degrade the naturally fine nature of the poor hrutes. During the grand march-past one of the dogs tripped and lost a $50,000 diamond anklet and it was nearly swallowed hy a duck that came hehind. For there were ducks there as well as dogs. The effort to catch the predatory duck was followed hy disaster, for the duck escaped from an open window and flew away over the lake with the diamonds and was seen no more. Naturally the duck was voted the most perfectly trained animal present. It was positively human. Its imitation of its millionaire master was lifelike, and there was not a financier present who did not envy the duck its matchless power to get away with the goods. There was some surprise that a duck should wish to acquire a set of diamonds worth $50,000. Of what possihle value are diamonds to a duck? True, hut then of what possihle value are diamonds to a millionaire who has not even sense enough to admire their glitter? At least the duck could do that much.

A letter from Shehoygan, Wisconsin, to the Chicago *Tribune* is of such importance as to deserve extended quotation. Here it is:

Your today's editorial entitled "Brutal Tourists" is a frank expression on a subject upon which much might be said of advantage to the large number of Americans visiting Europe. I arrived at Luzerne one pleasant morning and took quarters at a quaint and quiet hostelry patronized principally by the native Swiss. Being acquainted with the Swiss vernacular, I passed as a native. I fell into conversation with the concierge of the hotel, when some people passed whom I fancied were talking in English, and I said they must he Americans.

The concierge corrected me immediately, saying: "No, sir, they are very nice people." Noting my astonishment, he seemed to recognize me as an American and hegan apologizing for his remark. From him I learned that Americans abroad are considered desirable guests only by certain hotelkeepers and professionals. Others not dependent on tourists for a livelihood, shun and avoid them, a humiliating fact which, however, is not to he wondered at considering the hot haste of every newly rich American to "do" Europe.

As a matter of fact, the quiet, well-behaved American traveling in Switzerland is generally referred to as an Englishman. The natives seem not to distinguish hetween Americans and Englishmen, except hy hehavior. A loud, conspicuous, and ill-hred specimen of humanity talking English, whether he hails from South Africa, Australia, England, Ireland, or the United States, is referred to as an "American."

Now there is more in this than meets the eye. It is very certain that some of these well-hehaved travelers in Europe are actually Americans and are ashamed of the fact. Otherwise why should they masquerade under a deceptive disguise of good manners except to hide their nationality and to conceal the land of their hirth? This hase and servile imitation of foreigners ought to stop. It hrings the hlush to the cheek of the patriot where the hlush is so rarely seen. It indicates a fawning spirit, a craven and ahject soul. In fact it is too had.

A word of warning ought to he enough to stop this practice. Henceforth let the traveling American proudly wrap himself in a mantle of insolence so that every one may know his hirthplace. Let him huy everything in sight and inform the world of its price. Let him drown all conversation at the table d'hôte with stentorian particulars of his latest acquisitions in the "ortermohile" line. Let him purchase the exclusive attention of waiters, railroad officials, and chamhermaids so that there may he no comforts left for any one else. Let him act generally as though the earth were his and the fullness thereof, and then we shall hear no more of these humiliating apings of other nations, of these degrading parades of politeness for purposes of disguise. Then the American traveler will he identified wherever he sets his foot, and his native land will receive the representation to which it is entitled.

Every now and then some newspaper hreaks out into a spasm of surprise at the discovery that a king or a queen leads the simple as well as the strenuous life. The latest case is that of the Emperor of Japan. How amazing it is to discover that in the morning he wears a plain hlack frock coat and that in the evening his costume is of white khaki, and that his sons are not allowed to have costumes ordered for them, hut must content themselves with their father's discarded suits. We naturally supposed that an emperor would spend as much money on his clothes as is humanly possihle, that his favorite drink would he pearls dissolved in champagne, and that he would lie upon a gold couch with diamonds at the four corners. We seem unable to conceive of a wealth that is not associated with luxury or of a social position that involves no display.

And yet it would he hard to find anywhere a king or a queen who does not lead the simple life whenever the exigencies of their position will allow them to do so. There is hardly a mechanic's son in America who would not rehel against the discipline to which the princes and the princesses of Germany and England are suhjected or who would not turn up his nose at their diet. The dominant principle of their young lives is an instant, unquestioning ohedience, the suhordination of every personal wish to the exigencies of their position and to the duties of the future. It is ahout time we ceased to he surprised at a simple, although royal, life that is the rule and not the exception.

The Indian newspaper has now advanced so far along the path of journalistic civilization that it admits a matrimonial column. Moreover, the column seems to he fairly well patronized and to offer a selection hroad enough to please any one who is not over particular as to color. But there is one feature that excites our admiration. Whether it he a wife or a hushand that is advertised for the chief qualification is usually education. Very few of the advertisements contain any references either to money or to personal appearance, hut we may suppose that these lesser matters receive some sort of attention hefore the marriage is actually arranged. Erudition is a good thing, hut as a sole qualification for the holy state it seems to need support and reinforcement. For example, the girl of eleven who knows "Hindoo, Gurmukhi, Urdu, Persian, and English, who is still reading, and will not he married hefore attaining fifteen years" is evidently a model of linguistic ahilities, and any swain who yearns for a hride who knows Gurmukhi and Urdu had hetter speak quickly or forever hold his peace. But frail human nature wants something more than this. Personally we should like to have a look at the damsel first, and at her mother. It must he a sweet hoon to know that your wife can express her opinions in five languages and that she is "still reading," presumahly with a view to acquiring five more, hut there are other considerations that call for attention. There may he a contra account somewhere.

There is a general impression that Gaiety Theatre girls always marry lords, hut evidently there are exceptions. A middle-aged woman has just heen hrought for the ninth time hefore a London magistrate on a charge of undue hilarity through over-indulgence in the cup that cheers as well as inebriates. She pleaded for leniency on the douhle ground that she was an old Gaiety girl and also the daughter of a clergyman, and that she had succumhed, so to speak, to this unfair allowance of original sin. The magistrate seems to have taken the same view, for he discharged her. But how she came to miss her matrimonial chances from the peerage was not explained. She must have heen heedless in her youth.

But the connection hetween the peerage and the Gaiety works hoth ways. Sometimes the Gaiety goes to the peerage and sometimes the peerage goes to the Gaiety. For example, Viscount Dangan, eldest son of Earl Cowley, has just joined the Gaiety chorus as a super. What his venerated father says to this manœuvre is not recorded, hut then the opinions of fathers don't count for much nowadays.

"The Gaiety Theatre is the hest club in London," says Viscount Dangan. "I wouldn't give up my engagement with George Edwardes if I had $2000 a year, and although I'm entirely dependent on my salary at the theatre I can't think of a happier or more congenial way of earning a living. For two years I have heen anxious to go on the stage. My people refused permission, hut I couldn't resist the temptation any longer."

A suffering tip-payer thus unhurdens his soul to the New York *Sun:*

"This tip husiness," he says, "has come to he a serious matter.

"Every summer I send my wife and daughter to the country, to a modest hotel in a quiet place—does them good and doesn't cost us much more than it would to have them stay home, or didn't use to.

"Years ago we gave some small tips, a little to the waitress and a little to the chamhermaid, amounts not great, hut now we have to give more to them and we have to give also to the chef and to the housekeeper and so on, something to everybody that does anything for us. It seems to he the custom, and it all counts up.

"This year, for instance, I sent the folks along weekly the little check for their hoard and their other moderate expenses—and they are always careful ahout those—and everything is going along very pleasantly and I see us settling the financial prohlem very nicely, and then a week or two hefore they are coming we put down a little memorandum of the tips to give when they come away, and do you know this year these amounted to thirty dollars!

"Thirty dollars; and that gives me—just as it does every year—quite a little jolt. I know it's coming, hut I never realize it till it comes."

As it seems that the tip system is now too strong to he overthrown hy moral strength it must take its place under the ordinary economic laws of supply and demand, like the high price of living. If we can not afford to pay the hotel hill, plus tips, then we must go to the cheaper hotels or take our vacations in some other way. Those who can not afford oysters must eat clams. When the hotel owners find that their servants are spoiling husiness they will remedy the evil themselves, hut it will generally he found that those who complain the loudest are suffering, not so much from a compulsory tax as from their inahility to huy ohsequiousness and special attentions at the old rates.

Just now the same evil is finding expression everywhere. Thus a lady writes as follows to the Paris *Figaro:*

"I have just passed three weeks at the Grand Hotel of X—— les Bains, and just as happened last year and every year I have had to decide as well as I could, my hushand heing away, the irritating and exasperating question of tips.

"I counted at least eight or ten people at the Grand Hotel eager from the moment of my arrival to surround me, to smile upon me, and later to watch out for my departure, when they tracked me, took me hy surprise and surrounded me; let me enumerate them: The messenger hoy, the omnihus man, the hall porter, the elevator hoy, the haggage men, the head waiter, the hedroom valet, the hedroom maid; I am sure I have forgotten some."

Now what does the lady expect to gain hy writing to the newspapers? If she does not like the extortion at the Grand Hotel and has not the moral courage to resist it, then let her go to some hotel that is not grand. Or stay at home.

Pears'

Pears' is essentially a toilet soap. A soap good for clothes won't benefit face and hands. Don't use laundry soap for toilet or bath. That is, if you value clear skin.

Pears' is pure soap and matchless for the complexion.

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SOME OF THE RATES ARE

Colorado Springs	$55.00	Houston	$ 60.00
Atchison	60.00	Dallas	60.00
Leavenworth	60.00	Memphis	70.00
St. Joseph	60.00	New Orleans	70.00
Omaha	60.00	Washington	107.50
Council Bluffs	60.00	Baltimore	107.50
Kansas City	60.00	Philadelphia	108.50
St. Paul	73.50	Boston	110.50
Minneapolis	73.50	New York	108.50
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St. Louis	70.00	Quebec	116.50
		Portland, Me.	113.50

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BROADWAY AND THIRTEENTH STREET, OAKLAND

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"In the Cumberland Mountains of East Tennessee," the Hon. "Boh" Taylor says, "a good coon-dog is considered a valuable asset. A visitor once asked a native, Bill Smoon, how many dogs he had. 'I aint got but five,' said Bill dejectedly. 'Looks like I never kin git a start on dogs agin.'"

A tender-hearted youth was once present at an Oxford supper, where the fathers of those assembled were heing roundly abused for their parsimony in supplying the demands of their sons. At last, after having long kept silence, he lifted up his voice in mild protest. "After all, gentlemen," he said, "let us remember that they are our fellow-creatures."

Shortly after Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R. A., was knighted, he and Lady Alma-Tadema gave an "at home" at St. John's Wood. Everybody present was congratulating them, and one lady was very profuse. "Oh, dear Sir Lawrence," she said, "I am awfully glad to hear of the houor you have received. I suppose now that you are knighted you will give up painting and live like a gentleman."

On one occasion, Governor "Dick" Oglesby went down to Joliet to inspect the state prison, and in one of the cells he found a very ugly man. "How did you get in here?" asked Oglesby. "Abduction," was the reply; "I tried to run off with a girl, and they caught me." "I'll pardon you as soon as I get back to Springfield," said the governor; "I don't see how you could expect to get a wife in any other way."

A traveling man who drove across the country to a little town in western Kansas, the other day, met a farmer hauling a wagon-load of water. "Where do you get water?" he asked. "Up the road, about seven miles," the farmer replied. "And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?" "Yep." "Why, in the name of sense, don't you dig a well?" asked the traveler. "Because it's just as far one way as the other, stranger."

The husband arrived home much later than usual "from the office." He took off his boots and stole into the bedroom; but, vain precaution, his wife began to stir. Quickly the panic-stricken man went to the cradle of his first-born and began to rock it vigorously. "What are you doing there, Rohert?" queried his wife. "I've been sitting here for nearly two hours trying to get this baby asleep," he growled. "Why, Robert, I've got him here in hed with me," said the spouse.

It is said that one of David B. Hill's first lawsuits was a non-jury case in which the opposing counsel was one of the best attorneys in New York state. Hill gave a speech which lasted about three hours. It was such a speech as might be expected from a young lawyer, and it was very trying to the court. After he had finished his opponent arose and said: "May it please the court, I intend to follow the example of my young friend, and submit the case without argument." Hill lost the case.

When the British ships under Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet off Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going round to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude in a British sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid. "Afraid?" answered the honest tar. "No, I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

In a rural district of Forfarshire a young plowman once went courting on a Saturday night. In vain he racked his brain for some interesting topic; he could call up no subject at all suitable for the occasion—not one sentence could he utter, and for two long hours he sat on in silent despair. The girl herself was equally silent; she, no doubt, remembered the teaching of the old Scotch song, "Men maun be the first to speak," and she sat patiently regarding him with demure surprise. At last John suddenly exclaimed: "Jenny, there's a feather on yer apron!" "I widna hae wondered if there had been twa," replied Jenny; "for I've been sittin' aside a goose a' nicht."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, tbe Liberal premier of Canada, is affectionately named "The Chief" by all who come in contact with him. He is one of the most accessible of men, and it is much easier to obtain an audience with him than with one of his cabinet. Although he is exceptionally good-humored, his speeches are rarely witty (remarks the New York *Evening Post*). Once, however, he took a fall out of Sir Charles Tupper, for years leader of the Opposition, and Sir John Macdonald. Bantering them on their self-praise for their own political services, he admitted that they had sailed the ship of state fairly successfully, adding: "Sir John was at the helm and supplied the brains, while Sir Charles supplied the wind; his blowing filled the sails."

When William R. Travers was in the directorate of the New York Central Railroad, Jay Gould was running the Erie in opposition, and his management of that system betrayed a constant and intimate knowledge of what was going on in the Central's star-chamber. Commodore Vanderbilt was, naturally, exasperated, and one day, after expressing how helpless he found himself to outwit his rival, he turned to Travers with the query: "Well, Billy, how can we stop Gould from getting knowledge of what we are doing?" "W-w-why," suggested the genial wit, "w-w-why d-don't you m-m-make him a d-d-director of N-N-New York C-C-Central."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Emblems.

If money talks, as sages say,
And riches are equipped with wings,
The parrot might become some day
The emblem of financial kings.
—*Washington Star.*

Time was when wives were legal tender
In antique days remote and hoary.
A man those days said: "Money talks!"
And in those days it was no story.
—*Houston Post.*

Everyhody's Boss.

Who is it bosses all the staff?
Who makes us swear and makes us laugh?
Who's too intelligent by half?
The office boy.

Who comes to work with shoes unshined
And, when reminded, doesn't mind?
Who, when he's wanted, none can find?
The office boy.

Who, when on errands he must go,
Delays his start, walks very slow,
And sees the moving picture show?
The office boy.

Who oft is told that he'll be fired?
Who, asked to work, is very tired?
Who's by stenographers admired?
The office boy.

Who is it that's not fond of soap?
Who's seldom known to sulk or mope?
Who knows the latest baseball dope?
The office boy.

Who whistles till we have a fit?
Who has surprising strains of grit?
Who's who or, otherwise, who's it?
The office boy.—*Canadian Courier.*

Some Girls I Know.

Ann talks of culture, long and deep,
Though Ann, indeed, is not magnetic.
She talks until I fall asleep—
A sort of gentle Ann esthetic.

Of fair Louise I sing, for she's
A dream in bathing suit of blue.
She seemed today a mermaid gay,
And thus I met my water Lou.

There's Anna; she was quite morose;
To melancholia she seemed fated.
She married. Now she's quite jocose.
The wedding made her Anna mated.

Sweet Alice causes me to sigh,
She melts my heart that's far from callous.
Light of my life! She's really my
Most bright aurora borealis.
—*Town Topics.*

N. Nitts on Judicial Recall.

Nescius Nitts of the place that they call
Punkindorf Station—when mentioned at all—
Projecting a nicotine spray at the wall,
Gave voice to his thoughts, in a high nasal drawl,
On calm, unimpassioned Judicial Recall.

"Jedge Wiggs, he had served to my best calculation
As Justice of Peace here in Punkindorf Station,
Almost twenty year, when he made the bad blunder;
Decidin' a case agin one Zekel Wunder,
In a trial that had set the whole township agog,
Involvin' Zeke's dawg and Si Perkins's hawg.

"Fust Zeke couldn't hardly believe it, they say,
That Wiggs would turn down an old neighbor that way;
But when it was plain, and the trial was o'er,
He met us all down to the grocery store,
And sez, 'In calm jestice, it's up to us all,
To invoke again Wiggs the Judicial Recall.'

"We argued the case from the side of the hawg,
And likewise the side of Ezekiel's dawg,
'Til all of us citizens, riz up on edge,
All calm, unimpassioned, was cussin' the Jedge.
And Zeke sez, 'If this comes to lynchin', I hope
It's my recognized right that I handle the rope.'

"So calm, unimpassioned, in front of the store,
You could hear us discussin' a furlong or more;
Decidin' that jestice demanded our pledge
To calmly invoke a recall on the Jedge;
And Zeke got a rope, and most every one
Had dug up an ax, or a club, or a gun.

"But the Jedge he found out what was goin' around
And borrowed a pony and sneaked out of town.
He had a good start, so we didn't give chase,
But 'lected Zeke Wunder to Jedge Wiggs's place.
I tell you, there's nothin' can beat, after all,
This calm, unimpassioned Judicial Recall."
—*Dean Collins, in Portland Oregonian.*

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Cash and Sight Exchange	10,170,490.90
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Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,605,792.68
Employees' Pension Fund	113,473.47
Deposits June 30, 1911	44,567,705.83
Total assets	47,173,498.51

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will he found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Nolan of San Rafael have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Sarah Nolan, to Mr. Thomas B. Doyle of this city. Mr. Doyle is the son of Mrs. Henry Doyle, formerly of San Mateo, hut now of this city.

The wedding of Miss Muriel Steele and Mr. J. Wesley Gallagher will take place Septemher 26 at the residence in Oakland of Mrs. E. L. G. Steele.

The wedding of Miss Maud Bagley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bagley of Paso Rohles, and Mr. Laurence Ford Pierson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence H. Pierson of this city, will take place today in Paso Rohles. Mr. Pierson is a hrother of the Misses Pauline and Mildred Pierson and a grandson of Mrs. William M. Pierson and the late Mr. William M. Pierson, the well-known jurist of a decade ago. The young couple will reside in Berkeley.

Miss Janet Klink was married Tuesday evening to Lieutenant Rohert L. Irvine, U. S. N. The wedding, which took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Klink, was a very quiet affair. Lieutenant Irvine and his hride will spend their honeymoon in Salt Lake.

The wedding of Miss Anna Weller and Lieutenant Earl Shipp, U. S. N., took place Monday evening at the home on Pacific Avenue of the hride's parents, Judge Charles L. Weller and Mrs. Weller. The hridal party included Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Eliza McMullin, Miss Katherine McAdam, Lieutenant Ross Culp, U. S. N., Lieutenant Gaylord Church, U. S. N., Ensign Frank Gross, U. S. N., and Ensign Irving Mayfield, U. S. N. The Rev. Bradford Leavitt officiated at the ceremony, which was followed hy a reception at which only relatives and a few intimate friends were present. Lieutenant Shipp and his hride left Tuesday morning for Annapolis, where he has heen appointed a memher of the faculty at the Naval Academy.

Miss Florence Cluff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, was married Tuesday evening at the Fairmont Hotel to Dr. Edward Janss of Los Angeles. Miss Lurline Matson was the hride's maid of honor, and her hridesmaids were the Misses Enid Gregg, Kathleen de Young, Lillian Van Vorst, Grace Gihson, Metha McMahon, and Frances Stewart. Dr. Janss was attended hy his hrother, Mr. Harold Janss, and his ushers included the Messrs. Charles de Young, Rohert Mitchell Allen, Augustus Kneipt, Seyd Havens, William Cavalier, and Frank Hooper. Dr. and Mrs. Janss will make their home in Los Angeles.

Miss Anna Weller was the complimented guest at a dinner given at the Hotel St. Francis hy Mrs. V. B. McAdam and her daughter, Miss Katherine McAdam.

Miss Florence Cluff was the guest of honor at several affairs last week. Miss Frances Stewart was hostess at a luncheon, and Mrs. John Breuner entertained the same guests later at a tea at the Palace Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff gave a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel Sunday evening, when they entertainecl the memhers of the hridal party.

Dr. Edward Janss was host Monday evening at a dinner given to his hest man and ushers.

Colonel Frederick von Schrader, U. S. A., and Mrs. von Schrader entertained at dinner in honor of Miss Lutie Collier and her fiancé, Mr. Bergie Barry Beckett.

Miss Helen Leavitt was hostess at a tea Thursday, when she entertained in honor of Miss Marie Louise Black.

Mrs. Arthur Eloesser will give a tea at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of her sister, Miss Julie Heyneman of London.

A fancy dress hall was given last evening at the Navy Yard hy the commander-in-chief and the officers of the first division of the United States fleet.

Mrs. Seth Mann was hostess Thursday evening at a dinner and hridge party.

Mrs. Neal P. Power entertained at a dinner and theatre party in honor of Dr. L. C. Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin of New York.

Miss Marguerite Doe was hostess at a garden party Thursday, Septemher 7, when she entertained a large numher of guests.

Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet was hostess at a dance Tuesday evening, when Miss Isahel Beaver and Miss Marion Crocker were the guests of honor. Ahout one hundred and fifty young people enjoyed Mrs. Van Fleet's hospitality. Preceding the dance dinners were given hy Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Innes Keeney, and Miss Constance McLaren.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy was hostess at a tea Sunday afternoon, when Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Garneau and the Misses Garneau of St. Louis were the complimented guests.

The home in Hillsboro of Miss Jennie Crocker will he the scene of much gayety this afternoon, when a garden fête will he given for the henefit of the Armitage Orphanage. Vaudeville and other amusements have heen arranged for the entertainment of the guests. The musical extravaganza, "Shopping," will he presented for the first time at performances during the afternoon and evening, and other special features will include the Irish Village, the East Indian Juggler, the Fortune Teller, the Art Booth, the Turkish Coffee House, the Fish Pond, the Toy Booth, the Flower Booth, the Vienna Prater, the Rummage Booth, the French Chocolate House, the Beauty Show, the Frolics of 1911 Theatre.

Miss Helen Wright was the guest of honor at a tea given hy her mother, Mrs. J. W. Wright, at the Town and Country Cluh. Miss Wright has since gone East to attend school.

Mrs. Anna L. Bauer gave a dinner recently in honor of Miss Elizaheth Bohrman and her fiancé, Mr. John Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker gave a dance Friday evening at their home on Laguna Street in honor of their daughter, Miss Kate Crocker, who has since gone East to attend school.

Invitations have heen issued to the Bachelors' and Benedicts' Balls, which will he held at the Fairmont Hotel, Novemher 3, Decemher 22, January 19, and February 16.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger have issued invitations to a dinner-dance Monday evening in Woodside in honor of Mrs. Folger's daughters, the Misses Genevieve and Evelyn Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker entertained a numher of friends at a dinner-dance at Pehhle Lodge Friday evening, Septemher 8.

Miss Erminie Calvin and Miss Dorothy Doe have sent out cards to a dance for Friday evening, Septemher 22, at the Century Cluh Hall. Miss Jean Miller will he the complimented guest.

Mrs. Edward Lacey Brayton was hostess at a tea Wednesday afternoon at her home in Oakland in honor of Mrs. William B. Hopkins.

The Misses Helen and Virginia Gihhs gave a tea yesterday complimentary to Miss Helen Johnson, daughter of Mrs. James Ward.

Mrs. Joseph Trilley gave a luncheon at her home on Fillmore Street in honor of Mrs. Earl Sargent.

Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten entertained at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. L. Miller and Miss Jean Miller, of San Diego.

The Misses Fannie and May Friedlander were hostesses at a tea Sunday, when they entertained in honor of their niece, Miss Bessie Bowie, of Paris.

Miss Irene Melvin, who is to he one of the Octoher hrides, was the guest of honor at a tea given hy her aunt, Mrs. J. G. Melvin. Mrs. B. S. Blair entertained Miss Melvin Tuesday at a similar affair.

Miss Anna Peters was hostess at a theatre and supper party in honor of Miss Anna Weller and Lieutenant Earl Shipp, U. S. N. Miss Ila Sonntag entertained the party at dinner.

Mrs. James Ellis Tucker gave a garden party recently at the Bourn country home near St. Helena.

Mrs. Charles Minor Goodall and Mrs. Harry Knowles were hostesses at hridge teas Thursday and Friday afternoons at the Claremont Country Cluh.

Miss Cora Otis and Miss Frederika Otis entertained a numher of their friends at a luncheon at their country home in Ross.

Lieutenant Charles B. Stone, U. S. A., and Mrs. Stone gave a dinner recently at their home in Fort McDowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Kemp will make their final presentation in this city of their interesting and instructive travel talk on Panama and the Canal Zone at the Columhia Theatre on the afternoon of Sunday, Septemher 24. The Kemps have offered this talk no less than a dozen times, and at each appearance the audiences that have assemhled have taxed the capacity of the various halls and theatres. The pictures, hoth motion and stereopticon, shown in accompaniment to the talk have heen pronounced most complete. They convey an excellent idea of the country known as Panama and the territory adjacent to the "hig ditch," and show the men at work, engaged in the actual construction of the canal. The Kemps will soon commence an extended tour. Seats for this last appearance will he placed on sale at the hox-office of the Columhia Theatre next Monday. Prices 25c and 50c.

Following "The Spring Maid" at the Columhia Theatre on Monday, Septemher 25, comes the Henry B. Harris production of Edgar Selwyn's comedy "The Country Boy," which is accounted one of the hest hits of the past season in the East.

The home in Portland of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke (formerly Miss Christine Pomeroy) has heen brightened hy the advent of a daughter.



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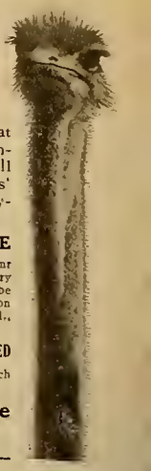
Sunday night at the Cort Theatre this city will see for the first time "Miss Nobody from Starland," the celebrated Mort H. Singer musical revue, which played for 300 consecutive performances at the Princess Theatre, Chicago. Particular interest in the piece will centre ahout Olive Vail, a San Francisco girl who scored in the East, and who will he seen in the prima-donna rôle of "Miss Nobody from Starland." Miss Vail received her early training here at the old Tivoli and at Fischer's. Mr. Singer has spared nothing to make the clever Hough, Adams, and Howard musical comedy a great success. He has provided a gorgeous setting and a notable cast. The chorus is, of necessity, a feature. The girls have youth, sprightliness, and heauty. The sensational novelty in the piece is a hig musical-comedy dress-rehearsal scene. Before the performance the stage manager calls a rehearsal. Stars, stage hands, comedians, chorus girls, and even the author are shown. The stage manager is depicted with all his czar-like qualities. The stars fight for lines and laughs, the author protests hecause his hook is cut, the chorus maids forget their "husiness," and the stage hands fall down on their "props." Novelty is the keynote of the performance, and, judging hy report, "Miss Nobody from Starland" should prove an ideal dispeller of gloom. It is here for one week only, with matinées on Wednesday and Saturday.

The Orpheum announces for next week a bill of exceptional excellence. It will have for its headline attractions Lily Lena and Edwin Stevens, two of the most famous artists in vaudeville. Miss Lena has just returned from Europe hringing with her many modish frocks, also an entirely new budget of songs, among which are "Have You Ever Loved Another Little Girl?" "I'm Wait, Wait, Waiting," "Fall in and Follow Me," "He's a Handy Thing to Have Around the Place," "I Wish I Were You Tonight," "I'm a Most Particular Lady," and "Take It Nice and Easy." In the roll of the drama, musical comedy, and vaudeville the name of Edwin Stevens stands high. There is a superiority in all his work that is evident in the most trivial hits of comedy. "Cousin Kitty," a delightful conglomeration of song, dance, story, and fun, will he Mr. Stevens's vehicle, and assisting him in its performance will he the charming little ingénue, Tina Marshall. A complete novelty will he offered by Jackson and McClaren, the champion "Australian Woodchoppers." Their methods of lumhering in their own country is first shown and is followed hy a tree-felling contest that is said to he exciting. They also introduce an axe-throwing exhihition that is marvelous. The Four Elles, recent European importations, will make their first appearance in this city in original acrohatic and pantomimic dancing. They also introduce an imitation of ice skaters and a Brazilian hrigands' dance. Next week will he the last of the Primrose Four, the Three Leightons, the Blank Family, and Hermine Shone and her company in "The Little Goddess."

San Francisco has fully agreed with all Europe and New York as to the superh qualities and fascinating melodies of "The Spring Maid." That this is a fact may he amply attested any night at the Columhia Theatre, where dainty Mizzi Hajos at the head of a large company is singing the Viennese work to highly appreciative San Franciscans. An extended review of the opera and the company appears elsewhere. The second and last week of the engagement will open Sunday night. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday.

Amusement-loving San Francisco has set its seal of approval upon "The Campus," and Walter de Leon's unusual and cheerful musical comedy of college life, will hegin the third week of a most successful engagement at the Savoy Theatre this Sunday afternoon. There is something fascinating ahout the work of the young California author and composer, and the clean and wholesome comedy has secured a firm hold. The first hearing is not sufficient for "The Campus," and familiar faces appear at the hox-office, ordering seats for a second and third time. The cast of "The Campus" is ideal and the delightful atmosphere of youth is preserved heautifully. Walter de Leon, as the 'varsity yell leader and farce writer, has a part that he wrote to fit himself, and with great success, while he has an attractive team-mate in "Muggins" Davies, who plays Nellie Perkins, the girl who worships the ground he walks upon. Ferris Hartman has one of the hest parts in his lengthy career as Bismarck, the Heidelherg professor who hecomes janitor rather than sacrifice a principle. Myrtle Dingwall, Roscoe Arhuckle, Oliver Le Noir, Josie Hart, G. Lester Paul, Lawrence Bowes, Jack Martin, and the other principals are all capahle. The young men and women of the chorus are pleasant to look upon and have good singing and dancing ahility. The usual "pop" matinées are given on Thursday and Saturday, and at the Sunday afternoon performance everyhody in attendance will he presented with a souvenir "Campus" pennant.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Charles K. McIntosh, with their sons, Osgood Hooker, Jr., and Kenneth McIntosh, have returned from a hunting and fishing trip in Oregon and Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton and their family are en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman and Mr. William Coleman have returned to Burlingame from a visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland have returned from Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali have taken an apartment on Union and Broderick Streets, where they will reside permanently. Since their marriage they have been living in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Knight have returned from Europe after an absence of four months.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt have closed their home at Lake Tahoe and are established for the season in their home on Broadway.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson and her son, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Jr., returned Sunday from Monterey.

Mr. J. Tarn McGrew, who spent a few days here recently en route from Paris to Honolulu, arrived from the islands last week and left Tuesday for the East. He was accompanied by his mother, Mrs. John McGrew of Honolulu, who will spend the winter with her son in Paris. They will be the guests for two weeks of Mr. and Mrs. George Scott at their home in Newport.

Mrs. John Bidwell left Wednesday for her home in Chico after spending a few days in town with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson H. Alexander, who have been her guests during the summer and who are now en route to their home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Johnson have taken an apartment in town for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall and their family have returned from Monterey and are again in their home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Jeanne Gallois and Miss Marion Zeile returned several days ago from Monterey, where they were chaperoned by Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King have returned to their ranch in Calaveras County.

Mrs. C. T. Wade, wife of Lieutenant Wade, U. S. N., has arrived from Bremerton and is at the Hotel Victoria, where she will remain during Lieutenant Wade's stay in this port.

Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing and Miss Jennie Hooker spent the week-end in San Mateo at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne has recently been visiting Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Sr., Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, and Miss Ida Bourn at their country home near St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman have closed their country home in Sonoma County and are established at the Hotel St. Francis for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bates (formerly Miss Katherine Devol) have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sears Bates since their arrival from Panama.

Miss Virginia Joliffe has returned from Monterey.

Miss Dorothy Baker has returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker in Siskiyou County and is spending the week-end in Ross with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have closed their country home in Ross and are again occupying their Pacific Avenue residence.

Miss Harriet Alexander spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard have returned to San Rafael from Monterey.

Mr. Felton Elkins is the guest of Mr. Christian de Guigne, Jr., who recently returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hood (formerly Miss Helen Sidney-Smith) have returned from their wedding trip and are guests of Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale at the family residence in San Rafael.

Mr. Eric Wolseley of London is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy at their Burlingame home.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Morawetz, who spent a part of the summer in California, are at the Plaza Hotel in New York. They will shortly be established in their apartment on Fifth Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels sailed this week from Cherbourg for New York, where they will be met by Mr. Spreckels. Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels will visit this city in October.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and their daughters, the Misses Cora and Frederika Otis, will return October 1 from Ross, where they have been spending the summer, and will open their town house on Broadway for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, the Misses Ethel Mary and Helen Crocker, and Mr. William H. Crocker, Jr., have returned from Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Breeze have returned to San Mateo after spending the summer at the Hamilton Fish country home on the Hudson.

Mrs. James Jordan arrived Wednesday from Europe.

Miss Ethel McAllister returned to town last Saturday after a visit in Ross, where she was the guest of Miss Dora Winn.

Miss Maud O'Connor has been spending the past week at Paso Robles, where she joined Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Miss Doris Ryer, and Miss Cecilia O'Connor.

Rev. Bradford Leavitt, Mrs. Leavitt, and Miss Helen Leavitt, have closed their country home in Woodside and are occupying their town house on Octavia Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Pray have returned from Mendocino County, where they have been visiting Mrs. N. C. Van Arsdale.

Mr. Berrian Anderson has returned to Williams College after spending his vacation in Ross with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson.

Mrs. Louis Schwan of New York has returned from Monterey, where she was the guest of Mrs. William H. Crocker. Mrs. Schwan is at present visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart, in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels have gone East for a few weeks' visit.

Mrs. William B. Hopkins has returned from Europe, where she has been residing for the past six years.

Mrs. John L. Mears (formerly Miss Mollie Thompson) has arrived from Seattle and is visiting her mother, Mrs. Frank P. Thompson, at her home in Palo Alto.

Miss Ruth Brooks has returned to her home on Angel Island after visiting friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Holcombe will spend the winter at the Hotel Monroe.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis McDermott of Oakland have returned from Monterey. They were accompanied by Miss Lillian Isaacs of Chicago, who with her mother has been visiting friends in Oakland, where they formerly resided.

Mr. Howard Martin and Mr. George H. Howard, Jr., left last week for the East, where the former will enter Yale and the latter Harvard.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Greenebaum have returned from a trip to Canada and are occupying their home on Jackson Street.

Bishop Sidney Partridge and Mrs. Partridge have returned to their home in Kansas City.

Miss Sydney Davis will sail next week from Europe, where she has been traveling for the past year. En route home she will spend a month with relatives in the East.

Miss Priscilla Ellicott has arrived in Vallejo, where she has joined her father, Captain J. M. Ellicott, U. S. N., commander of the U. S. S. *Maryland*. Mrs. Ellicott is expected home shortly from Honolulu, where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ross S. Kingsbury.

Mrs. John Gill has returned to her home in Redlands after a visit in San Mateo with her sister, Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock.

Miss Helen Bowie has recently been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Stanley Rammage, at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward de Witt Taylor have gone to Carmel-by-the-Sea for an outing of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Sr., have returned to their home in Los Altos after a visit in Monterey.

Mrs. Gustav Touchard of New York is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Alexander McCracken, in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mein have returned from Monterey and are established in their home on Laguna Street, between Pacific Avenue and Broadway. Mrs. Mein is the daughter of Mr. Gardiner Williams and the late Mrs. Williams of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy is in Portland visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brooke.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy have returned to Burlingame after a visit in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Sturtevant Foss (formerly Miss Dorothy Chapman) have arrived in Boston, where they will reside. They expect to leave in November for a trip to Europe.

Mrs. Harry L. Miller and her daughter, Miss Jean Miller of San Diego, are the guests of Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lawrence and their daughter, Miss Edna Lawrence, are the guests of Mrs. Hearst at her home in Pleasanton. They have been spending the past month in Monterey.

Mrs. Frederick Funston and her children sailed Wednesday, September 6, for Manila, where they will join General Funston, U. S. A.

Mr. Hamilton Bryan, son of Mrs. Prentiss Cohb Hale, has arrived from Annapolis and was accompanied by several of his classmates, who will be his guests during their visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker are at present at the Hotel Majestic in Paris. They expect to sail November 1 for New York, where they will spend several weeks en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston sailed on the *Tenyo Maru* for a trip around the world. She was accompanied by her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Norris, Miss Eliza McMullin, and Mr. John McMullin will leave Wednesday for the East. Mr. McMullin is planning to sail in October for Europe, where he will remain several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith have moved to the Fairmont Hotel, where they will spend the winter. They have been occupying the house on Laguna Street of Dr. Washington Dodge and Mrs. Dodge.

Miss Florence Butler is contemplating a visit to Honolulu, where she will spend several months with her sister, Mrs. Rudolph Buckley.

Mr. William Bethune Ireland has returned from Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Ireland are established in the home on Pacific Avenue of the Rev. Kirk Guthrie.

Miss Innes Keeney spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon at their home in Menlo.

Miss Marion Allen has sufficiently recovered from her recent severe illness at the Lane Hospital to be moved to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Allen.

Dr. P. L. Wheeler, Mrs. Wheeler, and their family have returned to their home on Broadway after their summer outing.

Mrs. Kate S. Shirley has returned to her home in San Diego after a visit in San Mateo with her sister, Mrs. L. P. Reynolds, wife of Paymaster Reynolds, U. S. N.

Mrs. Selby Hanna and Mrs. Charles Huse have returned from Carmel-by-the-Sea and are the guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Wells. They expect to leave October 15 for Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell will leave Tuesday for the East to place their son, Edward G. Schmiedell, Jr., in school.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark and their family returned to town Tuesday after having spent the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. Theodore Payne has returned from Europe.

Miss Julia Duval, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. George A. Moore, in Ross, is now the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Duval, at their home in Napa.

Rev. Edward Morgan arrived last Friday from Europe, where he spent six months.

Mrs. Harry Chickering and her sister, Miss Florence Henshaw, are contemplating a trip to Europe.

Mrs. T. S. Wilson and her daughter, Miss Nancy Wilson, have arrived from Philadelphia for an indefinite visit. They are at Mare Island with Lieutenant-Commander T. S. Wilson, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. *Colorado*.

Major Carroll Buck, U. S. A., and Mrs. Buck have returned from Lake Tahoe and are again in their home on Alcatraz Island.

Brigadier-General David S. Gordon, U. S. A. (retired), is established for the winter at the Hotel Victoria.

Captain Thomas Q. Ashburn, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio after a visit in the East.

Admiral Chauncey Thomas, U. S. N., and Mrs. Thomas will spend the winter at the Hotel Victoria.

Captain Mortimer O. Bigelow, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at division headquarters in this city until the sailing of the next transport to Manila, where he will go to join his regiment.

Major Frederick H. Sargent, U. S. A., has been a recent visitor from the Presidio, Monterey.

First Lieutenant Madison H. Bowman, U. S. A., will leave February 5 for the Philippines.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., commander-in-chief of the Western Division, who has been enjoying a visit in Yellowstone Park, has arrived at Fort Miley.

Lieutenant-Commander Pope, U. S. N., Mrs. Pope, and the latter's mother, Mrs. N. M. Drum, have arrived at Mare Island after an absence of several years.

Dr. Beverly MacMonagle and Mrs. MacMonagle, who have been traveling in Europe for the past year, have decided to remain abroad indefinitely. Their son, Mr. Douglas MacMonagle, is established in a college in Munich.

Mrs. Jane Whittier Bothin will spend the next two years in the East, to be near her daughter, Miss Genevieve Bothin, who will attend Miss Bennett's school on the Hudson.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, the Misses Marion and Kate Crocker, and the Messrs. Harry and Clark Crocker left Thursday for the East. They were accompanied by a bevy of young people returning to their Eastern schools.

Dr. H. B. de Marville and Miss Cora de Marville will go for the opening of the shooting season in France to Count and Countess d'Ozouville, at their château of La Roche Pichemer in Normandy.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Ehrman will sail for home September 20 after a six months' sojourn in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Fries and Miss Dorothy K. Fries have returned from Lake Tahoe and are again occupying their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel for the winter.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, were Mr. R. Colgan, Mr. D. A. Colgan, Mr. F. E. Harris, Mr. C. J. Brown, Mr. A. B. Gilchrist, Mr. and Mrs. K. G. Dunn, Mr. Virgil Maxcey, Mr. Willard Chamberlain, Mr. A. M. Hower, Mrs. B. A. Deval, Mrs. G. M. Nevin, Mr. J. A. Hoyt, Mr. F. E. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Walker, Mr. I. W. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Trodden, Mr. and Mrs. James Peabody.

Recent arrivals at Ætna Springs from San Francisco include Dr. and Mrs. M. F. Gabbs, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Gay, Miss Marjorie Gay, Mr. Charles D. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Carman, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Willett, Miss Ola Willett, Mrs. John Daniel, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Shingler, Mr. F. W. Eaton, Mr. J. R. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Empey, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harrington, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hawks, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh R. Larzelere, Mr. and Mrs. Harold M. Law, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Pockwitz, Mr. and Mrs. A. Poheim, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Crim, Mr. and Mrs. C. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Dollar.

Mahel Reigelman's Concert.

Mahel Reigelman, the singer who was taken up by Gadski and subsequently won fame on the operatic stage in Europe and the East, is to give a concert at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon, September 17. It will be the last appearance here of the young California songbird prior to her appearance with the Grand Opera Company in New York and Chicago, when she sings in "Hansel and Gretel." The singer will have as accompanist the well-known pianist Frederick Maurer, Jr. The programme will include songs and arias from Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Fitzner, Humperdinck, Cyril Scott, Foote, Maurer, Marshall, Zech, Woodman, and Nicolai.

The Metropolitan Musical and Lyceum Bureau of this city will have a numher of concert companies touring the Coast that have never appeared in California. Among them are Carrie Swain and company, the New York Oratorio Quartet, the Southerners Concert Company, the Neapolitan Troubadours, the Liberty Concert Company, the Hettie Dunaway Concert Company, the Estelle Gray Concert Company, the Roney Boys Concert Company, the Aurora Concert Company, the Wehrmann Quartet, the Ernest Gamble Company, Josef Konecny and company, and the Jeanette Jewel Kellogg Company.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

ORDER FOR PUBLICATION OF SUMMONS.

Upon reading and filing the affidavit of EFFIE I. SIMONS, and it satisfactorily appearing therefrom that the defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS, can not he located in the State of California, and, after due diligence, can not he found within this state, and it also appearing from the complaint herein duly verified hy said plaintiff that a good cause of action exists herein in favor of the plaintiff, and against the said defendant, the said action being to dissolve the honds of matrimony existing between the said plaintiff herein and the said defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS;

And it further appearing that a summons has been duly issued out of said court in this action, and that personal service of the same can not he made upon the said defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS, for the reasons hereinhefore contained, and hy the said affidavit made to appear;

On motion of Bush Finnell, attorney for the plaintiff, it is ordered that the service of the summons in this action he made upon the defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS, hy publication thereof in "The Argonaut," a newspaper published at said city and county of San Francisco, herehy designated as the newspaper most likely to give notice to said defendant; that such publication he made at least once a week for two months.

And it further in like manner satisfactorily appearing to me that the last known residence of said defendant was at the city and county of San Francisco, state of California, it is ordered and directed that a copy of the summons and complaint in this suit he forthwith deposited in the United States postoffice, at the city and county of San Francisco, post paid, directed to said defendant at his said last known place of residence.

JOHN J. VAN NOSTRAND, Judge.

Dated this 5th day of September, A. D. 1911.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

AFFIDAVIT OF EFFIE I. SIMONS.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, being first duly sworn, deposes and says: that she is the plaintiff in the above entitled action.

That on the 29th day of August, A. D. 1911, affiant commenced an action to dissolve the honds of matrimony existing hetween herself and CLARENCE F. SIMONS, the defendant herein.

Affiant says that she has not seen the defendant for the two years last past; that the last affiant knew of the said defendant he was residing in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California, and affiant says that she has now no knowledge as to the whereabouts of said defendant. EFFIE I. SIMONS.

Subscribed and sworn to hefore me this 5th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) M. V. COLLINS,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

BUSH FINNELL, Attorney for Plaintiff, Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Dilly—I'm lost when my wife is away. *Dally*—I can never find my way home, either. —*Town Topics.*

"Shall I break the had news to Justine?" "Not this moment. Wait till she has put the plates down."—*Pêle Mêle.*

"Jack is hlindly in love with you." "How do you know?" "He told me he didn't think you looked a day over twenty-nine."—*Toledo Blade.*

"How are you getting along in the law husiness, old man?" "I have one client." "Is he rich?" "He was."—*Boston Transcript.*

Country Boarder—Do you think that mosquitoes carry malaria? *Farmer*—I dunno; they never took any away from here.—*Baston Transcript.*

Little Marjory—Mamma, what is a spinster? *Mother*—A spinster, my dear, is a woman to he envied. But don't tell your father I said so.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Intimate Friend—Where do you expect to go on your wedding trip? *Prospective Bride (who is about to espouse her fourth)*—Well, I've generally gone to Niagara Falls.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"I am going to hlow out my hrains!" "If you are a good enough shot to do that you can do hetter hy leaving your hrains where they are and going into vaudeville."—*Houston Daily Post.*

"How is your college son getting along with his career?" "Well, so far he has heen a ticket taker, a hill collector, a motorman, and a soda-water dispenser."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"What on earth possessed Mrs. Readycash to marry that dry goods clerk?" "She couldn't resist him, you know. When she first met him he was at the hargain counter." —*Toledo Blade.*

"What husiness do you think your son will adopt?" "Can't say," replied Farmer Corntossel, "hut judging hy the hours Josh keeps, I should say he was naturally cut out to be a milkman."—*Washington Star.*

"This is good wine. I must take home a few hottles to my wife." "She never touches wine, as you know." "True; hut it will he a little present for her, and I can keep it from going to waste."—*Washington Herald.*

Old Maid—But why should a great strong man like you he found hegging? *Wayfarer*—Dear lady, it is the only profession I know in which a gentleman can address a heautiful woman without an introduction—*London Sketch.*

"What we want," said the puhlisher, "is the terse, hard-hitting modern style of expression." "I know," replied the writing person; "the stuff that sounds like profanity with a little henzoate of soda in it."—*Washington Star.*

"Which would you rather achieve, wealth or fame?" "I don't know," replied the matter-of-fact person. "It depends on whether you prefer heing asked to write in a checkhook or an autograph alhum."—*Washington Evening Star.*

"I hear they are wearing nothing hut old clothes at Plunkville-Under-the-Peak. That's the place for you to go, wife." "Yes, 1 can take seven trunks of old clothes. If old clothes are the racket, I can make a splurge." —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Have you seen Niagara? It is a magnificent torrent." "No; I have never encountered that magnificent torrent, hut I can appreciate what it is. I once heard an insurgent congressman make his maiden speech."—*Washington Herald.*

"I should like to open an account at this hank, if you please." "We shall he glad to accommodate you, madam. What amount do you wish to deposit?" "Oh, hut I mean a charge account, such as I have at the hig dry goods stores."—*Chicaga Tribune.*

He (wondering if his rival has been accepted)—Are hoth your rings heirlooms? *She (concealing the hand)*—Oh, dear, yes. One has heen in the family since the time of Alfred, hut the other is newer—*(blushing)*—it only dates from the conquest.—*Tit-Bits.*

"I am sending you a thousand kisses," he wrote to his fair young wife, who was spending her first month away from him. Two days later he received the following telegram: "Kisses received. Landlord refuses to accept any of them on account." Then he woke up and forwarded a check.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Did you see me throw a kiss to you when I was leaving the house this morning?" asked the man of the house, eagerly. "To me?" echoed his wife. "Why, my dear, I wasn't near the window when you left the house." "You must have heen. Somehody returned the kiss. Who was it?" "I haven't the slightest idea. But you know the new servant girl who wasn't satisfied and intimated that she was ahout to leave us? Well, just after you had gone down town, she came to me and said she had decided to stay on trial for another week."—*Boston Traveler.*

"These skyscrapers are a great convenience," said the man who is engrossed in husiness. "In what way?" "When your doctor orders you to a higher altitude, all you have to do is to take the elevator."—*Washington Star.*

"What's the hill for fixing my auto?" asks the strange patron. "It figures up to $110, sir," replies the garage man. "Whew! I'll have to give you a check. I left all my money in my drug store." "Why, are you a druggist?" "Yes." "Oh, in that case the hill will be a dollar and a quarter. We fellows ought to stand together."—*Chicago Post.*

MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur.

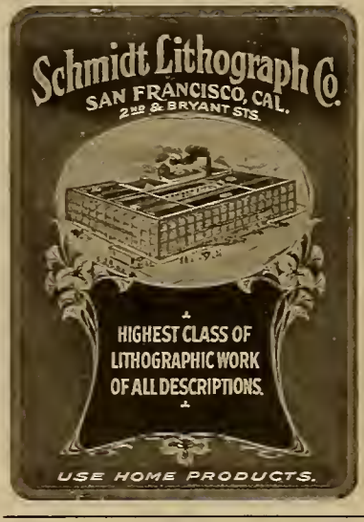
By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herhs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resemhling the monks' product.

In ahout all suhstantial details the claims of the monks have heen upheld, except that the defendant company has not heen held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade-mark did not constitute ahandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.—*New York Herald*, June 20, 1911.

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Issue.

Something deeper than the ordinary motives of political feeling lies back of the tense public mind toward the coming election. It is a conviction that in this election San Francisco is to declare her position and fix her status in relation to certain great movements of the time. Questions of administration, even considerations of civic decency, enter into the contest, holding, perhaps, an undue share of campaign attention. But underlying these questions there is a more profound issue, one which consciously or otherwise inspires everybody with a sense of the importance of next Tuesday's voting.

For full ten years the life of San Francisco has been dominated in one measure or another by a system in politics and industry now represented by P. H. McCarthy. Under this system we have seen the fortunes and the repute of our city sink lower and lower. Our commerce has declined; our industries have all but vanished; our credit before the world is impaired; our self-respect is shocked and abashed. Yet—even with the facts in plain and painful view—there is no sign of remorse, no moderation of purpose on the part of those who are riding San Francisco to destruction. They are as determined now, under the principle of rule or ruin, as they were when they fixed their system upon us ten years or more ago.

The principles, the pretensions, the practices of McCarthyism—these taken together make the issue against which the conservatism, the responsibility, the respectability of San Francisco marches to the polls as if to a battlefield next Tuesday. Some among us attempt to disguise this issue or seek to minimize it, to gloss it over with broad and even gracious phrases, to narrow it down to relatively trifling considerations of administrative propriety or of civic economy. All such beguile themselves or seek to do so. But even they in their deeper understanding know that the fight is for more serious things.

It is a fight first of all for equal rights under the American principle in the spheres of politics and industry. It is a fight for conditions that will give San Francisco a fair field in the rivalries of commerce. It is a fight for the right of the individual man under the principles of liberty as defined in law and tradition to labor in any legitimate occupation untaxed and undisturbed. It is a fight for the privilege assumed to be guaranteed by law as well as by right to bring up our youth in industry and under discipline; and by the same token it is a fight against a system which shuts the door of industrial opportunity against our youth, filling our streets and crowding our prisons with incompetents, hoodlums, and prostitutes of both sexes. It is indeed a fight in municipal affairs for integrity and economy, even for decency; but above and beyond that it is a fight for principles without which integrity, economy, even decency, are empty and idle names.

At times in this campaign we have feared that the man who stands at the forefront of the fight, as the champion of the right against the wrong, has not fully comprehended the significance of his position, or the tendencies and forces of political action. And now we dare to say to Mr. Rolph that if he hopes for support by minimizing the infamies of McCarthyism, by pleasant cajolements to those in sympathy with McCarthyism, he is fooling himself and wasting his breath. For those who stand for McCarthyism, however they may despise McCarthy himself, however they may deplore the crimes and shames of his administrative practice, will nevertheless on Tuesday next vote for McCarthy. No man, bound by his interests or his sentiments to the things for which McCarthy stands, will vote for Rolph. Mr. Rolph ought to know this; and representing as he does the principles of equal right and privilege under the law, with devotion to the law and its integrity, he ought not to waste his energies in weak and futile appeals. His opponent makes no such mistake. For all his stupidity, for all his incapacity to comprehend moral considerations, Mr. McCarthy hits the nail fairly on the head. His appeal, arrogant and brutal as it is, does not wince at the real issue. He makes no scruple of standing openly for the violations of traditional American principle, for the invasions of the law, for the restrictions of right and privilege, for the infamies of practice which taken together form his political creed and supply the inspirations of his policy of rule or ruin.

The fight is none the less for definite and positive principles because the banner of opposition to McCarthyism has not been borne with entire frankness and courage. It is a case where issues are greater than candidates; and the public so understands it. No political event in recent times has inspired an interest so universal or intense; for it is felt with an instinct of assurance which inspires men in all real crises, that something more important than superficial and transient things are in the balance. There is the same spirit on both sides. Those who are for the domination of a class in politics, for concession to profitable vice, for restriction and terrorism in industry, for shutting the door of opportunity to youth, for a scheme of rule or ruin in San Francisco, for the trampling underfoot of every principle fundamental in American ideas and essential to equality and justice among men—all such will vote for McCarthy. Those who resent the domination of a class in politics, who are for equality and freedom in industry and social life, for enforcement of the laws including the protection of every citizen in his fundamental rights, for opportunity to youth, for a free and prosperous city, for respect and enforcement of traditional American principles, and incidentally for decency in municipal affairs—all such will vote for Rolph.

A Choice of Candidates.

Following its custom of many years, the *Argonaut* herewith presents a list of candidates for various offices who in its judgment may safely be voted for at the municipal election next Tuesday. It will be noted that the list is not complete, the reason being that the *Argonaut* has not been able in some instances to satisfy itself as to the fitness of any of the several candidates offering themselves. It hopes that individual voters may be able, through other sources of information, to supplement the suggestions herewith presented.

That out of so large a field of candidates so few seem worthy of commendation is a fact not without reflection upon the new system of nominations; and it is especially to be noted that most of the names which can confidently be commended have come down from the old system—a system which did not leave it for candidates to select themselves.

It is especially significant that out of an official list of 175 candidates for supervisor, the *Argonaut* does not find it possible to select a full ticket of eighteen. Where it can not have some assurance of character and of a reasonable conservatism of mind it prefers to make no recommendation.

We can not claim that the names herewith represent any exalted ideal or even a very high standard of merit. It is not a case where something ideal is to be looked for, but one where the best must be made out of the available material. So long as we have a system which requires the man aggressively to seek the office—so long as we require self-nomination and self-exploitation—we shall not find the best names in the community on any ticket of candidates:

For Mayor—James Rolph, Jr.
For Police Judge—Charles L. Weller.
For City Attorney—Percy V. Long.
For District Attorney—C. M. Fickert.
For Assessor—Washington Dodge.
For Auditor—John Lackmann.
For County Clerk—H. I. Mulcrevy.
For Treasurer—John E. McDougald.
For Tax Collector—David Bush.
For Recorder—Edmond Godchaux.
For Coroner—T. B. W. Leland.
For Sheriff—Frederick Eggers.

For Supervisors—

Paul Bancroft	Charles A. Moraghan
Patrick J. Boyle	Charles A. Murdock
George E. Gallagher	Henry Payot
J. E. Hayden	Alexander Russell
Fred J. Hilmer	J. G. Sala
Oscar Hocks	J. W. Treadwell
Thomas Jennings	Alexander T. Vogelsang
Adolph Koshland	

This list of supervisors lacks three of being complete, and as already suggested, it is hoped that information from other sources may supplement the suggestions here made.

We have left off the name of Daniel C. Murphy, can-

didate for supervisor, recommended by the Municipal Conference, because of the circumstances attending its acceptance by the conference. It was not the wish of the conferees to put Mr. Murphy's name on the ticket, due in part to his close affiliation with the Phelan-Spreckels outfit. While the ticket was under consideration (according to the statement of a member of the committee) Mr. Spreckels insisted that Murphy should be recommended, threatening that unless this be done he, Spreckels, would run for mayor, the implication behind this threat being that it would defeat Rolph and elect McCarthy. Under this menace the conferees, or enough of them to nominate, weakly gave in. A man thus forced on the ticket does not in the opinion of the *Argonaut* deserve support.

The candidacy of Mr. J. W. Treadwell is notable for the fact that alone of all the candidates he has had the moral fibre to declare in his formal statement for the open shop. We think it due to Mr. Treadwell that these phrases from his official statement as a candidate should be given to the readers of the *Arganaut:*

I believe in the principle of the "Open Shop," which simply means that every man or woman has the right to labor and earn a livelihood without any labor-union affiliation; that labor should be paid according to skill and industry; that the American boy should be free to master trades without restriction. Labor unions should not be opposed when conducted in a lawful manner, but I shall always stand for equal rights and opportunities for all men as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States.

It is my belief that the "Open Shop" will induce Eastern capital to invest generally in our city; build and maintain factories and reopen many practically closed industries, and in a word, make San Francisco the second largest and most prosperous city in America.

If elected I will see that so far as the city's business is concerned that the "Open Shop" principle shall be enforced and every individual or firm shall have an equal right to labor for the city or enter into and carry out contracts with the city. I ask for the vote of every patriotic citizen.

Unfortunately Mr. Treadwell's identification with public affairs is hardly sufficient to give due emphasis to his attitude on this question, for if it were we should have in his vote, whatever it may be, a measure of the public mind with respect to the open-shop issue. The candidacy of Mr. Treadwell, we fear, is not calculated to bring out a full expression of open-shop sentiment. None the less, the position and the courage of the man are to be commended, and he deserves the support of every man who stands for the open shop.

The Prosecuting Attorneyship.

Recent and painful experience has impressed upon the people of San Francisco the importance of putting the office of prosecuting attorney in independent hands. It has been seen how a prosecuting attorney, subject to influence, so weak as to surrender his official powers to private and vengeful domination, may turn this agency of justice into an instrument of persecution and at the same time multiply the confusions of community life. These considerations are brought to every informed mind by the candidacy of Mr. Ralph L. Hathorn for the district attorneyship. Without seeking to discredit Mr. Hathorn in his private character, it must still be said that he is not above the suspicions implied in these suggestions. His associations and affiliations alike identify him with a coterie which for a considerable time controlled the district attorney's office and whose revengeful activities became a public scandal and a public injury. Mr. Hathorn ought not to be elected to the prosecuting attorneyship because there is reason to fear that he would not in that office be free from wrong influences.

There are several candidates; but the choice, we are told, lies practically between Mr. Hathorn on the one hand and Mr. Charles M. Fickert on the other. The *Argonaut* has no hesitation in commending Mr. Fickert as its choice. He came into office two years ago under circumstances of serious embarrassment. He found it involved in impossible prosecutions, looted of its records, involved in vexatious problems. Every trick that malice and resentment could invent was put upon him by those who had controlled the policies of the office over and through his nominal predecessor. There was a systematic effort to put him before the public in a discreditable light. That Mr. Fickert made no mistakes we will not say. But this much must be said to his credit, that no man has been his master, that no scandal has attached to his administration. Entering upon his official term under circumstances calculated to test judgment and courage, he approaches its end with augmented public and private respect. San Francisco, we think, can not do better than to reëlect Mr. Fickert. He has fairly earned the vote of confidence that reelection only can give him.

The Assassination of Stolypin.

If any one was surprised by the attack on the life of M. Stolypin it was certainly not M. Stolypin himself. During his five years' premiership of Russia he has faced death not only daily, but hourly. He took reasonable precautions against the assassin, but no one ever suggested that he was capable of fear, or indeed of any other human emotion. During the last five years he has rarely been seen on the streets or in any public place except the Duma, and he was never actually seen to enter the Duma. He was always there, but his route was known only to the secret police. He often slept in one or other of the executive offices when he was so closely besieged by his enemies that even the police could not extricate him, and upon one occasion he said to a friend, "I have but to open that door and I should be dead before I could reach the street." The slightest deviation from the course laid down for him, an unguarded exposure of his person in public, and M. Stolypin would have left the stage long ago. And yet after five years of such a life as this the Russian premier showed no sign of weakness or of strain. In outward appearance he was as exquisitely dainty as ever he was. His character was as remorseless, as tense, as electric, as on the day when he first took office. M. Stolypin has shed more blood in deliberation than any man of his day and yet he is neither cruel nor merciful, neither vicious nor virtuous. If we can imagine an intellectual engine of titanic power there we have the Russian premier. Sentiments, emotions, compunctions, and reluctances formed no part of him. He was as incapable of sympathy as he was of smiling, and no one ever saw M. Stolypin smile.

His career is a startling instance of the extent to which one resolute man may, under exceptional conditions, nullify the will of a nation. Every one remembers the shout of congratulation that welcomed the declaration of a Russian constitution and the creation of the Duma. It was supposed to be a charter of liberty for the Russian people, the end of the bloody travail of a hundred years. The mistake was in supposing that the Russian aristocracy had any intention to reform anything, or that any such instrument as a constitution could be effective without a hearty and honest wish to make it effective. There was no such wish. It is possible that the poor drooling little Czar had a moment of maudlin benevolence toward the nation, but if so he soon recovered from it, and it was Stolypin who showed him how to drive the imperial coach through the constitution and the Duma too. The Duma never had a tenth of the power possessed by an American board of supervisors. It was never much more than a debating society, but Stolypin took care to draw its legislative teeth before they could cut through the gums. The operation was simple enough. The acts of the Duma were subject in every instance to the approval of the Czar. He could adjourn it and keep it adjourned practically as long as he wished. But this was not enough for the premier. He proceeded to put into force Article 87 of the constitution to the effect that when the Duma was not sitting the Czar might legislate in his own name, such laws being presented to the Duma for ratification within two months of a resumption of parliamentary activity. But seeing that there could be no resumption without the will of the Czar, and seeing also that the Duma could at once be adjourned if it failed to show itself subservient, and it will be understood that the whole constitution became a piece of farcical hypocrisy. And as a matter of fact it has been impotent and practically non-existent ever since. Stolypin was the dictator of Russia. He had not even a rival. The whole of history could furnish no more perfect example of one-man rule, of undisputed tyranny.

The present attack may be the signal for a new outburst of revolutionary activity. It is already overdue. Stolypin was about to promulgate a new measure of persecution against the Jews. A month ago Heliodorus, the "mad monk" of Tsaritsyn, announced that a massacre of Jews and intellectuals was imminent after the congress of the "Black Hundreds." The status of the Jew is always an index to the progress of the revolutionary movement in Russia. The Russian Jew is not persecuted because of his religion, for Russia is usually tolerant of other faiths. He is persecuted because he is a revolutionist and because—to his honor be it said—he readily places his exceptional intelligence at the service of liberty. The Jews of Russia form a vast intelligence bureau, an institution useful enough in a country where no man may safely write a letter. The Jews are the colporteurs of the revolution. They are always safe because they are always sober and secretive. Stolypin knew that to strike at the Jews is to strike at the revolution, and the same motive is behind all Jewish massacres and all Jewish persecution. The religious ferocity of the "Black Hundreds" is always stimulated by the court party, which sometimes uses the orderly methods of the ukase and sometimes the bludgeon of the murderer, but always with the same object, to destroy the political activities of a feared and hated race. That the Jews are to be attacked once more and that retaliation for that attack should come so swiftly and so surely are not reassuring for the immediate future of Russia.

Two Modest Mayors.

In the year 1909 the city and county of San Francisco set about the construction of a great public hospital. It was to be the successor of an institution established for more than half a century. The project had been long discussed; the means for it had been provided by public taxation. The enterprise proceeded from no individual or official initiative, but rather from public necessity and through public generosity. It so happened that Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor occupied the mayor's chair at the time when this work was begun, and with a fine modesty he caused his name to be graven in the cornerstone of the projected structure. Following in order of official rank came the names of one Charles Day, president of the board of public works, Dr. William Ophuls, president of the board of health, and those of Newton J. Tharp and Loring Rixford, architects.

A few months later Dr. Taylor was succeeded in the mayoralty by Patrick H. McCarthy; and not very long thereafter the Taylor cornerstone was extracted and in its place there was put another bearing the names of P. H. McCarthy, mayor, Michael Casey, president, and Charles Laumeister and William A. Newsom, members of the board of public works, George Lee Eaton, president of the board of health, and N. J. Tharp and H. I. Coffey, architects. It will be noted that in both instances the men who made the plans—the assumed makers of the structure—were placed last. Nothing was said in either case about the public beneficence by which the work was inspired or the public liberality which paid the bills.

Now by what right Mayor Taylor *et al.* or Mayor McCarthy *et al.* wrote their names upon a public structure to which neither had contributed other than as a small taxpayer, if at all, is not apparent. Neither had conceived the enterprise, neither had provided for it in any personal way, neither carried it into execution. To have recorded the names of the architects might have been neither unreasonable nor unworthy, even though unnecessary, but for the mayors to put their own names upon the structure was an act at once arbitrary, gratuitous, impertinent. Mayor McCarthy's part in this interesting proceeding, bad as it is, is not very much worse than that of Mayor Taylor's. In one case as in the other there was an exposé of unbounded assumption and of unblushing vanity.

The structure in question is a product of the humanity of the people of San Francisco. They authorized it, provided the money for it. It would seem that Dr. Taylor, who as a poet ought to be a man of sensibilities, should have seen the propriety of making the building certify not to the accidental and temporary fact of his occupancy of the mayor's chair, but to the charity and humanity of San Francisco. Nothing so reflective of refinement was to be expected from a ruffian like McCarthy. In this as other things it was natural enough that he should exploit to the uttermost his greed for cheap reputation, his chances of political advertisement. And then he had the pretext if not the justification of an immediate precedent.

In other and larger relations human vanity or human resentment have found means to similarly exploit themselves. The monuments of Persia and Egypt bear mute witness of the vanity which first wrote the names of rulers and victors upon public structures and which in subsequent times effaced these names and substituted for them the names of other rulers and victors. Human nature is pretty much the same in all ages. Taylor and McCarthy are the legitimate successors, under the inspirations of personal conceit and the power of a little brief authority, of Zarathustra and Rames

In contrast with the assumption and impert

of our more or less honorable mayors, as illustrated in this incident, is the familiar inscription graven above the portal of Columbia University in New York—an inscription which declares in simple phrase that this school is established in support of knowledge and culture and that it is sustained from generation to generation by the public for the welfare of mankind and the glory of God. Under the conception of Messrs. Taylor and McCarthy this noble dedication might have gained emphasis from the personal endorsement of Boss Tweed or Oakey Hall. Perhaps the authorities of Columbia, when they see how much better we do things in San Francisco, may supply a manifest omission.

The Recall in Seattle.

The experience of Seattle seems to indicate that the recall is one of those political freaks that soon wearies and disgusts good citizenship. Indeed it could hardly be otherwise. The modern community that elects to live in a perpetual brew of official intrigue, malice, and scandal must be prepared to find itself on the down grade. Commerce can not live in such an atmosphere. Nothing reputable can live in it. Seattle has discovered that the recall means constant employment for the agitator with its inevitable results of business uncertainty, instability, and loss of confidence, and therefore Seattle merchants have had enough of it, at least for the present.

When Mayor Gill was recalled last winter the incident was cited everywhere as a triumph for the new machinery. An unworthy servant had been removed by a sovereign democracy and similar unworthy servants everywhere had received a salutary warning to be upon their best behavior. It is true the operation cost a great deal of money and created a vast amount of bitterness and rancor. Trade was disturbed, the city subjected to the turmoil of an election, and the basis laid for long-enduring feuds. But what are trifles like this in comparison with the assertion of a principle and the opportunity to speechify, circularize, and pose?

The recall of Mayor Gill and the election in his place of Mayor Dilling took place last February, and we may now witness the conclusion of a frantic and unsuccessful effort to repeat the process, to unseat Mayor Dilling, and to fill the mayoralty chair for the third time within six months. And they have been six months of incessant plotting and of all those hateful manœuvres inseparable from elections and with a bitterness intensified by the new circumstances. Obviously it was an easy thing to remove a mayor. Any one may circulate a petition to that effect. Incredible as it may seem, the law does not require even citizenship. Whoever is "competent to make an affidavit"—and a Chinaman is competent to make an affidavit—may hand around these pernicious petitions and appeal to the general vanity that loves to see its name on an official document. Naturally enough, Mayor Dilling began at once to do some unpopular things. All mayors must necessarily offend some sections of public opinion, and those particular sections will be resentful. He was accused of lukewarmness in the persecution of the "interests," and the women attacked him because he refused to dismiss a jailor whom they said was brutal and to deprive him of the pension that he would have earned in 1912 after twenty years of service. Then there was ex-Mayor Gill, who was anxious to administer to his successor some of the medicine that he himself had been compelled to take, and who naturally fomented all the discontent and peevish criticism in sight. That an effort would be made to recall Mayor Dilling was a foregone conclusion. The ease with which the recall could be worked was a guaranty that it would be invoked against all mayors in the future, good and bad alike, since all mayors must necessarily arouse hostility from some one. In this case the petition seemed to be successful. It was circulated by a woman, and it was quite easy to find enough people to make up 25 per cent of the vote cast at the last election. Nine people out of ten are flattered by a request for their signature, and give it almost without regard to the purpose. The petition would have gone through easily but for the neglect of its promoters to provide a sufficient margin of signatures. They did not foresee that nearly twelve hundred of those who signed would ask to have their names removed from the petition before it became effective.

That is actually what happened. Nearly twelve hundred persons were so little aware of their responsibilities to the city that they gave their signatures upon request and then changed their alleged minds within a few hours. The petition failed for this cause, but the reformers are now loudly asserting that it shall not fail again for such a reason. Since voters are pliant enough and vain enough to sign almost anything put in front of them there is no reason why Seattle should not indulge in one perpetual election and spend the whole of her time in choosing and recalling her mayors—and every one else.

Already the merchants are up in arms against the recall. It is said that nearly every business man in Seattle signed the following petition:

> We, the undersigned, citizens of Seattle, firmly believing that it is of the utmost importance that this community should be a united one, and that bickerings should cease that the city may progress on material lines, regret the recall movement now fostered in our midst, and do hereby call upon all citizens who have the good of the city at heart, and the newspapers, to use their best efforts to the end that such movement be defeated.

Such an appeal may have its ultimate result, but it is to be remembered that the electorate has just been enormously swollen by the women's vote, a vote that is inexperienced, with its own standard of propriety, and eager for self-expression. It is too soon to hope that Seattle will abandon a piece of political quackery that has already proved so mischievous, but her example ought not to be lost upon other communities that have not yet taken a step so destructive to orderly government, so provocative of the incessant jostling and scrambling of the worst elements of society. It is true that the attempt to recall the present mayor of Seattle was started by well-intentioned people, but if there is anything more injurious than good intentions unguided by sagacity it has yet to be heard of. But although the movement was begun by well-meaning people it was continued by those who were by no means well-meaning. It was inevitably espoused by the ex-mayor, and in his train came the tenderloin, the gamblers, and the criminals. These are the classes who profit by political excitement and who are always ready to promote it. It is the good citizen who asks for the quiet life, the bad citizen who is always ready for turmoil and change. It was a woman philanthropist of Seattle who was most active in circulating the petition against Mayor Gill. It was the tenderloin, the dive, the saloon, that supported the petition. The only way to good government is the prosaic way of electing good officials, electing them soberly, cautiously, responsibly, and with a recognition of results. The worst of all ways is by such mountebank expedients as the recall.

The Upheaval in Europe.

The grave social disturbances that are now convulsing very large areas of the continent of Europe suggest the existence of some common cause operating in various ways according to national temperament and the conditions of the moment. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that there is not one of the larger countries of the old world that is not on the brink either of war or of revolution. Martial law has been declared throughout the whole of Spain. Her neighbor, Portugal, is seething with plots and counter-plots. Vienna is occupied by troops and the ordinary law is in abeyance. No one can say how soon Russia will advance from revolution by assassination to the infinitely more deadly form of revolution by openly organized force. The situation in many parts of France is one of rebellion under the spur of actual starvation. In Germany there is a sort of financial panic, while the government and the Socialists are manœuvring for a death grip. In England the strike is over so far as outward appearances go, but the fires are smouldering fiercely and no one can say how soon they may break out again. The international situation is hardly less menacing. Alternately it brightens and darkens from day to day, but there is no change in the feverish preparations for war. France, Germany, and England are primarily concerned, Russia would certainly be involved, and the Belgian frontiers are shining with bayonets in defense of her neutrality. Nor must it be forgotten that domestic troubles are more likely to produce a foreign war than is the quarrel about Morocco. The rallying cry of patriotism and "the country is in danger" has been always a sovereign panacea against social discontent, and it would not be the first time that European governments have chosen war as the lesser of two evils. Decidedly the outlook is not a happy one.

It is comparatively easy to account for such an upheaval by a few glib economic phrases, but the reflective mind will not be so easily satisfied. It is not the first time in the history of the world that the contagious fever of discontent has passed like a scourge over a continent, taking such forms as a varying situation will permit. Such a period followed the religious Reformation in Germany. There was another such era that came closely after the teachings of Voltaire and Rousseau and that culminated in the French revolution and the more peaceful upheaval throughout all Europe. To deny the potency of economic causes would be futile, but we must look for psychological forces as well. When we can understand the moods and vagaries, the whims and the revolts of the individual mind we can comprehend the same phenomena in the collective mind. The cataclysm of the Peasants War in Germany was accompanied by great gold discoveries and by consequently high prices, but it was accompanied also by the Reformation and the abolition of the Canon Law with its moral restraints. There were great economic phenomena in connection with the French revolution, but there was also the breaking down of religious barriers, and however absurd such barriers may seem to be, their destruction is always followed by license. Humanity usually drinks too deeply of a suddenly acquired liberty and becomes intoxicated and therefore enslaved anew. There are startling parallels between the present situation and those that have been cited. Economic conditions are similar. The cost of living is unprecedently high throughout the world. Vast masses of men in Europe are actually and physically starving, and to this must be added the new ideas of a gaudily colored socialism, the Utopian propaganda of Tolstoy and his followers, and the teachings of Ferrer. Science of every kind has preached a sort of new evangel, but while the ranks of thought, invention, and discovery—the real aristocracy of the world—have moved forward, the great masses of people, more lethargic, have seemed to be left behind and even to move backward. In the midst of a general chorus of congratulation at mental achievement they alone have seemed to move only toward starvation. And, worse still, they are tacitly assured that the religious restraints into which they were born are mere superstitions, fairy tales for children and not for men. Why, then, should they hesitate?

It is a new idea that Europe is facing, and economics are but a part of it. How far the new idea will be explosive remains to be seen. New ideas are usually explosive, but perhaps human government has learned something during the last century or so. If not, then it is a bad outlook for Europe.

Probably the most peculiar lumbering operations in the world are being carried on in the Bay of Quinte, on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, forty miles from Oswego, New York, where powerful engines are hoisting valuable oak and walnut logs from the bottom of the bay. Some of them are fifty feet long and sound as the day they were felled, though many of these logs have been submerged for twenty-five years. Long ago the lake was surrounded by magnificent forests of oak, pine, and black walnut, and when the logs were felled and run into the lake for shipment, great numbers of the heaviest sank through their own weight or because they were covered with snow. Divers recently ascertained that the bottom of the bay was full of logs, and barges equipped with engines and grappling hooks are now hoisting them for commercial purposes. Hundreds of dollars' worth are raised daily.

Although it is supposed that the art of making shoes is most highly developed in the United States, it is a fact that students from Lynn, Massachusetts, and other cities near the centre of the shoemaking industry in this country attend the German government school in Wermelskirchen, a short distance from Cologne. The difference between an American workman and a German who has attended this school is that while the American is an expert in doing one thing the German has been taught how to buy leather, how to cut to the best advantage, and has been given a thorough course in the making of shoes from start to finish.

True porcelain was never produced in Persia, but hard paste porcelain in Persian forms and styles of decoration was made in China for the Persian market. Wine ewers with powder blue glaze and gold overglaze decoration, small vase, and bowls with bronze lustre glaze and designs reserved in white are found in collections of Persian ware, but these are unquestionably of Chinese origin.

About 250,000 immigrants are turned back every year by the immigration officials of this country. To guard the ports and boundaries against those whom the law forbids entry, the government employs nearly 2000 trained men.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

In the window of the Paris *Journal* office is an ancient Phœnician statuette bearing a painfully modern inscription to the effect that it was stolen from the Louvre on May 7. As it has been identified by the curator of the Louvre, we are justified in believing the whole of the story told by the polite and communicative thief, who regrets that out of the many articles taken by him from the galleries this is the only one that he is able to restore.

The *Journal* wishes it to be understood that it is not prepared to purchase everything that has been stolen from the Louvre. It has neither the money nor the storage space for such a purpose. Its original offer was a reward of $10,000 for the "Gioconda" and "no questions asked." This offer produced a letter from the thief of the statuette, who was willing to restore it at his own price, and as the proprietors of the *Journal* thought that it would make a good object lesson they paid the money and put the statuette in their window. The unnamed and unknown thief says that he began to steal from the Louvre in March, 1907. It was simplicity itself. It was so easy as to be tame and monotonous. It was like taking candy from a baby. He made a good deal of money by it, and so paid a visit to America. And on his return he decided to start a little museum of his own, being a man of æsthetic sensibilities. But to his consternation he found that he had competitors. Most of the accessible and portable objects had already been taken, but nevertheless he acquired a female bust nearly as big as himself and the Phœnician statuette. It took him twenty minutes to get away with the bust under his overcoat, and now that the "Gioconda" has been stolen he foresees that there will be combinations in restraint of trade and that he must abandon his idea of a private collection or else acquire it in some other way. And in confirmation of his story there in the *Journal* window is the Phœnician statuette identified by the curator as the property of the Louvre.

It seems almost a pity to demolish the arguments of those well-meaning people who point to arterial degeneration and to arteriosclerosis as warnings against the flowing bowl, the seductions of tobacco, and that form of modern life that is felicitously described as rapid. But it must be done when truth compels.

In this instance the mouthpiece of truth is Dr. Ruffer, who has performed a large number of autopsies on Egyptian mummies and whose conclusions are approved by the august *Lancet*. Dr. Ruffer says that "the old Egyptians suffered as much as we do now from arterial lesions identical with those found in the present time." Now we know that the ancient Egyptians did not smoke. We know that they were remarkably temperate in regard to alcohol, and there is every reason to believe that their standard of general virtue was a high one. In fact they were rather a blameless people, and there may even be two sides to the story of the little misunderstanding with Moses. How, then, shall we account for the arterial degeneration? Dr. Ruffer can not help us much to a theory, but he is quite sure that it was not caused by any of the things that are supposed to cause it nowadays. Moreover, he has dissected the bodies of 800 Mussulmans who never touched alcohol in their lives, and they, too, had the same difficulty with their arteries as we have. So we may eat, drink, and be merry and snap our fingers at arteriosclerosis.

The French army is about to discard its brilliant and gaudy attire and to drape itself in sombre hues. In 1870 the French uniform was an almost unmissable mark for Prussian sharpshooters, who upon the next occasion will find that they have a target almost indistinguishable from the soil.

The new uniform is not of khaki. France never imitates another country, for to do this would imply a lack of originality. She has devised a cloth of a light greenish gray that is almost invisible against ordinary natural backgrounds.

It is to be feared that war may become unpopular if it is thus robbed of its sartorial splendors. Great changes usually come in unforeseen ways, and it would certainly be curious if the efforts of peace advocates and their appeals to reason should be out-distanced by a change of uniform that renders the soldier less spectacular and therefore less interesting to the feminine eye. Forty years ago John Ruskin, addressing an audience of women, said that war would disappear forthwith if the great guns that tore into bloody fragments the bodies of men did but also crack the china upon the dining-room tables of England. He said that women kept the war fires burning, and that they could extinguish them by a word. Perhaps the sober clothing of the modern army will do its part in destroying the glamour created far more by the uniform than by the man who wears it.

The Rev. James King of Berwick-on-Tweed is doing what he can, by circulars and otherwise, to collect enough money for the erection of a fountain on Flodden Field to commemorate the spot whence Lady Clare fetched water for the dying Marmion. It will be remembered that Scott availed himself of a poetic license and spoke of a basin on which were the half-worn letters:

> Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray
> For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,
> Who built this cross and well.

There was no such fountain, although there was a stream that still runs by the roadside near Braxton church. Close at hand is Marmion's Hill, where, by a cross of stone, the unhappy maid tarried and where Lord Marmion died:

> Time's wasting hand has done away
> The simple cross of Sybil Grey,
> And broke her font of stone.

Many years ago the Marchioness of Waterford erected a memorial "Sybil Grey's Well" on Flodden Hill, but she altered the words of Scott in order to lend no countenance to the practice of praying for the dead. Moreover, the memorial was two miles from the correct spot, and for this double reason it may be fairly ignored. The Rev. Mr. King says that $500 would pay for a suitable memorial, and this seems a price small enough for the immortality it would confer. But the worthy clergyman says nothing about the proposed inscription. A monument without the words of Scott would be a folly. A monument that altered the words of Scott would be a crime. But will a somewhat dour Presbyterianism permit of a graven request to "pray for the kind soul of Sybil Grey." If not, perhaps we had better say no more about a monument.

A few weeks ago the English-speaking world was asked to come quickly to the relief of a few thousand Armenians who had been in rebellion against their government and were consequently reduced to privation. The appeal was signed by archbishops, bishops, and the clergy of lower degrees, who were appalled by a threatened destitution in the east of Europe. A few days later comes the news that the Yang-Tse-Kiang River in China has overflowed its banks, that 100,000 persons have been drowned, and that the crops have been totally destroyed. But there is no appeal from the archbishops, bishops, and clergy, and we may therefore assume that their previous attitude was dictated not so much by sympathy with the victim as by hatred of the Turk. Evidently the old crusading spirit is by no means dead. Christian Europe can still feel indignant that the invading Mohammedan should exercise sway over one small corner of the continent and that rivers of blood should have been unable to wash away the hold of the Mussulman upon the Holy Sepulchre. The victim of Turkish misrule can still command the practical sympathy of ecclesiastical Europe, a sympathy that remains relatively quiescent in the presence of vastly larger catastrophes elsewhere.

The raising of the ancient Roman boat from the bed of the Thames has occupied many weeks and has supplied a new problem to the engineers entrusted with the work. The wreck was deep in the mud of the river, and after an immersion of 1600 years its timbers were almost as soft as putty. It was necessary to surround it with a wooden casing before attempting to lift it, and it was then drawn by fifteen horses to its final resting-place, the night being chosen for the journey so that there should be no interference from the traffic. The ship is believed to have been one of the first ever built by the Romans for the defense of England, but whether it was destroyed in battle or by accident is a matter of conjecture.

A writer in the *Athenæum* has tried to analyze the factors that help in the production of men of letters. Taking the 284 names to be found in the Dictionary of English Literature, he finds that 126 had a public school and a university education, 80 had the latter only, 26 the former only, and 52 neither. It must, of course, be remembered that the English public school is by no means synonymous with the free or board school. But before drawing inferences from these figures, it would be interesting to know the kind of literature represented by the 284 names, and it would be well also to weigh the effect of a relatively leisurely life upon the production of men of letters. The cost of an English university career is so high that it is beyond the reach of the lower middle class, and we may therefore speculate on the comparative influence of the higher education and of an early life that is not only leisurely, but also free from the more sordid financial cares. In other words, we may ask what would have been the literary future of the 126 men who had public school and university advantage if they had had neither the one nor the other, while retaining the social ease that such an education ordinarily implies? It is so easy to confuse the *post hoc* with the *propter hoc*.

The Shanghai *Mercury* says that an imperial decree has been issued to viceroys and governors of provinces to instruct military councillors of provinces to study the military knowledge of the people in the army and their martial spirit and also the important points for the army to be stationed, as well as the areas for conscription, etc., and report with maps, diagrams, and explanations in view of enforcing the conscription system in China some time in the autumn. It is a matter for profound congratulation that China should thus show signs of awakening from the peaceful lethargy of centuries and should give such assurance of her intention to follow the example of the pioneers of civilization.

The rioting in France, Austria, and England reminds us that hunger is still the greatest motive power known to humanity, a power as fierce and as insatiable as in the days when the barbarians swept down upon the gates of Rome. In Europe the high price of living means something more than additional small economies in the domestic budget. It means that tens of thousands of families who live habitually upon the border line of destitution are now pushed over that line. From the little town of Somain in France, for example, comes the story of 2000 women who descended upon the railway station and took violently from the passengers every ounce of food that they carried, snatching their luncheon-baskets from their hands and eating the contents on the spot or hurrying away to their children with the raided supplies. Scenes such as this are reported from many districts. The riots in Vienna are hunger riots, and so, to a certain extent, were the riots in England. That a food scarcity should exist perpetually in large cities seems to be a part of our civilization, but the smaller towns are usually exempt from actual starvation, and that it should now exist in the French provinces is a sinister omen. A social system that keeps vast masses of people looking down continually over the precipice of destitution leaves much to be desired. Europe would do well to accelerate her reform movements. When these movements come at the bidding of actual hunger there is likely to be much broken crockery.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Midshipmite.

"Well, that's a woman I pity! Get out of your easy chair;
Look out of the window—that woman in black, with glory of red-gold hair."
"Why does she carry a primrose cross, and what has her misery been?"
"She has only lost her child, my lad, and is going to Kensal Green."

We prate of our little troubles, we men of muscle and brain;
We curse if our pipes of peace won't draw, and howl at the wind and rain;
And those of our band who scribble a bit are instantly down in luck
If they're stabbed in the back by an ignorant fool who hasn't a grain of pluck.

It's grim to feel you're honest—no doubt, possessing a soul to save—
When editors bribe some dissolute cad to hound you as cheat and knave.
'Tis God will winnow the false and true, who knows what our sins have been,
But think of poor innocent Margaret Gray, who is walking to Kensal Green.

What is her story? Well, light your pipe, and sit you down in your chair.
Two chapters: one, it is headed "Of Love," the other is marked "Despair."
I have seen some joy, but the Park at Knole was never in spring so gay
As when Margaret Welsb in Sevenoaks Church was married to Bernard Gray!

'Twas a runaway match in the Weald of Kent that was blessed by the parson prim;
His life was given to art—the stage, and hers was given to him;
Never a man have I known so pure, and never a girl so brave,
As were married that day in Sevenoaks Church, when the primrose covered the grave!

They talk of love in an empty way; but this was the crown of life
When Bernard seemed in a dream, and shook at the touch of his sweet-voiced wife.
Whenever they kiss'd, their eyes for love were brimming with tears of joy,
And the prize of happiness came next spring with the birth of their baby-boy.

What had they done to deserve God's wrath? In the old mysterious way
Death stretched his fingers out, and felt for the heart of Bernard Gray.
Life was too happy for him, poor lad! he'd been fading for years, they said;
And the mother and child were asleep one night when Bernard Gray lay dead!

Down like an avalanche swept despair through the house where love had smiled,
Crushing the innocent mother alone by the side of her only child—
As you make your bed you must tumble down, is the rule of our worldly life,
And there wasn't a soul to pity the fate of the destitute actor's wife.

For six long years, as I live 'tis true, in the midst of the city's din
She slaved and starved for her baby-boy, and her soul was free from sin;
And at last they said for the actor's child they had found on the stage a part,
So she said: "The gift that an artist gave I will dedicate pure to art."

They took him away from his mother, and her heart was sick and sore,
Though her baby-boy was the life and soul of "Her Majesty's Pinafore,"
Whenever the theatre rang with cheers and echoed with wild delight
A heart in the gallery shook with fear for the fate of the Midshipmite.

For the boy was odd, old-fashioned, and over-clever, 'twas said;
He was full of the strangest fancies, and complained of an aching head;
And one day, half in earnest, and possibly half in fun,
He asked, "Who will help us, mother, when the 'Pinafore's' ceased to run?"

'Twas the close of a heartless winter that changed to a cheerless spring,
With wind in the east that struck with a chill the child at the draughty wing,
When the mother found to her horror, the boy was too ill to sup,
And he said in his curious manner, "The 'Pinafore' run is up!

"Give me a kiss, my mother, and put me away to bed;
For my limbs they ache; I shiver; I've pains in my throbbing head.
I feel tonight so weary." And, out of his tuneful store,
He murmured the airs, in a childlike way, of "Her Majesty's Pinafore."

"Oh, say that you love me, darling!" she whispered, pale with fears.
But he murmured "Hardly ever," as he kissed away her tears.
And then, as a nightmare vision the mind of a sleeper haunts,
He said: "You'll be kind to my cousins, my sisters, and my aunts."

On the ship that had been his playground he sailed to his rest at last,
With a cheer for his baby comrades, as he clung to the yielding mast.
And he moaned out, racked with torture, as the sand in the hour-glass ran:
"Well, in spite of all temptation, your boy is an Englishman!"

* * * * * * * *

They buried the little sailor, quite close to his father's side,
Seven years from the day when in Sevenoaks Church his mother was made a bride.
So, there's the story of that which is! God knows what might have been.
And this is the reason why Margaret Gray is walking to Kensal Green! —*Clement Scott.*

Italy, the cradle of the salt industry, has been manufacturing salt commercially for 2500 years.

A NEW YORK FLOATING HOME.

Beneficent Latter-Day Purpose of an Old Time Passenger Ship.

When Mr. John Arbuckle, the wealthy coffee merchant, first entertained the idea of his unique philanthropical enterprise, he may have held some apprehension of failure, for many schemes for doing good have come to naught though founded on the best intentions. But his wisdom was equal to his courage and his benevolence, and the result has justified his confidence in his plan and its beneficiaries. There is no good reason why other millionaires should not follow his example, even to the last detail of his methods. He bought an old sailing vessel, past its day of usefulness on the high seas, and fitted it up as a hotel for working girls. Every practical fitting and device for the comfort of the guests of this floating home he had installed with lavish care. Then he fixed the price of entertainment at a figure within the means of those for whom he had planned, and waited for their acceptance. He had not long to doubt the success of his efforts. Almost immediately the hotel was filled, and few of those who have enjoyed its privileges have left it except for a change in their condition.

The good ship *Jacob A. Stamler* is moored in the river at the foot of East Twenty-Third Street. Outside appearances give few indications of the new purposes to which the vessel has been put, but a visit discloses a hundred changes since the time when it breasted ocean waves. There are several separate structures on the upper deck, and each has a purpose, but the most striking features are to be found below. First, a big dining-room, filled with tables for four, that seats more than a hundred at a meal. Next a spacious sitting and reading room, with a piano, rocking chairs, and books and magazines. Then the staterooms or cabins, of which there are more than fifty, on this and lower decks. Not large are these cabins, but they are not as small as those usual on Atlantic liners. In the days when passengers crossed from France to America in sailing vessels they expected and were given more room than steamers of the present day afford, because the voyage was longer. The *Stamler* was a good model in those early times, and its staterooms are not bad imitations of ordinary sleeping chambers in many New York hotels. Each room holds two girls, and the neatly fitted bunks, the hot and cold water basins, and necessary furniture do not make them appear unduly crowded. Every room is decorated with the pictures and ornaments that produce an air of homelike appreciation. Perfect ventilation is had by a system of pipes and fans.

Provision for the comfort of the guests of the hotel did not stop with arrangements for food and slumber. In the big workroom on the upper deck are sewing-machines run by electric motors. An elevator lifts those who can not climb with ease the stairs from the lower deck. Forward there is a laundry fitted with any number of necessary appliances for individual use, and soap, bluing, and starch are furnished without stint. No stress of weather affects the drying-room, for it is box-tight and warmed by hot air from the engines. The electric lights get their current from the plant which forms a part of the hotel equipment. On the upper deck there are also a number of sleeping tents, each occupied by two girls, and summer and winter alike they are favorite quarters with those who have once tried them. During the hot weather they are probably as cool sleeping-places as can be found in the city.

Little more needs to be said of the hotel fittings. Every material want is met in their scheme, and a hundred minor conveniences and helps have been thought out and established, proving the genuine interest of the owner. It is in other provisions that the benevolent wisdom of the enterprise is more fully exemplified. The girls for whom this home was made work in department stores, millinery establishments, and garment factories. They earn from five to six dollars a week. For their room, board, and all privileges in this hotel they pay $2.80 a week. This sum does not begin to meet the cost, but it is one of the requirements of the founder. He has often lent the money to girls to pay their rent, but he has made the rule that the rent must be paid. There is no flavor of charity about the place. Everything is not merely neat and in perfect order, but of good quality. Cheapness does not mean inferior supplies here. And beyond all this, Mr. Arbuckle has recognized the natural desire of young people for social life. There are no burdensome restrictions on the associations of the young women; in their stead there is an earnest endeavor to promote good acquaintance and worthy companionship.

Close beside the *Stamler* is a sister ship, only a little smaller, the *Gitana*. This is fitted up as a hotel for young men with almost similar arrangements throughout. A friendly association between the groups on the two vessels is encouraged. There are frequent entertainments and social gatherings. Music is supplied for a monthly dance. Romance is no stranger to the floating homes. Many matches have come from acquaintances made in the hotels, and last June seven couples were married on the *Stamler* in one day.

To this cheerful aspect of affairs the surroundings probably contribute their full share. In the same dock with the two floating hotels are many of the New York Yacht Club's trim craft. A recreation pier at one side is occupied by a band on summer evenings, and music is never wanting long. If not an ideal living-place for the young workers of both sexes, it is certainly much more agreeable than most boarding-houses on land. That the advantages offered are highly prized is demonstrated by the fact that all rooms are filled and there are always applications on file for occurring vacancies.

For three years these enterprises have been in operation. From the beginning Mr. Arbuckle has continued his personal interest in them. He visits them every Sunday and makes friends of his guests, and has their confidence. His manager on the *Stamler*, Captain Frank Sheeley, is a good executive, and there is no creaking of the machinery under his charge. It is doubtful if Manhattan can show a beneficence more thoroughly suited to its purpose, or more harmoniously and successfully managed. There should be more of the same kind. The three hundred young people in the two hotels are a very small detachment of the great industrial army of the metropolis. A fleet of a hundred such vessels could relieve the crowding pressure on the workers but little, yet its benefits would be inestimable.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, September 12, 1911.

John Hays Hammond has bought the estate of Samuel B. Crosby in Gloucester, Massachusetts, with the intention of presenting it to the board of trustees for a permanent home or snug harbor for Gloucester fishermen who have gone by the age of usefulness. This gift on the part of Mr. Hammond comes as a result of long agitation on the part of Dr. John E. Dixwell and William D. Sullivan of Boston. There are a number of old fishermen in the town practically unable further to follow their calling. The home is a modern two-and-a-half-story house capable of comfortably housing fifteen or twenty men. There are about fifteen acres connected with the place planted with fruit trees.

For six years a diver has been engaged in an unparalleled task beneath the walls of Winchester Cathedral, England, laying new foundations to replace the original work performed in the thirteenth century. The old foundations had begun to give way, allowing the walls to crack and lean out. Pumping was out of the question, as it would have weakened the entire structure. The diver was put to work in the dark caverns, removing peat and excavating for new foundations of concrete. Sacks of the material were lowered to him, ripped open and their contents dumped into place. The work has been almost completed.

The Princess Polignac, formerly Miss Winaretta Singer, has just opened in Paris the Foundation Singer Polignac, an apartment house for sixty-four families. These are designed to give healthful living conditions for the poor. The buildings are of brick and iron. A room and kitchen may be had for $44 a year; with dining-room in addition, $60; with two rooms and a large kitchen, $72, and as the height of luxury, two rooms, dining-room, kitchen and boxroom, $82. Thus all rents are below the $100 rate, where taxes begin. A garden costs $4 a year in addition.

About ninety miles of the middle course of the Brahmaputra River have never been explored by white men or Indian travelers, owing to the hostility of the Abor tribes. They have kept all strangers from passing through their mountainous country, the Assam-Tibet borderland. All points of the great stream above and below that long bend have been visited by geographers, but the savage Abors have slaughtered every exploring force sent into their country, and have so far virtually defied the entire British government.

Nashville, Tennessee, lays claim to the production of more hardwood than any other city in the world. It lies in the centre of the immense forests of hardwood lumber in what is known as the Central-Southern hardwood field, extending westward from the Appalachians to Central Arkansas, and from the Ohio River to midway of the Gulf states. Within these limits not less than 75 per cent of all the hardwood lumber used in this country and exported is contained.

In a recent issue of the *Argonaut* a romantic story of an American queen of Korea was reprinted from the New York *Evening Post*. A correspondent of that paper now declares that the story had no foundation in fact. "It was first foisted on the public by the Cologne *Gazette*." The late Lady Om was a pure-blooded Korean.

With the opening of the American factories at Niagara, Switzerland lost control of the aluminum market, which the little republic had held for several years. Neither Switzerland nor France possess such rich mines of oxide of aluminum or such sources of electrical energy as the United States.

A statue to Edwin M. Stanton, the Civil War United States Attorney-General, Secretary of War, and, later, Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was unveiled in Steubenville, Ohio, his birthplace, September 7.

Out of twenty odd thousand voters in Omaha a few more than 5000 voted in favor of the commission form of municipal government, and the plan carried. More than 17,000 voters stayed away from the polls.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

John J. Eagan recently celebrated the completion of his fiftieth year as a member of the New York fire department. His record has never been blurred by a complaint.

Mrs. Joachim Clanderburry, eighty years old and partially blind, recently began work as a stenographer for a Toronto, Ontario, broker, who deals in Western Canadian properties. She had been in training for the position for a year. So far she has given entire satisfaction.

M. Mauvel, first president of Portugal, recently elected by the national republic assembly, is a diplomat of high standing, and is now using his political tact in checking the revolutionary spirit which might be fanned into a flame of civil war. He is a citizen of Arriega.

King Albert of Belgium is intensely practical and has a keen eye for business, in spite of his exalted position. He expects to visit this country soon to promote his cherished scheme of creating a national merchant marine, so that Belgium freights may be carried in Belgium bottoms instead of in foreign ships.

Professor Inazo Nitobe, who is now on his way to this country to lecture in several universities, is a prominent member of the faculty of the University of Tokio and author of "Bushido, the Soul of Japan," a book which caused a great sensation in the Occident. He is a Christian and speaks and writes English perfectly.

Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, who coincd the phrase "tainted money," has tendered his resignation as pastor of the First Congregational Church of Columbus, Ohio, because members of his flock would not attend services in sufficient numbers to meet with his approval. He has been pastor of the Columbus church since 1882, and had been in the ministry since 1860. A few years ago he led the opposition to proposed gifts by John D. Rockefeller to the churches of this country.

General Ekbert de Wall, the Boer leader who was exiled because he refused to take the oath of allegiance at the close of the war with England, is now pastor of the Hohenwald, Tennessee, Swiss church. Two years ago he made a trip to Cape Town, but the authorities refused him permission to enter. General de Wall is a scholarly man, speaking twelve languages, and holds a number of college degrees. As a physician and pastor he gives his time and talent free of charge, being well off in worldly goods and taking pleasure in philanthropic work.

William E. Chilton, the new United States senator from West Virginia, waited many years for the political tide to turn, that a Democrat from his state might be elected and that he might be that Democrat. Though a millionaire, in his boyhood he worked as a farm hand, learned the coopers' trade, and later was a schoolteacher. He studied at Shelton College, took up law and politics, and settled in Charleston. Working for large corporations opened his eyes to the possibilities of capital in West Virginia, with the result that he became successful in opening fields of timber, oil, iron ore, and coal.

Miss Annie Leary of New York, who intends to found, with the assistance of Mrs. Hetty Green, a university named after Christopher Columbus, was made a countess by Pope Leo XIII in 1902, in recognition of her munificence to educational, charitable, and religious enterprises. At that time only two women in this country had been honored by the Pope. They were Mrs. John Sherman and Miss Gwendoline Caldwell, who had been decorated with the Order of the Golden Rose. The titles of count, countess, duke, and the like were instituted during the time of the temporal power of the Pope, and were recognized in the Papal principalities.

James L. Richards, president of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company, who has revolutionized the gas business in the Hub City, saved $800,000 annually to consumers since he took charge, and at the same time has increased the dividends of the corporation, has made his own way in the world since he was twelve years of age. Country born, he clerked in a tobacco store, traveled as salesman, entered the tobacco trade, made the trust buy him out, and then made a success of the street-car business. A few years ago he was called by the gas company to doctor its sick affairs. He got the gas companies of Boston together, persuaded them out of politics into straight business methods, and took the public into his confidence at all times.

George W. Boschke, the engineer whose name has been linked by rumor with the work of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, was once a sailor lad and spent three years before the mast before returning home. He was born in Boston, of Russian-Spanish parentage, his father being an exiled Russian engineer, who afterwards came to California. At San Pedro the lad developed his love for the sea. He picked up navigation and engineering came naturally to him, though he studied it at school and learned much more in a practical way as his father's assistant on railroad construction and government harbor work. He built the gulf-defying sea wall at Galveston and has performed many great engineering feats in railroading during his long career with the Southern Pacific.

THE FATAL GAME.

How Sultan Murad Won and Lost His Grand Vizier's Life.

Sultan Murad was devoted to the game of chess. To say, without flattery, that he was a good player, is to say that he was a man of considerable intellectual power. But Sultan Murad in his play had two failings: he liked to have an adequate stake on the event of the game, and he could very ill brook defeat.

These weaknesses are always trying, but, in the case of so powerful and absolute a monarch, they rendered the game one of exceeding danger. To lose pretty constantly meant ruin; to win too often might easily mean death. Under these circumstances, it became difficult for his majesty to find an adversary, and an invitation to a contest came to have as fatal a significance, and to be as much dreaded and, if possible, avoided as the post of Grand Vizier had been in the reign of Selim the Grim. So many had lost all they possessed, and some their lives into the bargain, that every high officer of state shunned, as far as possible, the dangerous honor of facing his master across a chessboard. Naturally, no official could with more difficulty escape the ordeal than the Grand Vizier himself; and, indeed, it was owing principally to this cause that so many occupants of this high post had rapidly succeeded one another during the reign of Sultan Murad.

It so happened that the present Grand Vizier was as keen an enthusiast for the game as the Sultan himself. This had been probably his chief recommendation for the office; and, being a born gambler and of a constitutionally bold and reckless nature, he was always ready to play, counting neither the cost nor the hazard.

He played on with varying fortune, but generally losing, until he had staked and lost everything he possessed or could scrape together.

At length, one afternoon, on the Sultan saying to him, "Well, Grand Vizier, and what dost thou venture on this new game?" he answered ruefully: "My Padishah, except the garments in which I stand before thee, and which are thine already, there is of a truth no one thing I possessed that I have not staked and lost, and only by the bounty of thy majesty shall I and Fatima, my daughter and only child, find bread or shelter, so great is the skill of your majesty at this infernal game."

"Come, Vizier," said Murad, "if it be so bad with thee as that, I will tell thee what thou shalt do. Thou shalt on thy part stake thy daughter, and I on my part will stake the loveliest *odalisque* in my harem, and ten thousand gold pieces to boot, and we will play yet another game."

The Grand Vizier heard this proposal to stake his daughter, his only child, with dismay; but he knew his imperial master too well to venture a refusal.

Therefore they played, and he lost. Then the unhappy father, in the bitterness of his heart, said: "Oh, Sultan, I have my head only, and that is at thy mercy, but if thou wilt on thy part stake my daughter, whom thou hast just won, I will wager my head against her."

"Vizier," said Murad, gravely, "the stakes are hardly even, but if thou wishest it, so it shall be."

And once more they played, and again the Vizier lost.

Then Murad laughed, and said: "Be not alarmed, I give thee thy last stake, for thou hast never flinched, but hast ever played boldly and well; only this understand, we have played our last game, and thou holdest thy office only until I appoint another in thy place."

After this final defeat of his courageous and indomitable Grand Vizier, Murad was hard put to it to find any suitable opponent to face him at the chess-board. All men shirked the dangerous honor, and the unhappy Vizier, or Pacha, commanded to undertake the duty, found it difficult to guess whether victory or defeat might prove more perilous.

At length the Sultan bethought him of a plan which seemed to promise more diversion than could be obtained from encountering these timorous and unwilling adversaries. He caused it to be proclaimed that any man might challenge his majesty to a game of chess, the conditions being that the challenger staked his own head against the office of Grand Vizier.

To such lengths will the cupidity and self-confidence of many men carry them that numbers were found ready to face the Sultan on these terms; but whether Murad's skill was invincible or whether his opponents were frightened and unnerved by the risk they ran, at any rate each succeeding aspirant lost his head instead of attaining the object of his ambition—the coveted position of Grand Vizier.

At the time of issuing the proclamation, there lived in Adrianople a family consisting of three persons—father, mother, and one son. The latter was a young man of pleasing manners, a good presence, and of remarkable energy and intellectual capacity.

The news of the Sultan's offer had reached this retired and secluded family, and the son, who had long been a devoted student of the game, had just announced to his father and mother his determination to proceed to the capital and put his life on the hazard of the event.

To this both father and mother vehemently and very naturally objected, and tried by every argument they could think of to dissuade him; but the young man would not be gainsaid, and at length he set out on his dangerous adventure.

When Osman was ushered into the presence of the Sultan, and the object of his coming explained, Murad himself felt some regret that so handsome and intelligent a youth should risk his life in a combat apparently so unequal.

After regarding him in silence a few moments, he asked him: "Dost thou understand clearly what are the conditions of the game we are about to play?"

"If I have been correctly informed, sire," said Osman, "the conditions are these: if I win, your majesty will appoint me your Grand Vizier; if I lose, my life is the forfeit."

"And dost thou still wish to play on these terms?" asked Murad.

"I have," answered Osman, "traveled far to seek that honor."

"But what can that fatal honor avail thee," asked Murad, "or what benefit can accrue to thee if thou must die?"

"Hope sustains the soul," said Osman, "and makes us willing to risk life for an adequate reward."

"How long hast thou studied chess?" demanded the Sultan.

"My father taught me as a boy," answered Osman, "and all my life I have loved and studied it."

"Very good," said Murad; "then at thy desire this day shalt thou play for thy life."

But first, by order of the Sultan, a sumptuous repast was served, and at his invitation Osman partook of it with him. Then, after a period of rest during the midday heat, the chessmen were brought out, and, amid a circle of high dignitaries and officials of the palace, the youthful stranger faced his imperial lord and essayed the difficult and, as it appeared to all present, the foolhardy task of checkmating him.

Only five moves had been made, during breathless silence, when Osman calmly pronounced the word "Checkmate," and on inspection the fact was clearly established.

All were astonished. And the Sultan, amazed and almost stupefied, was filled with fury.

"What," cried he, "beaten, and in five moves, by a mere boy! What is the meaning of this? Say, what demon hath helped thee, or by what power of enchantment hast thou been able to accomplish the feat?"

"Sire," replied Osman, "this opening of the game is a new one. Being completely unexpected, it has given me, for this time, the victory which I can never hope again to attain over so great and experienced a player as your majesty."

These words somewhat mollified the Sultan, and, after having sat silent for a few minutes, his wrath being partly appeased, he said: "By whatever means the victory has been gained, incontestably it has been won, and since thou must have paid thy forfeit hadst thou lost, Allah forbid that thou shouldst fail to receive the reward that I have promised."

He thereupon commanded that Osman should be arrayed in the gorgeous robes of the office, and, summoning all the officers and high dignitaries of the Seraglio to the Hall of the Throne, he presented Osman to them as Grand Vizier.

Then, as he dismissed him, he said, significantly: "Grand Vizier, tomorrow we will play again."

In the evening Osman sat in the official palace of the Grand Vizier, and the Reis Effendi, an old friend of his father, by his invitation, sat at meat with him, and they discussed what had passed and what was to be apprehended.

"Osman," said the Reis Effendi, "thou hast played a bold game and won it; yet I know too well the character and disposition of Murad to be able sincerely to congratulate thee. Today thou art victorious and Grand Vizier, tomorrow thou mayest only too probably be defeated and slain."

"Reis Effendi," answered Osman, "each must yield to fate; but for my part, I have no intention of playing a game against the Sultan tomorrow."

"Thou hast no intention!" cried the Reis Effendi, in amazement. "Nay, but he has the intention to command thee to do so, and art thou so simple as to suppose that thou hast power to refuse?"

"I am hardly so country-bred as to suppose that," said Osman; "nevertheless, I venture to hope that I may be able so to order things that Murad shall not demand a game again tomorrow."

"And how is that to be accomplished?" demanded the Reis Effendi. "What dark scheme is this thou hast in hand?"

"At present I have no scheme completed," said Osman, "but only the outline or idea of the tactics which must be resorted to. My aim must be to set some affair of such urgency and importance before Murad tomorrow morning that, for the nonce, he will have neither the leisure nor the inclination for chess-playing or any other form of amusement. In the concerns of so great an empire——"

Before Osman could complete the sentence an attendant entered, and announced that an old man was waiting without who desired earnestly an interview with the Grand Vizier.

"It is late," said Osman, "but if he be an old man, doubtless he must have an adequate reason for coming at this hour. Let him enter."

When the applicant entered the apartment, what was Osman's astonishment to behold in him no other than his own father. After having been warmly welcomed by both Osman and the Reis Effendi, the old man was pressed to say how it came to pass that he had undertaken so long a journey.

"My son," he replied, "after thy departure, neither thy mother nor, sooth to say, myself either could control the anxiety and apprehension we suffered on thine account. Therefore, having sold a ring—the last remaining valuable in our possession—in order to provide the small fund necessary for my journey, I followed thee to learn the result of thy rash attempt. Happily, it appears that thou hast won and not lost the game, yet whether thou art not still in imminent peril is much to be doubted."

"That thy son is even now in extreme peril of his life there can be no question," said the Reis Effendi. "Tomorrow he must again play, unless, indeed, he can manage to divert the Sultan's attention and alter his declared intention. But in what way such a diversion is to be accomplished I can not imagine."

"If that be the case," said the old man, "it is indeed well that I undertook the journey hither, for I have brought intelligence which may now stand us in good stead. On my way I learned by accident of a conspiracy that appears to be hatching in Roumelia, the early knowledge of which may prove of great value to the Sultan and his advisers."

"Thou art indeed fortunate," said the Reis Effendi, "to be in the possession of that information. His majesty will doubtless be alarmed, and his attention engrossed by the details of such a project."

When, next morning, Osman, in his capacity as Grand Vizier, was closeted with Murad, he hastened to impart to him the intelligence he had received concerning the projected rising and the design of the rebels to march upon the capital.

On hearing this account, Murad, seized with panic, talked of raising a large army and at once marching upon the disaffected province.

Osman, however, said calmly: "If your majesty will permit me to express my opinion, I should say let no man know of this conspiracy, for even the rumor of insurrection is apt to unsettle men's minds and spread the infection of revolt. The plan of the conspirators at present is secret; let it never be declared; crush it in the bud. At this stage a very small force will suffice, even as the beginning of a fire, which neglected would waste a city, may be quenched with the contents of a bucket. Let me, your majesty, take five hundred Janissaries with me, proceed with all speed to Adrianople, and two hours after my arrival the leaders of the plot will be executed and the movement will be at an end."

The Sultan approved this reasoning and the advice given him by his new Grand Vizier, and bade him start at once on the mission he had proposed.

Within an hour the Grand Vizier, with his escort of five hundred men, left the capital; Osman, as he parted with his friend the Reis Effendi, observing simply: "The game of chess is adjourned."

The Grand Vizier, on reaching Adrianople, proceeded immediately to the house of the Governor of Roumelia, and had him executed on the spot. Having also put to death several of his creatures and officials who had been guilty of the grossest tyranny and extortion, and also those who had been in any way implicated in the projected rising, he replaced, to the great joy of all, his father in his former position of governor of Roumelia, and hastened back to report to his majesty that the province was now perfectly contented and loyal.

The Sultan was delighted with the promptitude and energy of his new Grand Vizier. He began from this time to rely on his judgment and to take his advice on every occasion, and for a time Osman ruled the empire with unquestioned authority and conspicuous success. Murad often commanded the presence of his Grand Vizier at the chessboard; but the stakes to be played for were always fixed within the bounds of reason and moderation, and whether the game were lost or won—and Osman was too prudent often to win—the terrible claws of the imperial tiger remained sheathed in velvet.

This happy state of affairs continued some time, and might perhaps have continued indefinitely had not the Bostanji Bashi, in revenge for some imaginary slight or unintentional discourtesy on the part of the Grand Vizier, contrived his downfall. This was a task not difficult to be achieved with a master such as Murad. A few words alluding to "the policy and aim of our new ruler," which he was allowed to overhear, excited the jealousy and suspicion of the Sultan. And with him the interval between jealousy and suspicion, and the determination to rid himself of the object of them, was short indeed. He determined at once that Osman should play again for his head, and that this time he should lose.

On the same afternoon he took occasion, on winning a game, to address Osman as follows: "My good Grand Vizier, I notice that in these little friendly contests of ours you seldom win. Now, I like not to play with one who puts not out his full strength." With a mocking smile he continued: "Probably the stakes are now too trivial to make it worth while for you to exert your full powers. This must be remedied. I on my part will stake one of my daughters; you shall, if you win, have her to wife, and with her a dowry of two hundred purses of gold. And you on your side must, I suppose, play for the stake you played for at first, and then, you remember, you won in five moves, and easily enough."

"Your majesty," said Osman, who saw at once that the temper of the Sultan had changed, and who entertained no doubt that his own fate was already determined upon, "whatever stakes you decree must, of course, be accepted, but this time I have no gambit to pit against your unrivaled and ever victorious skill."

The Sultan appreciated the compliment, but it did not cause him to alter his decision.

The afternoon of the next day was fixed as the time

appointed for the playing of this fateful game. During the interval Osman pondered deeply on the best course to pursue in the predicament in which he now found himself. He was in little doubt that, even though he should win this game, another equally momentous would follow, and that nothing could avail to keep his head on his shoulders if Murad had, as he shrewdly suspected, determined to get rid of him. Yet it was clear that, under these circumstances, to win would probably be less immediately fatal than to lose; it might for a short time delay, if it could not avert, the end that seemed inevitable. Therefore, when, on the following afternoon, the Grand Vizier faced the Sultan at the chessboard, each of these good players sat down determined to win if he possibly could manage it.

They were not alone. A large number of the great officers and high officials of the state and the palace sat watching the game which might so suddenly terminate the brief and brilliant career of one of the players. Every move was followed with the keenest interest. The game was fought with great skill and indomitable patience by both combatants. It lasted long, and the chances of victory and defeat still held an even balance.

It was the Grand Vizier's turn. He moved his piece, when suddenly it flashed upon him that the move was a mistaken one. Virtually, it sealed his fate. Unless the Sultan should by some extraordinary obtuseness overlook the opportunity afforded him, three moves would at once terminate the game and cut short the life of Osman. He dared not raise his eyes from the board, lest his glance should involuntarily betray to the Sultan his consciousness of the blunder he had committed.

For some time the whole assembly sat silent and motionless. The Sultan made no move. What could be the cause of his delay? Was he gloating over the assurance of victory and purposely prolonging the anxiety and apprehension of his victim, or could it be possible that he had really failed to observe the opportunity provided for him and was still considering undecided his next move?

The pause continued so long that Osman ventured at length to raise his eyes to his adversary. Rather than such suspense it would be preferable to know the worst. As he looked up a strange sight met his gaze. The Sultan sat with his head bent down; the afternoon was sultry, and at the very crisis of the battle he had fallen asleep!

There was little doubt that when he woke the first glance must reveal the opportunity that was presented to him.

Meanwhile, none dared to disturb him, and the unhappy Osman was compelled to await, with as much patience and fortitude as he could command, the tragic and inevitable result.

No man in that large assembly either spoke or stirred. With calm, unruffled demeanor, truly Oriental, they sat silent and watchful till the Sultan should awake and deign to continue the game which his sleep had so suddenly interrupted. Silence reigned in the court without no less than within the hall itself.

At length the call to prayer of the Muezzin on the mosque resounded through the heavy air: "Come to prayer, come to prayer, God is most great, God is most great. There is no God but God." Still the Sultan slept, and no one in that bejeweled crowd dared to disturb his slumber.

At last an incident that none could have foreseen occurred to break the silence. One of the soldiers stationed at the door followed unconsciously the example set him by his imperial master and fell asleep, and suddenly his scimitar, falling from his relaxing grasp, fell clanging on to the marble steps.

All looked up with amazement; all excepting Murad. Then Osman rose and touched the Sultan lightly on the shoulder, and he fell forward with a crash among the chessmen—for he was dead. H. N. Crellin.

Beersheba is still an outpost of civilization against Bedouin tribes. Its commercial importance is increasing rapidly, owing to waterworks which draw their supply from seven wells mentioned in Genesis. That the historic East is gradually succumbing, however, to the progressive spirit of the West is indicated by the fact that a pumping plant has been erected over Abraham's Well. When the railway system now under way has been completed, it will be possible to run trains from Paris to Damascus, Jerusalem, and Mecca itself.

In Moscow, Russia, the pawnshop is a municipal affair. Last year over half a million articles were pawned, having a valuation of over $3,000,000. It is noticed that in March and April the poor element of Moscow keeps the pawnshop busy, and during that period customarily parts with its warm over-clothing.

New Zealand dairymen have overcome the difficulty of securing reliable farm hands in sufficient numbers by installing milking machines. They not only save a large labor cost, but also prevent serious inconvenience at times when farm hands suddenly leave their work.

Wooden shoes are popular in some parts of the United States, and in Chicago, Grand Rapids, and Holland, Michigan, more are worn than in Amsterdam, Holland. The Netherlands, it is stated, finds this country its best customer for this kind of footwear.

PARIS SIGNBOARDS AND A CAFE.

A New Society of Art Lovers.

Whether Mona Lisa will ever step back into her vacant frame in the Louvre is a problem on which no opinion can be hazarded. Parisians are too excited just now to be trifled with. And the employees of the Louvre are in a sanguinary mood. To the suggestion that the famous canvas may have been abstracted as a joke, one rejoined savagely, "Such a joker ought to have his head cut off." "Why not?" he added in response to a mild protest that such punishment would be rather drastic; "a man who can be guilty of removing the 'Gioconda' is capable of anything. He is a danger to society. He is a madman." Outsiders are sarcastic rather than bloodthirsty. The officials going to and fro have to run the gauntlet of jeers. "If you keep the place shut up, somebody will be eloping with the Venus de Milo," shouts one onlooker; and another, "Let the public do the policing you can't do yourselves."

When the excitement has died down and threats and jeers exhausted, it may be that the strange case of Mona Lisa will have an unexpected result. In fact the picture has been stolen at a psychological moment. Not alone will the haphazard administration of the Louvre be overhauled, many of its too numerous exits closed, and its regulations made more stringent, but the societies which exist for the preservation of the treasures of Paris will be materially strengthened in funds and members. Such societies are already more numerous than even Parisians are aware. Who, before Mona Lisa disappeared, knew anything about the Society of Friends of the Louvre? Now, however, thanks to M. Rochefort's suggestion that its members should subscribe a million dollars to present to the thief if he returns the picture, all the civilized world is acquainted with that organization. And there are others. There is the Commission du Vieux Paris, for example, founded fourteen years ago as a bulwark against the pick-axe of the republic. To the same category belong the League of the Friends of Versailles and the League of Landscape Preservers, the names of which are sufficiently explanatory. At this critical juncture, too, coincident with the purloining of Mona Lisa, another society has been organized under the name of the Friends of the Old Signboards of Paris.

Had Balzac been in the flesh he would undoubtedly have been elected the first president of the F. O. T. O. S. O. P. In fact, the novelist is probably responsible for the society, for its organizers must have been stirred into activity by his "Dictionnaire des Enseignes." Like all dwellers in modern cities, Parisians forget that the numbering of houses was unknown two centuries ago. At the opening of the eighteenth century the streets of the city's twenty quarters had names, derived from the mansions of the nobility and from special industries, but no numbers. Those were the palmy days of the signboard, when a man lived not at a number, but at the sign of the Boar or Stag or some other beast.

Now these signboards were often pictures of unusual merit, painted by a Watteau or a Boucher in lieu of hard cash for food and lodging received. Frequently, too, they were rich in historical associations. Take the case of the Elm of Saint Gervais, for example. That was a signboard picture of the lordly elm which had stood for several centuries in the Place de Saint Gervais and was cut down in the Revolution. When the tree fell it had a phœnix resurrection by a painter's brush. The picture swung for many years over the site of its prototype, then adorned an inn on the Rue Monceau, and finally found a resting-place over a house on the Rue du Temple, whence it has been removed to the Carnavalet Museum.

But there is still plenty of work for the F. O. T. O. S. O. P. If the Kaiser should ever be caught in a generous mood he may order the return from Berlin of the sign Watteau painted for the shop of his friend Gersaint. Failing such a miracle, the friends may be able to acquire that beautiful wrought-iron device from the Rue Montmartre, and the "L'Homme Armé" from the Rue des Blancs Manteaux. Doubtless, too, there are scores of the old signboards in hiding, the owners of which will be less chary of producing their treasures than the abductor of Mona Lisa.

Seemingly, however, there is a limit to the Parisian's spirit of conservation. While Versailles and the Louvre and landscapes and signboards have their friends, the old cafés of Paris can not boast a protecting hand. At least not in the Latin Quarter. Of course the Durand, and the De la Paix, and many another on the grands boulevards, are safe from the iconoclast, but in that turbulent district where one hears all tongues save the one from which it takes its name the café-destroyer works his will undisturbed. Café mortality has been severe in the Quarter of late years. The haunts of Henry Murger's grisettes were not long in following him into oblivion, and Verlaine's death put a period to the Café Procope, of which the bohemian poet had been the mainstay. And now the Vachette is to close its doors.

Many another haunt of the "Boul' Miche" could be better spared. For one thing, it had more history than most, being probably the oldest of those club-cafés so dear and necessary to the Latin Quarter. Few save the students of the Sorbonne realize how many functions are played by such a café as the Vachette. The studious youth of the Quarter cultivates knowledge on a sparsity of francs; his hotel "meublé" is nothing more than a place to sleep in; when he is not in class he lives in a café. And in none was he so much at home as the Vachette. Its atmosphere combined gayety and gravity to an unusual degree. There are cafés in the Quarter wholly given over to bohemianism and worse; the Vachette traditions leaned more to scholarship than sensuality. Not that the atmosphere was entirely severe; respectable would fit the case more closely. On pardonable occasions, such as carnival time and Christmas and New Year celebrations, the Vachette has been as gay as the rest, yet even on those privileged days it was not uncommon to hear metaphysical jokes and puns in Greek. Hence when a young professor of philosophy unbent to the extent of entertaining his pupils he would elect the Vachette as a matter of course, while elderly instructors might keep late hours under its roof without having their virtue suspected.

As Verlaine's death sounded the knell of the Café Procope, it would seem as though the demise last year of Jean Moréas has had something to do with the passing of the Vachette. That Athens-born but wholly Parisianized poet, a grandson of one of Byron's heroes of Missolonghi, had for many years made the Vachette his chief headquarters, and was nightly from nine to two a. m. the centre of a large band of disciples. In the early years of his patronage his talk was compact of symbolism, which no one defended more vigorously from the charge of being "decadent"; but for some time preceding his death he was just as pronounced in decrying the license claimed by the symbolists. All that, however, made no difference to his following at the Vachette, for to the last his advent somewhere about the hour of nine always meant a large accession of customers. But no one has taken his place; his disciples have dispersed; and the Vachette belongs to the past history of the Quarter. Where the serious student will foregather now, no one knows. Not at the Tavern Lorraine certainly, where he can "study life" and nothing else. Perhaps, however, the really serious student is a diminishing quantity, and that that, as well as the death of Moréas, accounts for the closing of the Vachette. Henry C. Shelley.

Paris, August 29, 1911.

Present-day farmers do not read Xenophon to any great extent (says David Buffum, in the *Atlantic Monthly*), nor, for that matter, any of the old classical authorities on agriculture:—Cato, to whom Pliny refers as "a man of consummate authority on all practical matters," and "deserving of high honor as the first agriculturist of his time"; Varro, who, at the age of eighty, wrote one of the most complete agricultural treatises that was ever written, full of the practical knowledge of a man who had spent a lifetime in the study and practice of agriculture; or Virgil, who, although a man of letters and the greatest poet of his age, was also a farmer, and did not deem agriculture a subject unworthy of the best efforts of his genius. I fear that the "up-to-date" farmer—especially if he have a smattering of the sciences and can talk with some degree of near-correctness about nitrates and phosphates and bacteria—has little respect for the classics, and would regard it as the sheerest waste of time to dig into the musty pages of these world-old authorities. And yet he might do so to advantage. Not one farmer in ten thousand knows as much about horses as Xenophon did; and Cato and Varro could give almost any of them points in land management that are well worth knowing, and show a greater intimacy with the subject than they themselves possess.

Corn, the gift of the new world to the old, is the king of grains. Each year some new use is found for it. Even after everything, seemingly, has been extracted from it there is left a valuable residuum known as corn oil cake, which is sold here and abroad and is used in the fattening of sheep and other animals. Nearly fifty million pounds of this material are annually shipped to Great Britain and Germany and there used by farmers, who find it cheaper than materials of a similar nature which they can grow at home.

Modern Wedgwood is of greatly inferior quality, and it seems improbable that the success attained by Josiah Wedgewood will ever be reached again. Of all his creations in jasper his reproduction of the famous Portland, or Barberini, vase (the original of which is in the British Museum) is the most important. About 1790 Wedgewood at great expense attempted to make fifty replicas of his vase, but it is believed that not more than thirty-five were actually finished. Of these original pieces only about fifteen have been identified.

Attention of travelers through Uruguay is attracted to the fine white color of the farm buildings, even during the wet season. The effect is obtained by a whitewash in which the juice of the common cactus plays the prominent part. The sliced leaves are macerated in water for twenty-four hours and to this creamy liquid lime is added. The wash, applied to any substance, produces a beautiful pearly white appearance which lasts for years.

Cranberry producers at Cape Cod are calling for colonies of bees in order to make their plants more productive, practical tests having established that the activity of the bees in carrying pollen from plant to plant is a means of materially increasing the yield of this Cape Cod staple.

THACKERAY AS NOVELIST, POET, ARTIST.

Lewis Melville Fills a Large Volume with Anecdote and Reminiscence.

Mr. Lewis Melville has been long and favorably known as the chief literary representative of a Thackeray cult and as Thackeray's laborious and accurate biographer. In addition to his "Life of William Makepeace Thackeray" and "The Thackeray Country," he has made frequent appearances in the pages of American and English magazines, and always with something apposite and illuminating. He has now used these magazine contributions as the basis for a substantial and well illustrated book which contains none of the lucubrations of the literary critic and very much of the personalia that are so delightful when well chosen and so tedious otherwise. But the book is by no means a reissue of old material. Several of the chapters are entirely new, and even where the matter is not new it has been so revised and amplified as to seem so. Mr. Melville has written nothing about Thackeray unworthy of preservation, and this, his latest volume, is well justified both by its subject matter and the vivacity and charm of its presentation.

A certain part of Mr. Melville's book consists, of course, of quotations from Thackeray himself, but as these are drawn mainly from conversation, from letters, or from fugitive writings it is well that they should be thus collected and applied to their subject matter. Thus we find his reply to the arraignment of certain newspapers that he was "fostering a baneful prejudice" against literary men:

"I hope," he said, "that a comic writer, because he describes one author as improvident and another as a parasite, may not only be guiltless of a desire to vilify his profession, but may really have its honor at heart. If there are no spendthrifts or parasites amongst us, the satire becomes unjust; but if such exist, or have existed, they are as good subjects for comedy as men of other callings. I never heard that the bar felt itself aggrieved because *Punch* chose to describe Mr. Dunup's notorious state of insolvency; or that the picture of Stiggins in 'Pickwick' was intended as an insult to all Dissenters; or that all the attorneys in the empire were indignant at the famous history of the firm of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap. Are we to be passed over because we are faultless, or because we can not afford to be laughed at? And if every character in a story is to represent a class, not an individual—if every bad figure is to have its obliged contrast of a good one, and a balance of vice and virtue is to be struck—novels, I think, would become impossible, as they would be intolerably stupid and unnatural, and there would be a lamentable end of writers and readers of such compositions."

Thackeray's ideal for the man of letters was, of course, a high one, and those who attacked him upon such a score would today be heartily ashamed of themselves if they had the saving grace of shame. In one of the "Roundabout Papers" he asks of the literary man what legacy he would wish to leave to his children, and he says, "First of all (and by Heaven's gracious help) you would pray and strive to give them such an endowment of love as would last certainly for all their lives, and perhaps be transmitted to their children":

In yet another "Roundabout Paper" Thackeray, writing after the death of Washington Irving and Macaulay, was happy to point his arguments on the dignity of literature by showing how they fulfilled his ideal of what a man of letters should be. "*'Be a good man, my dear!*' One can't but think of these last words of the veteran chief of letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life."

Thackeray in his youth had the sublime self-confidence that is usually associated with genius and that becomes self-conceit only when it is ill-founded:

It was in the *National Standard*, of which he was eventually proprietor and editor, that Thackeray's first "official" criticism appeared. The book reviewed was Robert Montgomery's "Woman, the Angel of Life." The notice is only remarkable for the concluding sentences, which follow an extract of fourteen lines of the poem. "These are nice verses. On examination, we find that the compositor, by some queer blunder, has printed them backwards; but as it does not seem to spoil the sense, we shall not give him the trouble to set them up again. They are as good one way as the other." Mr. Yellowplush may have been thinking of this when he took a sentence from "The Sea-Captain," a play by "Sawedwadgeorgeearllittnhulwig"; tried it every way, "backards, forards, and in all sorts of transpositions," and found "all which are as sensible as the fust passidge."

There is no doubt that at this time Thackeray, like Pendennis, would not have hesitated at twenty-four hours' notice to pass an opinion upon the greatest scholars or to give a judgment upon the encyclopædia.

In one of his earliest Fraser papers he attacks a form of ladylike verse much in vogue at that time, wherein sham sentiment is employed to illustrate sham art. He calls it the "Keepsake" sort of production and asks who sets the rhymsters to this wretched work:

He was as bitter when writing of Miss Landon's "Ethel Churchill" and of Mrs. Trollope's "Vicar of Wrexhill," in which she abused those who interpreted the Scriptures in other ways than she. "Oh! we repeat once more, that ladies would make puddings and mend stockings! that they would not meddle with religion (what is styled religion, we mean), except to pray to God, to live quietly among their families and love lovingly amoog their neighbors. . . . Always bitter against the Pharisees, she does as the Pharisees do. It is vanity, very likely, which leads these people to use God's name so often, and to devote all to perdition who do not coincide in their peculiar notions. . . . There was as great a sin in His eyes as that of the poor erring woman—it was the sin of pride." At this time Thackeray was asked to a party, and was about to accept, but he heard that Mrs. Trollope would be among the guests. "Oh, by Jove! I can't come," he exclaimed. "I've just cut up her 'Vicar of Wrexhill' in a review. I think she tells lies."

The author has a high opinion of Thackeray's ballads and wonders at the comparative neglect of them. He partly explains this on the theory once advanced by a well-known critic that if you write poetry by profession, however bad the poetry may be, you are a poet; but if you are a merchant, a lawyer, or a novelist, you can not count as a poet also, for then the prevailing feeling is: "What business have you as a practical man to make such an ass of yourself?"

As his literary career progressed, poetry took its place in his life as a relaxation, for, like his sketches, the writing of verses was a labor of love. He wrote many ballads for *Punch*—political skits, love songs, whatnot—but this did not exhaust his fertility. In private life, too, he was always rhyming. If he wrote to his intimates, if he inscribed his name in a visitors' book or an autograph album, if he sent a note to a child, or a bunch of flowers to a young girl, or visited an old haunt, he would drop into metre. As a rule the lines flowed without effort from his facile pen, though sometimes he was in trouble. "I don't wonder at poets being selfish," he wrote to Mrs. Brookfield when he was composing the "May-Day Ode." "I have been for five days a poet, and have thought and remembered nothing else but myself, and my rhymes, and my measures. If somebody had come to me and said, 'Mrs. Brookfield has just had her arm cut off,' I should have gone on with 'Queen of innumerable isles, tidumtidy, tidumtidy,' and not stirred from the chair. The children and nobody haven't seen me except at night, and now (though the work is just done) I hardly see the paper before me, so utterly beat, nervous, bilious, and overcome do I feel." Yet, though as a rule he wrote with ease, he was a severe critic of his work, and after publication would sometimes entirely revise the poem. There are two distinct versions of "The King of Brentford"; and no less than three times he materially altered "Lucy's Birthday."

Thackeray detested the literary glorification of crime even more than the "Keepsake" style of verse with its incitement to cheap and tawdry sentiment. Naturally he found himself somewhat at variance with Dickens, although he did not exactly class him as belonging to the "Newgate School of Fiction" that was fully represented by the trumpeted exploits of Jack Sheppard:

In "Catherine," Thackeray had something to say of one of Dickens's hooks. "No one," he wrote, "has read that remarkable tale of 'Oliver Twist' without being interested in poor Nancy and her murderer; and especially amused and tickled by the gamhols of the Artful Dodger and his companions. The power of the writer is so amazing that the reader at once becomes his captive, and must follow him wherever he leads; and to what are we led? Breathless to watch all the crimes of Fagin, tenderly to deplore the errors of Nancy, to have for Bill Sikes a kind of pity and admiration, and an absolute love for the society of the Dodger. . . . A most agreeable set of rascals indeed, who have their virtues, too, but not good company for any man. We had better pass them by in decent silence: for, as no writer can or dare tell the *whole* truth concerning them, and faithfully explain their vices, there is no need to give *ex parte* statements of their virtue."

Thackeray's objection to the usual literary portrayal of the criminal was the fact that such portrayals are never accurate. They select a few tolerable features and suppress all the others that would be intolerable. The result is usually a picture that commands that kind of interest that verges upon admiration:

Thackeray had no objection to a novelist taking a villain for his principal character; he himself selected Barry Lyndon for one such post of honor, but he insisted that it was had art, as well as dishonesty and immorality, to confuse virtue and vice. "Vice," he wrote in his paper on the author of "Tom Jones," "is never to he mistaken for virtue in Fielding's honest downright books; it goes by its name, and invariably gets its punishment. See the consequences of honesty! Many a squeamish lady of our time would fling down one of these romances with horror, hut would go through every page of Mr. Ainsworth's 'Jack Sheppard' with oerfect comfort to herself. Ainsworth dared not paint his hero as the scoundrel he knew him to be: he must keen his hrutalities in the background, else the public morals will he outraged, and so he produces a hook quite ahsurd and unreal, and infinitely more immoral than anything Fielding ever wrote. 'Jack Sheppard' is immoral actually because it is decorous. The Spartans, who used to show drunken slaves to their children, took care, no douht, that the slaves should he really and truly drunk. Sham drunkenness, which never passed the limits of propriety, hut only went so far as to he amusing, would he rather an ohiect to excite youth to intoxication than to deter him from it, and some late novels have always struck us in the same light."

Thackeray valued his poetic gifts and cultivated them seriously, but he esteemed his work as an artist even below its actual merits, and its merits were many:

Thackeray frequently made fun of himself as a serious painter in his art criticisms in *Fraser's Magazine* and elsewhere; and in his very first paper on art, written in the form of a letter, he remarked: "I wish you could see my historical picture of 'Heliogahalus in the Ruins of Carthage'; or the full-length of 'Sir Samuel and His Lady'—sitting in a garden light, reading 'The Book of Beauty,' 'Sir Samuel catching a hutterfly, which is settling on a flower-not.'" And, still laughing at himself, he wrote to Edmund Yates in the 'fifties: "You have a new artist on the *Train*, I see, dear Yates. I have been looking at his work, and I have solved a problem. I find there *is* a man alive who draws worse than myself."

The originals of Thackeray's characters—indeed of all great characters in fiction—is a matter for interesting speculation and a matter upon which the novelists themselves have usually but little to say. Mr. Melville devotes a chapter to Thackeray's originals and appropriately quotes the evidence of Charles Kingsley:

Charles Kingsley used to tell a good story of a lady who confided to Thackeray that she liked "Vanity Fair" exceedingly. "The characters are so natural," she said, "all hut the haronet, Sir Pitt Crawley, and surely he is overdrawn: it is imoossihle to find such coarseness in his rank of life." "That character," the author smilingly reolied, "is almost the only exact portrait in the book." The identity of the prototype was not revealed for many years: hut it has recently heen asserted that the character was sketched from a former Lord Rolle. "Sir Pitt's letters to Becky were very hadly spelt and written," remarks the gentleman who puts forward this theory, "and I may say that I have in my possession a letter written hy Sir Rohert Brownrigg to his royal highness the Duke of York when commander-in-chief of the British army, complaining that a report received from Lord Rolle, as lord lieutenant of his country, was so hadly written that he could not decipher it."

Thackeray's attitude toward his contemporaries has already been touched upon in connection with his criticism of Dickens. But that was based upon principle and not personality. Jealousy was certainly not a part of his nature:

It is not generally known that Thackeray wanted to parody hoth Dickens and himself, hut the proprietors of *Punch* declined to accept a parody of Dickens, and so hoth skits remained unwritten. When Thackeray, ill in hed, read "The Idylls of the King," he wrote to the poet, "Oh! I must write to him now for this pleasure, this delight, this splendor of happiness which I have heen enjoying"; and when Tennyson's "Grandmother" appeared in *Once a Week*: "I wish I could have got that poem for the *Cornhill*. I would have paid fifty pounds for it," the great novelist exclaimed; "hut I would have given five hundred pounds to have heen ahle to write it." He reverenced "the great old Goethe," and his enthusiasm was thoroughly aroused hy the works of Dumas.

Though Thackeray thought Dumas greater than Scott, yet for the latter he felt much admiration and even reverence. When a popular novelist one day justified himself for something he had written hy urging that Scott had written it also, Thackeray replied: "I do not think that it hecomes either you or me to speak of Sir Walter Scott as if we were his equals. Such men as you or I should take off our hats at the very mention of his name."

Thackeray's admiration for Dickens was overwhelming. In a public lecture he quoted his own daughter, aged ten, as saying: "I like Mr. Dickens's books better than your books, papa," and urging her father to emulate that great example:

Again, when Thackeray read the number of "Domhey and Son" containing the description of the death of Paul, he put it in his pocket, went to the *Punch* office, and flung it down hefore Mark Lemon. "There's no writing against this," he exclaimed excitedly. "One hasn't an atom of chance; it's stupendous." And this, too, when "Vanity Fair" was in course of puhlication, and the author of that "little book" was also describing a death scene: "No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. The darkness came down on the field and city, and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart." And nowadays, in spite of Thackeray's praise, and Lord Jeffrey's—"There has heen nothing in literature like the actual dying of that sweet Paul," this death-hed scene is regarded as typical of Dickens at his worst, as "the kind of thing that appears in Sunday-school hooks about the virtuous little hoy that died!"

And yet the admiration was literary rather than personal and there was a temporary rupture between the two:

Certainly if jealousy existed hetween the two men, it was not on Thackeray's side. No man with fewer literary jealousies and animosities ever existed. But it must he admitted that it was Dickens the author rather than Dickens the man whom he admired. "Genial? Yes," he once said of him. "But frank"—and a twinkle came over the spectacles—"well, frank as an oyster." As a result of the affair, the novelists did not speak for some years. At last they met on the steps of the Athenæum Cluh a few days hefore the Christmas of 1863. They passed each other, then Thackeray turned hack, and with outstretched hand went up to Dickens and said he could no longer bear to he on any hut the old terms of friendship. "I saw him . . . shortly before Christmas at the Athenæum Cluh," Dickens has recorded, "when he told me he had heen in bed three days—that after these attacks he was troubled with cold shiverings which quite took the work out of him, and that he had it in his mind to try a new remedy which he described. He was very cheerful, and looked very bright."

Thackeray as an orator was not a success. The author gives us one amusing instance of his failure upon the platform, an ordeal that he heartily dreaded:

Thackeray was terribly self-conscious, and usually oresented a very poor appearance when he attempted to deliver a soeech. "Why can't they get Dickens to take the chair?" he grumhled, when he had to preside at the General Theatrical Fund. "He *can* make a speech—and a good one. . . . *I'm* of no use. . . . They little think how nervous I am; and Dickens doesn't know the meaning of the word." An amusing story is recorded of the occasion when, with Mr. Fields, the well-known American puhlisher, Thackeray traveled to Manchester to make a speech at the founding of the Free Library Institution in that town. The would-be orator declared that although Dickens and Bulwer Lytton and Sir James Stephen were to precede him, he intended to beat each of them on this occasion. He insisted that Mr. Field should he seated directly in front of him, so that he should not miss a single word. Later, as he rose, he looked at his friend as much as to say, "I'll show you what speaking is." He hegan fluently, was excellent for two minutes, and then, in the midst of a most earnest sentence, stopped suddenly, gave a look of comic desnair . . . and sat down. "My hoy," he said, when the meeting was over, "my hoy, you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever prepared hy a great British orator."

Thackeray's acumen as a literary critic seems to have failed him altogether in the theatre. His delight in the drama was so boyish as to blind him even to obvious absurdities:

Thackeray was always hapoy in a theatre. Once he asked a frieod if he loved "the play," and received the qualified answer, "Ye-es, I like a good play." "Oh, get out!" the great man retorted. "I said *the* play. You don't even understand what I mean!" And FitzGerald went one night with Thackeray in the oit to witness a piece which, with its mock sentiment, its indifferent humor, and ultra-theatrical scenes, hored him so terrihly that he was about to suggest they should leave the theatre, when Thackeray turoed to him and exclaimed delightedly: "By G—d! isn't it splendid!"

It is easy to select good things from such a volume of good things as this. If the author had been less successful in sinking his own personality he would have written a far less pleasing book, but he has that most fortunate of literary graces, the will and the ability to focus the attention of his readers upon his subject.

SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY. By Lewis Melville. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

For
CORONER
DR. T. B. W. LELAND

Extract from report of Grand Jury, San Francisco, 1909-1910

"It gives me great pleasure to state that from all my observations I consider that this office has been brought up to a very high state of efficiency by the present incumbent, DR. LELAND, the general force working in harmony and apparently with one aim—to do their duty and serve the public."

Dr. Leland was elected THREE TIMES and appointed once, earning the title, "The best coroner San Francisco ever had." Every grand jury has commended his work.

He replaced the gruesome "dead wagon" with a modern ambulance. He made the morgue the equal, if not the superior, of any private undertaking establishment in the city.

Building accidents were reduced from 49 to 14 per cent in one year because of the adoption of his recommendations concerning preventioo of such accidents.

Dr. Leland established the new City Cemetery in San Mateo County, and was one of the prime movers in converting the old cemeteries into the now beautiful Lincoln Park.

His record is clean and strong. Vote him into office by a splendid majority.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Aeroplane.

Although this substantial volume is credited to Mr. Claude Grahame-White and Mr. Harry Harper, a number of its important sections have been contributed by other aviators. Thus M. Louis Bleriot writes on "Sporting and Commercial Possibilities of the Aeroplane," the late Mr. Cecil C. Grace on "The Human Factor in Flying," Mr. Henry Farman on "The Constructional Future of Aeroplanes," Mr. Roger Wallace, K. C., on "Aerial Law," and M. Louis Paulhan on "The Future of Flying." Another striking section is on "Aeroplane Fatalities." We are assured that "accidents in aviation have been surprisingly few" and that "mountaineering is a far more dangerous sport." Fifteen men lost their lives in connection with the construction of the first hundred miles of railway in England, and we may expect that aeroplane accidents will become increasingly rare as aviators learn the rules of the game and exercise "a little ordinary common sense."

M. Louis Paulhan, asked to assume the rôle of propbet, does so with some diffidence. He believes that high speeds will always be necessary to overcome wind pressure, that the rich man's aeroplane will be a very luxurious and comfortable affair, that ordinary individuals will soon buy and fly their own machines, and that they will do so before the end of 1915, that the aeroplane will not be used as a general carrier of goods, but that it will soon carry mails, that it will be safe as an express train, and more economical than an automobile. In short, M. Paulhan's forecast is a rosy one. M. Bleriot is similarly hopeful.

The aeroplane in war demands, of course, its full share of attention. We may be reasonably certain that its numerous possibilities have been in no way overrated. It may "revolutionize the tactics of the battlefield" and have "the most far-reaching effect on a campaign." Fifty machines, we are told, within a radius of one hundred miles, would drop each day six and a half tons of bombs on any selected area. Our enthusiasm for an advancing civilization is therefore justified.

A useful feature of the book is the tabulated statements of records, speeds, and conditions that enable us to measure the progress that has been made and to form reasonable expectations for the future. These statements are so framed as to cover all ordinary conditions and the various rules that have governed contests and trials. Altogether the book is a fascinating one and unique as a comprehensive presentation of the aviating art as it now exists. Moreover, it maintains a level of literary excellence and a distinctive style that possibly are imparted by high elevations. The ninety-three illustrations are exceptionally fine.

The Aeroplane, Past, Present, and Future. By Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $3.50.

The Cruise of the "Snark."

Turning first of all to the last page of Mr. London's new volume in order to see how it all ended we find that Charmian grieved exceedingly when she was told of the necessity to return to California and that "for two days she was wrecked and broken by the knowledge that the bappy, happy voyage was abandoned." That seemed all right and we turned with avidity to the record of the "happy, happy voyage" that was brought thus to an untimely end. That Mr. London was then in an Australian bospital, where be had been for five weeks, was doubtless one of those small flies that will intrude into the best ointment and not to be taken too seriously. The author's malady was not an indescribable one, seeing that he describes it, and we wish he had not. It haunts the dreams.

But we fail to find the happiness. A voyage more resolutely dogged by unhappiness—or what would be unhappiness with most people—it would be hard to imagine. The *Snark*, we are told, was "born unfortunately." She resolutely refused to do the things that well-conducted boats are supposed to do, and as none of the party knew anything of navigation there were inevitable difficulties. But the real happiness began after the *Snark* left Hawaii. We did not know tbat there were so many curious diseases as those that were studied in a practical and intimate way by Mr. London and his party. And he tells us all about them in an exhaustive and lurid way, presumably that we may be happy, too. There were malignant ulcers, awful swellings, and leprosies. They came in battalions and no one was exempt. The ship must have reeked with iodoform, corrosive sublimate, and peroxide of hydrogen. Mr. London insists that the whole voyage was "done for the fun of it," and he may at least be congratulated upon a novel conception of fun.

The Cruise of the "Snark." By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

An Ardent American.

This clever story occupies itself with six months in the life of a young girl. Yvonne Carrington is eighteen years old and was born in Europe of American parents. Her father is dead and her completely Europeanized mother has married a German diplomat. Yvonne is now on a visit to her grandmother in America and she throws off the restraints of European aristocratic life with a fervor of idealized patriotism for the country that is hers but tbat she has never yet seen. She visits West Point, Newport, Bar Harbor, and Lenox, leaving behind her a train of desolated male hearts. Then she returns to Germany, finds a conventional marriage awaiting her, runs away from her uncongenial home, returns to America, and is nearly lost in the maelstrom of New York life.

Mrs. Codman's success is in her depiction of a girl in whom a pure American blood is struggling with a German education, a girl of high ideals and of great natural purity, but who has never known any of the realities of life. It is done with marked skill and genuine sympatby. The result is a novel of freshness and charm, wholly free from false sentiment, and with every mark of intelligent insight and careful workmanship.

An Ardent American. By Mrs. Russell Codman. New York: The Century Company; $1.20.

The Aran Isands.

No man has ever written of Ireland more convincingly, more persuasively, than J. M. Synge. His little volume on "Tbe Aran Islands" is a picture of the composite soul of the country. No element is missing. The pathos, the bumor, the tragedy, and the irresponsibility are all there, as though the author were giving of himself rather than from material gathered from environment. It was Mr. Yeats who persuaded his compatriot to abandon the unprofitable field of French criticism, where he could never have excelled, and to devote himself to the creative work of which he was a master. So Synge went to the Aran Islands, and as a result we have this little volume of wonderful miniatures, each one the portrait of an individual as well as of a national trait. The drawings by Jack B. Yeats are in admirable keeping with the letterpress.

The Aran Islands. By J. M. Synge. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.; $1.25.

World Organization.

This series of eight lectures was delivered by Dr. David Jayne Hill before the Columbia University. The lectures were intended to illustrate the growth of jural consciousness among civilized nations and so to examine the possibilities of a jural agreement among them. In other words, Dr. Hill asks if it is possible that nations can stand toward one another in the same relationships as do individuals of the same community. The Roman imperial idea was the essential unity of mankind and the supremacy of a law which shall bind sovereign nations as now it binds persons. The Roman ideal was never attained, but we now see its revival in the form of a challenge to the selfish isolation of interests which assumes the misused name of patriotism. The condition of tbe world, says Dr. Hill, is now one of polite anarchy. Some fifty or sixty "sovereign powers" claim a "right" to make war upon each other and to do anything or everything in pursuit of tbeir supposed interests. Civilization demands of the individual that he subordinate his rigbts to the general good, but the same civilization asserts for its national units a supremacy over all law and a rigbt to an aggressiveness against all other national units that would be unbearable in the individual. Is there, in fact, any such national right, or any such supremacy to law? Is the authority of any state absolute and supreme? And if not bow can we bring the various "sovereign states" into the same subjection to law that, in the individual, is considered essential to civilization?

Into the author's somewhat scholastic argument there is no need to enter. Arbitration treaties are the presage of an international law that shall be supreme even over the "sovereign rights of states," but the keynote is still wanting, or it was wanting when these lectures were delivered. The qualifying expressions usually to be found in such treaties reduce them almost to the level of pious opinions, but perhaps Dr. Hill has now found further cause for encouragement in the treaty with Great Britain from which these qualifying expressions are omitted.

World Organization as Affecteo by the Nature of the Mooern State. By David Jayne Hill. New York: The Columbia Press; $1.50.

Babes in the Wood.

Mr. B. M. Croker's metbod of telling a story is open to improvement, but his subject matter is good enough easily to hold the attention of the reader. The scene is laid in India and tbe hero is Pbilip Trafford, just out from England to take up bis duties as assistant conservator of forests at the miserable and isolated station of Pahari. After Trafford has acquired experience and typhoid fever at Pahari he is transferred to Chandi, where he finds bimself immersed in the usual Anglo-Indian society of professional men, government servants, and Eurasians. The picture is undoubtedly a good one, not only of station life, but of the forest service and of a native population that is alike tbe problem and tbe despair of officialism. We are allowed a glimpse of sport in tbe jungle, of the Indian poachers wbo sell hunting trophies to unlucky sportsmen who otherwise would bave nothing to boast of, and of tbe life of the lesser native potentates wbo preserve the semblance without the reality of power. Naturally there are some beautiful girls who are satisfactorily disposed of and wbo supply the essential thread of sentiment. Mr. Croker is evidently familiar with his ground, and he is always interesting, but he seems sometimes to bave an uncertain hold upon his plot.

Babes in the Wood. By B. M. Croker. New York: Brentano's; $1.35.

Briefer Reviews.

The latest addition to the Rubric series (Duffield & Co.; 60 cents) is the "Rubric Birthday Book," an attractive little volume with decorated margins and the familiar artistic binding.

Among the latest additions to the Popular Library of Notable Books (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.25) is a one-volume edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe. The letterpress is large, the binding is handsome, and the illustrations are fairly good.

"Beauty Culture," by William A. Woodbury (G. W. Dillingham Company; $2), is described by the autbor as "a practical handbook on the care of the person, designed for both professional and private use." Tbe information is so ample and precise that there seems to be no longer any excuse for bomeliness.

"Convergence in Evolution," by Arthur Willey, D. Sc., M. A., F. R. S. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50), is a treatise on the morphological analysis of organic form, and convergence in evolution, or the independent similar development of unrelated animals bringing them apparently closer together. Tbe work is of a highly technical nature.

We had nearly forgotten Mary Maclane, and, it may be admitted, without any grave consciousness of loss. But now comes a new edition of "The Story of Mary Maclane," by herself (Duffield & Co.; $1.10), with "a chapter on the present," from whicb we gatber that Mary is just as unhappy as ever and just as introspective. And she tells us that she is twenty-eight.

CHARLES M. FICKERT LAWYERS' CLUB

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EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Peter F. Dunne, Chairman; James N. Gillett, T. J. Bacigalupi, Alfred P. Black, Theodore J. Savage, Judge James G. Conlan, Irving C. Ackerman, R. W. Cantrell, Baldwin Wood, Emil Pohli, Louis Ferrari, Tom O'Connor, William P. Humphrey, Otto Irving Wise, James F. Lanagan, W. F. Humphreys, Ernest Pagnuelo, James C. Sims, J. J. Lermen.

The Charles M. Fickert Lawyers' Club, composed of 400 representative lawyers of San Francisco, was formally organized Tuesday evening, September 12, at Judge Cabaniss's courtroom, 214 McAllister Street, and there adopted the following resolutions of indorsement of the candidacy for re-election of District Attorney

CHARLES M.
FICKERT

Whereas, the office of the district attorney of the city and county of San Francisco sbould be filled by a man who is an able and efficient prosecutor, who possesses sound legal learning coupled with large discretion, and who administers that high office to the interest of law and justice; and

Whereas, these qualities are combined to a remarkable degree in tbe present district attorney, Charles M. Fickert; and

Whereas, the conduct of the office of district attorney by Charles M. Fickert has been signalized by many successes and notably in the following particulars:

That he has conducted the said office at an expense to the public treasury of $100,000 per annum less than the expense under his predecessor.

That indictments and informations prepared by him and by his assistants have been drawn with such care and accuracy that during the period of his administration of said office not a single conviction has been reversed by the higher courts of this state on the ground of the insufficiency of the indictment or information.

That during his term of office the congestion of the criminal calendars has been relieved and all persons charged with crime are now assured of a speedy trial.

That his conduct of the office bas been signalized by the fair and judicial attitude with which all cases have been examined, by bis fearlessness in the prosecutiou of offenders whose guilt was clear and by his refusal to put the public treasury to the expense of prosecution where the evidence did not warrant a conviction; and

Whereas, Charles M. Fickert has conducted the said office according to the established principles of law and has not made it an instrument of malevolence or a means for promoting personal or political animosity, conceiving it bis duty to act solely according to justice and the laws of the land; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, that we, the undersigned, being and constituting the Charles M. Fickert Lawyers' Club, do hereby indorse and commend the administration of Charles M. Fickert as district attorney of the city and county of San Francisco, and that we hereby pledge our earnest and unfaltering support to Charles M. Fickert to secure his reëlection to the office which he bas filled so ably during the last two years.

District Attorney Fickert could have no better recommendation than this practically unanimous indorsement of his candidacy by the lawyers of San Francisco, the men best qualified to know whether he has efficiently and justly administered the affairs of his office.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Science of Wealth.

Those who wish for a deliherate and unhiased statement of the main branches of economic law that are now operative in our social system can hardly do hetter than consult "The Science of Wealth," hy J. A. Hohson, M. A., that has lately heen issued in the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge. The only drawhack for the American reader is the fact that it seems to have heen written with a special eye to English conditions and consequently without the peculiar emphasis demanded hy American social phenomena. Foreign trade occupies a somewhat suhsidiary position, while the labor movement is handled rather from the academic viewpoint than from one of emergent necessity. Perhaps if Mr. Hohson had foreseen the great transportation strike in England he would have recognized a new and practical gravity in the problem.

Very few traces of the ideal lahor unionism described and commended hy Mr. Hohson are to he found in this country nor, we may suspect, in England. It is a labor unionism sufficiently versed in economics to discriminate hetween the proper and the improper sources of its desired advantage. Where there are surplus profits due to a combination among employers and a consequent extinction of competition, or where a large portion of profit is available for rents, there may he found a proper field for unionist demands, hut there is no proper field where employers are in competition and therefore interest and profit at a minimum and rents light. An improper demand, a demand upon non-existent profits, may produce a higher wage-hill, hut it is a wage-hill that must always he paid hy the workers themselves, plus wastage. The advantage of collective hargaining, or of unionism, is to secure to the workers the whole or part of some unproductive surplus now existing. If there is no such unproductive surplus it is labor that must pay whatever increase in wages is secured.

Equally ruinous to the worker is tbe demand that is not conducive to the well-heing of the whole community. It is not enough to show that the workers are in the vast majority and therefore constitute "the people." They must ask nothing that is "injurious to the structure of industry," which rests upon laws and not upon votes. No class, bowever large, can advance itself by the injury of any other class, however small. The hreaking of economic law implies distress to tbe greater numher. An unproductive surplus may he annexed to wages and so hecome productive. Excessive rents may he so annexed, hut if no such sources exist and increased wages must he added to the cost of commodities, then the loss must obviously he borne hy those who buy the commodities, that is to say hy the workers. Increased cost always devolves downward to the wage-earning strata, who have no one to whom they, in turn, can pass it on.

The author may be said to excel in diagrammatic illustration. His sketch of the industrial system is particularly lucid. So also is his treatment of the unproductive surplus and of wages and profits. Without any attempt at novelty, he succeeds in giving a felicitous presentation of economic law in its main outlines, and he does it in such a way that it can be applied with ease to many of the problems with which conditions have familiarized us.

THE SCIENCE OF WEALTH. By J. A. Hohson, M. A. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Mrs. Edith Wharton has gone to France for a visit, hut denies the report that she is to make her permanent home in Europe. Mr. Wharton accompanied his wife to the hoat hut remains in America.

John A. Mitchell, the author of "Amos Judd" and "Pines of Lory," who happens also to he known widely to the puhlic as the editor of *Life*, has written "Pandora's Box," published hy Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The London cartoonist, Max Beerhohm, has written a novel of the parody variety entitled "Zuleika Dohson," which is to he puhlished soon.

One could hardly wish for an invitation to little known travel delights hetter than the title of Clifton Johnson's new volume, "Highways and Byways of the Great Lakes." It tells of the personal experiences of the author in a region of native heauty and romance. The Macmillan Company will issue the hook.

"A Weaver of Dreams," the last romance to come from Myrtle Reed's pen, is soon to he puhlished hy G. P. Putnam's Sons. The story was completed shortly hefore the death of the author.

Emmy Destinn, the comic-opera prima donna, has translated Herman Bahr's novel, "Theatre," into Bohemian, and has also written the libretto for an opera.

The last hull-fight may soon he fought in Spain and the immense arena dedicated to the bloody sport given over to humaner uses. When this consummation comes, much of the credit for it will he due to Señor Vicente Blasco Ihanez, the author of "The Blood of the Arena." Frances Douglas has translated the novel from the Spanish, and A. C. McClurg & Co. are hringing out a fine edition, illustrated in color from paintings hy Troy and Margaret Kinney.

The fifth of William Winter's scholarly papers on "Shakspere on the Stage," in the October numher of the *Century Magazine*, deals witb "King Henry VIII" and the notable actors who have played this title-rôle.

Mrs. W. S. Porter, widow of the late O. Henry, is making her home in Asheville, North Carolina. She is the author of the 'Bijie stories, which deal with a little mountain hoy of North Carolina. Mrs. Porter is a native of the country ahout which she writes, as was her hushand.

New Books Received.

THE WONDERS OF THE COLORADO DESERT. By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.50.

New edition. Complete in one volume with thirty-two full-page plates from photographs, and 300 pen-and-ink sketches by Carl Eytel.

TOMMY TINKER'S BOOK. By Mary Frances Blaisdell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 60 cents.

A third volume in the Boy Blue series..

MARTA IN HOLLAND. By Etta Blaisdell McDonald and Julia Dalrymple. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 60 cents.

Issued in the Little People Everywhere series.

A CHEVALIER OF OLD FRANCE. "The Song of Roland." Translated from the old French by John Harrington Cox. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.

"The thrilling story of the valor of Roland and Oliver, the treachery of Guenelon, and the avenging might of Charlemagne."

NIBBLES POPPELTY-POPPETT. By Edith B. Davidson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.: 75 cents.

The story of a mouse. For young children. With plain and colored illustrations.

HASSAN IN EGYPT. By Etta Blaisdell McDonald and Julia Dalrymple. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 60 cents.

Issued in the Little People Everywhere series.

FIREBRANDS. By Frank E. Martin and George M. Davis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.

Written for the special purpose of teaching children how to avoid setting a fire, how to extinguish one, and how to hold one in check until the arrival of help.

YELLOW STAR. By Elaine Goodale Eastman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.

The story of an Indian girl.

DIVIDING WATERS. By I. A. R. Wylie. Indianapolis: The Bohhs-Merrill Company; $1.25.

A novel founded upon an international question —the social and governmental relations hetween England and Germany.

THE DANGEROUS AGE. By Karin Michaelis. New York: John Lane Company; $1.20.

Marcel Prévost describes this book as "the most sincere, the most complete, the most humble, and the most disquieting feminine confession that has ever been written."

PAPER BAG COOKERY. By Nicolas Soyer. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; 60 cents.

A detailed description of the new cookery.

TWO NOBLE LIVES. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; 60 cents.

Biographical sketches of Samuel Gridley Howe and Julia Ward Howe, parents of the author.

A LIVING WITHOUT A BOSS. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.

The life story of a salaried man who fought his way out of the city to freedom in the country.

OUR COUNTRY AND ITS PEOPLE. By Professor Will S. Monroe and Miss Anna Buckhee. New York: Harper & Brothers; 40 cents.

An introductory geographic reader for the fourth school year.

A PERSON OF SOME IMPORTANCE. By Lloyd Osbourne. Indianapolis: The Bohhs-Merrill Company.

A new novel with its scene in the South Seas.

A WEAVER OF DREAMS. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.

A new novel hy the author of "Lavender and Old Lace."

LIBERALISM. By L. T. Hohhouse. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents.

Issued in the Home University Library.

THE OPENING UP OF AFRICA. By Sir H. H. Johnston. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents.

Issued in the Home University Library.

THE IDEAL OF JESUS. By William Newton Clarke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

An attempt to restore a waning ideal.

THE BOY'S STORY OF ZEBULON M. PIKE. Edited by M. G. Humphreys. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Based upon the diary and reports of the great explorer.

SANDY SAWYER, SOPHOMORE. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

A story of school life.

THE WRECKING MASTER. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25.

A story of incident and adventure.

THE STROKE OAR. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

A story of college life.

TRACK'S END. By Hayden Carruth. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.

Being the narrative of Judson Pitcher's strange winter there as told hy himself.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Difference.

Only a few more notes, only a finer tone,
And lo! the world hows down before the singer's throne.

Only the same old thoughts clothed with a sweeter sound,
And lo! a poet's hrow with laurel wreaths is crowned.

Only a keener ear, only a swifter skill,
And lo! the artist plays on human hearts at will.

Only a tint or line, only a suhtler grace,
And lo! the world grows mad over a woman's face.

Yet though so slight the cause for which men call us great,
This shade the more or less may fix an earthly fate.

For few may wield the power whose spells uplift and thrill;
The harrier, fixt yet fine, we may not pass at will.
—*Franc Mangum, in the Independent.*

Hill Fantasy.

Sitteth by the red cairn a brown One, a hoofed One,
High upon the mountain, where the grasses fail.
Where the ash trees flourish for their blazing bunches to the sun,
A brown One, a hoofed One, pipes against the gale.

. . . . . .

I was on the mountain, wandering, wandering,
No one hut the pine-trees and the white hirch knew.
Over rocks I scrambled, looked up, and saw that strange Thing,
Peaked ears and sharp horns, pricked against the hlue.

Oh, and how he piped there! piped upon the high reeds,
Till the hlue air crackled like a frost-film on a pool.
Oh, and how he spread himself! like a child whom no one heeds,
Tumhled chuckling in the hrook, all sleek and kind and cool!

He had berries 'twixt his horns, crimson-red as cochineal,—
Bohhing, waggiog wantonly they tickled him, and oh,
How his deft lips puckered round the reed, and seemed to chase and steal
Sky-music, earth-music, tree-music low!

I said "Good-day, Thou!" He said "Good-day, Thou!"
Wiped his reed against the spotted doe-skin on his hack.
He said, "Come up here, and I will teach thee piping now,
While the earth is singing so, for tunes we shall not lack."

Up scrambled I. then, furry fingers helping me,
Up scrambled I. So we sat heside the cairn.
Broad into my face laughed that horned thing so naughtily:
Oh it was a rascal of a wood-land Satyr's bairn!
—*Fannie Stearns Davis, in Atlantic Monthly.*

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See San Francisco First

Thousands of people living in and around San Francisco do not know their heautiful city as they should. There are many points of great interest which should he familiar to every resident hereabouts hefore attention is turned to sightseeing at distant points.

Best of all, practically every point here can he reached for the sum of five cents, and the lines of the United Railroads make them all easily accessible.

First of all there is the Mission Dolores, around which is woven so much of the early history of San Francisco. It has just been reopened to the puhlic and is heing visited hy many sightseers these delightful autumn days. Take Valencia Street car, No. 9, at the Ferry and ride within two blocks of the famous old Mission. Or one can transfer at that point and ride to its very door. The Mission Dolores was founded in 1776, and stands today a testimonial to the ahility of its huilders. Its walls are of adohe, nearly four feet thick and its large redwood timhers are fastened with rawhide ropes instead of nails. The three quaint hells are hung with rawhide also. The cemetery adjoining, overgrown and tangled, is full of historic interest. Captain Don Louis Antonio Arguello, first civil governor of California under Mexican rule lies huried there. Many of the epitaphs are well worth reading.

From every part of the city the Mission can be reached for the same fare.

To every visitor here the park and ocean trip is the great favorite. Thousands of city people spend the warm Sundays on the heach. Children and grown-ups alike enjoy wading and splashing about. The ride is very pleasant, through the heart of the husiness section from the ferry, along the edge of the world-famous Golden Gate Park on the one side and a fast-growing residence district on the other, a dash along the beach and the passenger is landed within a stone's throw of the blue Pacific. Up the drive is the Cliff House and the Sutro baths and museum, wben one grows weary of the heach. The direct-from-the-ocean haths are among the finest in the world and the splendid museum will hold the close attention of the antiquarian and the lover of the odd.

Having seen all this, then the Park remains, and that in itself is sufficient for an entire day's sightseeing. The great tract, once a waste, has heen converted into a heauty spot second to none in the world. Its flowers are rare and throughout the year the grounds are a mass of colors. The Park museum, the wild animals, safely caged, the recreation grounds, children's playgrounds, the lake, summit of Strawherry Hill, tea gardens—all these and many more must be seen to give any idea of the splendid garden which can he reached with so little effort and expense.

If one is in a hurry all these places—heach included—can he "done" in a day, as one can walk through the Park from the heach to the car line, and the run hack down town or to the Ferry is quickly made. The fare each way is five cents.

The hahit of seeing San Francisco first is worth contracting, and to make it more evident, other interesting trips will be suggested next week.

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"MISS NOBODY FROM STARLAND."

As a usual thing, when the winter season in the East is in full swing we out here must skip lightly along a theatric route lined with musical comedy. Sometimes we have too much of it, and desire a change, feeling an appetite for something we can get our teeth into. But, on the whole, we accept such dispensations with philosophy because we are accustomed to having our tastes for the actual drama carefully ministered to during the summer season, when Eastern theatres are closed and superior attractions must, willy nilly, turn our way.

Therefore, if it weren't for our characteristic philosophy out here, we would begin to feel a little abused, for the theatrical attractions of the last month have been of the very lightest order. It must be that the public is reconciled because of their merit—"Jumping Jupiter" and "Baby Mine" were first-class attractions in their line. The vulgarities of "The Girl in the Taxi" were rendered by competent players, and "The Spring Maid" has caught the town.

The public wasn't grumbling until "Miss Nobody from Starland" came along, and now its backers are finding that comparisons are odious. The truth is that "Miss Nobody" has had too many good things just preceding it to stand the comparison. It is a specimen of one of the mechanical musical pieces that are about nothing in particular, and a lot of unrelated things in general. It is thrown together to give opportunity for bringing upon the stage at stated intervals people who dance, sing, and make love, which they do in rather a perfunctory manner. The music is characterless and mechanical. The story meanders like the babbling brook. In fact, it bears a family resemblance to the long line of progenitors of its class that Fischer's familiarized us with in ante-conflagration days.

How in the world the play and the plot got there, heaven only knows, and it doesn't matter anyway, but in the second act almost the entire population of eccentrics on an Atlantic liner are abruptly transferred to the mysterious regions back of the stage of a theatre, and we are treated to the sight of a stage manager in the throes of getting a production together.

It is funny, very. This kind of thing never fails to be, even when the action wanders, and halts, and goes in spasms, as on the present occasion. But there is just one thing to be said for "Miss Nobody from Starland"—you get quite a proportion of hearty laughs. Those who furnish cause are Robert Wilson and Lawrence Comer. Lawrence Comer, who plays the rôle of a leering old devotee to beauty in the first act, doubles, and plays the desperate stage manager in the second, with an effect of such physical and mental contortions of agony that the frost which was threatening actually began to melt.

In the third act our faithful friend the show girl had to have a chance, so there is a gilded banquet hall, and solemn long-robed beauties, some of them very presumably so, sitting in state or gliding with dignity through the familiar mazes of a show-girl parade.

Robert Wilson and Lawrence Comer really deserve a medal apiece, for they achieved the feat of keeping a critical audience, full of a sense of dissatisfied comparison, in laughing good humor by the success of their funmaking.

Olive Vail, coming back thus to familiar ground, probably hoped for a more cordial reception than has been accorded her. She is young and personable, and has a voice—one, however, that does not fulfill the promise conveyed in her first song. It is high and vibrating, and belongs to the same family of voices as Fritzi Scheff's; but Miss Vail does not make anything much of it, partly, I should judge, because her musical instinct falls below the quality of her voice. She sings sometimes in the stentorian music-hall manner adopted by the chorus, thus coarsening and cheapening a naturally pretty voice. Miss Vail, furthermore, does not make good with her audience because she lacks the spontaneous gayety for pieces of this kind. Her manner is prosaic, and so are her attitudes.

She was altogether eclipsed by Bertee Beaumonte, who, as she is decidedly a young woman of promise, ought to start out next season with a new name. For the faithfulness of the spelling see programme. Bertee has youth, good looks, a rather electric temperament, expressiveness in singing, and a whirlwind grace as a dancer that makes her distinctive compared to the long line of family resemblances that dance for us in these musical comedies.

Hough & Adams, who are the makers of "Miss Nobody from Starland," suddenly inject upon the scene some stowaways upon the Atlantic liner; at least I suppose they are stowaways, not having caught one single syllable of the breathless scrambling dialogue which ensues, after the appearance of the Italian trio upon the scene. But then, we become used to that. I don't believe that anybody had the faintest idea what the sleuth was saying until he settled down to making love to Mrs. Patterson. The captain talks as if he had his mouth full of marbles, and Joe Neimeyer always seems to be running a talking race with himself every time he opens his mouth. The youth is a good clog-dancer, and a rather engaging boy, but of course when players are unintelligible upon the stage, their remarks cease to possess any meaning, and consequently importance, to the audience. I suppose it is the same old story of overplaying of one part, and consequently a gradually acquired sense of the meaninglessness of the lines.

But that is why the playing of Bertee Beaumont as Nina stands out so vividly as to compel appreciation. She is full of emotion and expression and action. Everything she does is done with her whole soul. When she attempts to burl herself off the boat because of the hopelessness of Italian Nina's suddenly acquired crush for the young man with the father, she makes such meteoric rushes to the rail that one's head spins. And that swift repeated trio of rescues, just in the nick of time when everything is overboard but one desperately revolving leg, is a very neat and amusing bit of acrobatics.

There remains the chorus, which is numerous and plump; too, too plump. Never before saw I so many fat girls—ladies. The management is extremely liberal in its views, too, affording us the sight of yards and yards of leg. The skirts grew shorter as the play grew longer. Finally they disappeared altogether, the remains which clothed the torsos of the lovely nymphs becoming nondescript and unclassifiable. The girls dance energetically, led by little shrill-voiced, nimble-toed Maude Emery, who has been trained to dance Continental style on the tips of her toes. They smiled, too, but their smiles lacked temperament. I think they were probably dashed by the reception the press gave their show, although it probably went a little better the night I was there—the second night.

There is a maiden in the chorus whose voice is about the most startlingly strident article I ever heard issue from a female throat. That this young lady is allowed to blare forth unrepressed is evidence that the musical standards that are guiding the production are second-class. But in spite of the jerks, jolts, deviations, vacancies, and pauses in the evening's entertainment, there remain, curiously enough, those three personal successes to chronicle: those of Bertee Beaumonte, Lawrence Comer, and Robert Wilson.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

By the death of a writer who signed herself "Baronne Staffe" Paris has lost its chief social adviser (says the New York *Sun*). She was the acknowledged literary authority on the rules of good society, and so popular were her writings with those who were willing to pay money to avoid the risk of doing the wrong thing that one of her books ran through a hundred and fifty-two editions, and two others, on letter-writing and table manners, were sold to the number of almost 50,000. Her success seems to confirm the statement of a publisher who said that the safest hook to publish is a hook on etiquette. An American woman who wrote for a past generation declared that her book on manners and social usages brought her better returns than all her twelve others.

Among the remarkable news items from the Eastern theatres is one that tells of George Kunkel's appearance in Chicago as Wang, in that excellent comic opera. Mr. Kunkel formerly was connected with the Tivoli Opera House company here, but his ability as a comedian was excellently disguised.

Robert Warwick seems to have gone into musical comedy for good. He is a member of the cast of the "Kiss Waltz," produced this week at the Casino in New York. William Pruette is another member of the same company.

Clara Cunningham, of Spokane, Washington, made her début in opera in Viterbo, Italy, a few days ago, singing the leading soprano part in "La Sonnambula," and awakened enthusiastic applause.

Viola Allen is soon to appear in a new play by Louis Parker based on the legend of Lady Godiva. It is said that a wig-maker will furnish the principal costume for the star.

Katherine Grey and Ferdinand Gottschalk are prominent in the cast of Thompson Buchanan's new play, "The Rock," just brought out in New York.

New York Theatrical Notes.

At the Criterion Theatre in New York on September 14 was produced Haddon Chambers's "Passers-By," which was at once declared to be the most satisfactory offering of the new season, so far. It is a simply written love story, with human figures. Richard Bennett plays the hero with success, and Louise Rutter is said to be pathetic with genuine art as the heroine.

John Drew has another English bachelor play, "A Single Man," but it is said to be not so good as "Smith." Mr. Drew has exactly the routine part, which seems a pity. He does it well, of course, but it is hardly worth doing. The New York production of the new play caused no tidal wave of approbation from the critics' row.

Victor Herbert's latest music is said to be good in the songs of "When Sweet Sixteen," a "song play" produced at Daly's Theatre in New York last week. George V. Hobart's book and lyrics are seemingly not inspired. The most taking number was a medley from the Herbert operas. Harriet Standon and Josie Intropidi are prominent in the cast.

Rose Stahl gets more praise for her acting in "Maggie Pepper" than Charles Klein gets for his authorship of the play. Maggie, the heroine, is a department-store saleswoman, and though her opportunities for slang are almost as great as in "The Chorus Girl" the lines are not so breezy. Miss Stahl will make the play go, though it is not an overwhelming success as yet in New York.

Arthur Cunningham is still in the cast of the Follies of 1911, which was revived last week after its recess during the summer season.

Julian Eltinge, who has long been popular in the variety theatres in the line described as a "female impersonator," appeared as the star of a musical comedy in New York last week. The title of the piece is "The Fascinating Widow" and its whole composition is said to be as original and obvious as the name selected for this three-act musical farce. Mr. Eltinge has maintained his popularity much longer than any of his predecessors. George Fortescue, who was a part of the historic success of "Evangeline," with his broadly amusing performance of Catherine, ceased to play such parts after Mr. Rice's extravaganza had exhausted its popularity. Harry Leclaire's activities were always confined to the variety stage, as were those of the Russell brothers, except for that brief period during which Oscar Hammerstein endeavored to make them the feature of a musical farce. Richard Harlowe, who came, as did Mr. Eltinge, from the ranks of Boston amateurs, never survived the end of "1492" and was last seen in the music halls.

New York's first theatre expressly built for the presentation of the Jewish drama was dedicated September 14, Mayor Gaynor taking a leading part in the dedicatory exercises. It is David Kessler's Second Avenue Theatre, at Second Avenue and Second Street. It was built by the noted Jewish actor and a company of New York Jews, whom he interested in the project, at a cost of $800,000. It will seat 2000 people, is absolutely fire-proof, and is second to no playhouse in the city in the magnificence of its appointments or in the artistic decoration and arrangement of its facilities. The new theatre is the dream of Kessler's life. He has won fame as an actor all over the world where the Jewish drama is played. It has for years been his wish to have a great theatre in New York that could be used exclusively for the so-called "Yiddish" drama, and a couple of years ago he succeeded in interesting a number of wealthy Jews, who finally aided him in forming a company to carry his dream to a reality. The first drama to be produced in the house is "Man, God, and the Devil," by the late Jacob Gordon, the great Jewish dramatist.

Fritzi Scheff began her tour a few days ago in Toronto, producing a new Victor Herbert operetta named "The Duchess."

Gelett Burgess is the author of "The Cave Man," a new play in which Robert Edeson will star.

A Passenger Train of Luxury.

The new Santa Fé de-luxe train to Chicago, which goes on its run in December, is an evidence of the growth of travel between California and the East and also of the increasing demand for faster time and more luxurious accommodations. Only a few years ago the drawing-rooms in Pullman cars ran across the continent empty, as few cared to pay the additional charge for the privacy secured, but in recent years the drawing-room is the first to be sold and there are not enough of them. Then the compartment cars were added to the California Limited in a measure to satisfy the travelers, and last year the train itself had to be run in two and sometimes three sections a day.

Now comes the new once-a-week train, which will run faster and accommodate at the outside sixty people each train. The schedule saves practically a business day Los Angeles to Chicago or New York, as one can leave Los Angeles at six in the evening and be in Chicago at eleven in the morning of the third day. There is an extra charge of $25 on this train, and in addition to the higher speed and the exclusiveness, there are furnished stenographers, barbers, tailors, ladies' maids, baths, and other accessories found in the best clubs and hotels.

Of course the California Limited will continue on her comfortable schedule without any extra charge.

A Liszt museum was opened at Franz Liszt's birthplace, Raiding, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death. The opening ceremonies were preceded by a funeral service in the church. The Hungarians are realizing more and more that Liszt was the greatest man their country ever produced.

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, $1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C1570.

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Baldwin Piano Used

VANITY FAIR.

One is inclined to wonder if royalty has any feelings at all, if it ever blushes or feels embarrassed, or is liable to any of the other emotions that both plague and decorate the lower social levels. Take, for example, the case of the Prince of Wales. A year or so ago there were two lives between him and the throne, and so long as the succession was thus reasonably assured the boy was allowed to be a boy. But with the death of King Edward the situation was changed and the boy had to be translated into a prince and act as such. That was bad enough, but worse was to come. Now it must really be quite uncomfortable to be reminded in public again and again that it is your absolute duty to be married as soon as possible and to have as many children as possible. Of course the women's clubs of our own dear land admonish us to this effect from time to time, but they do it collectively. They do not single out some wretched youth and write articles about him for the newspapers and urge him to increase and multiply and display portrait galleries of eligible young women whom he might tempt into the paths of matrimony and maternity. No doubt they will get round to this in time, but at present they address male creation in the mass and so spare the blushes that are rapidly becoming a male prerogative. But this is what the Prince of Wales has to put up with, and to such an extent that one would think he would dread the sight of a newspaper. Here at this very moment is a broadside containing the portraits of five princesses, and nice likely looking young women they are, too. Underneath is a long screed that begins with a reminder to the prince of his duty and that then goes on to present him with the aforesaid picture gallery with an implied invitation—perhaps injunction would be a better word—to take his choice and to do it quickly, because in the absence of more royal babies the British empire feels that it is rocking upon its foundations. Now it may be that the prince is hardened to this sort of thing, but surely it must be uncomfortable for the princesses to be thus passed in review before a national and appraising eye that is obviously speculating upon the possibilities and that is determined to get all it can for the money. Ought we not to remember that even princesses have their feelings, strange as it may seem?

In view of the fact that our great newspapers have now for several years been publishing daily or weekly articles on how to be beautiful it is strange that there should be anything left to say and also that there should be any plain women. But these writers rarely repeat themselves, and while it would be ungallant to say that plain women may be found at every street corner it is undeniably true that some women are not so beautiful as others. Among the latest contributors to this branch of our imperishable literature is a New York actress who knows all about it, and some of her remarks are of such startling originality that they are worth preservation. She says, for example, that "no actress considers herself ready for the stage merely when her skin is bleached." Come to think of it, this is rather an inadequate preparation for the drama. It might also be an advantage if she would learn her part, and even a rehearsal or two might be crowded in edgeways. The public is so exacting nowadays that it is apt to grumble at an actress who is only bleached and nothing more.

But there is one injunction that surprises us. We are told that "of course no woman should expose her ears." Now in heaven's name why not? Why should a woman's ears be the only part of her thus discriminated against? It seems unfair. The hair, we are further advised, must be so draped over the ears as to conceal them. No explanations are given, no reasons advanced, no arguments added. The ugliness of the ears is placidly assumed to be one of those things that "every woman knows."

The hair, we are warned, falls out in the autumn, and to avoid this the scalp "must be lifted." This injunction has a gruesome sound about it. It reminds us of the days of our youth, when we hoped that God would let us be a pirate and when the Apache Indian was the ideal toward which we earnestly strived. The Apache used to lift scalps in the vernacular of those glorious days. But this is a different kind of scalp-lifting. It is for purposes of massage. The scalp must be lifted and pinched with a rolling motion so as to loosen it. It is a tight scalp that produces baldness. The actress says so. Thus do we live and learn. We thought it was matrimony.

This beauty quest seems to be a laborious job, and we can never be sufficiently thankful that we ourselves were born beautiful and thus saved the weariness of a toilsome acquisition. Evidently there is not a square inch of the body inside or outside that must not be massaged, treated, anointed, pulled, pressed, bandaged, or embrocated from morning to night. And there are women, thousands of women, who do it all, who scan feverishly every line of these interminable beauty articles and whose whole mental horizon is bounded by recipes and cosmetics. How will they ever find time to vote?

The president of the Berlin police is making a name for himself. He will descend into the nether regions weighted with women's curses. Only the other day he issued a brutal and tyrannical order against the feminine hatpin, and now, with his blood-lust still unglutted, he has forbidden ladies to wear their hats in the theatre under penalty of a heavy fine, said fine to be inflicted upon the theatre managers. Already a storm of protest has been raised, and not only by the hat wearers, but by the hat sellers. The milliners say that the new order will ruin their business, since the woman who may not display her headgear at the theatre will be indifferent to both style and quality. Several society leaders have already been interviewed, and they all say the same thing. They declare frankly that they go to the theatre, not to see the performance, but to display their millinery, and if henceforth they may not do this then they will stay at home. So there you are.

It would be rather interesting to get a woman into a corner and to ask her frankly upon what conceivable grounds she can defend a practice that ruins the pleasure of other people, a pleasure for which they have paid with hard-earned money and to which they have looked forward with delight. What would she say? What could she say? Berlin is by no means the only city to discover that persuasion is of no avail, that entreaty might as well be addressed to the wind, and that nothing but police power can abolish the callous and brutal selfishness of the theatre hat.

Reports from Paris say that the crinoline is about to reappear. We have heard these reports before and were skeptical about them. We are still skeptical. There is not enough novelty about the crinoline to make it acceptable.

But M. Poiret of Paris says that the crinoline will return, and in the near future. It was M. Poiret who introduced the harem skirt and who now wishes he had not. M. Poiret is fascinated by the Orient, and it seems that the crinoline is worn in Persia, and "Persian costumes are so picturesque and æstbetic that they have enormous possibilities as regards Western adaptation." And yet we may doubt if the crinoline will come in spite of the prediction of M. Poiret, who has more power than any man living to fulfill his own prophecies. The crinoline is not indelicate enough to find favor with the present generation. Nowadays women want to reveal, not to conceal.

By the way, the apologist of fashion is pointing with pride to the repulse of the harem skirt. Women, we are told, are asserting independence in matters of dress. They no longer obey slavishly the dictates of a few autocrats, but they think for themselves and reject whatever fails to reach their ideals.

How interesting! Are we then to suppose that it was women who rejected the harem skirt and that it was driven from the field by feminine disapproval? There could be no greater mistake. Women avoided the harem skirt because the unmannerly behavior of street ruffians all over the world made it positively an unsafe garment to wear. They were frightened away from it. They did not abandon their slavish attitude toward fashion, but it had to give way before an actual physical apprehension. It was rather a pity, because the true Oriental skirt is one of the most becoming and tasteful of garments, but women certainly deserve no commendation in the matter. They would have worn the harem skirt had they dared to do so.

Chicago has followed the disgusting example of Los Angeles and has appointed a female flirt catcher. The duty of this ornament to her sex is to parade the streets and cause the arrest of any man who acts unbecomingly towards her. Chicago has now imitated this very bad business, but the experiment is not likely to continue. The young female who was appointed to do this dirty work returned to the police station after a promenade of two hours. No one had spoken to her or in any way acted improperly toward her. Our fatal inclination to make of ourselves the derision of the civilized world is one of the marvels of Western life.

Times are certainly changing when New Yorkers admit that their city is not actually one of hustle, but is only pretending. Here we find the New York *Sun* quoting with approval the opinion of a native Manhattanite who has been living abroad for three years and who is surprised by "the lack of energy here."

"Everybody has something to do but attend to his business," he observed, "and I will give you an example of it. Look at that group of waiters over there. They are intent on some discussion. Not one of them has come over to us yet and will not until they have reached a point in their talk where they are less interested. The head waiters have just the same discussions. Go into a barroom and you will find the bartenders just as much engaged in a discussion of some matter of interest to them. Go in a shop and you will find the same situation. In fact I don't know of any exception to the rule that employees in this country are always much more interested in their own affairs than in the business they are supposed to be advancing."

It is about time for some one to explode the myth of New York energy. No such energy exists.

The *Millinery Trade Review* keeps up its old frolicsome, romping style. It is a never-failing source of pure joy and will be still more so when we have learned the language, which we are trying hard to do. For example, what kind of a hat is the "niniche"? Most of the new hats covered with kid are of the "niniche" shape, and while this causes us to glow with exultation we should like to know what kind of a shape it is. It is strange how some people are able to browse their way along through words like this and never turn a hair. Now most men would be filled with an unholy pride if they could pass out a word like that, and then without even taking a breath go on to remark that the "niniche" hats have broad brims, mounted in "Amazon form." What is an Amazon form? What is a "conteau made of leather"? What is a Tafal? What is goura and blondine? The *Millinery Trade Review* man uses all these expressions with the same easy fluency of the ordinary newspaper reporter who patters out his little "now I lay me" before getting into bed at nine p. m. He scatters his strange weird words as thick as currants in a cake, and all without a trace of ostentation or a hint of extra charge. A police reporter who could decorate a story like this could command almost any price from Mr. Hearst. Just imagine the descriptive ability that can frame such a sentence as this: "A very handsome toque has the brim covered with six-inch long conteaux showing rather deep mother-of-pearl tints, combined with a full crown of kingfisher blue velvet and a handsome fancy in lophophore."

There is only one word for it. It is literature, and all done without a dictionary, too, just invented, summoned from the depth of the millinery sub-consciousness, wafted from above on the wings of millinery inspiration. Oh, for a hat like that, a real toque with conteaux and lophophore, Amazon form, trimmed with new cabriolet, combined with goura and tinted with blondine, noumidi, and vulture. We yearn for a "flattened pon-pon." We shall never be happy till we get it.

A New York milliner who has just returned from Paris says that the dominant characteristics for this fall's dresses will be "simplicity and a fine charm." For the moment we are tempted to give three cheers, but they would be premature. The milliner went on to explain just what she meant by these alluring phrases. She should have stopped at the general description, but then milliners will talk and they always say too much. Her idea of simplicity and a fine charm is a sheath skirt with the cut in front instead of at the side. So all our hopes melt away into thin air, and we begin to wonder what women would wear if they no longer affected a "simplicity and fine charm."

The food experts of the Department of Agriculture are giving the cocktail cherry their attention, having discovered that the cherries are bottled in a liquid which has masqueraded for many years as Maraschino liquor. Several years ago the same statement was made by a glassware concern which had for sale what they called "the only good cocktail cherry." Their article was really a cocktail glass of which the cherry was a part. It was so artistically fashioned that it deceived all who saw it for the first time when an attempt was made to pick the cherry from the empty glass. One of these glasses was shown in a conspicuous place in a downtown restaurant recently. On it was a card: "This cherry approved by Dr. Wiley."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

James McNeil Whistler is said once to have confronted Oscar Wilde—at the height of the æsthetic movement—with Du Maurier, who was satirizing the Postlethwaites in *Punch* with all his might, and to have genially inquired: "Which of you two invented the other?"

A farm hand had worked in the field from dawn till darkness, doing the chores hy lantern light. "I'm going to quit," he said to the farmer at the end of the month. "You promised me a steady joh." "Well, haven't you got one?" was the astonished reply. "No," said the man, "there are three or four hours every night that I don't have anything to do and fool my time away sleeping."

The differencc, not merely of degree, hut of kind, which is supposed to separate the English rector from the inferior order of curates, is exemplified by a recent incident. Returning to his parish after his autumn holiday, a dignified country clergyman, noticing a woman at her cottage door with a hahy in her arms, asked: "Has that bahy heen baptized," "Well, sir," replied the courtesying mother, "I shouldn't like to say as much as that, hut your young man came and did what he could."

An error of a new clerk in the mailing department of an Eastern publisher was responsihle, the other day, for the mailing of a prospectus to a world-famous statesman, who had heen dead for some years. The letter was returned a few days later with the following indorsement: "In Heaven, ——, 1911. Gentlemen: As your puhlications are not permitted to circulate here, I helieve it would be useless for me to suhscrihe for them. Yours respectfully," and here followed the name of the famous statesman.

Several years ago, when the Methodist Church in Willoughhy was heing torn down to make place for the present heautiful edifice, Mayor Wilson had occasion to hire a man for a few days. He sought Pat O'Brien—a well-known citizen—to do the job. "I can't do ut at all—at all!" declared Patrick. "Oh, try it for a day or two," urged the mayor. "Get off any way you can to help me." "Begohs, I can't do it. I'm havin' th' toime of me loife. I'm tearin' down a Protestant church, an' hein' paid f'r it."

John Jacob Astor was asked one day what was the largest amount of money he had ever made in one transaction. This he declined to answer, hut said that he would tell the largest sum that he failed to make. With De Witt Clinton and Gouverneur Morris, he said, he had planned to buy Louisiana from France and to sell it to the United States government, retaining the puhlic domain and charging 2½ per cent commission. They changed their minds, and Mr. Astor said that he lost thirty millions of dollars hy failing to go into the deal.

A Cincinnati man was traveling through New England last month in his touring car with his wife and two daughters. They stopped one day for lunch at a very nice hotel, and after the meal was over the automohilist said to the waiter: "Bring the bill, please. We have bad four sandwiches and four pieces of apple pie. Wait a moment, though. What has the chauffeur had down stairs?" "The chauffeur, sir," replied the waiter, "has had a Parmesan omelette, a grilled brook trout, lamh cutlets and peas, an ice, a cup of hlack coffee, a fifteen-cent cigar, and a pint of champagne."

A well-known Scottisb architect was traveling in Palestine recently, when news reached him of an addition to his family circle. Tbe bappy father immediately provided himself with some water from the Jordan to carry home for the christening of the infant, and returned to Scotland. On the Sunday appointed for the ceremony he duly presented himself at the church, and sought out the headle in order to hand over the precious water to his care. He pulled the flask from his pocket, hut the headle held up a warning hand, and came nearer to whisper: "No the noo, sir; no the noo! Maybe after the kirk's oot."

After a long, hot, and dusty journey by train the New York commercial traveler arrived in Richmond, hrushed enough dust off his face to make sure that the right man was getting off, and hailed one of the little seagoing backs common in the Old Dominion city. It was driven hy an aged negro. "Drive me to a haberdashery," said the traveling man, surveying his soiled raiment with disfavor. "Yassuh," said the negro. "Giddup." Tbe old horse started off at a little stiff-legged jog trot. The driver seemed to he thinking deeply. By and by he pulled the horse to a stop, and leaned backward to his fare. "Scuse me, suh," said he, "hut wey did you all want to go?" "Drive me to a haherdashery," said the traveling man. "Oh, yassuh," said the negro. "To he sure. Giddup." The hack rattled on for a little way, and then the negro stopped, got off the hox and poked his head in over the little door. "Mehhe Ah didn't get dat name jus' right," said he. "Would you all mine repeatin' it, suh?" The traveling man said for the third time that he wanted to go to a haherdashery. The old driver shook his gray wool and looked grieved. "Ah'm an ole man," said he. "Youah kin trus' me. Wheah is it you really want to go?"

Hank Hoss of Tin Can was accused of stealing a mule, hut a Tin Can jury hrought him in "not guilty." This disgusted the spectators and the judge, and the judge, voicing the general opinion, said: "Gentlemen of the jury, you have erred grievously. Go hack, reconsider the evidence, and see if you can not give us a verdict in accordance with right and justice." Crestfallen, the jury retired a scoond time. They were out ahout ten minutes. On their return the judge said: "And now, gentlemen, your verdict is?" "Guilty," said the foreman. A sigh of relief went up from the crowded court, and the judge remarked: "Correct! We hanged him two hours ago."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Impromptu.

"If I should kiss you," asked the man,
"My dearest girl, what would you say?"
"I don't know," answered Mistress Anne—
"My hest things are extempore!"
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Food.

The hungry shipwrecked seaman did not grumhle
at his fate;
He merely took a calendar and bit him off a date.
—*Dallas News.*

Fall.

The fall of the year
Brings the fall of the leaves
And the fall of the mercury. Yet here's the
rub—
This is the fear
That hoth rankles and grieves:
There'll be no fall in prices of clothing and
gruh. —*New York Globe.*

Some Progress Noted.

This planet has been going some in these few
thousand years;
The education system's changed since Dickens
wrote of Squeers;
The airship beats the hullock cart with solid
wooden wheels,
And old straw ticks felt nothing like a modern
mattress feels.
The cypress shingle roof is more protective than
a thatch—
But people still hunt gas leaks with a match!

Philosophy's progressed a hit since time of Aristotle—
Since old Xantippe drove her Soc, to hit the
hemlock hottle.
The telephone, the wireless—oh, why enumerate
'em?
'Twould take a page or mayhe more in hriefest
form to state 'em.
The incuhator's rohhed the hen of all she had to
hatch—
But people still hunt gas leaks with a match!

We shall not say a word ahout the cheerful human goat
Who takes a party rowing and jocosely rocks the
boat;
We'll even fail to mention that supremely dotty
one
Who pulls the playful trigger of the long unloaded gun.
By other things we know our race has never
left the scratch—
Don't people still hunt gas leaks with a match?
—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Well Remembered Places.

Ah, there are spots that very oft within my
mem'ry dwell,
Though it is very seldom that their history I tell.

There is a tree beneath whose shade with Stella
once I sat,
When I proposed and her reply instanter knocked
me flat.

There is a Gotham shop with gilded halls before
the door,
Where once I placed the watch and chain I'll look
at nevermore!

There is an office fat on which the politician dotes
That once I ran for—'twould he mine if I had got
the votes.

There is a window where I see champagne through
all the year;
I feel my purse, and that is why I compromise
on beer.

There is a table where I know that pigeon pie's
set out,
But when I dine I have to dine on pork and
sauerkraut.

The front row at the Opera is a hallowed spot,
alas!
I am a music worshiper, hut can not work a pass.

There is a hrownstone mansion that with longing
oft I view,
But it is in the attic here that I the Muses woo.

There is a spot St. Peter guards—I hope to sue
for grace,
But then alack! I know full well there is another
place! —*Town Topics.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Mildred Pierce and Mr. George C. Fenbagen took place September 11 in Manila. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pierce of San Jose, who sailed a few weeks ago to be present at the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Fenbagen will reside in Manila.

The wedding of Miss Helen Smythe and Mr. Alexander Rutherford will take place October 21 in New York. Mr. Rutherford will bring his bride to San Francisco, which will be the home of the young couple.

The marriage of Miss Muriel Steele and Mr. J. Wesley Gallagher of Shangbai will take place in October instead of in September as has been announced. Mr. Gallagher will be detained in London until next month.

The wedding of Miss Sibyl Howard and Mr. Robert Faulkner Moss will take place October 3 in Yokobama. Miss Howard is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Chandler Howard, who for many years have resided in Yokohama, where Mr. Howard is associated with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

The wedding of Miss Editb Brownlie of Vallejo and Lieutenant-Commander Harold G. Bowen, U. S. N., will take place September 27, in Vallejo.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Taft, Miss Taft, and Miss Dorothy Taft have issued cards to a reception from four until seven o'clock, October 7, at the Claremont Country Club in Oakland.

In Peking, China, Miss Juliet Bredon, daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Bredon, was recently married to Monsieur Charles Laurn, of the Imperial Customs. The civil ceremony was performed by the French minister plenipotentiary, the religious ceremony by Bishop Scoth of the Anglican Mission. The bride, educated in San Francisco, is a cousin of the Horatio Livermores, and a niece of Sir Robert Hart. In the spring Monsieur and Madame Laurn plan to visit Europe, returning to Peking by way of San Francisco.

Miss Ernestine McNear was the hostess this week at the Claremont Country Club, where she gave a dance which was attended by fifty young people.

Mrs. Andrew L. Stone entertained the group of young people who took part in the operetta, "Shopping," at a luncheon Saturday at the Burlingame Club. Miss Crocker was hostess at a supper which followed the dress rehearsal Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Sunday at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Otilla Lane has issued invitations to a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis, September 26, when Miss Winona Derby will be the guest of honor.

Mrs. O. D. Baldwin will give a reception today at her home on Green Street in honor of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Henry St. Goar was a luncheon hostess last week at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury entertained a number of friends last Thursday at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis.

As a farewell compliment to Miss Margaret Belden, Miss Louise McCormick entertained a coterie of young people at an informal tea at the Town and Country Club. Miss Belden left last Thursday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden, to spend the winter in New York.

Mrs. Norman McLaren gave a tea at her home on Sacramento Street in honor of Mrs. Frank Sewall, who is here from the southern part of the state.

Miss Frances Martin was the guest of honor at a tea given Monday by Miss Elva Depue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley recently entertained at a dinner and theatre party in honor of Ambassador T. J. O'Brien, who is en route from Japan to his new post in Rome.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan gave a luncheon Monday at their country home, Beaulieu, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Sage and Mrs. Randolph of New York.

Mrs. John D. Sibley was hostess at a tea complimentary to Mrs. Wallace Bertholf, wife of Lieutenant Bertholf, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. *Colorado*.

Pay Director Charles M. Ray, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ray entertained at a dinner in honor of Colonel L. W. T. Waller, U. S. N., and Mrs. Waller, who have recently arrived at Mare Island.

Mrs. Charles P. Huff, wife of Lieutenant Huff, U. S. N., was hostess at a tea at their home in Yerba Buena.

Paymaster Fred Perkins, U. S. N., and Mrs. Perkins of Yerba Buena entertained at bridge and a supper party in honor of Rear-Admiral C. B. T. Moore, U. S. N., and Mrs. Moore.

Leonard Borwick, Exceptional Pianist.

Mr. Leonard Borwick, a pianist of exceptional attainments, and one who but seldom appears in public, but when he does is able to stir the connoisseurs, will arrive in this city from the Antipodes during the month of October and has consented to play here before leaving for New York. Altogether Mr. Borwick will play but eight or ten times in America, making the shortest tour on record for a visiting artist.

Mr. Borwick is fortunate in being able to live up to his ideals, and he does not care to play in public often, as he feels that the virtuoso career kills other musical requirements. He prefers playing for a select few rather than for a big crowd, the majority of whom do not appreciate what he is trying to impart. Manager Greenbaum has secured Mr. Borwick for two concerts.

Family Club Entertainment.

The Family Club has prepared an interesting programme which will be presented this (Saturday) evening on the parish grounds in Menlo for the purpose of raising funds to rebuild the church of Father George Lacombe. Among those who will take part are Messrs. Edward H. Hamilton, L. A. Larsen, Vail Bakewell, Roy Folger, Jack Noyes, J. Frank Maroney, Frank Hooper, Lawrence Harris, Waldemar Young, W. J. Jacobs, Harold Pracht, Charles Trowbridge, Fay Beal, W. W. Naughton, W. B. Hamilton, Mackenzie Gordon, and Charles Dickman. The patronesses are Mrs. Edward Barron, Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mrs. Joseph Donahoe, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mrs. Charles McGettigan, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. George Whittell, and Miss Bertha Welch.

Benefit Operetta.

A children's operetta will be given this (Saturday) afternoon and evening at the Valencia Theatre for the benefit of the San Francisco Maternity Home, of which Mrs. John Metcalfe is the president. Among the officers and directors are Mrs. Joseph L. King, Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, Mrs. James A. Cooper, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. James V. Coleman, Mrs. J. H. Black, Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mrs. Harry N. Gray, Mrs. William Matson, Mrs. Charles W. Slack, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Albert Houston, Mrs. Eugene A. Bresse, Miss M. Wallis.

Garden Fete.

The home in Ross of Mr. and Mrs. John Martin will be the scene today (Saturday) of a garden fête which will be given by the members of the Episcopal Church for the benefit of the church fund. Among those interested in the affair are Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, Mrs. George Pillsbury, Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, Mrs. George Hood, Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mrs. John Cutting, Miss Alice Oge, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Maye Colburn, and Miss Frances Martin.

One of the brilliant events of the forthcoming musical season is the appearance of Mme. Lillian Nordica in concert here on October 14. Nordica is one of the most famous artists before the public. Her superb voice is under such perfect control that it can produce the required tone qualities to express every possible sentiment. Melba, Nordica, Eames, Sembrich, and Tetrazzini are admittedly the greatest sopranos of the day, but on the concert platform Nordica is unrivaled. Her concert programmes are always of great beauty and variety and well chosen to display the singer's consummate art. Without costume or stage setting, so great is her art, she brings the whole scene vividly before her auditors and the bare concert platform is for the moment transformed to the scene of her song.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine," with H. B. Warner as the star, will be the Cort Theatre attraction for two weeks, beginning Sunday night, October 1. This remarkable play by Paul Armstrong was suggested by O. Henry's short story, "A Retrieved Reformation." It ran for two seasons at Wallack's Theatre, New York. Liebler & Co., the producers, are sending with Mr. Warner his original supporting company.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Direct from its success at the Liberty Theatre, New York, and Powers Theatre, Chicago, Henry B. Harris will present the big comedy success, "The Country Boy," next Monday night at the Columbia Theatre for an engagement of two weeks. This four-act piece by Edgar Selwyn was originally produced at the Liberty Theatre, New York, where its acceptance was instantaneous. Later it was taken to Chicago, where it was no less successful. Its record of fourteen consecutive weeks in Philadelphia is convincing proof of its popularity. "The Country Boy" is in four acts, and tells the story of a lad from the country who has ambitions "to do something big." Accordingly, his desires lead him to the city, where he is soon swallowed up, and after a struggle the boy is brought to a realization that life back in the home town is not so bad after all. Characters familiar to every large city are shown and strongly contrasted with the sterling type of men and women to be found in the country. A big production has been provided, and the cast includes Alfred Cooper, Frank McCormack, Doan Borup, Frank E. Jamison, George Schaeffer, Olive Templeton, Elda Furry, Charlotte Langdon, and Nellie Fillmore. Matinées will be given as usual on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"Miss Nobody from Starland," the Mort Singer musical revue, which has had a most successful week at the Cort Theatre, will be seen for the last time tonight.

Beginning with Sunday night's performance the famous comedian Harry Bulger will open a week's engagement in "The Flirting Princess." This latest vehicle of Mr. Bulger's has proved eminently successful, and he is generally credited with having the best rôle of his career. Bulger was last seen here as the star of "Woodland," shortly before the fire. An individuality of method and unusual skill in developing laughable lines characterize Bulger, who is a unique figure on the American stage.

"The Flirting Princess" might really be called a "nonsense farce" with musical embroidery. The princess is an Egyptian girl of adventurous spirit whose coquetries are the cause of many complications from which she is finally extricated through love that is real. Bulger has surrounded himself with a capable company, including Helen Darling, Eileen Sheridan, Billy Kent, and Dale Fuller. Matinées will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

Sam Mann, a comedian of reputation in the East, will head the Orpheum bill next week in a one-act comedy written for him by Aaron Hoffman entitled "The New Leader." It shows the weekly event in all vaudeville theatres, the rehearsal before the opening performance. The stage is bare and all is confusion. The rehearsal starts and great fun is supplied by the appearance of the headliner, the monologist and the "sister" act. A domestic drama is adroitly woven into the fabric of the comedy. Mr. Mann will have the support of an excellent company. The Seven Belfords, athletes and feet posturers, will present their unique acrobatic performance. They are all Americans and their work has the great merit of novelty. Conlin, Steele, and Carr, "Fresh from College," will appear in a breezy skit which they call "Bits of Musical Comedy." Conlin and Carr are comedians who sing and dance well and Lillian Steele is an attractive girl who infuses a lot of sparkle and dash into the act. Harry Breen, the rapid-fire song-writer, will be among the next week's attractions. He is a comedian and makes impromptu verse.

Next week will be the last of the Australian Woodchoppers, the Four Elles, Lily Lena, and Edwin Stevens. Miss Lena will be heard in an entirely new repertory of songs, and Mr. Stevens, aided by Tina Marshall, will appear in a new musical vaudeville entitled "A Lesson in Arithmetic."

"The Campus," that delightful musical comedy of college life, will be given for the last times at the Savoy Theatre this (Saturday) afternoon and evening, and on Sunday a theatrical attraction which has the indorsement of the best elements will be presented in Dante's "Inferno," prepared in motion pictures by a distinguished company of Italian artists who have devoted their gifts, their time, and their money to the achievement. After a period of two years success crowned their efforts and they gave to the world a remarkable reproduction of the work. It would be impossible in the limitation of a short paragraph to go into the contents of the "Inferno" as filmed by the Milano Film Company. While the attraction must necessarily prove a special attraction to readers of Dante, it will be of interest to every man, woman, and child, and the accompanying lecture and music will be additionally charming. The music, by the way, has been written for the production by a noted Italian composer. The entertainment covers two hours, and matinées will be given every day.

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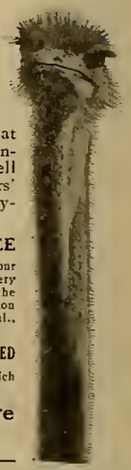
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will he found a *résumè* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereahouts of ahsent Californians:

Mrs. Amy Talbot and her daughter, Miss Amalita Talhot, will return to their home in Washington, D. C., for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and their children have returned from Europe and are estahlished for the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Innes Keeney returned to town Monday from Burlingame, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Genevieve King, and Miss Hazel King have returned from San Mateo, where they spent several weeks at the Peninsula Hotel.

Mr. Russell Veit arrived from New York Monday after a hrief visit at Long Island with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Charles Veit, and sailed Tuesday on the *Korea* for the Orient, expecting to he away until the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillshury will spend the winter in town and will occupy the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. Evan S. Pillshury.

Mr. Melville B. Bowman has returned from a trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale and Miss Alice Oge will spend the winter in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld returned yesterday to her home in Sacramento after having spent a week with friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hood (formerly Miss Helen Sidney-Smith) left Tnesday for their home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. William Alston Hayne and her children have returned from San Luis Ohispo County, where they have been spending the summer, and are in St. Helena with Mrs. William B. Bourn, Sr.

Miss Jennie Fassett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett of Elmira, New York, will spend the winter with Judge W. C. Van Fleet and Mrs. Van Fleet at their home on Pacific Avenue. Mrs. Fassett is a cousin of Mrs. Van Fleet, Mrs. Fannie McCreary, and Mr. Henry J. Crocker of this city, and of Mr. William H. Crocker of Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Sloss have returned to town for the winter.

Mrs. John Evelyn Page, who has heen spending a few weeks in this city, has returned to her home in the south.

Mrs. George Delatour has returned to her home in Rutherford, Napa County, after a visit with Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have leased an apartment at the St. Regis and will divide their time between town and Burlingame.

Miss Cornelia O'Connor has returned from Southern California, where she has heen visiting friends for the past three months.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dickinson Sherwood have returned to their home in Spokane.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt and her daughter, Miss Rehecca Kruttschnitt, left Thursday for their home in Chicago. Mr. Henry Woodhouse of Montreal, the fiancé of Miss Kruttschnitt, sailed Tuesday on the *Korea* for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle have recently heen the guests of Mrs. Hearst at her home in Pleasanton.

Mr. Austin Tuhhs and Mr. Livingston Baker returned Friday to their Eastern colleges.

Mr. Allen Van Fleet left Monday for Harvard Law College, where he will continue his work two years more.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Dibhlee of Ross were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman at their Burlingame home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keeney McIntosh will soon close their home in Woodside and occupy for the winter a house on Webster Street near Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Osgood Hooker left Monday for the East with his son, Master Osgood Hooker, Jr., who has heen spending his vacation in Burlingame.

Dr. James W. Keeney and his son, Mr. Charles Keeney, will sail Septemher 27 for Japan.

Mr. Clarence Follis has arrived from New York, and will spend several weeks with his relatives in this city and San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn are expected home shortly from Ireland, where they have heen spending several months with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent.

Mr. Simeon Mills has recently been the guest of Mr. Austin Moore in San Mateo.

Mrs. Alden Anderson and her daughter, Miss Katherine Anderson, have returned from Europe and have joinod Mr. Anderson in Sacramento, where they will reside indefinitely.

Mr. Charles Page Bryan, who has heen appointed ambassador to Japan, sailed Wednesday on the *Olympic* for New York. He will make a hrief visit in this city, en route to his new post.

Miss Ruth Zeile, Miss Beatrice Nickel, and Miss Marie Louise Black have returned to the East to attend school in New York.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and her daughter, Miss Doris Ryer, will sail September 27 for the Orient and will make a tour of the world before returning to San Francisco.

Mrs. W. R. Smedherg and Miss Cora Smedherg are established in an apartment at the St. Xavier on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William Timlow and her daugbter, Miss Emily Timlow, left Monday for their home in Englewood, New Jersey, after having spent two months witb Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carlton Mullen (formerly Miss Olga Atherton) will spend the winter in town.

Miss Ruth Winslow was the guest over Sunday of Mrs. Charles Lyman at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson returned Monday from an automohile trip to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., sailed Wednesday from Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Tohin will spend several weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Gay Lombard arrived last week from Portland, Oregoo, for a hrief visit in this city.

Mrs. Frank S. Johnson will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Lawrence Metcalfe Symmes has returned to New York after having spent several weeks in Berkeley, where he was the guest of Dr. William Boericke and Mrs. Boericke.

Miss Amy Bowles has returned from Sag Harbor, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Havens.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld and Mrs. F. F. Schloss returned Wednesday from their European tour and are at their residence, 1809 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt will return to town Decemher 1 and occupy their home on California Street. They have heen spending the past year in Burlingame.

Miss Dorothy Baker spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker at their home in Ross.

Miss Jane Selby has recently been visiting her hrother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Johnson, at their home in San Rafael. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will spend the winter in town.

Miss Harriet Allen, who has heen the guest of Miss Margaret Williams, has returned to her home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla and their daughters, the Misses Vera and Leontine de Sahla, arrived in New York last Saturday from Europe, where they have heen traveling for the past six months.

Mrs. Augustine Strickland has returned from San Diego and is the guest of Miss Jennie Hooker at the St. Regis.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and her daughter, Miss Marian Newhall, have returned to town from an outing in Santa Barhara and Monterey.

Dr. Edwin Janss and Mrs. Janss (formerly Miss Florence Cluff) have gone East to spend several weeks on the Atlantic coast.

Captain A. F. Payson has returned from a trip to Chicago.

Miss Marcia Fee has returned from a visit with friends in Mendocino County.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Foster, the Misses Marie Louise and Enid Foster, of Ross, and Miss Minna Van Bergen of this city, sailed Wednesday from Europe, where they have been traveling during the past year.

Major Frank Winn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Winn will sail next month from Manila.

Mrs. J. W. Bothin and her daughter, Miss Genevieve Bothin, left Wednesday for New York, where they will reside for the next two years. Miss Bothin will attend a school on the Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden and their daughter, Miss Margaret Belden, have gone to New York to spend the winter.

The Rev. Edward Morgan has returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tuhhs, Miss Emily Tuhhs, and Mr. Chapin Tuhbs, have returned from Monterey and are at the Bellevue Hotel.

Dr. Paoli de Vecchi, Mrs. de Vecchi, and their family, have returned from Europe and are at present in New York.

The Misses Louise and Sylvia Borden are here from England to visit their grandmother, Mrs. John Maynard, who is spending the summer in San Jose. They were the guests last week of Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver at her home on Webster Street.

Miss Laura Bates of San Rafael is spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and their two little daughters have arrived from Europe and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. George C. Boardman and her granddaughter, Miss Dora Winn, have returned to town after having spent the summer in Ross, where they occupied the cottage of Mrs. Laura Roe during the summer.

Mr. Gardner F. Williams and his daughters, the Misses Dorothy and Gertrude, have heen at the Fairmont Hotel since their return from Monterey.

Mr. Drummond MacGavin has returned from a trip to the northern part of the state. Mr. and Mrs. MacGavin will leave shortly for Los Angeles, where they will remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell left Monday for the East, where they will place their son, Master Edward Schmiedell, in school near Philadelphia.

Mrs. George Armsby has returned from a visit with relatives in the East.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at their home in Burlingame. Mr. and Mrs. Carolan will spend the next few weeks at Beaulieu, their country home in Santa Clara County.

Miss Lee Girvin and Mr. Henri von Schroeder were the house guests last week of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Mrs. Robert N. Graves and her grandsons, Master Robert White and Master Melville White, have returned from Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Gunn and their sons, the Messrs. Dudley, Kenneth, and Russell Gunn, will spend the winter at the El Drisco on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Laura Roe is estahlished at her home in Ross.

Mr. Frederick W. Hellman has gone to London to join Mrs. Hellman, who has heen ahroad for the past year.

Bishop William Ford Nicbols, Mrs. Nicbols, and their daughter, Miss Margaret Nichols, are occupying their town house on Webster Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Wiltsee have arrived in New York from Paris.

Major W. F. Lewis, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has heen a recent visitor from the Presidio, Monterey.

Lieutenant-Colonel Harry C. Benson, U. S. A., and Mrs. Benson have returned from their summer outing.

The Misses Mary and Harriet Southerland, daughters of Rear-Admiral Southerland, U. S. N., have recently been the guests of friends at Mare Island.

Miss Rebecca Ord of San Diego, daugbter of the late Captain James Ord, U. S. A., has returned to Vassar College.

Captain M. O. Bigelow, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bigelow, who are at the Victoria Hotel, will leave in October for Manila, wbere Captain Bigelow will join his regiment.

Colonel Alexander O. Brodie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brodie have heen spending a few days in town. They are estahlished for the winter in San Rafael.

General Arthur S. Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray will he at the Hotel Stewart until their quarters at Fort Mason are ready for occupancy. The Misses Murray are expected shortly from Washington, D. C.

Mrs. A. N. Buchanan and her daughters, the Misses Gladys and Linda Buchanan, have arrived in New York from Europe, where they have been traveling for the past year.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Sanhorn, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hastings, Mr. F. E. Harris, Mr. C. A. Mattern, Mr. H. L. Allison, Mr. Willard Chamberlain, Dr. and Mrs. William A. Martins, Mr. F. T. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bloom, Mr. R. Colgan, Mr. D. A. Colgan, Mr. C. J. Brown, Mr. A. R. Gilchriste, Mr. and Mrs. K. G. Dunn.

Pasquale Amato.

Last season Manager Greenhaum hrought Bonci, the greatest of the lyric tenors, and this year he starts in hy offering Pasquale Amato, the very greatest of the haritones, and, many say, the star supreme of all the male singers. Be that as it may, Amato has become one of the hright stars of the Metropolitan Opera, and his performances in "Parsifal" and "The Girl of the Golden West" last year were said to he the hest individual successes at the opera. Young, handsome, gifted with a rarely heautiful voice and with a musical education that makes him equally at home in the lieder of Schumann, Schuhert, and Strauss, in the old French chansons, in the old Italian classics, and in the classic and modern opera, Amato possesses every requisite for a hrilliant career, and to all this is added a personality that wins his audiences hefore he even opens his mouth to sing.

Mme. Gilda Longari, a soprano of whom the hest things are said, and Signor Tanara, one of the Metropolitan's conductors, will assist Mr. Amato at the concerts to he given at Scottish Rite Auditorium on two Sunday afternoons, October 8 and 15, and Tuesday and Thursday nights, Octoher 10 and 12. The concert of Octoher 10 will he under the auspices of the Elizaheth Murison School Association.

Mail orders for these events may now he sent to Will L. Greenhaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The hox-offices at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's will open Wednesday, Octoher 4.

Sousa and His Band.

John Philip Sousa, the hest known American in the world of music, the man who has done more to educate the great masses of the American continent to a liking of the hest in music, and the most original and gifted band conductor living, will arrive here with his organization of sixty artists after a tour of the world and give eight splendid programmes at Dreamland Rink on the afternoons and evenings of October 1, 2, 3, and 4. On the Sousa programmes there are always half a dozen important compositions, and these are so skillfully interspersed with the jolly and popular that he holds his audiences until the very last encore and then they clamor for more.

The sale of seats will open next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and Kohler & Chase's, and mail orders may he addressed to Will L. Greenhaum. Special attention will he paid to out-of-town mail. Complete programme books may he secured at all the leading music stores.

The appearance at the Columhia Theatre on Sunday afternoon of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Kemp, with their travel talk of Panama and the Canal Zone, has heen announced. The Kemps made the trip to the Canal Zone upon special request of the government, and they spent an entire year in securing as perfect a series of motion pictures and views, showing the actual construction of the canal itself, and all interesting and important scenes in the Canal Zone as has yet heen ohtained.

The most valuahle collection of tahleware in the world is said to he seen in Queen Mary's pantry at Windsor. Every design since Queen Elizabeth's day has heen contrihuted to the collection, which is stored in two rooms. The most imposing thing in the rooms is the dinner service of solid gold, used only for dinners of the higbest state.

Following "The Country Boy" at the Columhia Tbeatre will be seen James Forhes's comedy, "The Commuters," one of the higgest hits in many seasons past. Many prefer this comedy to the author's other work, "The Chorus Lady," wbich was played hy Rose Stahl.

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S. S. Nippon Maru..Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1911
S. S. Tenyo Maru...Wednesday, Nov. 22, 1911

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do you think be would he cool in time of danger?" "I think his feet would."—*Houston Post.*

"Consistency's a jewel." "That's all right; hut you can't work it off on any girl instead of a diamond ring."—*Tit-Bits.*

"Dumley has found a cure for tire trouble." "Eh! What's that?" "He's hought a motor-hoat."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Stella—What do you consider a waste of opportunity? *Bella*—A freight train going through a tunnel.—*New York Sun.*

Pop Gunn—My lawyer tells me I have a strong case. *Dan Wayside*—He means that it will last for years.—*New York Globe.*

"Their chauffeur seems a sober, careful fellow." "Well, for the wages they pay they can't well expect anything else."—*Puck.*

Stella—When you are engaged you tell him that he must economize. *Bella*—And after you are married be tells you that you must.—*Puck.*

Maud—You'd never dream of the proposals I've had this summer. *Ethel*—No, dear; I'm not so good a dreamer as you are.—*Boston Transcript.*

Artist—This is my painting, "Youth in the Melon Patch." *Critic*—But where are the melons? *Artist*—What a foolish question!—*Toledo Blade.*

"Who's the author of the novel you are reading?" "There's no name given." "Due to modesty, I suppose?" "No; fear, I should call it."—*Boston Transcript.*

Dubleigh—Was that you I heard fumhling at your door this morning at one o'clock? *Clubleigh*—At one? I guess so. My wife declares I got in ahout three.—*Baltimore Sun.*

"I don't see any sense in referring to the wisdom of Solomon," said the man smartly. "He had a thousand wives." "Yes," answered the woman, tartly, "he learned his wisdom from them."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Mr. Huggins, you seem to be quite a favorite with the ladies at this hotel. If I give you free room and board will you agree to flirt with all the wall flowers?" "Not me. I'm no lemon squeezer."—*Houston Post.*

Lawyer for Defendant—Now, sir, you say that my client disappeared in the darkness after knocking you down. What time of night was this? *Complainant*—I can't say exactly. Your client had my watch.—*Life.*

Bobby—Mrs. Bjones has a friend who has died and gone to the had place. *Mamma*—Why, Bohhy! What makes you say such things? *Bobby*—Well, she said that she had a warm friend who was dead.—*Milwaukee News.*

Mrs. Oldtimer—When we were in Egypt we visited the pyramids. They were just covered with hieroglyphics. *Mrs. Newrich*—Horrors! Weren't you afraid that some of the ugly things would get on you?—*Milwaukee Daily News.*

Physician—Have you any aches or pains this morning? *Patient*—Yes, doctor. It hurts me to hreathe. In fact, the only trouble now seems to he with my hreath. *Physician*—All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that.—*Good Housekeeping.*

"I dunno how Bill's a-goin' to vote in this election," said the campaign worker. "I've hearn tell he's on the fence." "He wuz thar," replied the neighhor; "but one o' the canderdates let fall a dollar on the off side o' the fence, and Bill got dizzy an' fell over."—*Christian Register.*

"Sir," said the haughty American to his adhesive tailor, "I object to this hoorish dunning. I would have you know that my great-great-grandfather was one of the early settlers." "And yet," sighed the anxious tradesman, "there are people who believe in heredity."—*Tit-Bits.*

"Would you say the presidency or the judiciary is the nohlest institution in the land?" asked the Interrogative Person. "Without intending to cast a slur on either the presidency or the judiciary," answered the Opinionated Person, "I should say that pay day holds that enviahle eminence."—*Buffalo Express.*

Apropos of the pension of $10 a week that the English government bas just granted to the popular English novelist, Joseph Conrad, a Chicago poet said the other day: "The trashy novelist rides in a Frencb motor-car and drinks champagne with his dinner, but the good novelist is tbankful for a meal of macaroni. Our had taste is to hlame. Listen to this terrible story: A wealthy Chicago puhlisher visited a lunatic asylum one autumn afternoon, and among the lunatics he noticed a man who sat counting his fingers and muttering:

'Intry, mintry, eutrey, corn!
Apple seeds and hriar thorn!'

"Tbe puhlisher regarded the man attentively. About that massive hrow, ahout that glowing eye there was something strangely familiar.

'Intry, mintry, cutrey, corn!
Apple seeds and hriar thorn,
O-u-t—out—'

"The puhlisher laid his hand on the maniac's shoulder and said sadly: 'My poor friend, is it not true that in you I recognize the pitiahle wreck of what was once the heaven-horn genius, A. Fountain Penn, author of that immortal masterpiece——' 'Shut up!' the other interrupted in a fierce whisper, and he glanced cautiously ahout the room. 'Shut up, you old fool! Do you want to ruin me? If none of the docs get onto who I am I can stay here all winter.'"

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

ORDER FOR PUBLICATION OF SUMMONS.

Upon reading and filing the affidavit of EFFIE I. SIMONS, and it satisfactorily appearing therefrom that the defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS, can not he located in the State of California, and, after due diligence, can not he found within this state, and it also appearing from the complaint herein duly verified by said plaintiff that a good cause of action exists herein in favor of the plaintiff, and against the said defendant, the said action being to dissolve the bonds of matrimony existing between the said plaintiff herein and the said defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS;

And it further appearing that a summons has been duly issued out of said court in this action, and that personal scrvice of the same can not he made upon the said defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS, for the reasons hereinbefore contained, and hy the said affidavit made to appear;

On motion of Bush Finnell, attorney for the plaintiff, it is ordered that the service of the summons in this action he made upon the defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS, by publication thereof in "The Argonaut," a newspaper published at said city and county of San Francisco, hereby designated as the newspaper most likely to give notice to said defendant; that such publication he made at least once a week for two months.

And it further in like manner satisfactorily appearing to me that the last known residence of said defendant was at the city and county of San Francisco, state of California, it is ordered and directed that a copy of the summons and complaint in this suit he forthwith deposited in the United States postoffice, at the city and county of San Francisco, post paid, directed to said defendant at his said last known place of residence.

JOHN J. VAN NOSTRAND, Judge.

Dated this 5th day of September, A. D. 1911.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

AFFIDAVIT OF EFFIE I. SIMONS.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, being first duly sworn, deposes and says: that she is the plaintiff in the above entitled action.

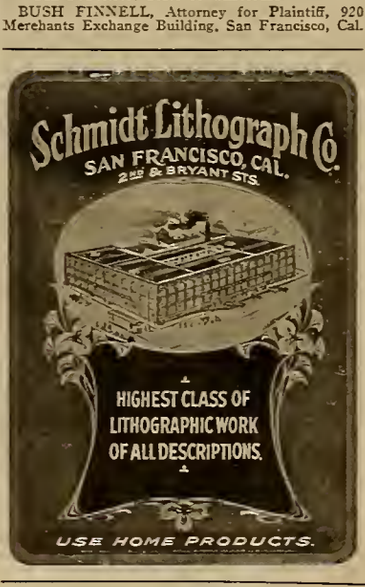
That on the 29th day of August, A. D. 1911, affiant commenced an action to dissolve the bonds of matrimony existing between herself and CLARENCE F. SIMONS, the defendant herein.

Affiant says that she has not seen the defendant for the two years last past; that the last affiant knew of the said defendant he was residing in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California, and affiant says that she has now no knowledge as to the whereabouts of said defendant. EFFIE I. SIMONS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) M. V. COLLINS,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

BUSH FINNELL, Attorney for Plaintiff, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal.



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The Argonaut.

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Election.

Returns of Tuesday's primary election are not yet complete as we write on Wednesday. But the count has progressed far enough to assure a result highly gratifying to the respectability and conservatism of San Francisco. Out of a poll unprecedentedly large—somewhere between 70,000 and 80,000—Rolph has received approximately 65 per cent of all the votes cast for mayor and is therefore elected outright in the primary. His vote outnumbers that of McCarthy, the laborite candidate, nearly two to one. When it is considered that the administrative machinery was in the hands of McCarthy and that it was worked to its full limit—and beyond—in his behalf, this result is hardly short of wonderful. It surprises political experts on the one hand and meets the expectations of the most sanguine enthusiasts on the other.

The mayoralty was the main interest. But the result in other respects was in keeping with it. In practically every case there was discrimination on the part of voters favorable to more worthy as distinct from less worthy candidates. Mr. Long was elected city attorney outright, Mr. Mulcrevy county clerk, Dr. Dodge assessor, Mr. Bush tax collector, Mr. Godchaux recorder, Mr. Hynes administrator, Mr. McDougald treasurer, and Messrs. Deasy and Weller police judges. Messrs. Fickert and Hathorn, with the former well in the lead in the primary vote, will have to make the race over again in the regular November election, with all other candidates eliminated. Likewise the selection of auditor and of coroner has been referred to the regular election. The count is especially slow in the matter of supervisors, but it has gone far enough to demonstrate the election by the primary of some half-dozen men of special distinction for private and public integrity.

Mr. Rolph was essentially a "popular" candidate, and beyond a doubt his personality played an important part in the result. Yet it remains to be said that the voting was not so much for Rolph as against McCarthy. The unprecedented registration, the unprecedented vote, the unprecedented interest manifest in unnumbered ways, all reflected the weariness and disgust of San Francisco with that system in politics and industry identified with the name of McCarthy.

There were politic and diplomatic attempts in the preliminary campaign to minimize the issue, but they were not successful. There was a universal and instinctive feeling that beyond all considerations of administrative propriety there was the deeper issue of McCarthyism, coming down in due process of descent from Ruefism. In its fundamental aspects it was a combination of the extreme and aggressive element in labor unionism with the interests of sinister business and professional politics. For its own purposes it assumed the name and pretensions of a labor party; and at one time or another during the past twelve years it has commanded something like the solid support of union labor in all its departments. In the election of Tuesday it had such endorsement from nationalized organized labor as was implied in the presence of Mr. Gompers during the active weeks of the campaign, of his private counsels and his public commendation. McCarthyism, posing as the spokesman of organized labor, has demanded a controlling authority in local politics, monopoly of labor with the right to say who shall and who shall not be admitted to a share in the industrial life of San Francisco. It has stood for the domination of a class in politics, for concessions to vice in its commercially profitable forms, for restriction and terrorism in industry, for contempt of every principle conflicting with its own purposes, for disregard of every rule of equality and justice among men.

It would be ungracious—even misleading—to minimize the part which the better elements of organized labor have played in McCarthy's overthrow. Without undertaking to analyze the facts or to interpret motives, it is to be noted that somewhere from 30 to 40 per cent of the labor unionists of San Francisco voted against McCarthy. The presumption is that in disavowing the man they also rejected the system for which he stands. Labor union in its legitimate forms and aims is a worthy and a necessary thing, and if its powers should be brought to permanent support of right things as against wrong things, its service to society might be very great. Ruefism and McCarthyism diverted it from its proper purposes, debauched it of its virtue, thrust it into the gutter of public contempt. But the result of Tuesday's election with the utterances of unionists of the McArthur type lead to hopes of a remodeled unionism organized for protection of the weak, for promotion of reasonable and just demands, rather than in support of the scheme of arrogant and destructive selfishness represented by McCarthy. A unionism founded in the spirit of equity, demanding for labor its just dues with its just share in the affairs of life, and no more—such a unionism would be, not the blight and curse of McCarthyism, but a social blessing.

Mr. Rolph, with a career of four years in the mayor's chair before him, has in his hands a mighty opportunity of public service. Now if Mr. Rolph would make the most of this opportunity it is for him to steady himself mentally and morally, to take stock of his duties, and to go at his work in the spirit of candor and devotion. Dangers beset him, unquestionably. He will be sought and cajoled in ways none the less dangerous because insidious and subtle. His rôle is to forget every other thing but his duty, to dismiss every ambition save that of service, to avoid as a pestilence the temptation to plan and scheme for future preferment. His responsibility lies in the mayoralty of San Francisco. Let him limit his energies to this work, let him strive to do his full duty in it, let him put aside any thought of anything further or beyond it. Others in the mayoralty have started right and ended wrong because they sought to employ present authority and opportunity to the end of future and larger dignities. Mr. Rolph if he is to be successful in the mayoralty, if he is to meet the expectations and hopes involved in his election to that office, must give no heed to suggestions connected with the governorship, with a senatorship, or with anything else. One duty at a time is all that any man can adequately and honorably attend to. And the man who attends to one duty at a time, regardless of consequences, unfailingly finds himself in higher honor than he who schemes and labors for the future.

Although defeated and discredited, Mr. McCarthy is still the mayor. The powers of administration will be in his hands until January, something more than three months. McCarthy, therefore, holds in his hands exceptional powers for good or for ill. There are those who assert that he will employ these powers to the ends of public disturbance. It is for McCarthy to prove by his course between now and January whether those who thus judge him be true critics or slanderers.

Canada's Rejection of Reciprocity.

Rejection of the reciprocity treaty by the Canadians is hardly a surprise. The forces in obvious opposition were powerful; and it now appears that Mr. Laurier's organization, which looked so strong, was in reality weak. Naturally all the elements connected with the prosperous industries of Canada were opposed to a change giving American products opportunity of open rivalry in Canadian markets. For them it appeared to be a case of exchanging a sure advantage for a questionable prospect. Therefore Canadian industry in its many ramifications and affiliations stood opposed. Then there was the appeal to loyal sentiment, always and everywhere effective among men of the Anglo-Saxon race. And this appeal was well founded, for it was a certainty that the reciprocal arrangement would have involved a close relationship between Canada and the United States, with a corresponding weakening of the tie between the dominion and the mother country. On both sides of the line this was vehemently denied, but Americans and Canadians alike felt it in their hearts to be true. In England it was felt universally that acceptance by Canada of the American proposal would be a first and a long step toward separation—nothing less, in fact, than a beginning of disintegration of the empire. And this being so, all the influences in Canadian life which have their foundation in the home country were exerted earnestly against reciprocity. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's cabled message to the Canadian people, published widely at a critical moment in the campaign, illustrated not more by its argument than by its impassioned spirit the depth of this feeling.

It would perhaps have been better tactics on the part of those on both sides of the line earnest for reciprocity if the original proposal had come, not from the United States, but from Canada. The old warning of the Greeks bearing gifts is invariably revived when proposals of coöperation come from wealth and power to relative poverty and weakness. It gives always to

the elements of protest a chance to assert that an effort is making on the part of a big fish to swallow a little one. Canada, to be sure, has long talked about reciprocity in her own interest, and it is probable that a majority could have been secured for it if it had come through her own seeking. But when the United States proposed it there was instantly aroused all the sentiment of fear inherent in a situation involving many uncertainties which the American Congress had previously solved upon a theory of American advantage.

Important political effects may follow the action of Canada, both in England and in our own country. Before now causes less effective in their appeal to national feeling have powerfully stimulated imperial sentiment, and turned the immediate course of British politics. Some such effect, in greater or less degree, may be expected now. The rejection by a great colony of proposals of manifest commercial advantage under the impulses of affectionate loyalty must act powerfully upon the British imagination. In its relation to national and imperial politics it may have highly inspiriting effects. In the United States the incident may serve to diminish or to check the rising prestige of President Taft. Upon reciprocity as upon no other issue he placed the hopes of his administration. He has regarded it as the most important project of his presidency and he threw into the fight for it, when the measure was before Congress, the full weight of his individual and official powers. The passage of the act by Congress has fairly been esteemed the most effective illustration of his personal statecraft. At the hands of the Canadian people Mr. Taft's plan has been nullified; and it now remains to be seen to what extent this outcome will damage a prestige to which the reciprocity scheme was so closely related. Of course Mr. Taft's work was done when Congress ratified his plans; in logic he stood wholly apart from Canada's acceptance or declination. But in these matters there are forces more subtle than logic, as many a statesman has discovered to his dismay. Beyond a doubt acceptance of reciprocity by Canada would have put a coping-stone on Mr. Taft's fame as a statesman. Defeat must in some degree detract from his repute as a constructive force.

Those who have the patience to wait upon events will not be discouraged by this failure. Nature has decreed a close inter-relationship between Canada and the United States. The thing is inevitable. It must come about in time under pressure of irresistible forces. But in what manner time alone will tell.

Italy, Turkey, and Tripoli.

The sudden quarrel between Turkey and Italy comes like a bolt from a clear sky. It has been known that Italian residents in Tripoli have been fretting against Turkish control just as aliens are always apt to fret against a government that they consider inferior to themselves in civilization. But that there should be an actual mobilization of ships and soldiers, a seizure of trading vessels, and a threat of invasion is an unpleasant reminder of the secrecy of European foreign offices and the comparative irresponsibility of their operations.

No one has ever questioned the ownership of Tripoli. It is a Turkish province and has been so for eighty years. It has not even been subject to that curious kind of "protectorate" that has so often been found a convenient preliminary to annexation. Tripoli has been governed direct from Constantinople through a pasha appointed by the Sultan, and on the whole its government has been free from the grosser abuses usually associated with Turkish rule. Its population is only about a million, scattered over 410,000 square miles, and as the Italian element was strong and intelligent the country was left comparatively unmolested by the old unregenerate Turkey. The people did pretty much as they liked, and a special form of taxation, a sort of poll tax, was leniently exacted.

But the advent of the Young Turks government had the effect of stiffening the administration of Tripoli as elsewhere. Government became a fact instead of a theory, the system of taxation was brought into conformity with that of Turkey and the alien element began to be correspondingly restive. But no one supposed that the grievances were of a substantial nature or of a kind to lead to a breach of the peace. It is more likely that we have here another instance of the irreconcilable feud between the Christian and the Mohammedan, in other words between the people who eat pork and those who believe that pork and perdition are convertible terms. Where Mohammedan and Christian live side by side there is no need to look for the cause of the inevitable quarrel. Every triviality of daily life is stamped with racial and religious significance. Every detail of speech, of dress, of custom, is eloquent of some particular kind of piety, and nothing is too petty to be the source of undying and fanatical hate. The new Turkish government has reanimated the national sentiment by its patriotic admonitions, and it was known that the Italians in Tripoli had felt themselves to be "crowded." But no one had thought of war.

It may be doubted if Italy is entirely sincere. She must know that Turkey is far too proud either to lease or to sell one of her possessions to a Christian power. She would hardly dare to do it. Italy must also be aware that a war with Turkey would not be exactly a carnival. Doubtless she counts upon the fact that England could never allow a Mohammedan war to be waged on the confines of Egypt and that she may gain something valuable at the hands of diplomacy. Then, too, it is to be remembered that she is facing a gigantic Socialist strike at home, and a convenient excuse for mobilizing a hundred thousand men is not to be despised. But if Italy is not sincere, if her people in Tripoli have no really vital grievances, if she is only trying to snatch a valuable piece of property, then it must be said that she is playing with terribly sharp tools and that in provoking the Mohammedan races of the world she is running a risk that a wise statesmanship would avoid.

A Prediction.

On the day of the big labor parade in San Francisco, some three weeks back, Mr. Samuel Gompers declared in a published interview that while he knew nothing of the conditions here he was nevertheless anxious that Mr. McCarthy should be reëlected to the mayoralty because he represented the purposes and the demands of organized labor. As president of the American Federation of Labor, he urged union men to cast their votes for McCarthy. Again, in a later utterance, Mr. Gompers made his recommendation to union men more specific, pointing out that if McCarthy "should not be elected mayor this year the only interpretation that the enemies of labor will place on it will be a repudiation of the labor movement in San Francisco."

Concurrently with this emphatic and repeated urgency in behalf of a class candidate for mayor Mr. Gompers has busied himself while in California—and before his coming here—in behalf of men charged with the crime of blowing up the Los Angeles *Times* office and thereby of murdering twenty or more non-union mechanics. Without waiting to hear the evidence for or against, he has espoused the cause of these possible and probable criminals, making their defense, whether guilty or not guilty, the cause of unionism, and levying a tax upon union men to the end that a great sum may be raised for their "protection"—protection, mind, not defense.

Concurrently with these activities, Mr. Gompers gave his personal and official support to certain extreme demands made against the railroads of the country, urged under threat of a general strike calculated to paralyze transportation and through such means to destroy the common prosperity.

These various utterances and activities tend by their time and manner to identify Mr. Gompers, not with a unionism existing to the end of enforcing justice and equity for the working man—a legitimate unionism justified in the minds of all reasonable men—but with the extreme and selfish movement within unionism which would subordinate all other elements and interests to a labor tyranny. Let us recapitulate: While expressly disavowing knowledge of local conditions he declares for a candidate because he selfishly and ruthlessly represents the cause, not of labor, but of organized labor. Without knowing whether men charged with crime are innocent or guilty—certainly not knowing that they are innocent—he employs his authority as a leader, whipper-in, and tax-master of labor to the end that the movement for their prosecution may be defeated. In disregard of the rights of unorganized labor, he demands monopoly of labor for unionism. In contempt of law and equity, he insists that the railroads of the country shall practically turn over the ordinary business administration of their affairs to organized labor under the highwayman's threat of "your property or your life." In defiance alike of equity and the Constitution, he demands an authority in the business of transportation that would make organized labor, or its leaders, the practical masters of the country.

No honest mind can follow Mr. Gompers in these proposals and movements. What he demands is out of all reason, out of all equity, out of accord with every American principle, inconsistent with fundamental rights. His plans and his methods would subordinate every interest, every principle, every citizen to the interests, the schemes, the selfish rapacity of organized labor. It would deny to any man for any reason under the ban of organized labor the privilege of living in this country, since the right to live is nullified if there be no privilege of acquiring the means wherewith to live.

Mr. Gompers, we think, by these extreme espousals, suggestions, and proposals has signed his own death warrant as the head of organized labor in America. For surely organized labor will not sustain a policy so openly dishonest, so flagrantly cruel, so destructive of every worthy principle. There are extremists we know, and a good many of them, who will stand with Mr. Gompers, but we do not believe that the rank and file of organized labor will insist upon the dominance of even their own class in politics, upon the "protection" of labor unionists against legal inquiry, upon monopoly of all labor for unionism, for nullifying the ordinary rights of property in the interests of unionism, or for making it possible for the leaders of extreme and aggressive unionism to paralyze public prosperity. The rank and file of labor unionists, made up as it is of intelligent and self-respecting men, will not, we think, back a policy thus menacing, thus destructive.

The day, we believe, is not very far away when Mr. Gompers will be declared by union labor itself a dangerous and unworthy leader and be cast down from the place he has held and which he has abused and dishonored. Sentiments of justice and humanity will rise in the breasts of those whom he styles his followers to bid him begone from a post he has discredited and shamed.

Johnson versus Jordan.

There is a merry continuation of the wordy warfare between Secretary of State Jordan and Governor Johnson. The house of reform that should be animated by democratic ardor and brotherly love is still rent by internal feuds and by that peculiar form of venom that we have learned to associate with the politically righteous. It is all very sad and disheartening.

It will be remembered that the first rift in the lute appeared in connection with the constitutional amendments. Some of them had unaccountably disappeared. Others that should have been officially entered, indexed, docketed, blue-penciled, and verified had escaped these formalities. For a moment it looked as though the amendments were too hopelessly confused for submission, as though the *bandar log* of the reform party would be unable to cast their votes. No one quite knows, or cares, how the situation was saved, but it was saved, and then Mr. Jordan took up his pen and stated precisely what he thought of Governor Johnson. It was a good letter for a secretary of state, although somewhat lengthy. It was fairly grammatical, and indignation and pathos were aptly blended. Its general purport was to the effect that the governor cares nothing for the duties of his position unless there are cheers attached to them and that he does nothing either well or heartily unless in some way it attracts public attention to himself as the saver of the state.

Now we have another screed from Mr. Jordan, about two columns of it, and upon the same text. This time the secretary of state is more denunciatory and less tearful. The governor had ignored his first letter except for some furtive and secret attempts to discountenance him in the eyes of an amused public, and the reformer can stand almost anything except indifference. So Mr. Jordan returns to the charge, and this time with specific instances and hints of a continuation in our next. The governor, he suggests, has broken the law, not once, but many times. He has appointed more than the legal number of notaries, he has failed to reappoint officials who should be reappointed, and he has allowed other officials to remain in office in the absence of the bonds, signatures, and other formalities demanded by the statute. There is even a suggestion that public documents would have been "jockeyed" in the matter of dates and otherwise but for the rigid rectitude of the secretary of state. Over a hundred commissions issued by the governor have been returned

because of errors, and bonds have been approved by the governor although they were actually unsigned.

But the gravest charge of all is in connection with the governor's traveling expenses. These amount to a very considerable sum and they are charged, says Mr. Jordan, for the period covered by the legislative session, although during that time the governor stuck like a limpet to the place where he would be most visible. The secretary of state asks why the governor should not render an itemized statement, as is done by all other officials, why he alone should deal in totals that amount to some hundreds of dollars a month.

But there is still another count in Mr. Jordan's indictment. The refreshment account for the governor's reception was no less than $433.01, and nearly one-fourth of this sum was paid to San Francisco waiters and caterers. Mr. Jordan asks why this money was not retained in Sacramento, and he suggests further that if the governor had paid it himself instead of charging it to the public it would have been more consonant with his democratic professions. Then again there is the item of over three thousand dollars for furnishing the executive mansion. Now it is obvious that the executive mansion must be furnished, but Mr. Jordan directs his eagle eye upon the accounts and he detects sundry items such as smelling salts, powder boxes, pin-cushions, and the like. Surely these can not be for the use of the governor. Why, then, should they be supplied at the public expense?

There is much more to the same effect, but let this suffice. It is a very pretty little quarrel full of the snarls and pettiness of rival politicians. Its real meaning is obvious enough. There is only one absolute centre of the political stage, there is only one true focus to the limelight, and Mr. Johnson and Mr. Jordan are both eager to occupy that precise spot. It is the one and only goal of the agitating reformer. It is his only conception of success. Nothing that Mr. Jordan says is incredible, but we should have heard none of it but for wounded vanities and fretting self-esteem. The triumphant demagogue always spurns the restraints of the very law of which he was the vociferous defender. Intoxicated with applause and with the adulation of the foolish, inflated with the sense of a great mission, he holds himself free to do all those things that he loudly denounced in others, to ride rough-shod over laws and to neglect every duty that has no personal lustre to confer. It is an old story. The country is full of Governor Johnsons. They strut through their little day and they go out like candle flames.

Dr. Wiley's Vindication.

President Taft was not so speedy with his exoneration of Dr. Wiley as some good people desired, but then President Taft has the judicial mind and consequently a tendency to be accurate rather than to be popular. And the exoneration was all the more emphatic because it was deliberate and reasoned. Dr. Wiley is acquitted of any intentional wrongdoing, of any conscious effort to creep under or over the law in pursuance of a personal plan. That he went the wrong way to do a right thing, that he was misled by zeal and by what may be called his political heredity, is evident enough, but these things do not constitute a crime. The earlier charges brought against him by Mr. Wickersham were based, says the President magnanimously, upon incomplete information. In the light of all the facts he finds them to be unfounded, and it may be said that the President's judgment comes all the more emphatically and conclusively because it is founded upon all the facts and is not in response to popular clamor. That Dr. Wiley has lacked tact and discretion is to say no more than that he is an expert and an enthusiast. We need the services of such men. Indeed we must have them, but they must work under the restraining supervision of cold-blooded people who are neither experts nor enthusiasts. If Dr. Wiley is a wise man as well as a learned one he will be all the better for the little ordeal that he has passed through. He will learn the unwisdom of a departure from the strictest propriety and that admirable ends must be attained only in admirable ways.

That an attempt would be made upon his political life was a foregone conclusion. No man can do such a work as he has done without incurring bitter enmities and resentments. If Dr. Wiley had not created a host of powerful enemies it would be proof positive that he had neglected his duty. The public food poisoner was fast becoming an institution and before long he would have had vested rights and a halo of commercial sanctity around his head. He has now been firmly relegated to his proper position as a criminal. Putting upon one side all those contentions that are matters of dispute, it remains a patent fact that Dr. Wiley has abolished or curtailed many hideous practices of food adulteration that are almost too revolting to dwell upon. Whatever views we may hold about non-intervention, it is very certain that if intervention is ever justified it was justified here. In matters of food adulteration the average citizen is as helpless as a ten-day-old infant. He can not discriminate between the "filthy animal matter" and the pure fruit that it professes to be. He would be absolutely defenseless but for expert authority that puts him on his guard. Every food poisoner in the country bad naturally vowed vengeance upon Dr. Wiley, and it might have been an effective vengeance but for the sure and cautious mind of the President.

A Modern Moloch.

We need not go far for evidence that civilization has done very little to abate the natural ferocity that loves bloodshed above all other forms of amusement and that is never so strongly attracted as by the likelihood of accident and death. A week ago a young aviator was killed at Troy, Ohio. Knowing that his engine was out of order, he was unwilling to take the fearful risk of an ascent, and he said so to the crowd of spectators who had paid for their admission to the grounds. If these spectators had possessed the kind of humanity that we like to boast of but that can hardly be said to exist they would have accepted the explanation with a sense of relief that the defect had been discovered in good time. They would have claimed the return of their money and would have waited for some more auspicious occasion. But it need hardly be said that they did nothing of the kind. They had assembled, not to witness an exposition of a new art, but to see a man risk his life. That the risk was so much greater than they had supposed served only to whet the lust for sensation, and so they howled and jeered until finally the young aviator was abashed, and perhaps even frightened, by their vehemence. He made the ascent, his gasoline tank exploded, and he fell dead from a height of 400 feet, as indisputably murdered as though he had been stabbed with a knife. The spectators had paid their money to see a man risk his life. Without extra charge they saw him lose his life. Doubtless they felt that they had had their money's worth and something over. It was a cheap and pleasant afternoon.

The instance is not an isolated one. It may be duplicated at any automobile race meeting. At Syracuse the other day a racing automobile killed ten men and wounded twenty while running at a speed of seventy-five miles an hour. We watch acrobatic performances not because of their skill, but because of their danger, while the trainer who braves the ferocity of a cage of wild beasts can always command the enthusiastic and expectant applause of the still more ferocious wild beasts among the audience. There have been machines far more wonderful than the automobile, and they have attracted no general attention because they were so safe. An aeroplane from which all danger had been taken would be at once prosaic. The man who walked on a tight-rope stretched a foot from the ground would be an object for derision. The only thing that can arouse a full popular enthusiasm is a reasonable expectation of bloodshed.

Therefore it seems that humanity has not progressed very much since it assembled in its thousands to witness the gladiatorial shows in the Roman arena. Indeed there is something to be said for the ancient as against the modern methods. The ancient methods were at least frank and unashamed. They were methods of elemental brutality, but guided by fair play and an equal chance. We prefer to pit men against their own nerves, against the incalculable vagaries of atmosphere, climate, and machinery. But bloodshed has lost none of its power to thrill and to fascinate.

Editorial Notes.

The repeated suggestion of the correspondents accompanying President Taft on his tour that he is in "enemy's country" is not borne out by any evidence of anti-Taft sentiment that we have been able to discover. If we except Nebraska there have been no party assemblages in any of the Western states in the line of the President's travels authorized to express party sentiment. Therefore the only definite gauge of sentiment is that afforded by the affiliations of Republican members of Congress in the several states, which are as follows:

State.	Insurgent.	Regular.
California	3	6
Colorado	..	1
Idaho	1	2
Iowa	4	7
Kansas	4	5
Minnesota	7	3
Montana	..	2
Nebraska	1	3
Nevada	..	2
Oregon	2	1
South Dakota	1	3
Utah	..	3
Washington	3	2
Wisconsin	6	3
Wyoming	..	3
Total	32	46

Even in states where the congressional delegations are divided there is no assurance of serious anti-Taft sentiment. Certainly California, three of whose nine representatives in Congress are in the insurgent column, can not be termed "enemy's country." The truth is there is no enemy's country for Mr. Taft. There is no Republican state—or Democratic state, for that matter—in which he is not heartily respected and admired.

Mr. Gifford Pinchot, now in Alaska, stated in a public meeting at Katala (Alaska) on September 20th that his trip had "resulted in a considerable modification of his ideas regarding laws needed for the development and protection of the resources of the country." This is more than anybody had hoped for. But how is Mr. Pinchot going to square his "modified ideas" with the sentimental imaginings to which he stands committed? The main trouble with Mr. Pinchot all along has been his ignorance of facts and considerations familiar to every man acquainted with Western conditions. His conversion to common-sense views—if the modification of his ideas has gone thus far—comes late, but it is to be hoped that it will be deep enough to make him more modest in future.

The loss of the French warship *Liberté* is the last and the greatest of the catastrophes to the French navy that began with the wreck of the *Lutin* in 1906. In the following year France lost two warships, one of them by internal explosion. In 1908 two more were added to the list and both disasters were due to explosion. In 1910 the submarine *Pluviose* was lost, while this latest tragedy is the second of its kind during the present year. In this instance the loss of life is greater than in all of the others put together, no less than four hundred men being killed in an instant. There will of course be a minute inquiry into the cause of the explosion, but it can hardly be regarded very hopefully, seeing that the ship herself is utterly destroyed and the survivors are pitifully few. France is certainly passing through a time of extraordinary bad luck. Large areas of her country are swept by gusts of violent discontent accompanied by that curious form of outrage known as sabotage, and now comes this sudden and crushing blow to her navy. Either there must be a strange laxity in her naval management or else these many disasters must be due to some common cause into which it would be well to inquire.

The maudlin effort to secure the release of Ruef should be discouraged by those who have an adequate sense of the enormity of his crimes or of the dignity of the law. It is hard to understand the mental and moral perversion of those who can make such a plea and who can base it on the miserable ground that this unspeakable wretch will devote his wealth to the "sociological work that is yet to be done." Such a plea is either the result of hysteria or of a criminal fellow feeling. In either case it is disgusting. The most important "sociological work" that Ruef is capable of doing is of the enforced kind to be found at San Quentin. Our own most important "sociological work" is to see that he does it, and that criminality in general does not receive the comfort and solace of his release. The reference to Ruef's wealth is as impudent as it is maudlin. Whatever wealth he possesses he stole, and by methods that put the highwayman to shame. That he still possesses it and that a crew of thieving supervisors also possess their plunder is a discredit to the system and to the hypocritical group who tortured that system to their own selfish ends. That the continued possession of stolen goods should actually be urged in mitigation of punishment is a piece of audacity that it is hard to stigmatize.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The British naval authorities are said to be unpleasantly alive to the increase of socialism in the navy. Just as the Duke of Wellington was "much exposed to authors" so the British sailor is much exposed to agitators. He offers a fruitful soil to the exploiter because he has the reputation, doubtless undeserved, of believing everything that he is told by any one. Sailors all over the world have that same reputation. Just as they believe firmly the circular that describes the massive gold watch that can be purchased for $1.98 so they give equal credence to the Socialist leaflet that paints a Utopia filled with delights dear to the maritime heart. A few years ago there were no Socialists in the British navy. Now about one-third of the lower deck men figuratively carry the red flag.

Curiously enough, the larger number of Socialists are to be found among the engineers and the torpedo craft men. No one can say why this should be so, but it is so. Some day a social philosopher will write a book explaining the connection between occupations and political opinions. He will tell us why engineers and torpedo-boat men have an inclination toward socialism, why leather workers are invariably radicals, and why tailors are prone to conservatism. It would be an eminently proper inquiry and one that might throw some light upon the history of the world and the glorious march of democracy. It might even lower our self-esteem by persuading us that opinions supposed to be due to intricate mental processes are actually caused by proximity to the chemical works or the stockyards.

An incident in the continuing dispute between France and Germany may be cited as proof that the small savings-bank depositor is about to become an important factor among the forces that make for peace. Every one knows that a slight panic occurred on the Berlin stock exchange after the advent of some unfavorable news. A panic is a rare occurrence in Germany, and so this particular flurry frightened the country savings-bank depositors so badly that with one accord they began to demand the return of the money. Immediately there was a change in the tone of the newspaper press. Instead of shouting for war, as it had done for weeks, it shouted for peace, and assured its readers that there could be no possible combination of circumstances that could produce hostilities. For the first time in his life it has been brought home to the German savings-bank depositor that war must be paid for, and that one of its first results might be a financial panic that would deprive him of his own particular savings at one fell swoop. There was, of course, no danger at any time to the savings banks, but the semblance of danger was enough. War suddenly assumed a new, terrific, and personal aspect, and every depositor became a peace-at-any-price man. And the newspapers were compelled to follow suit. And now if an all-wise Providence would but permit another ray of intelligence to invade the mind of the average citizen he may arouse himself to still further realities. He may awake to the fact that all wars are paid for out of his savings and that the smaller his savings the larger the proportion of them that he will have to pay. The risk of a bank failure may be remote, but there is no risk whatever about the tax collector. He, at least, is a certainty, and it is the lower strata of society that must satisfy the whole of his demands, simply because they have no one to whom they can pass on the debt.

The Rev. James Brierley, deservedly celebrated as a philosophic and undogmatic preacher, asks in a recent sermon why there are now no great men upon the world's stage. We have plenty of "successful" men, but no great ones. Neither in statecraft, literature, nor art can we find anywhere an exponent fit to rank with the Titans of other times. Mr. Brierley tries to tell us how to breed great men, but he fails, possibly because he does not know. He thinks that the first requisite is strong bodies, but here, at least, he is demonstrably wrong. There has never been any sympathy between genius and good health. Indeed we may suspect, with Lombroso and Max Nordau, a positive hostility. Whatever else may be needed for the production of genius, good health is certainly not an essential. It may be that genius is one of those "gifts of the gods" that we can do little or nothing to quicken. It seems certain that its light has been most brilliant at times of great emergencies, but we may speculate in vain as to whether it has been called forth by those emergencies or has coincided with them in obedience to a larger law of human destiny of which we know nothing. That an age of war should produce great commanders and rulers is understandable enough. Their opportunities come only through war, but why should great writers so often come at the same time? Is there any strange law that binds into one era such men as Napoleon, Goethe, Schiller, and Washington? or the soldiers, statesmen, and writers of the Elizabethan period? Can we believe that great men, through lack of opportunity, are ever unrecognized as great, that Lincoln would have been unheard of but for the conditions of his day, that Napoleon would have remained an artillery officer all his life but for the chance that was uncreated by himself? It may be so, but the theory of coincidence under some larger and unidentified law seems to make smaller demands upon the credulity.

If New Zealand wishes to have a standing army of 30,000 men there is no reason why she should deny herself so doubtful a gratification. But that she should begin a policy of compulsory military service is quite another matter, and one not to be viewed without discouragement. New Zealand is not in any danger of invasion. She has no frontiers to guard. She provokes no cupidities, no jealousies, no rivalries. In fact, if there is any part of the world that can afford to put away the appearances of war it is New Zealand, and yet it is precisely New Zealand that proposes to make militarism the central fact in the minds of its young men. While other and older nations are trying to beat their swords into plowshares New Zealand alone is busily beating her plowshares into swords.

Henceforth the young New Zealander will become a soldier at the age of twelve. At fourteen he will become a senior cadet. At eighteen he will be drafted into the general training section, and at twenty-five he will become a reservist. Possibly the training will not be very onerous nor the demands upon time and energy very exacting. But it is the principle that counts. New Zealand might have stood with the other young nations in the front of civilization. She seems to prefer the rear. She might have made her own ideals. She seems to prefer those of Germany and Russia.

There ought to be a society for discouraging the celebration of battle anniversaries. It is just forty years ago since Sedan was fought, and the friends of peace both in France and Germany may well have dreaded a celebration so productive of vainglory upon one side of the Rhine and bitterness upon the other. There was nothing glorious about Sedan except the triumph of organization over corruption. The soldiers upon both sides fought with equal courage, as do all soldiers everywhere. Even the bloodshed was not great, the French losing 17,000 and the Germans 9000. At Leipsic the total loss was 90,000, at Waterloo 60,000, at Gettysburg 53,000, at Mukden 142,000. France was beaten not by the Germans, but by her own emperor, and she will not be beaten again by such a cause as that. It is now remembered that the Emperor William I of Germany wrote to Bismarck nine years after Sedan: "As to our position, if we are to be again at war with France I am not of Moltke's opinion. We should have to face an army totally different from that of 1870. It is impossible to deny the progress made by the French since then."

Abdul Baha Abbas, the leader of the Persian Bahaists, is now among white men for the first time, and he is said to have the intention of visiting America as soon as he concludes his English engagements. The Bahai faith has now three million followers, including thousands in this country and in Europe. Abdul is their third prophet, and so far he has escaped the fate of his predecessors. The first was the Bab, who was tortured to death. The second was Baha 'u' Vah, who spent most of his life in prison, but the cult is now so strong that the present prophet may be allowed to live and die in a more comfortable way. It is estimated that 20,000 Bahaists have been massacred at various times, a fact that fully accounts for the success of the movement. And yet there was nothing very abominable about the teachings of the Bab. The essential features of his crusade were the underlying unity of all faiths and the need for the practice of a plain and practical brotherhood. He had no dogmas and no creeds. He attacked no one and insulted no one. Probably he earned his unpopularity by his teaching of the unity of religions. We can stand a great deal from those who tell us that our own beliefs are wrong, but the unpardonable sin is to suggest that we share the possession of truth with some other system. But to torture and murder the Bab prophets was certainly an indiscretion and proves a lack of perspicacity on the part of the Persian authorities. These particular forms of disapproval are now discountenanced by the best authorities. The boycott is more effective.

Dr. Clifford has just returned to England after an American tour. He was disposed at first to cavil at American slang, and especially at the words "yap" and "yapper." But he has been converted. He heard Lord Hugh Cecil defending the attack of the parliamentary hoodlums upon Mr. Asquith, and it suddenly dawned upon him that Lord Hugh was "yapping." He admits that there is no other word for the performance, and henceforth he admits it to an honorable place in his vocabulary.

It is almost a relief to find some one with definite views about marriage and the courage to express them. A papal decree has just been issued upon this subject, and henceforth no Catholic may be married except in a Catholic place of worship and there must be no engagement to marry except with the consent of a priest. Marriages conducted in any other way are not marriages and that is all there is "to it." The children of such ceremonies will be illegitimate. Naturally enough there is a shout of Protestant indignation at such an "invasion of liberty," but the invasion of liberty is not easily discovered. A papal decree has precisely the same legal power as a similar decree by the present writer. No more and no less. The "liberty" that is interfered with is already non-existent. No one is affected except those who wish to be affected, while those who contract marriages in other ways will find themselves upheld by a prosaic law and police who draw their inspiration from acts of the legislature and not of the Vatican.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

In many ways is Kano a wonderful place to find in Central Africa. This native city has great enfolding walls, twelve miles in circumference, pierced by thirteen deep gateways with platform and guardhouses and massive doors heavily clamped with iron. Its written records date back nearly 800 years. And although incomparably the most important it is not the oldest of these Hausa cities—Katsina, now in the same province, is probably older.

A new heart stimulant is being produced at the Johns Hopkins Medical School, and it has been given the scientific name bufogin. It is much more powerful than digitalis, and is obtained by "milking" the secretion from glands located behind the ears of the bufo agua, the largest of the tropical toads found in Central and South America. The poison—for the fluid is a poison—is squeezed from the glands with forceps.

OLD FAVORITES.

Pipes and Beer.

Before I was famous I used to sit
In a dull old underground room I knew,
And sip cheap beer, and be glad of it,
With a wild Bohemian friend or two.

And O, it was joy to loiter thus,
At peace in the heart of the city's stir,
Entombed, while life hurried over us,
In our lazy bacchanal sepulchre.

There was artist George, with the blonde, Greek head,
And the startling creeds, and the loose cravat;
There was splenetic journalistic Fred,
Of the sharp retort and the shabby hat.

There was dreamy Frank, of the lounging gait,
Who lived on nothing a year, or less,
And always meant to be something great,
But only meant, and smoked to excess;

And last, myself, whom their funny sneers
Annoyed no whit as they laughed and said:
"I listened to all their grand ideas,
And wrote them out for my daily bread."

The Teuton beer-bibbers came and went,
Night after night, and stared, good folk,
At our table, noisy with argument,
And our chronic aureole of smoke.

And O, my life! but we all loved well
The talk, free, fearless, keen, profound,
The rockets of wit that flashed and fell
In that dull old tavern underground.

But there came a change in my days at last,
And fortune forgot to starve and stint,
And the people chose to admire, aghast,
The book I had eaten dirt to print.

And new friends gathered about me then,
New voices summoned me there and here;
The world went down in my dingy den,
And drew me forth from my pipes and beer.

I took the stamp of my altered lot,
As the sands of the certain seasons ran,
And slowly, whether I would or not,
I felt myself growing a gentleman.

But now and then I would break the thrall;
I would yield to a pang of dumb regret,
And steal to join them, and find them all
With the amber wassail near them yet.

Find, and join them, and try to seem
A fourth for the old queer, merry three,
With my fame as much of a yearning dream
As my morrow's dinner was wont to be.

But the wit would lag, and the mirth would lack,
And the God of Jollity hear no call,
And the prosperous broadcloth on my back
Hung over their spirits like a pall!

It was not that they failed, each one, to try
Their warmth of welcome, to speak and show;
I should just have risen and said good-by,
With a haughty look, had they served me so.

It was rather that each would seem, instead,
With not one vestige of spleen or pride,
Across a chasm of change to spread
His greeting hands to the further side.

And our gladdest words rang strange and cold,
Like the echoes of other long-lost words;
And the nights were no more the nights of old
Than spring would be spring without the birds!

So they waned and waned, these visits of mine,
Till I married the heiress, ending here;
For if caste approves the cigars and wine,
She must frown, perforce, upon pipes and beer.

And now 'tis years since I saw these men,
Years since I knew them living yet;
And of this alone I am sure, since then,
That none has gained what he toiled to get.

For I keep strict watch on the world of art,
And George, with his wide, rich-dowered brain,
His fervent fancy, his ardent heart,
Though he greatly toiled, has toiled in vain.

And Fred, for all he may sparkle bright
In caustic column, in clever quip,
Of a truth must still be hiding his light
Beneath the bushel of journalship.

And dreamy Frank must be dreaming still,
Lounging through life, if yet alive,
Smoking his vast preposterous fill,
Lounging, smoking, striving to strive.

And I, the fourth in that old queer throng,
Fourth and least, as my soul avows,
I alone have been counted strong;
I alone have the laureled brows.

Well, and what has it all been worth?
May not my soul to my soul confess
That "succeeding," here upon earth,
Does not always assume success?

I would cast, and gladly, from this gray head
Its crown to regain one sweet last year
With artist George, with splenetic Fred,
With dreamy Frank, with the pipes and beer.

—*Edgar Fawcett.*

Manufacture of aeroplanes has become an industry of large proportions in France. A year ago one maker had sold over 250 machines and others had booked large orders. Since then new manufacturers have entered the field and the enterprise has grown tremendously. All the manufacturers issue handsomely illustrated catalogues of standard sizes and types of stock machines. Each manufacturer has from one to three factories, and each his school for the instruction of intending buyers and of professional aeronauts. For about 1000 francs one can learn to fly and obtain a pilot's license. A year ago those schools of flight had graduated over 400 pupils. Today their monthly output numbers scores.

THE RITZ-CARLTON HOTELS.

America a Rich Field for the Development of Cesar Ritz's Ideas.

Every American knows how to run a hotel, and many Americans have proved their ability in this line. Forty years ago we had the best hotels in the world—and the worst—and we have kept up with the march of improvement. Families of hotel men, like the Lelands, were developed here long before the business had grown to amazing proportions, and its problems, economic and social, had come to require a Napoleonic intuition of strategy. Somebody will write, if nobody has already written, a history of notable inns and taverns of the United States. It would be hard to imagine a volume of more historical and general interest, or one that could more consistently preserve a wealth of personal reminiscence. In earlier days there were hotels of particular eminence in many American cities, hostelries that derived their fame from the individuality of their management. There are few of them remaining. Their founders have finished careers of usefulness, and the personal flavor of entertainment has passed with them.

But this remains the richest field in the world for hotel men who know the business. And it seems probable that we will be obliged to give credit for a full understanding of its possibilities and a comprehensive and masterful grasp of its opportunities to our European cousins. For a long time we explained the success of our big fashionable restaurants under French proprietors by the recognition of Gallic superiority in the kitchen, though it was really due to something beyond cuisine. Now we face the seeming certainty that the ideas of a Swiss hotel man, having revolutionized the innkeeping business in Paris and London, are to triumph here as well. The greatest chain of grand hotels in the world gained a link here last year, and now two or three, perhaps a half-dozen, are to be added at once. Gratifying success attended the first season of the Ritz-Carlton hotel in New York, and its attractions are to be augmented by a ballroom and a hundred new rooms.

William Harris, the president of the numerous companies that manage the Ritz and Carlton and Ritz-Carlton hotels, as well as of the Carlton Investing Company of London that holds a controlling interest in all these enterprises, is in New York now, and in an interview summed up present prospects in the field, and sketched the progress of the coöperative plan under which the hostelries operate. There are eighteen of the houses, established or building, and the line seems capable of indefinite extension. It is not yet fifteen years since the first in this long chain was opened, and the second and third connections followed slowly. Since these three great houses, the parent hotel in Paris and the two in London, were firmly placed in the good graces of the traveling public, the associated enterprises have been caught up more swiftly. There are many hotels in Europe included in the Carlton group, though not responsible financially to the big company. In addition to these are two Ritz-Carlton restaurants on Atlantic liners, to which will soon be added another.

Switzerland is as famous for its hotels as for its scenery, and it was there, in his native land, that Cesar Ritz learned the principles of successful management as a host. He learned them well, and he had imagination and good taste to aid him in launching his first venture. This was the Ritz hotel in Paris, opened in 1897. Close application ruined the health of this genius of innkeeping, but in five years he had practically revolutionized hotel-keeping in Europe. He was not satisfied with the easy-going method of turning any big building to hotel uses by a simple rearrangement of rooms and the installation of baths and elevators. Every detail of the structure and of its decoration and fitting he believed to be of importance, and he brought this art of planning for perfect hotel purposes to a high plane. Simplicity and comfort were his first objects, and no predecessor in his line had ever approximated his skill and judgment in achieving them. For nearly nine years now the houses he founded have gone on without him, but his ideas still rule in their management and in the inception of the connected investments.

Beside the Ritz-Carlton in Manhattan, the company has a big hotel in Pittsburg. It is building in Philadelphia and in Atlantic City. These, however, are only a part of its American enterprises. It will open a new hotel in Montreal next year, one in Rio de Janeiro, and one in Sao Paulo, Brazil. Europe, too, will see additions to the chain, as plans are made for a St. Petersburg house among others. A few days ago the Carlton Hotel in London was damaged by fire, and the repairs will be only a part of the scheme of rebuilding.

Mr. Harris asserts that Americans are the best patrons of hotels everywhere, and is pleased to show that 39 per cent of the guests of the Carlton hotels in London and Paris are of that nationality, while 33 per cent are British. Americans get what they want and pay liberally. This is not surprising. The quality of those who go abroad is well understood, and the reputation of American spenders in Europe needs no enlargement. At home the same lavishness is quite as common. There is nothing in the form of luxury that we avoid, if it is seen of our envying fellows. Nobody will go to a second-class hotel if he can possibly find the means with which to enjoy the better one. The Carlton company will certainly extend, probably multiply, its holdings in America, and its influence will as certainly be for the benefit of the traveling public.

While this joyful expansion is going on there is now and then, however, a mournful note. The Manhattan Beach Hotel, the most famous of seaside resorts near New York, has just closed its doors permanently. Austin Corbin built this hotel in 1877, and for many years it was the headquarters during the summer season of a gay and extravagant crowd. Horse owners and big bettors who were interested in the races at Brighton Beach, Sheepshead Bay, and Gravesend, found it a particularly pleasing place. The Coney Island Jockey Club made the house its home. It had daily concerts by famous bands, and a theatre in which the best of light opera and musical comedy organizations appeared. In all its arrangements and restrictions the care of the management was manifest. Dogs were not admitted, even when brought to the gates by the most distinguished would-be patrons. There were private dining-rooms and buffets which at one time or another saw every notable of Manhattan life who cared to have a fling. Its Gold Room and Horseshoe Bar were as well known as the corresponding features of any city hostelry. But the mammoth structure is to be torn down and its past will soon be a fading memory. Its grounds will be cut up and occupied by cottages.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, September 20, 1911.

The first to rule over all England was Egbert, King of Wessex, who united all the various petty kingdoms and became King of England in 827. The greater kingdom was disrupted from 878 to 958, when the Danes ruled north of the Thames. In the latter year King Edgar reunited the kingdom, and since that time it has never been partitioned. Between Edmund Ironside (1016) and Edward the Confessor (1042) three Danish kings ruled all England, Canute, Harold I, and Hardicanute. The first King of Great Britain was James I (1603). The first King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland was George III. From the conquest of Ireland in 1172 by Henry II the Kings of England were styled Lord of Ireland until the assumption of the title King of Ireland by Henry VIII, and thereafter this title was used until the act of union in 1801. The imperial sovereignty of India was assumed by Queen Victoria.

Charleston, South Carolina, with a majority of negroes in its population, has had less trouble with its colored citizens than any other city of importance in the South. It has kept them under better control, and yet has given them more political recognition. It seems that the people of that city have known better how to deal with the race problem, doubtless because it presented itself as a problem sooner and more acutely than elsewhere, and was met and wrestled with fully and adequately from the start. Negroes serve on the police force in Charleston, but without stirring up strife because of their color. They have held honorable places in the fire department and caused no friction. But these positions have been held by those of the race that knew they must not presume upon them, and always with the recognition of the superiority of the whites who placed them there.

Many colleges, among them Stanford, the University of California, and Swarthmore (says Professor Rollo L. Lyman, in the *Century Magazine*), in their debates rightly throw the burden of preparation entirely upon their debaters, doing away with all coaching, and trusting to the honor of their opponents to do likewise. Still better is reducing the time of preparation from three months to six weeks. Stanford and California pursue this method in their annual "Carnot" medal debates, which are models of the best debating in the country. The actual debating deteriorates under shorter preparation, but the exercise becomes far less academic, and more nearly like the occasions of everyday life. The debates under this system are contests not of voluminous research, but of individual constructive thinking.

Since 1849 but little scientific knowledge has been added to the world's store regarding the Dead Sea and its environment, but the Palestine Exploration Society of Berlin, which is sending Dr. Buhl and a party to carry out extensive scientific investigations, hopes to develop much useful and interesting information. Dr. Buhl will endeavor to make a thorough investigation of the sea and its life, its water and salts, the topography of its environment, including the whole of the Jordan basin, and the sea bottom. He will also endeavor to discover the reason of the absence of living things in its surroundings, through which it has derived its name.

Professor McIntosh says that a temperature approaching 2000 degrees Fahrenheit would be necessary to make a light equivalent to that emitted by an ordinary firefly. The enormous waste of energy in all industrial methods of producing light is a matter of common knowledge, and the example of the firefly remains unimitated by man.

Though producing practically two-thirds of the world's supply of cotton, the United States, during the past fiscal year, imported large quantities of the same material. China, Peru, and Egypt were among the countries drawn upon.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

William A. Larned, who has won the lawn tennis championship of the United States for the seventh time, is forty-one. The challenger whom he defeated is twenty years younger.

John Kronmiller, a former member of Congress from Maryland, now conducts an umbrella-mending establishment in Baltimore, public life having lost its charms for him. He is a great reader and a student of Egyptology.

George Wallace, Chicago's "model office boy," has just been discovered after an almost hopeless search. He is fifteen years of age, and since leaving school last February has been running an elevator. The two things which recommended him to the civil service commission were his abhorrence of cigarettes and his lack of curiosity regarding the amount of his salary.

Edward Steichen, the New York artist, has just won signal distinction for himself and this country by his selection to execute a large part of the mural decorations of the new Luxembourg Museum, Paris. He first became known for his wonderful photographs, but his ambition was to be a painter, and the money he made in photography was devoted to perfecting himself in painting.

"Uncle Sam" Everett, known as the bee king of Maine, is eighty-three years of age and busily planning to win all the prizes at the county fair as usual. For over forty years he has been keeping bees, and in that time has disposed of tons of honey. He has a peculiar process for producing strained honey which is a carefully guarded secret. Born in England, he came to this country when quite young, and for many years has lived at Fort Fairfield.

The Duchesse d'Uzes, now engaged on a statue of Charlotte Dodu, is the honorary president of the only institution of its kind in the world—the Orphelinat des Arts of Paris. It shelters the orphans of musicians, actors, painters, writers, sculptors, and composers. The duchesse is a woman of rare attainments, and has exhibited in the Salon under the pseudonym of "Manuela." She is also a writer of some note and is known as the finest horsewoman in Europe.

Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey of Washington is the only woman law school dean in the world. She is connected with Washington College of Law, and is famed for her legal lore. She framed the Mussey act, which, in the District of Columbia, gives mothers equal rights with fathers over minor children, and gives married women the right to control the money earned by themselves. She is one of the members of the Society of Founders and Patriots, to which only 1000 women are eligible.

Major John R. Lynch, who was one of the five negro officers on the active list of the army until he was retired a few days ago for age, came through the reconstruction days in Mississippi, with credit to his race. He served two terms in the lower house of Congress when twenty-five years of age. Of him James Ford Rhodes says: "From out this massive ignorance there rose, indeed, the occasional shape of enlightenment: a colored minister such as Revels, the quadroon; also John R. Lyneh, layman and mulatto, who was a credit to his race, and in 1872 made an impartial and dignified speaker of the house."

Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, wife of the novelist, has distinguished herself by being the first woman of British nationality to become a qualified air woman. She obtained her flying certificate last week after undergoing all the tests triumphantly. They consisted of doing the figures of eight and two landings and during the flights rising to a height of 160 feet. Mrs. Hewlett is also the first woman in that country to do the difficult right-hand turn in the air. She is a partner in a flying school at Brooklands, near London, and has taken her certificate in order to have a practical knowledge of the business. It is not her intention to do much flying herself.

Alvey A. Adee, who has just completed his twenty-fifth year of service as assistant secretary of state, has made a record which is likely to stand. He has personally long proved the desirability in this country of continuing able under-secretaries in office. He was born at Astoria, New York, in 1842, receiving a private education. The greater part of his life has been passed in government service, he having been appointed secretary to the legation at Madrid in 1870. In 1878 he was made chief of the diplomatic corps, and in August and September, 1900, was acting secretary of state during the critical period of the Chinese troubles.

Dr. William Robert Brooks, discoverer of the Brooks comet, which has been under observance of late by astronomers, has made more discoveries in his field than any other living man. He has twenty-five comets to his credit, many of them having been found by means of a home-made telescope directed from his little "red house observatory" at Phelps, New York. Dr. Brooks asserts that the world is looking for the last time on his comet—that it will never appear again. Since 1888 he has been professor of astronomy at Hobart College, New York. He is a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and has had many other honors bestowed on him.

THE SPORT OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

How an Adventurer Crossed the Line.

Though one man may venture on a certain course and be acclaimed a hero, another, equally heroic, taking exactly the same risks, may become the sport of circumstance and be judged a fool; yet it does not follow in the least that the first man was not a fool also, only that he had the greater luck.

Once upon a time there lived a boy who, being without experience of things as they are, saw in life vast possibilities of romance. Wherefore, allowing his imagination full rein, he was forever picturing himself as winning renown by brave deeds and earning the plaudits of his fellow-men by his daring.

It had always been his bitterest grievance that he lived in the twentieth century, a dreary age when chivalry was dead and men worshiped wealth as a god, when arbitration, quick-firers, twelve-inch Krupp armor, submarines, super-dreadnoughts, wireless telegraphy, aeroplanes, and the moneyed interests had made war impossible; when people clamored loudly lest they be asked to make any sacrifice for their flag, when there was no more undiscovered land, when a gentleman could swallow an insult or take a blow without loss of caste and straightway seek his lawyer to begin suit for damages, when—in short, when the old, fierce, joyous existence had been swept away forever and a coward had the same value as any decent man.

Nevertheless in spite of his discontent the boy prayed that the time might come when he, too, could prove his worth. Then, of a sudden, he realized that the opportunity he desired awaited him; brave men were dying for a righteous cause. He made up his mind on the instant, his path lay clear before him: their cause was his cause.

Asking no advice, for he was not built that way, he threw off the shackles of civilization and journeyed secretly by devious routes to a far country. How he reached this country, whom he met therein, what he saw, these are of no importance to the present narrative, save in that they led to an immediate and total collapse of all his cherished ideals. But it must be clearly understood that, though sick at heart, worn out, submerged in despair, he uttered no word of complaint; he steeled himself to every horror and did what he considered his duty.

Finally he reached the limits of his endurance and in a burst of misery revealed the motives that had dragged him into a hideous adventure. Knowing, however, that there was no escape he was ready to meet his end unafraid.

Thus it was that on a warm spring afternoon Amherst—this was the boy's name—sat with his back against a huge flat-topped boulder, binding a cut in his left wrist with a dirty rag.

"What's der matter, now?" said the man nearest him, a German with one eye. "Layin' off?" he inquired, loading his rifle.

Amherst hitched his wide-brimmed hat over his forehead and gripped one end of the rag in his teeth. His thin brown face, plastered with dust and sweat, was very serious and by no change of expression showed that he heard anything save the crackle of musketry and the tinkle of cartridge cases on the stones. Moreover, the German was a man whom he despised.

"You're dakin' dings durned easy," grunted the fellow; "durned easy." And settling himself down on his stomach he sighted carefully through the screen of sagebrush.

The bandage tied, Amherst clasped his hands around his knees and let his gaze wander from side to side aimlessly, taking in the men crouching on the hilltop, the rough, uneven slope down which they would retreat when the word came, and the background of towering granite mountains, ochre and blue-gray and mauve.

"Hot, aindt it?" said the German. "I gould do mit a trink. Not vater."

Amherst yawned. "It's mescal you want, hey?"

"You betcher, kid," said the other, chuckling. "An' blenty of it, b'lieve me!"

"My God!" said Amherst. "I wish we'd get a move on."

It struck him of a sudden with a sense of amazement, almost ludicrous, that this was war; that they were sixteen tired, ragged men holding the crest of a hill, and that on another hill half a mile distant were other men shooting at them. Yet—and the thought almost stifled him—there was nothing to show that they were fighting; nothing but an intermittent rifle-fire with a slight haze of smoke from the black powder, the whimper of bullets overhead, and a dead Mexican lying on his back with his lips parted and his eyes staring gravely into the blue of the sky.

Amherst shuddered and his eyelids drooped, heavy with fever; everything—hot sun, brown rocks, green grass, sagebrush, purple shadows, the rattle of musketry—was as a nightmare, unreal yet vivid in its reality.

For some minutes he sat without moving and then the sound of voices close at hand roused him. He turned his head to see Durnford, who was a sergeant or a corporal or a lieutenant—he always forgot which—crouched behind a clump of sagebrush talking to the German.

"If dem fellers get roundt to der odder side," said the German, "den ve vill be—all of us—in der cart, aindt it?"

"Yuh betcher! But they won't. Not unless them two boneheads I sent out goes to sleep."

"Ya, but dere is too many of dem over dere. If——"

"Huh! Them greasers is aimin' too high to hurt us any. All the same I got to mind this crowd don't hike off before I lets 'em." And Durnford, who maintained a surly discipline by sheer force of character, smiled grimly. "The biggest bunch uh toughs between San Diego and Ensenada," he said.

Amherst watched him covertly as he sprawled full length on the stones with his rifle in front of him, half hidden in the coarse grass; a lean, sun-dried man, not tall, but strong and wiry, broad-shouldered and narrow-hipped. And, though he could not have been distinguished from his command by any outward marks of military rank, though he was dirty and unshaven, though his uniform was a suit of ill-fitting, threadbare clothes, faded to the color of a dust-grimed gunny sack, a high-crowned sombrero, sheepskin chaps, and a red neckerchief, loosely knotted, yet there was that in his bearing and manner of speech that stamped him as a man superior to those around him.

"Say, Durnford," said Amherst after a time, "how long will we be staying here?"

"How long, hey? Why, might as well be here as anywhere, kid. Findin' it purty dull, hey? It sure is that. Those Mexicans——" Breaking off he whipped his rifle to his shoulder, cuddled his bristly cheek against the stock and fired: all in one swift motion. "Got him!" he said. "That's one sinner the less in this wicked world. Madre de Dios! What 'ud he want to put his head up fer, anyways?"

Amherst gazed at him with a certain unwilling admiration. He was a fit leader for such a crowd: the only leader.

Durnford turned over on to his left side to reload. "Why in thunder did yuh jine, kid?" he drawled, leaning on his elbow. "I bin meanin' to ask yuh quite a whiles. Sorter interested; fer yuh cert'nly is a curiosity. How much'd they promise to give yuh, when the yoke uh despotism is removed, an' the tyrant humbled, hey? Five hundred hucks an' a hundred acres uh somebody else's land, hey?"

"No. Not exactly," said Amherst, frowning. "I—I didn't——"

Durnford grinned. "Say, kid, whar was yuh raised? No, yuh don't need to say if yuh don't wanter, uh course. It's a subject on which most of us four-flush patriots is liable to be bashful. An' b'lieve me, I don't blame 'em."

"Oh! I dunno," said Amherst, tracing letters in the dirt with his fingers. "I dunno. I——"

"Huh! somehow I didn't think yuh was a gun-sharp or a hold-up man or a tame bandit. But, say, this warn't none uh your business, was it?" Durnford was once more on his stomach, staring intently through the brush, his square chin resting on his fists.

The firing on both sides had ceased; a deep peace brooded over everything, and the rebels waited, some whispering uneasily, others quarreling in sulky undertones, one fast asleep, his head pillowed on his arms.

"None uh your business, was it?"

"I'm here now," said Amherst hoarsely. He shivered, chilled to the bone in spite of the heat. "And I wish to God I wasn't."

"You're fightin' fer greasers," said Durnford. "An' you've seen what we're like. It 'ud make a man feel bad to be dead in the same ditch with 'em. Look at us! Yanks, cow-punchers, Cocopah half-breeds, I. W. W.'s, greasers, the rakings of hell an' the redlight an' San Quentin. Out fer booze an' booty, hey? An' this detachment's the pick of the whole bunch! Aint they beauties? Look at 'em! Only five white boys, an' the rest——. Say, yuh aint come across none uh them soldiers uh fortune the papers is so full of, have yuh? Independence! I should smile! You an' the purty red ribbon round your arm! Berthold give it to you, hey? Or Leyva? Or only a sergeant, same as me? Sure! I might call myself a sergeant if I wanted. I do sometimes, not out loud, though; to myself. I allers was kinder proud. But, say, kid, how do yuh like this circus? Had enough?"

"Had enough!" repeated Amherst savagely. "Had enough!" Then he remembered all that he had hoped to do, the plans he had made, and choked. "I—I came here to fight—and I'm fighting—that is, I'm——"

Durnford grunted. "Makes me laugh," he said. "Here we are—yuh an' me an' the rest uh the boys—whether the *pcones* like it or not. That's all thar is to it! They sez: 'Go 'way, vamose! We don't want yuh!' We sez, pityin' their ignorance: 'Yuh don't know what's good fer yuh,' an' we commandeer their horses, an' kill their stock, when they've gotten any, which aint often, an' tramp down their crops. All because we're patriots. Lower California's a bit diff'rent to what yuh calc'lated it 'ud be, hey? Yuh come here thirstin' fer glory an' a photograph on the front page of all the papers, uh course. Betcher yuh didn't know how to use a rifle when yuh jined!"

"It's not quite what I expected," said Amherst miserably. "But if my head didn't ache like somebody was hammering nails into it, I'd——" He broke off, and reaching for his rifle, sat with it in his lap fingering the bolt. "I'm through," he muttered. "I guess I'm several more kinds of a durn fool than most other people in this world. But this lets me out. I'm going to quit right now. Understand! I'm sick of it! God! but I'm sick of it! And tired! Durnford, you don't know how tired. I'll sit here till they come and then—then—I tell you, I'd rather go to prison and have done with it, than——"

"Yuh to be put in prison, hey?" Durnford's voice took on a fresh note. "Why—you won't never see the inside of a prison, yuh knows that as well as I does. It's a 'dobe wall and a firing party for yours. If yuh come to git captured, say your prayers, hard! What was yuh thinkin' of? Prison, an' your friends kickin' up a big holler—got any friends, kid?—an' scare lines about the rights of American citizens. This aint a war; yuh got no durn' rights at all!"

For some minutes neither spoke. Already the sun was sinking over the mountains, throwing long purple shadows across the dark green of the chaparral and flooding the peaks and slopes opposite with amber light.

"Hey!" said the German. "Ve bedder be movin', aindt ve?"

Durnford grunted an inarticulate reply. "If any one come to you, kid," he went on, "an' said, 'Out of it, yuh doggoned Mexican!' you'd be tickled to death, wouldn't yuh?"

The boy had turned, and was on his knees supporting himself by one hand. His mouth stiffened and a little furrow showed between his eyebrows. "Me! Why——" he paused doubtfully, searching in his mind. This point of view had not occurred to him before. "I'm—I'm an American citizen," he said proudly.

"Then what the hell are yuh doin' with this crowd?" snapped Durnford. "Say, see that over thar?" He pointed to the range of violet hills, clear cut against a sky of turquoise. "That's United States! God's own country!" And he laughed harshly. "Why, kid, don't yuh know you're nuthin' but a doggoned renegade?"

Amherst sat back on his heels, bewildered, struggling with matters beyond his understanding. "Well, then, you—what are *you* doing here? What are you talking like that for? Why are you fighting for greasers, hey? You're a renegade same as me!"

Again Durnford laughed. "Me! Who's talkin' about me? Supposin' I aint got no country. Why I bin in Cuba, an' I bin in South Africa, an'——"

This much Amherst learned and no more; the opportunity had passed, never to return.

From a hill on the right, the far side of a wide gulch, there burst forth the sudden crash and crackle of Mausers; and the one-eyed German, shot through the chest, rolled over on his back, coughing feebly.

"They've got roun'. Damn!" Durnford jumped to his feet. "What the hell's up!" he shouted. "I didn't say yuh——"

But the rebel force was half-way down the hill, making for the horses.

Durnford gave chase. "Come back, yuh cowards! Come back, or—by God!—I'll shoot yuh myself."

Abuse and threats alike were useless: the scramble became a rout, a man dropped his rifle, yet continued on his way unheeding; another slipped on a rock and fell, with a bullet through his thigh, some cried that the Rurales were on them, others fired recklessly in any direction, the horses kicked and fought and squealed; one broke loose and galloped off.

Still on his knees, unmindful of the bullets that ricochetted off the rocks or dug into the earth around him, Amherst watched the stampede, his lips twisted into a sneer. Then he crawled over to the one-eyed German, who had ceased to cough and lay very quiet with his legs drawn up. "Lul-lucky devil!" said the boy, gazing at the dead face. "You're out of it, and I wish to God——" He raised his rifle to his shoulder and began to fire, using the man's body as a rest. Above the tumult he heard Durnford bellowing his name. "I'm not coming," he mumbled. "What's the good?"

"Come on, yuh young fool! Damn yuh, kid, git a move on!"

Amherst stood up shakily, a mark for half a hundred Mausers. "I'm not coming," he yelled, but a bullet grazed his cheek. He ducked and broke into a shuffling run.

"Don't play the fool, now, kid," said Durnford leading the two remaining ponies toward him. "We got to hit the trail mighty quick. It's my own durn fault, too, trustin' a greaser."

Amherst slung his rifle over his shoulder and came down the hill, reeling as though drunk.

"Come along, kid; hurry! Who-oa thar!" Durnford tugged at the reins. "Stand still, yuh brute!"

And then Amherst halted and asked himself once more whether it were worth while after all; he did not care very much what happened. "No," he said abruptly. "No. I guess I'll stay here. I'm sick. I couldn't last out a minute on horseback. No, I'll stay." He turned. "I'm going back, Durnford, up the hill again. I'll get in a shot or two more and—there won't be any 'dobe wall or firing squad this journey. So long!" He felt in a dazed, unhappy way that he had chosen the right course. At that moment he played the part of the hero in one of his own dreams, he could hear the applause, the clapping of hands and the shouts.

But Durnford followed and grabbed him by the arm. "Git up at once, or I'll smash your face in, sick or not." He shook him roughly. "Here's the reins; now, git up!"

Amherst's determination vanished. He submitted meekly as Durnford raged at him. How he knew not, but by some miracle he found himself on the horse's back, feeling for the stirrups.

"It 'ud sarve yuh dam' right, if I left yuh," said Durnford, swinging himself into the saddle. And they galloped off through the sagebrush just as the Rurales

reached the crest above, littered with empty cartridge cases and untenanted save by the dead.

Amherst, dizzy with pain, his eyes shut, his head sagging forward on his chest, gripped the high saddle-horn with both hands and prayed for the bullet that would end his torture.

"When we gits out uh this," said Durnford, "I'll teach yuh to scare me that way." He looked anxiously at the boy. "Hold up, now, that's a good kid, an' I'll fix yuh some dope in camp. We'll be thar soon."

But in this Durnford was quite wrong; the fates willed otherwise. Amherst never reached the camp.

The orange of the afterglow was fading when from out of the dusk came a blinding flash. Durnford gave a yell and Amherst surged helplessly over the cantel as his horse swerved to one side and bolted.

Gradually the thud of hoofs, the banging of rifles, the stir and clatter and turmoil, died away into a soothing murmur. The boy's head bumped against his horse's neck, his fingers relaxed their hold, and he pitched forward heavily.

When Amherst regained his senses it was night, thin clouds hid the moon and a cold wind blew through the chaparral from the mountains. He lay for a while where he had fallen, then sat up quickly and a stabbing pain drove through his shoulder; he made an effort to raise his arm and almost screamed with agony.

After some minutes he staggered to his feet; he recollected in a dim fashion, as one who casts back through long years of suffering, the tinkle of cartridges, the fight, the rush for the horses, the smell of sage-brush and wild aniseed, the one-eyed man and Durnford. He glanced about him suspiciously; the thought grew in his fevered brain that he was surrounded by enemies, that they were watching him, laughing at him. He held his breath, fancying that he heard stealthy footsteps and the clicking of rifle bolts, he almost forced himself to see white uniforms hiding in the undergrowth.

During the hours that followed some inner consciousness kept him moving. Though both body and brain craved for rest, though his feet were cut and bleeding, and his left arm dangled useless, he struggled on; through dense thickets of chaparral and manzanita, along winding trails bordered by tall piñones, through arroyos flooded from the rains, down into deep eañons where jagged rocks tripped him and cactus and mesquite tore his flesh.

There were times when he raved in delirium, cursing the mountains, the insurrectos, the weight of his rifle, his shoulder, Durnford, anything that his wandering mind seized on.

Later he came to himself, climbing a steep hill. His head was burning, but he no longer noticed the pain of his wounds. "I wonder——" He strove to recall something that had been puzzling him. "I wonder——" His knees gave way and he sank into the grass. "I wonder—wonder why Durnford——"

Then he collapsed on his face and a merciful blank succeeded.

In the gray of the dawn Amherst awoke, shivering; weak and spent, drenched with dew, raging with thirst. Slowly there passed through his mind the memory of all that had happened, and he asked himself with a certain contempt how it was he still lived; why he had not gone back to the one-eyed German; why indeed he had ever deserted him.

As he lay on the wet grass, his ears caught the sound of leisurely footsteps. Scarcely daring to breathe, deafened hy the thumping of his heart, he waited and heard nothing. Then some one gave a cough and he knew that he had reached the Federals and rejoiced in that the end was near.

When at last he stood up, moaning through clenched teeth, he saw some yards away a thick-set man in a hig overcoat with his back toward him, leaning on his rifle.

Only a brave man will go to his death in cold blood without a tremor. Any one, even the greatest coward that ever trod this earth, may be so carried away as to rush headlong on an enemy's trenches in the wild frenzy of a charge with bugles blowing, men cheering, and bayonets dancing. But Amherst did not hesitate. With eyes half closed and head bent, his face smeared with dry blood, his blue shirt hanging in ribbons about his shoulders, his corduroys torn and his toes through his boots, he lurched forward to meet his fate.

He had forgotten that he played a part. He was no longer the hero fighting for a great cause. It had all been a hideous mistake from the beginning; but, even so, he could still show that he was not afraid to die.

"Say"—the man in the overcoat gasped and spun round with raised rifle, then lowered it and waited as Amherst approached—"say, I guess I'm about all in. I'm a prisoner and—I'd he obliged if—if you'd hurry up an' shoot, if——" He spoke thickly and would have fallen had not a strong arm supported him. "I'm not—not going to—to fight for any damn Mexicans. I'm American. See! I'd rather be shot. Ow! my shoulder! Damn Mum-Mexico and you too! You're a soldier, why dud-don't you shoot, hey? And gug-get it over. I'm an insurrecto, a damn renegade."

Amherst felt his senses slipping away as he listened to a muffled voice, speaking at a great distance.

"What in thunder is he gettin' at? Nobody's goin' to shoot you. Aw, hold up, boy! Do I look like a dagoned greaser! This is California; understand? United States! Uncle Sam sent us, an'—don't you understand? You're acrost the line." W. Townend.

San Francisco, September, 1911.

IN WESTERN ENGLAND.

A Centre of Education.

"This," said the town clerk's wife, with a convincing sweep of her arm, "this, and not Oxford or Cambridge, ought to be England's centre of education." The remark had no immediate reference to the room in which it was made. Yet the apartment was none other than the muniment chamber of Ludlow's Town Hall, with its numerous nests of drawers, tin boxes, and other receptacles filled to overflowing with deeds, corporation minute books, scrolls of history, and vellum charters which date back to the twelfth century. One by one the town clerk unfolded those venerable documents with the loving care of a born antiquary, here calling attention to fragments of seals which were appended to large parchment sheets centuries ago, there pausing to point out the beauty of undimmed illumination or the delicacy of the penmanship of some long-dead draughtsman. Yet not these alone were in the mind of the town clerk's wife while she pleaded for the deposition of Oxford and Cambridge.

No, the "this" of her startling dictum had a wider reference; it included all Ludlow and a radius of a dozen miles around. "We have everything here which education ought to include; history, art, flora and fauna, and geology. Why, I taught my children history on the bicycle." And the lessons must have been thorough and convincing. Than the hills and dales of this western district of England, its ancient villages and towns, its sites of battlefields and religious foundations, its castles and manor houses, no equal area of John Bull's island is so rich in object lessons of the past. That the beauty of nature fosters the art instinct of natives is demonstrated by the many notable artists who have gone out into the great world from Ludlow's grammar school, which began its ministry of tuition in the fourteenth century and is perhaps the oldest educational foundation in all England; and that nature hereabouts is still potent for the purposes of art can be judged from the countless pictures in all the large exhibitions which owe their inspiration to some nook or vista of this favored land. For the naturalist, too, the region is a treasure-house of inexhaustible wealth. On barn-doors are lists of "protected" birds which might give pause to the lore of Gilbert White or John Burroughs; in hedgerow or field flourish ferns and plants so rare as to ravish the most learned botanist; in quarry and cliff the data of the geologist are of infinite suggestion. The town clerk's wife was right; this should have been the site of a great university.

But, unhappily, this western land of England has had no Horace Greeley. It lies aloof from London, out of the track of the voyager who lands at Liverpool or Southampton, and is more unknown to the midland or eastern or northern and southern Englishman than the forest of Maine or the Yellowstone Park. No man or event has bidden the Englishman "go West!" Once and once only in modern days has England's west been on the verge of discovery. That was in the days when the Prince Consort was on the lookout for an estate for his eldest son, the King Edward of recent years. The balance hovered between Sandringham and a mansion in these western regions, but Sandringham won the day because its western rival was "too far from London." And so the isolation which settled over this land since the sixteenth century remains unbroken; it follows its retired destiny of the rural life undisturbed and unknown. Neither Herefordshire or Shropshire has even so much as a county football or cricket team of sufficient fame to keep it in the public eye.

Long may that peace remain unbroken! Because, for just so long will there he a district of rural England in which it is possible to live in the romantic atmosphere of the past. With a wide knowledge of other counties, embracing an intimate acquaintance with the shires that stretch from the English Channel to the Scottish borders, I know no other district so haunted with the spirit of romance, so untouched by modernity. This Ludlow, with one exception, is so quaint and venerable that one may picture it in imagination and not have that vision dispelled by actuality. The one exception is the hideous Town Hall erected in honor of Queen Victoria's first jubilee. "It was put up to celebrate the jubilee," said the town clerk's wife, "and I suggested it should be taken down to celebrate the coronation." The comfort is that it will not need taking down; such is the shoddy workmanship of that horrible structure that it will collapse of its own accord in a generation.

Yet the half-timbered houses on many a street, dating back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are still robust in venerable old age, their massive beams as sound at the core as in the far-off years when they were shaped from the sturdy oaks of this richly timbered countryside. And the castle, Ludlow's historic castle, a building of countless memories, yet bids fair to see long successions of jerry-built town halls crumble into dust. It is true most of the apartments have been roofless for many a year, thanks to the rapacity of the first of the Georges, who stripped it of its lead to enrich his flaccid Hanoverian pockets, but its Norman keep and chapel, its lordly great hall, its state apartments, its towers rich in memories of Prince Arthur and the two princes of tragic fame, its Elizabethan suite near the gate-house will bid time defiance for many a generation.

Nothing save a volume of many pages could do justice to the stirring events of the Wars of the Roses, which had their focus in this venerable building; but to the visitor unversed in those far-off intrigues and conflicts the castle's association with events nearer the modern age will be satisfaction enough. Here, then, in those Elizahethan apartments which cluster about the gate-house, Sir Henry Sidney, sire of the illustrious Sir Philip, had his home for twenty and seven years, what time he was the Lord Marcher of the Welsh borders, and it was in one of those chambers he saw the light of life fade in the eyes of his gentle wife, the mother of the Philip who gave the Sidney name undying fame. Here, too, in these green courts, and amid these gray towers, that courtly son spent many of his early years, the companion of that noble mother and that tender sister both of whom sleep in the church hard by. And Sir Henry himself closed here his life of faithful service to the exacting Elizabeth, to be buried, however, in his distant Kentish home at Penshurst.

Later among the Lord Marchers came John, Earl of Bridgewater, he for whose accession to that high post one John Milton dreamed and penned his masque of "Comus." Legend has been busy with that event ever since. Facing the castle walls is a lovely half-timbered house in which Milton is affirmed to have written his lyrical drama, and far down beneath those same walls is a tangled grove of wild woodland in which, so tradition avers, three children of the Earl of Bridgewater lost their way and so gave the poet the germ of his plot. The higher criticism, however, will have naught to do with these pretty fancies, leaving the sentimentalist nothing more than the fact that "Comus" was indubitably performed for the first time in that noble hall now known as the "Comus room."

If Milton never visited Ludlow, another poet did. In civil war days, when the Puritan with his nasal intonation and cropped hair and severe garb made him an irresistible subject for satire, Samuel Butler sketched his portrait at full length in "Hudibras," and the greater part of that unfaltering picture took shape within the hoary walls of Ludlow Castle, where the poet filled the office of steward. What other associations that venerable building has gathered to itself would make too lengthy a catalogue. But had it no such links with the historic past, the wide view from its watch tower would be reward enough. Away to the setting sun spacious green meadows diapered with tangled hedgerows and clumps of bosky trees stretch to the distant purple hills, a feast of beauty which proves once more that aneient castle builders had a deeper æsthetic sense than moderns believe. Wherefore let the jaded tourist "go West!" Henry C. Shelley.

Ludlow, September 5, 1911.

Even in New York comparatively few residents know the origin of the name Bronx. It came from an early settler, Jonas Bronck, who with two companions sailed from Holland in the private armed ship *Fire* of Troy and arrived in New Amsterdam in July, 1639. Bronck at once obtained from the Dutch West India Company a grant of 500 acres of land in what is now Westchester County, "lying between the Great Kill" (the Harlem River) "and the Ahquahung" (the Bronx River). An old "Tracing of Bronckslands" is still preserved in the office of the secretary of state at Albany, and the location of Jonas Bronck's house is shown thereon.

As soon as the extreme shortage of commissioned officers of the army is met by the appointment of 100 young men from civil life the government will buy a dozen or so additional aeroplanes of various types and the army aviation school at College Park, Maryland, will be run at full blast during pleasant weather. About two hundred officers of the several branches of the service want to learn to fly and have made urgent application to the Signal Corps for permission to take the course. But the War Department says they can not be spared from their present duties.

Berlin, the city which never sleeps, has long since outdistanced all its European rivals as a city of night life. In addition to its all-night cafés, daybreak restaurants, and theatres, which open their doors only at midnight, Berlin has now a magnificent bathing establishment which is open every hour of the twenty-four. The newly built Admirals-Bad, in the Friedrichstrasse, which has recently been opened, is one of the finest bathing establishments in all Germany.

Efforts of the Duke of Sutherland to develop gold mining on the banks of Suisgill burn, near Kildonan, Scotland, recalls that hack in the twelfth century gold mining was carried on to some extent in North Britain. It is a matter of history that in 1600 Queen Elizabeth was presented with a porringer made of the precious metal found in Scotland.

In the South American forests is found the most heautifully colored of all vultures, and it is the true king over the black vultures and turkey buzzards. Its plumage is of a delicate cream, with black quills, and the head is brilliantly colored with red and orange.

There is a Welsh colony in Patagonia, established forty-six years ago, that has developed a fertile region in what was a waste before. It is in the Chubut Valley, and among its enterprises are more than 200 miles of irrigating canals.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TEN PRESIDENTS.

Colonel W. H. Crook Writes of His Forty-Six Years of Continuous Service at Washington.

In his preface to the "Memories of the White House" Colonel W. H. Crook tells us interestingly of his introduction to a sphere of duty that he was to occupy continuously for forty-six years and under ten Presidents of the United States. After leaving the Union army he had been a member of the police force of Washington for two years when he was notified to report that night to President Lincoln as his personal body-guard. The position was not a sinecure. It demanded resolution, courage, and vigilance. The country was seething with war and its hatreds, and that an attempt would be made upon the life of the President was a matter of certainty rather than of conjecture. The young officer reported for duty as he was ordered, and that same night he stood on guard during the weekly reception. He examined closely every one who approached the President and saw to it that no one carried overcoats, shawls, or anything else that could serve to conceal the hands:

I wonder what would happen now at a presidential reception if a dozen, or twenty, or thirty men should enter the White House, as a matter of course wearing negligée shirts, slouch hats, and cowhide hoots into the tops of which were thrust their trousers! It is a literal fact, however, that not a few of the men presented to President and Mrs. Lincoln at the levee of January 5, 1865, came up to the door of the Blue Room wearing such heavy, clumsy, cowhide hoots. They thought nothing of it. Neither did Mrs. Lincoln, and least of all the President. For to Lincoln clothes meant nothing—manhood, truth, honor, hard work, meant everything.

As might be imagined, under the circumstances, I was nervous and anxious that night, when for the first time I was called upon to guard the safety and life of the President. Occasionally I glanced at him as he stood only a few feet from me; hut for practically every second of that entire evening I kept my eyes on one couple after another as they came forward, noting man after man, and woman after woman; first being sure that their hands were in plain view, and that they held nothing unless it were a fan or a handkerchief—even then being sure that no weapon of any kind was concealed heneath a fan or within a handkerchief.

Lincoln's diplomacy in ridding himself of the busybody visitors who attached no value either to their own time or to that of the President has been described many times, but it is told again by the man who had unlimited opportunities to observe and admire it:

Some morning an up-state politician would come hustling into the White House and want to see the President, not for any real reason, hut merely that he might go hack to his constituents and tell how he was received hy the President, and what he said to the President, and what the President said to him, etc.

Lincoln would size up such a man in a half a minute, and he could get rid of him in another minute, not hrusquely, not hy waving him aside, not hy suggesting that he was too husy to he seen at that particular time; on the contrary, before the up-state politician would have a chance to tell what he thought of the President's policies Mr. Lincoln would start in on a droll story, and when he finished the politician would be laughing so heartily he would forget all about what he was going to tell the President. Then his hand would be grasped hy the President, who would at once turn to his desk, and the politician would find himself leaving the White House more than satisfied with his call, which had lasted two minutes instead of two hours as he had expected.

Colonel Crook took his turn with other officers in guarding the corridor outside the President's bedroom. Lincoln's last act before retiring was to wish a kindly good-night to the sentinel, and he would then enter his room and close the door:

My chair stood in the corridor, within easy reach of the door opening into the President's room, and so situated that I could see every inch of the whole length of the corridor, which was so lighted that no shadows could even partly conceal any one who might try to slip through it. During most of the night I would rest comfortahly in the chair, constantly looking this way and that, listening intently for any unusual noise. Every once in a while, however, I would rise and quietly pace up and down to obtain rest of position. I never read a hook or a newspaper, of course, for fear that my attention might hecome fixed so closely on the printed page that I might not hear or see the approach of assassins, whom I always expected at any moment. Needless to say, I never resorted to any of the common means for keeping awake, during those solitary vigils. The responsibility of guarding Lincoln was so great that dozing, or even drowsiness, was unthinkahle. And when relieved hy the day guard, at eight o'clock in the morning, I was always as fresh and wide awake as when I had gone on duty twelve hours previous.

Lincoln's only failure to say good-night was upon the evening of his death. Upon that one occasion he altered the salutation to "Good-bye, Crook," after refusing Crook's earnest offer to accompany him to the theatre:

Although I have already stated the fact in print, I wish to repeat it here—that when Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and their party sat down in their hox at Ford's Theatre that fateful night, the guard who was acting as my suhstitute took his position at the rear of the hox, close to an entrance leading into the hox from the dress-circle of the theatre. His orders were to stand there, fully armed, and to permit no unauthorized person to pass into the hox. His orders were to stand there and protect the President at all hazards.

From the spot where he was thus stationed, this guard could not see the stage or the actors; hut he could hear the words the actors spoke, and he became so interested in them that, incredihle as it may seem, he quietly deserted his post of duty, and walking down the dimly lighted aisle, deliherately took a seat in the last row of the dress-circle.

It was while the President was thus ahsolutely unprotected through this guard's amazing recklessness—to use no stronger words—that Booth rushed through the entrance to the hox, just deserted hy the guard, and accomplished his foul deed.

Realization of his part in the assassination so preyed upon the mind and spirit of the guard that he finally died as a result of it.

The author has not much of interest to say about President Johnson. He seems to have been impressed by the character of Mrs. Johnson and especially by her confidence and fortitude during the trying period of the impeachment:

I was in the Capitol that 16th day of May, anxiously waiting for the verdict. When the acquittal of the President was announced I sprang down the steps, ran the whole length of Pennsylvania Avenue at top speed and rushed up to the White House library, where the President and a few intimate supporters had gathered, to tell him the news. It is a pleasure now to recall that after delivering the message to Mr. Johnson I hurried from the library to that little hedroom in the northwest corner of the Executive Mansion.

Hardly had I knocked on the door when I was told to come in. There sat Mrs. Johnson in her rocking-chair, her husy hands holding some sewing.

As I stepped through the doorway, somewhat excited, no douht, she looked up with her gentle smile of welcome, and was ahout to ask a question; hut I could not restrain myself.

"He's acquitted!" I cried; "the President is acquitted!"

Then the frail little lady—who looked frailer than ever—rose from her chair and in both her emaciated hands took my right hand. Tears were in her eyes, hut her voice was firm and she did not tremhle once as she said:

"Crook, I knew he'd he acquitted; I knew it. . . . Thank you for coming to tell me."

That was all she said, and I left a moment later; hut I shall never forget the picture of that feehle, wasted little woman standing so proudly and assuring me so positively that she had never douhted for one instant that her heloved hushand would he proved innocent of the terrihle charges that had heep brought against him.

Colonel Crook seems to have been as much impressed by Mrs. Hayes as by Mrs. Johnson, although perhaps he will hardly be successful in carrying his readers with him. Of President Hayes himself he says that he had no enemies, that he hated no one, and that therefore no one could hate him, a conclusion that may be justified in this particular case, but that certainly can not be universally applied:

There were some persons—and perhaps there are some today—in whose opinions President Hayes was what is sometimes termed a "soft" man—one easily influenced against his will. We, who saw him at close range, however, realized that he was ahle, keen, sharp; a man who instantly saw through pretense. As an indication of his ahility to take care of himself under any circumstances, and of his caution, I may repeat what I have said elsewhere—that he was the only President, certainly the only President during the last half-century, who invariahly had a stenographer present in his private office. No matter who came to call upon President Hayes, the visitor never saw him alone. At a table in the office sat Mr. Gustin, an expert stenographer, whose husiness it was to take down in shorthand everything that was said to President Hayes, and every word that the President said in reply, excepting when some one, such as a memher of the President's household, would come in and talk upon some purely personal matter.

In this way President Hayes protected himself to an extraordinary degree. It was impossihle, under the circumstances, for any political opponent later to assert untruthfully that in the executive office President Hayes had told him that he would do so and so; or that he would not do so and so, for the President had ready, for instant proof, a stenographic report of every word spoken hy him and hy the visitor who came to his office—and this was well known to he so.

Colonel Crook was not present at the assassination of Garfield. Guiteau had been attracting some attention by his persistence, and the author tells us that he was relieved in his mind when he heard that the President was on his way out of the city. But the evil news quickly reached Washington and the dying man was brought back to the White House and was taken subsequently to Elberon:

One of the members of the executive office staff was an intimate friend of Garfield's, Mr. Warren S. Young, who was in the Treasury Department when Garfield was inaugurated. Thereupon Mr. Garfield brought him to the executive office, knowing that he could rely upon him at any time to carry out the most difficult tasks. As soon as the President was taken to Elheron, Mr. Young was sent there, and there he remained until Garfield died. It is not known generally that Mr. Young accidentally gave to the country the news of Garfield's death. He was in the room where the President lay, and when the end came he hurried out on an errand of importance. A moment later he ran into the army of newspaper correspondents waiting outside, who formed the "death watch" on the President. Almost overwhelmed hy the sad event which had just occurred, Mr. Young did not understand a question which one of the correspondents asked him as he passed the group, and thinking it must have heen regarding the President's condition, he replied:

"Yes, it's all over."

Hardly had the words escaped his lips when that squad of newspaper men sped off to the telegraph office like hirdshot fired out of a gun. When I recalled this happening to Mr. Young, only yesterday, he said that in all his life since then he has never seen anything like the way those correspondents whirled around at his words and darted off toward the wires.

President Cleveland suffered as much from visitors as did Lincoln, but he was far more abrupt in ridding himself of an intolerable nuisance. Indeed there was a special curiosity as to the deportment of a Democratic President, and it was curiosity that must be satisfied if not with real information, then with the invented variety:

It is almost impossihle, even now, to picture the enthusiasm exhihited hy President Cleveland's supporters who had caused such an overturn in national politics. Delegations of all kinds, from all sections of the country, waited upon him to congratulate him and to congratulate the nation, to shake his hand and to carry home with them some words or impressions which could he repeated to their neighhors. I recall one delegation of charming women from the South who walked into the office during the husiest of all mornings, fully expecting to have an audience with Mr. Cleveland, and perhaps a long talk. It was impossihle at that time for the President to see these ladies; they went away greatly disappointed and highly indignant, the leader saying:

"For years we have heen praying for a President of the Democratic faith, and I do not see why he will not see us today. Why, he is *our own President* and we must see him! Is this the reception we are to expect after waiting for so many years?"

Stories of domestic discord between Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland receive a short shrift at the hands of Colonel Crook. They are "damnable" lies and the author has no douht that the recording angel will drop a tear over this particular expletive:

Through all the years of both administrations Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, notwithstanding their disparity in age, were a very affectionate couple. While she naturally deferred to her hushand's judgment in many matters, Mrs. Cleveland was possessed of a keen mind and could see straight through things which would baffle many women. I remember that on one occasion the President sent for me to come to his office, at ahout nine one morning, and said he wanted me as a notary to take his acknowledgment and Mrs. Cleveland's acknowledgment to a deed. Mrs. Cleveland was present at the time, hut before she signed the paper the President walked off to the other side of the room in order that I might privately question her as to her willingness to sign the paper. Mrs. Cleveland told me that she was signing it without any mental reservation, whereupon the President turned around and remarked:

"I think that such a requirement of the law is silly—I mean the clause that requires a notary privately to examine a woman hefore she signs a deed like this."

After a moment's hesitation the President added:

"Still, I suppose the requirement was caused by reason of impositions practiced upon some poor women, who felt compelled to sign papers under their hushands' insistence."

At this Mrs. Cleveland laid down her pen and looked up, laughing heartily at the idea that *her* hushand would ever try to impose upon her in any way.

We have a curious story of the indignation of the feminine public when it was no longer allowed to slobber and ecstasize over the Cleveland baby:

Having a natural desire to see her hahe live and thrive, Mrs. Cleveland wished her to spend a portion of each sunny day outdoors, and the nurse was directed to take the little one in a carriage to the grounds on the south side of the White House so her lungs could he filled with God's fresh air—to which she was entitled. If recollection serves me, the nurse and the hahy carriage, not to mention the hahy, had not heen out there, the first time, for more than six minutes when some of the visitors strolling around spied them, made a rush for them, and started in to pet the hahy and kiss her. The first few who did so attracted many more; and from that day it was impossihle for little Ruth to he taken outdoors without having a group of strange women swoop down upon her from all points of the compass. It didn't make any difference if the hour for her outing was changed; the women would he there, waiting for the appearance of the nurse and the hahy-carriage. And mindful of all the dangers attendant upon such feminine stupidity, Mrs. Cleveland took the only course left open to her—and the South Grounds of the White House were closed to strangers.

Now, mark you, what happened. It seems almost too ridiculous for helief, hut it is true. As soon as the great puhlic, washed, unwashed, stranger to Washington and native alike, learned that they could no longer descend upon that poor, helpless hahe, and pat its cheeks, and pinch its little ears, and cover it with kisses, and generally maul it around—this same intelligent puhlic jumped at the conclusion that there must he some reason, some terrihle, mysterious reason why it could not continue. What could it he? Why was the child suddenly taken away from them? Why was she kept within the South Grounds, to which the puhlic was suddenly denied admission? There could be only one answer for those misguided women; and they leaped to the conclusion that Ruth Cleveland was a deaf mute. If this were not enough, they also hinted that her ears were malformed, and that there were other reasons for her seclusion. And incredihle as it may seem, insinuations of such nature were not lacking in a section of the newspaper press which was making war on the President and his political programme!

Mrs. Cleveland was a model of social tact and of the kindness that is the mother of tact, but upon one occasion she was a party to a sort of collective mistake that must be almost without a parallel:

It was this quality of sympathy that made Mrs. Cleveland's life in the White House so rich a memory. I never knew her to make a mistake of social nature hut once; and then it was shared hy so many others that I may he pardoned for repeating it in puhlic print. I know the little story is true, for I was present at the time, and heard it all. At one of the President's formal receptions a man named Decker apoeared, and as he drew near the receiving line he told Colonel Wilson in confidence that his name was such an easy one it could not he mistaken or mispronounced. Whereupon Colonel Wilson presented him.

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Cracker," said the President.

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Baker," said Mrs. Cleveland.

"Mr. Sacker," murmured Miss Bayard douhtfully.

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Black," Mrs. Whitney remarked with calm confidence.

A few minutes later Mr. Decker was said to he looking at one of his visiting cards to see what his name really was.

Colonel Crook is probably the only man living who has had an official connection with all three of the murdered Presidents. He was on duty at Washington when the telegraph carried from Buffalo the news of President McKinley's assassination, and he says that he "broke down and wept like a child":

It was not until that afternoon of Septemher 6 that the country as a whole understood the greatness, the gentleness, the courage of William McKinley. As soon as the fatal shot was fired, Mr. Cortelyou, secretary to the President, and other officials sprang to his assistance, and while some of the detectives present helped to place the wounded man in a chair, other guards threw themselves upon the assassin, hurled him to the ground, and wrenched the smoking pistol from his murderous hand. The President's face was very white—I am quoting from one who was present—and he made no outcry as he sank hack, holding one hand at his abdomen, the other fumbling at his hreast. His eyes were open; he was clearly conscious of all that happened. And in that moment of supreme agony, when his very life-blood was gushing forth, he looked up into the face of Mr. Milhurn, president of the exposition, and gasped:

"Cortelyou—Cortelyou. My wife—he careful about her. She's sleeping—hreak the news gently to her. . . ."

Moved by pain, he writhed to the left, and then his eyes fell on the prostrate form of his would-he murderer, Czolgosz, who lay on the floor, helpless heneath the hlows of the exposition guard.

With a self-mastery and a charity almost divine the President raised his right hand and placed it on the shoulder of Mr. Cortelyou.

"Let no one hurt him," he said in a voice of command, so firm that all who heard it were startled.

Colonel Crook has written, not an important book, but one that is eminently readable. It comes obviously from a conscientious memory, a careful intention to be just, and a disposition to see first of all those things that are of good repute.

MEMORIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE. Being Personal Recollections of Colonel W. H. Crook. Compiled and edited by Henry Rood. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Sir Joseph Banks.

It is hard to classify Sir Joseph Banks or to label him as belonging to any particular department of human energy. He was a sort of inspired amateur with a prodigious faculty for interesting himself in many kinds of human activity and leaving them all a little the better for his help. He was president of the Royal Society, he was an architect, and an engineer. He collected whatever seemed worth collecting, and his surprising energy was always on the search for information worth acquiring.

But the name of Sir Joseph Banks will be remembered chiefly in connection with Australia. At a time when Great Britain looked askance at her colossal possession and wondered to what use, if any, she could put it, Banks was full of a prophetic enthusiasm. Geographically he was not the discoverer of Australia, but in every other way he was not only its discoverer, but its creator. He would allow no rest to any one in authority who was disposed to question its importance or its future. He was guide, philosopher, and friend to its officials, practically he nominated the governors, and he himself may be said to have been a sort of supreme governor, a final court of appeal in everything concerning the great colony.

It is not surprising that it should take so large a hook to set forth so many excellences, and perhaps the same reason may be advanced for a certain confusion that shows itself in the pages of Mr. Edward Smith. He tries to cover too much ground, and he asks us to look at too many things at the same time. Moreover, he makes too free a use of letters, inserting much correspondence that might have been condensed with advantage and omitted altogether with still greater advantage. We are inclined to wish that the author had confined himself either to Sir Joseph Banks as president of the Royal Society or to Sir Joseph Banks as the creator of Australia. As it is, we have a biography that is so diffuse that we fail to carry away any adequate or precise picture.

But the book is eminently readable. The author shows a constitutional inability to resist a good story or to hear the pleas of relevancy. He tells us anecdotes of every one. even of the lady who changed her skin when she was a centenarian and whose teeth dissolved when she drank a glass of lemonade. But we should like to know more of Sir Joseph Banks, even at the cost of some of the lively yarns with which the author decorates his pages.

THE LIFE OF SIR JOSEPH BANKS. By Edward Smith, F. R. H. S. With seventeen illustrations. New York: John Lane Company; $4.

The Human Chord.

Mr. Blackwood would have been better advised had he put his theories of the occult potencies of sound into some other form than that of the novel—or else written a better novel. His work in its present form will satisfy neither the mystic nor the romanticist. The former will be dissatisfied with a presentation that falls short of that of Swedenborg, Paracelsus, and the Kabbala, while the latter will feel aggrieved by a certain incongruity in the love story injurious to its sentiment.

The mystic side of the story is exaggerated. We have a country clergyman—why a clergyman?—who has discovered the tremendous forces that lie imprisoned in sound. He can disintegrate matter with a musical note and reintegrate it in other forms, and hy combinations of sounds he can call forth the human soul and give it a temporary dominance over the lower nature. His assistant is a beautiful girl, and to make the necessary trio he engages a young man who has the mystic temperament as well as the correct voice. Naturally there are complications, for while it is desirable that Spinrobin and Miriam shall love each other, their love should be of that transcendental kind that is notoriously hard to find. When Mr. Skale finally attempts the crowning experiment of his occult career, no less than the sounding of the Ineffable Name of the Kabbalist, the whole thing comes to wreck and ruin because of a certain unforeseen dissonance in the intonations. The escape of Miriam and Spinrobin is a narrow one, and we leave them on the way to a bliss of the more ordinary and mundane kind.

Mr. Blackwood is evidently well versed in the curious lore of mysticism and the Kabhala, a love that will soon be better understood than it is now. But he allows himself too much license of the imagination and he pays too slight a homage to the virtues of accuracy and of probability. His book lacks both glamour and atmospherc.

THE HUMAN CHORD. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.

Desmond Rourke, Irishman.

This is essentially a novel of incident, but by no means lacking in the finer qualities of romance. Desmond Rourke turns up in the South American town of Santola with stories of a silver mine discovered by him in the neighboring mountains. His plan is to secure the necessary capital either from old Courvois, who keeps the restaurant, or from the rich American speculator, George Harvey Smith. Knowing the corruption of the officials, he does not dare to register his claim, nor will he divulge its location to Courvois or to Smith for fear of their predatory instincts. With extraordinary adroitness he plays the cupidity of one against that of the other until at last he is in a position to get his own terms for a mine that, as a matter of fact, has no existence. But Courvois's daughter brings Rourke to a better frame of mind. If the author had been less skillful he would have painted Jeanne as beautiful, vivacious, and clever. She is neither, but she exercises a curious fascination over the inexperienceo Desmond that bears moral fruits and that is actually the turning point in his career. The story is a distinctive one, worthily conceived and worthily executed.

DESMONO ROURKE, IRISHMAN. By John Haslette. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30.

In the Rhone Country.

The author disclaims any intention to regard as a guide-book this record of a six weeks' journey down the Rhône from Lyons. But it is a guide-book and a good one, for how can the traveler do better than follow the footsteps of one who knew so well how to find whatever is worth finding and to admire whatever is worth admiration. The Rhône country has been unaccountahly neglected, perhaps because the modern sight-seer has forgotten how to saunter. How many travelers, for example, have visited Avignon with its palace that neither king nor republic could conceive, that could be creatively imagined by nothing less than religious inspiration? And how many have visited Orange with its Arc de Triomphe and its Roman theatre, or Villeneuve with its marvelous antiquities? This is all *terra incognita* to the average tourist, who flies from capital to capital and supposes that he has seen Europe.

It would be superfluous to say that Miss Kingsley writes with literary charm and in such a way as to delight those who will never travel down the Rhône except by means of her descriptive pages, as well as those other and more fortunate ones who can profit practically by her example.

IN THE RHONE COUNTRY. By Rose G. Kingsley. With sixty-seven illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

The Carpet from Bagdad.

Those who like the novel of incident and who are undismayed hy impossibilities will revel in this rather delirious flight of the imagination. A party of gamblers, smugglers, and general adventurers find themselves in Cairo just as one of their number has returned from a marauding expeditiou to Bagdad after his successful theft of a sacred carpet of almost priceless value. Knowing that he will be pursued by its native custodians, he sells it to an English collector, and when the son of the desert turns up rather before schedule time the thiet points out the present owner of the carpet and even helps in his abduction. But he himself is abducted at the same time by natives, who are as eager for vengeance as for the possession of the carpet, while a young girl with whom both the men are in love is also carried away into the desert. The story is an admirahle one of its not very elevated kind. It will be read with absorbing interest and forgotten in ten minutes.

THE CARPET FROM BAGOAO. By Harold Macgrath. Indianapolis: The Bohbs-Merrill Company; $1.25.

Songs.

Mr. Cy Warman's "Songs" will be welcomed by those who make no exacting demand for poetic form or accuracy, but who appreciate honest sentiment expressed with a ccrtain boisterousness that is often musical. Mr. Warman writes on anything and everything, he writes unpretentiously and he writes briefly. Few of his songs occupy more than a page, and most of them are of two or three stanzas only, and there are few greater virtues in the verse of today than brevity.

SONGS. By Cy Warman. Boston: Rand Avery Company.

Briefer Reviews.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have published a new and enlarged edition of "The New Home Cook Book," compiled from recipes contributed by ladies of Chicago and other cities and towns. Price, $1.

"The Wrecking Master," by Ralph D. Paine (Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25), is a sea story for boys. It is filled with stirring incidents of coast life on the tug *Resolute* and is a good example of the author's skill in catering for the literary taste of the young.

Mr. Warren Lee Goss has shown his usual felicity in his "Life of Grant for Boys and Girls" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.50). He manages to preserve a proper balance of events while emphasizing those incidents most likely to appeal to the young, and he does this without the slightest appearance of "writing down to" his audience. The book is a complete history of Grant's life, and may be read with as much interest by the old as by the young.

In "The Circle K," by Edwin L. Sabin (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), we get many phases of ranch life in the early days before civilization wiped out the romance of the bold, bad man and substituted law for the revolver. Mr. Sahin always writes graphically and dramatically, and he never sacrifices accuracy for the picturesque. There could be no better nor more wholesome book for a boy, and no better guaranty than Mr. Sabin's name on the title-page.

E. B. Treat & Co. have issued a fourth and enlarged edition of "The Blues, Causes and Cure," by Albert Abrams, A. M., M. D., F. R. M. S. Dr. Abrams is well and favorably known in San Francisco as a medical scientist who, to the routine knowledge of the schools, has added the results of profound and independent investigation. His book is intended primarily for the profession, but even the layman can detect the elaborate care with which it has been prepared and the breadth of view and freedom from prejudice and preconceived opinion that distinguish it.

"The Secret Book," hy George Wemyss (Sturgis & Walton; $1.20), is a story of a young man who falls in love with an unknown girl as the result of finding her anonymous diary in an hotel bedroom. There seems to be nothing in the diary to justify the rash act nor the rather hysterical search that ensues.

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JUST PUBLISHED
MARGARET DELAND'S
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The IRON WOMAN



ANY book by Mrs. Deland would be notable. But "The Iron Woman" marks an event in American publishing. It is more than a novel, as we have come to know the word. Mrs. Deland pictures youth — dewy, virginal youth—in all its tenderness and passion, its foolish obstinacy, and generous impulsiveness, with truthful idealism. Her young people are wonderfully attractive in their perfect naturalness. She portrays the elders—people whom life has hardened—with just as deep understanding and sympathy. She has a way of penetrating the outward husk of habit and finding the living heart underneath. As for the story itself—it is difficult to speak of its beauty in terms of self-restraint.

HARPER & BROTHERS

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Dante.

Probably the new translation of Dante by C. E. Wheeler is better than anything that has preceded it, nearer to the spirit of the original and with a commendable adherence to the Italian form. Mr. Wheeler imitates the terza rima which was Dante's metbod, and this in itself is a feat of some courage and would be an unpardonable attempt if it were less successful. Mr. Wheeler's success may perhaps best be judged by a few stanzas taken almost at random from Canto VII of the "Inferno":

Justice of God! What hand bas gathered there
New toils and torments to my vision given?
Why do our wasting sins leave us so bare?

As o'er Charybdis when the tides have striven,
Wave meeteth wave, and surges hack again,
E'en to such dances is this people driven.

Here more than elsewhere, saw I many men,
And from both sides they came, and howling, they
Rolled up great weights, with all their breasts astrain.

Each smote on otber, then from ont the fray
Wheeling at once, they turned them back, and cried,
"Why grip so fast? Why cast so wild away?"

This is good work, and well sustained. Mr. Wheeler's lapses are rare, but they occur sometimes in the form of a balting metre or a faulty rhyme, hard to avoid and easy to pardon.

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated by C. E. Wheeler. In three volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

Track's End.

This capital story tells how Judson Pitcher, a boy in his teens, elected to spend tbe winter alone at Track's End, Dakota, wben the rest of the inhabitants went out on the last train. Judson had a bad time of it. He was besieged by wolves, the Indians tried to loot the deserted town, and a band of desperadoes did what they could to make tbings interesting for the lonely sentinel. The story is told in the first person and it professes to be, and probably is, a narrative of fact.

TRACK'S END. Being the narrative of Judson Pitcher's strange winter spent there, as told by himself and edited by Hayden Carruth. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Jonathan Nield, who has written a "Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales," is an Englishman, forty-eigbt years old, the author of a novel, and tbe editor of several theological works. His book will be published in America by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Genius, and Other Essays," is the title of a new volume made up of material left by E. C. Stedman at his death. The work has been edited by Stedman's granddaughter, Laura Stedman, and his friend, Dr. George M. Gould, and is published by Moffat, Yard & Co.

William Jobnstone, a member of the editorial staff of the New York *World*, has written a novel with the enticing title, "The Yellow Letter." The volume comes this week from the publishing house of the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A feature of tbe October *Century Magazine* to interest all art lovers is an account of "The Roman Art Exposition of 1911," by Harrison S. Morris, commissioner-general of the United States of America to the exposition. The article is illustrated with some of the exposition's masterpieces.

"Comrades," a book by Elizabetb Stuart Pbelps, is announced for immediate publication by Harper & Brothers. The death of the author in January gives an added touch of pathos to the reading of this story.

The Macmillan Company brought out this week a volume which has been awaited by many readers—"The Book of Woman's Power."

Mark Twain's birthplace bas been preserved for the interest of his future readers. The simple frame bouse built by his father at Hannibal, Missouri, in 1839, has now been presented to the author's native town. Its walls and surroundings are reminiscent not only of the youthful Sam Clemens, but of the scarcely less vital boyish personalities, Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

New Books Received.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF LABOR, 1909. In two volumes. Washington: Government Printing Office.

THE LAND OF LET'S PRETEND. By Carl Werner. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Company.

For young children. With illustrations by Laura E. Foster.

ROSE OF OLD HARPETH. By Maria Thompson Daviess. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.25.

A new novel by the author of "Miss Selina Lue."

EMERSON'S WIFE AND OTHER WESTERN STORIES. By Florence Finch Kelly. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.25.

In this book Emerson Mead, who will be remembered by the readers of "With Hoops of Steel," again appears, and tbe opening story is a sequel to that book and a connecting link between it and Mrs. Kelly's "The Delafield Affair."

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE. By Sir John Lubbock. New York: H. M. Caldwell Company.

Belonging to the Remarque Edition of Literary Masterpieces.

EASY ENTERTAINING. By Caroline French Benton. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; $1.50.

A book of comprehensive advice for the hostess.

THE ADVENTURES OF PONY DEXTER. By Harriet A. Cheever. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

The story of a pony. Written for the young.

THE STORY OF THE AEROPLANE. By Claude Grahame White. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $2.

A complete survey of aviating progress by the world's most famous aviator.

THE PEACE OF THE SOLOMON VALLEY. By Margaret Hill McCarter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A series of descriptive letters exchanged between New York City and Talton, Kansas.

SOMETHING ELSE. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.35.

A new novel by the author of "The Dread and Fear of Kings."

CRANFORD, by Mrs. Gaskell. THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, by Oliver Goldsmith. THE ESSAYS OF ELIA, by Charles Lamb. A TALE OF TWO CITIES, by Charles Dickens. OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST, by Thomas à Kempis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; each, $1.25.

Issued in the Burlington Library. Each one containing twenty-four colored illustrations by accomplished artists.

TO MOTHER. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; 50 cents.

A poem.

THE HIDDEN EMPIRE. By R. W. Fenn. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.30.

"A tale of true deeds and great ones which the tropic sun witnessed."

COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF JOB. By George A. Barton, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 90 cents.

Issued in the Bible for Home and School series under the general editorship of Shailer Mathews.

DR. DAVIN. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.35.

A new novel by the author of "The Girl Who Lived in the Woods."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. By Charles Dickens. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.50.

A special edition with illustrations in color by Ethel F. Everett.

IN TUDOR TIMES. By Edith L. Elias. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.50.

Comprising the reigns of Henry VII, Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth.

IN STUART TIMES. By Edith L. Elias. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.50.

The period covered includes James I, Charles I, Cromwell, Charles II, James II, William and Mary, and Anne.

THE IRON WOMAN. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.35.

"The unfolding of a spiritual struggle amid deep human emotions."

HERSELF. By Dr. E. B. Lowry. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; $1.

"Talks with women concerniog themselves."

THE INDISCRETIONS OF MAISTER REOHORN. By J. J. Bell. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

A new story by the author of "Wee Macgregor."

OLD MAN GREENHUT AND HIS FRIENDS. By David A. Curtis. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.20.

A novel of Arkansas City.

SMITH. By David Gray. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.20.

A novel based on the play by W. Somerset Maugham.

SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY. By Lewis Melville. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

By the author of "The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray."

THE CONFLICT. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30.

A posthumous novel.

TEAM-MATES. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: The Century Company; $1.50.

A story of life at a boys' school.

DOROTHY, THE MOTOR GIRL. By Katharine Carleton. New York: The Century Company; $1.50.

A story for young people. By a new writer.

FRESHMAN DORN, PITCHER. By Leslie W. Quirk. New York: The Century Company; $1.50.

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YOUNG CRUSOES OF THE SKY. By F. Lovell Coombs. New York: The Century Company; $1.50.

A story of adventures in a halloon.

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A story of two hoys who are lost in the Maine woods.

STORIES OF USEFUL INVENTIONS. By S. E. Forman. New York: The Century Company; $1.

Telling, simply and entertainingly, the beginnings of familiar and every-day things.

AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.35.

A story of a modern Adam and Eve in a South Pacific paradise.

SCOUTING FOR LIGHT HORSE HARRY. By John Preston True. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50.

In the fourth volume of the popular Stuart Schuyler series, the author narrates the adventures of young Thomas Ludlow from the time when he won his spurs at Bunker Hill to his appointment to his first command at the hands of General Washington.

TONNIE. By Gilbert Watson. New York: The Century Company; $1.20.

A love story of a woman-hater.

THE LYRICS OF ELIZA. By D. K. Stevens. New York: The Century Company; 60 cents.

Verses about cats with illustrations upon every page.

AN AMERICAN SUFFRAGETTE. By Isaac N. Stevens. New York: William Rickey & Co.; $1.20.

"A love, mystery, and murder story," reflecting certain phases of the suffragette movement.

JACKSON AND HIS HENLEY FRIENDS. By Frank E. Channon. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50.

The second volume of the Henley Schoolboy series. A school story for boys.

BILLY, HIS SUMMER AWAKENING. By Charles Keen Taylor. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50.

The first volume of the "Billy" series. An outdoor book for boys.

MEMORIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE. By Colonel W. H. Crook. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $2.

Personal recollections of the home life of United States Presidents, from Lincoln to Roosevelt.

TOMMY SWEET-TOOTH AND LITTLE GIRL BLUE. By Josephine Scribner Gates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 50 cents.

A story for little children.

THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN. By Eliza Orne White. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.

A story for children.

HER ROMAN LOVER. By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.25.

A new novel.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN. By Overton W. Price. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.50.

A statement of the conservation problem for boy readers.

THE STORY OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE. By Eva March Tappan, Pb. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50.

An elementary history of Rome.

THE FUSING FORCE. By Katharine Hopkins Chapman. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.35.

An Idaho idyll.

THE SICK-A-BED LADY. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Company.

A collection of short stories hy the author of "Molly Make-Believe."

WHEN WOMAN PROPOSES. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.

A love story wherein the woman takes the initiative.

THE TEXICAN. By Dana Coolidge. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.35.

A new frontier story hy the author of "Hidden Water."

FROM THE HEIGHTS. By John Wesley Carter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

In praise of nature.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

ORDER FOR PUBLICATION OF SUMMONS.

Upon reading and filing the affidavit of EFFIE I. SIMONS, and it satisfactorily appearing therefrom that the defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS, can not he located in the State of California, and, after due diligence, can not be found within this state, and it also appearing from the complaint herein duly verified by said plaintiff that a good cause of action exists herein in favor of the plaintiff, and against the said defendant, the said action being to dissolve the honds of matrimony existing hetween the said plaintiff herein and the said defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS;

And it further appearing that a summons has been duly issued out of said court in this action, and that personal service of the same can not be made upon the said defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS, for the reasons hereinhefore contained, and hy the said affidavit made to appear;

On motion of Bush Finnell, attorney for the plaintiff, it is ordered that the service of the summons in this action be made upon the defendant, CLARENCE F. SIMONS, hy publication thereof in "The Argonaut," a newspaper published at said city and county of San Francisco, hereby designated as the newspaper most likely to give notice to said defendant; that such publication be made at least once a week for two months.

And it further in like manner satisfactorily appearing to me that the last known residence of said defendant was at the city and county of San Francisco, state of California, it is ordered and directed that a copy of the summons and complaint in this suit be forthwith deposited in the United States postoffice, at the city and county of San Francisco, post paid, directed to said defendant at his said last known place of residence.

JOHN J. VAN NOSTRAND, Judge.

Dated this 5th day of September, A. D. 1911.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EFFIE L SIMONS, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

AFFIDAVIT OF EFFIE I. SIMONS.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, being first duly sworn, deposes and says: that she is the plaintiff in the above entitled action.

That on the 29th day of August, A. D. 1911, affiant commenced an action to dissolve the bonds of matrimony existing between herself and CLARENCE F. SIMONS, the defendant herein.

Affiant says that she has not seen the defendant for the two years last past; that the last affiant knew of the said defendant he was residing in the city and county of San Francisco, state of California, and affiant says that she has now no knowledge as to the whereabonts of said defendant. EFFIE I. SIMONS.

Subscribed and sworn to hefore me this 5th day of September, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) M. V. COLLINS,
Notary Public in and for the City and Connty of San Francisco, State of California.

BUSH FINNELL, Attorney for Plaintiff, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Have You a Guest?

It is only natural that every visitor should want to see as much of San Francisco as possible without any loss of time, and it is not always an easy matter to plan for a sight-seeing trip for the guest from the interior or from some other state. Yet many interesting jaunts can he made by street-car at trifling expense, and it is wonderful how much can be learned about the town and its history by observation during these little journeys.

As bas been previously mentioned, Dolores Mission, the beach, and Golden Gate Park should be visited as soon as can be arranged. The visitor will then be anxious for another trolley trip. Here is one that is always pleasing:

At Sutter and Market Streets board car No. 1 and ride out to the ocean. The handsome new Pay-As-You-Enter cars run on this line. After leaving the business section behind the car passes through the Western Addition—the new section of San Francisco. Here one sees great activity in residence building, while the business blocks indicate prosperity. In fact, it looks like a separate city. A splendid view of the district is ohtained as the car whirls along California Street.

Not far away to the right looms up the Presidio, tbe great army base, which always attracts great attention and can he reacbed after a short walk. However, it can be reached direct by car. One can take the Hyde Street car at O'Farrell and Market, transfer at Union and proceed straight into the military reservation. It is one point which should not be omitted from tbe visitor's itinerary.

Continuing along to the ocean, however, residences grow less and less frequent, and it is readily seen how much has been accomplished in the way of turning sand-hills into bomes and business blocks. Suddenly the car swings through a cut in the hill and the Bay comes into view. It rolls and tumbles lazily on a quiet day, several hundred feet below the car line, and as the car proceeds along the edge of the cliff, a magnificent scene is spread before the eyes. It is a picture never to be forgotten. At once the Golden Gate, famed in song and story, the gateway of the world's commerce, claims all eyes. Through it, perhaps, a big transpacific liner is steaming in, or maybe a battleship or the picturesque fishing fleet. Mile Rock lighthouse stands out there in the Bay, warning ships by day and night. Point Bonita lighthouse is seen across the waters at the entrance to the Gate, and farther back on tbe south side grim cannon on tbe heights guard the harbor.

Below Land's End station is an attractive beach where crowds gather on warm Sundays and bolidays. Some good fishing can be had at times from the rocks.

The car ride ends a short distance above the Cliff House, at the gateway of the renowned Sutro Park. Rare plants from all over the world grow and blossom here. The gates are open to the public and the wonderful gardens should be visited by all means. Sutro Baths and tbe Cliff House lie little ways farther along. Then the beach.

To many—especially to seafaring people—the most wonderful sight of all is the good sbip *Gjoa*, which sailed the Northwest Passage a few years back, and now stands bigh and dry, back on tbe beach, surrounded by a higb wire fence to keep out souvenir hunters. Every care is taken to preserve the great little single-masted ship.

The return to busy marts of trade by the car line skirting Golden Gate Park gives one a great view of another section of the city. The fare each way is five cents and the cars of the United Railroads enable one to make the trip quickly and in comfort. Going out takes fifty minutes. Coming in about forty-five.

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READERS who appreciate this paper may give their friends the opportunity of seeing a copy. A specimen number of the *Argonaut* will be sent to any address in any part of the world on application to the Publishers, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.



"THE COUNTRY BOY."

"The Country Boy" was not written by a master of his art; there is a certain ingenuousness about it in plot and sentiment, and not a scrap of twentieth-century psychology. Yet I venture to say that in spite of a somewhat obviously manipulated providence that presides over the happenings of "The Country Boy," few will come away from seeing it without expressing a sense of admiration for the author.

For Edgar Selwyn, the writer of this pleasing piece, is shrewd, and observing, and yet kindly dispositioned toward human nature in the abstract. The observer of his kind, who is keen to see, yet steadily preserves the milk of human kindness from being soured by an arrogant cynicism, is the man to freshen within us love for poor, stumbling humanity and tolerance for its errors.

How he does it is to show up in his unpretentious yet appealing play bow sturdy and indestructible the sense of responsibility and the instinct of helpfulness toward blundering, stumbling fellow-being can remain in a nature that, on the surface, has become so roughened by the wear and tear of daily life as to bear the outward appearance of moroseness and misanthropy. That is the pleasurable sense that is left with us: the steadiness with which a naturally kind heart will resist decay and disintegration.

Mr. Selwyn, while describing his play as one of city life, has located its first and last acts in a strictly rural atmosphere. He shows us his hero there, the country boy; a fresh-natured, warm-hearted, sanguine youth of big hopes and aspirations, and little achievement. The boy is transferred to the temptations, trials, and tests of metropolitan life. The hustle and bustle of New York finds him commercially lacking. He does not "make good." And, furthermore, he shows a persistently verdant faith in womankind, even of the show-girl variety, when it guilefully appeals to his instinctive chivalry.

The boy's faith is almost laughable in the eyes of his seasoned seniors, yet they like him the better for it, and seek, by kindly enlightenment, to preserve him from the bitterness of a too long deferred disillusion. In vain. The discovery comes at an inopportune time. The audience shares the sombre night-watch of a proud, suffering boy, who, in that first hitter hour, finds insupportable the thought of facing failure under the eyes of his friends.

I do not doubt that Mr. Selwyn has built that incident, along with several lighter ones in the play, upon a foundation of real facts. We have but to read the papers to see how impulsively youth will throw away life and all its glorious opportunities just to bring a quick end to one little hour of unendurable and unshared despair.

This sounds as if "The Country Boy" is a play with an atmosphere of sadness. On the contrary. The author affords opportunity for many a genial laugh. He is a picturer of types. The people in his play are humorously sketched characters.

The scene at the boarding-house dinner-table is highly amusing, yet, in spite of the emphasizing of the comic side, it is fundamentally realistic. What more dismal in life than the assembling at a common board of a group of people who are mutually indifferent, or, worse still, antagonistic? What more amusing than the friction-flashes that result, if they are sketched by one who sees it all through a kindly light of humor?

The company at the Columbia is a very good one, and the various characters are skillfully and graphically portrayed. Alfred Cooper fits, as if by natural selection, into the rôle of the country boy. His boyish high spirits, impetuous speech, youthful touchiness, and agile evasion of un-American sentimentality are all done to the life. Mr. Cooper is lucky in possessing an engaging personality, and the sympathetic liking of the audience follows the country boy through all his ups and downs of hope and dejection, of failure and success.

His sweetheart is less happily drawn. The author has wished to depict a girl full of instinctive wisdom, of womanly intuitions. But the result is a little too surprising, in an artless, inexperienced country girl, and Ella Furry's Jane, sweet, simple, and youthful though it is, is played with an effect of too much precision.

The darling of the hour was Fred Merkle, a newspaper man, played by Frank McCormack. The character tickled our sense of humor, and appealed to a strong sense of liking. Merkle is a type of the nerve-worn man whose apparently constitutional expression is that of a snarl. But the snarl belies him. It is evolved by fools and nuisances, but underneath it is the unexpended tenderness that the "old bach," poor wretch, sometimes possesses in uncomfortable measure because he has no hostage to fortune to draw it forth. Merkle has the kindly tolerance, lacking in Belknap, the village magnate, that youth so needs for its hasty errors, its foibles and follies. He understood and exculpated its big, ardent self-confidence, and felt a ready sympathy for its bottomless yet passing despairs. Yet on the face of this arch-deceiver is lined the bitter furrows of distrust, resentment, and misanthropy. Boarding-house and newspaper life have graven them there.

The rôle is perfectly played by Frank McCormack, who rings many changes on his queer, husky voice, and draws from it with unerring skill every shade of meaning that the author had put into this queer mingling of surface malevolence and innate kindness and good-will.

The boarders hate Merkle, but the audience takes him to its heart of hearts.

Frank E. Jamison is sufficiently unctuous and important as the village magnate. Doan Borup is the good fellow with the casual manner whom nothing phases and who "mothers" all boarding-house keepers, and "sweethearts" and "dearies" all the stray girls that cross his pathway. One occasionally stumbles across his like in a city boarding-house. Mr. Borup has his manner nicely balanced to the shadow of a shade just where it ought to be, and, like Mr. McCormack, he was so perfect that he seemed to share with the author the credit of the creation.

Nellie Fillmore shared with these two and Alfred Cooper the large, expansive hit made on an appreciative public. Nellie Fillmore played the part of the landlady of a semi-theatrical boarding-house, occupied by people of precarious positions and uncertain means. Miss Fillmore gave the landlady an ample person and a broad, beaming smile. The smile and the air of jolly good-heartedness, like Merkle's snarl, belied their possessor, for they masked an inflammable sensitiveness that flared up into pointed allusions to other boarding-houses and the size of the butcher-bill at the slightest hint of dissatisfaction from temporarily unpopular boarders. Miss Fillmore played with unforced, robust humor, and was an important factor in the success of the dinner scene.

Not so finished, but still very bright and apt is Olive Templeton's impersonation of the show-girl at the boarding-house. She gave her cold, restless vivacity, and her unexpected, steely hardness, when the revelation came to the trusting boy, was like feeling stiff corset-bones under a baby's dimpled curves.

Minor rôles were well filled. Lottie Hall's matter-of-course and unrattled waitress, the rusticity of expression that Ralph Ramsay put into Hezekiah Jenks's ingenuous countenance, the manner with which Charlotte Langdon made the "embryo prima donna" take herself seriously—these points and those in even lesser rôles were all well brought out.

The play is not a first-class piece of dramatic composition, but the acting is so excellent, the humor so fresh, appealing, and genial, the sentiment so sterling, and the emotions reached so wholesome and refreshing that the audience seems unanimous in expressing friendliness to the company and appreciation of the play.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Edwin Stevens's Return.

Nearly every year Edwin Stevens returns to greet a San Francisco audience that is as loyal to him as in the days of his prominence at the Tivoli Opera House. It is no especial credit to the audience, except that it demonstrates the ability to distinguish fine acting. Mr. Stevens always gives good measure, and he is as popular elsewhere as in his former home. He is at the Orpheum this week, assisted by Tina Marshall, in a little sketch entitled "A Lesson in Arithmetic." Bizarre comedy, music, dainty sentiment, and deep emotion are the mingled elements of the piece, and from beginning to end it is faultless in purpose and presentation. Mr. Stevens is as finished in his vaudeville appearances as in his legitimate rôles. Miss Marshall is a sincere and intelligent aid, and even more attractive than on her former visits.

Lily Lena, the English singer of comic songs, has perfected her art of pleasing both men and women in the audience. Her costumes are numerous, beautiful, and charmingly contrasted, and put on and off with speed. Would that there were more singers possessing her delightfully clear enunciation. No word is ever misunderstood in her songs, and her gifts of interpretation make the most insipid example seem a gem of lyric comedy.

No exhibition of athletic power ever shown on the Orpheum stage has equaled that given by the Australian Woodchoppers this week. It is original and thrilling. Such mighty skill and continued effort are worthy of higher praise than is often given to acts on the variety stage. One such axeman is worth a million beetle-headed, broken-nosed pugilists.

In "Fresh from College," a breezy bit of nonsense, Conlin, Steele, and Carr, earn many laughs. Sam Mann, a quaint and deliberate German comedian, works hard to make a tedious sketch enjoyable. His aids are as bad as he says they are. His best hit is made with the violin which he smashes on the head of the stage manager.

There are other good acts. One young person, however, billed as a "rapid-fire song writer," is working on a circuit much above his class. He should be obliged to do his alleged singing and improvising in solitary confinement.

POEMS BY MADISON CAWEIN.

Beauty and Art.

The gods are dead: but still for me
Lives on in wildwood brook and tree
Each myth, each old divinity.

For me still laughs among the rocks
The Naiad; and the Dryad's locks
Drop perfume on the wildflower flocks.

The Satyr's hoof still prints the loam;
And, whiter than the wind-blown foam,
The Orcad haunts her mountain home.

To him, whose mind is fain to dwell
With loveliness no time can quell,
All things are real, imperishable.

To him—whatever facts may say—
Who sees the soul beneath the clay,
Is proof of a diviner day.

The very stars and flowers preach
A gospel old as God, and teach
Philosophy a child may reach;

That can not die; that shall not cease;
That lives through idealities
Of Beauty, ev'n as Rome and Greece.

That lifts the soul above the clod,
And, working out some period
Of art, is part and proof of God.

—From "Poems by Madison Cawein."

The Winds.

Those hewers of the clouds, the Winds,—that lair
At the four compass-points,—are out tonight;
I hear their sandals trample on the height,
I hear their voices trumpet through the air:
Builders of storm, God's workmen, now they bear,
Up the steep stair of sky, on backs of might,
Huge tempest hulks, while,—sweat that blinds their sight,—
The rain is shaken from tumultuous hair:
Now, sweepers of the firmament, they broom,
Like gathered dust, the rolling mists along
Heaven's floors of sapphire; all the beautiful blue
Of skyey corridor and celestial room
Preparing, with large laughter and loud song,
For the white moon and stars to wander through.

—From "Poems by Madison Cawein."

Abandoned.

The hornets build in plaster-dropping rooms,
And on its mossy porch the lizard lies;
Around its chimneys slow the swallow flies,
And on its roof the locusts snow their blooms.
Like some sad thought that broods here, old perfumes
Haunt its dim stairs; the cautious zephyr tries
Each gusty door, like some dead hand, then sighs
With ghostly lips among the attic glooms.
And now a heron, now a kingfisher,
Flits in the willows where the riffle seems
At each faint fall to hesitate to leap,
Fluttering the silence with a little stir.
Here Summer seems a placid face asleep,
And the near world a figment of her dreams.

—From "Poems by Madison Cawein."

The End of Summer.

Pods are the poppies, and slim spires of pods
The hollyhocks; the halsam's pearly bredes
Of rose-stained snow are little sacs of seeds
Collapsing at a touch: the lote, that sods
The pond with green, has changed its flowers to rods
And discs of vesicles; and all the weeds,
Around the sleepy water and its reeds,
Are one white smoke of seeded silk that nods.
Summer is dead, ay me! sweet Summer's dead!
The sunset clouds have huilt her funeral pyre,
Through which, e'en now, runs subterranean fire:
While from the east, as from a garden bed,
Mist-vined, the Dusk lifts her broad moon—like some
Great golden melon—saying, "Fall has come."

—From "Poems by Madison Cawein."

Unanswered.

How long ago it is since we went Maying!
Since she and I went Maying long ago!—
The years have left my forehead lined, I know,
Have thinned my hair around the temples graying.
Ah, time will change us: yea. I hear it saying—
"She too grows old: the face of rose and snow
Has lost its freshness: in the hair's brown glow
Some strands of silver sadly, too, are straying.
The form you knew, whose beauty so enspelled,
Has lost the litheness of its loveliness:
And all the gladness that her blue eyes held
Tears and the world have hardened with distress."—
"True! true!" I answer, "O ye years that part!
These things are changed—but is her heart, her heart?"

—From "Poems by Madison Cawein."

Saint-Saëns's latest opera, "Déjanire," which was first sung at Monte Carlo with great success, is to be produced soon in Paris, and, in a German version, at Dessau.

Eames and De Gogorza.

Emma Eames and Emilio de Gogorza will appear here in joint recitals on Tuesday night, October 24, and the Sunday afternoon following. They are now enjoying a trip through the Canadian Rockies and will open their American tour in the Northwest. All musical and social San Francisco will want to bear them, and it is a question whether Scottish Rite Hall will hold the crowds.

In Oakland Eames and De Gogorza will sing at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, October 27.

The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre will be Henry B. Harris's production of James Forbes's comedy, "The Commuters," which will be seen here for the first time on Monday night, October 9. It is said that Forbes, with his acutely developed faculty of weaving the interesting affairs of every-day life into a most engaging comedy, has successfully followed up his other big success, "The Chorus Lady," with this new play, which will be played here by a strong cast.

The Italian-Swiss Colony's table wines are becoming world-famous for their excellence and uniformity. Try their TIPO (red or white).

AMUSEMENTS.

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The Leading Playhouse
Nightly, Including Sunday
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
SECOND AND LAST WEEK
Begins Monday, Oct. 2
Henry B. Harris presents
THE COUNTRY BOY
A story of city life by Edgar Selwyn
Prices, $1.50, $1, 75c, 50c, 25c
Oct. 9—"THE COMMUTERS," by the author of "The Chorus Lady."

CORT THEATRE Ellis and Market
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Matinee Today—LAST TIMES—Tonight
Harry Bulger in "The Flirting Princess"
Beg. Tomorrow (Sun.) Night—Two Weeks
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays
H. B. WARNER
In Paul Armstrong's Great Play
"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE"
Based on O. Henry's Short Story, "A Retrieved Reformation"
Liebler & Co., Managers
Prices, 50c to $2
Beg. Monday Night, Oct. 16—Gertrude Hoffmann in "La Saison des Ballets Russes."

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Starting this Sunday aft and eve, Oct. 1
Seats $1.00, 75 cts, 50 cts, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.
SOUSA at GREEK THEATRE
Next Thursday aft and eve, Oct. 5
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Tuesday eve, Oct. 10 (auspices Elizabeth Murison School Assn.), and Thursday eve, Oct. 12
Prices $2.00, $1.50, $1.00. Sale opens next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.
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VANITY FAIR.

The wind is laden with rumors of the new fashions. Milliners and dressmakers are hurrying home from "gay Paree" with expressions of portentous solemnity and with hearts filled with mighty sartorial secrets that they will never, never divulge to any one but a reporter. They will die first. And they all have different stories to tell. Wise women will wait awhile before making any extensive alterations in their architecture. Let them not be misled by premature reports. Let them do nothing until they know. The fair devotee who shaves off her hips in response to a rumor that hips will not be "worn" may regret her precipitancy. She may need them after all. Let her possess her soul in patience until she gets the blue prints and the specifications. It will be time enough then to get estimates from the beauty expert for such extensive alterations as may he needed. And she had better stop the massage for a time. It would be terrible to find that it had heen applied in the wrong place and that material must be transferred or replaced.

But there is one rumor that ougbt to be true if it is not. Hats, we are told, will be made of metal. Now it is strange that this has not been done before. Metal is practically indestructible. It can be twisted, hammered, and bent into all sorts of shapes. It can be painted, stained, varnished, and lacquered all sorts of tints and colors. It can he nailed, screwed, riveted, soldered, and brazed. The identity of a metal hat can be so changed that not even your dearest friend can murmur any of those sweet and tender intimacies appropriate to a recognition of last season's headgear. It is a grand idea. Already in our mind's eye we can see the busy millinery shop, covered with the soot of honest toil, its atmosphere heavy with the smoke of the furnaces and noisy with the clang of the hammer and the buzz of lathe and file.

And the idea would spread. Why not bave costumes made of metal? Think of the dainty designs in rivets that could be devised, the decorative screw, and the languishing nail. They might be heavy and unwieldly, hut what of that? The knight of ye olden days needed a derrick to mount his charger, and if the fashionable woman has to appeal to the same contrivance she has done worse things than that in her time and probably will again.

Sometimes we get quite a wrong idea of a news item by looking at its heading. Now here is a report of an interview with Mr. Seymour Lucas, the celebrated artist. It appears in the London *Daily Express* and it is headed "Art Killed by Trousers." For the moment we feared that some new æstheticism was about to be sprung upon us and that we should be forced to appear in public witbout trousers, a thing that we should shrink from doing. It would be sure to attract comment. But Mr. Lucas did not mean this at all. Far be it from such. He only meant that we should decorate our trousers or adopt some other garment that would answer the purpose just the same and would be more beautiful. There we are heartily with him. We have looked upon our trousers with loathing, especially about seven a. m. in the winter.

Mr. Lucas has been browsing among ancient costumes that were worn by real men, and naturally that has made him discontented. We did not begin to wear trousers until the nineteenth century, and then they were of the abbreviated kind and with some pretense to a fit. He would like to see us go back to the richly colored and decorated apparel of an earlier day. He would like to see us in buff coats and robes and jaunty caps with feathers in them. He himself has a gorgeous buff coat interlaced with silver, but alas! it is covered with blood-stains. He bought it from a pawnbroker who was under pledge not to reveal its origin, but it came from one of the old English families at a time when money was badly needed. Probably it dated from the Stuart kings and was redolent of tbe days when a man gave $2000 for a costume and thought nothing of it—nor of the little misunderstanding that resulted in the blood-stains. That was the worst part of all these gaudy cavaliers. They thought so little of blood-stains. They valued none of the things that we prize so highly nowadays. They cared nothing about money, they were indifferent to wounds, and not even germs could make them turn a hair. So probably we shall go on wearing trousers yet awhile. Tbey don't inflame the blood like the old furbelows. They don't encourage swaggerings and dangerous sentiments of honor. A sword looks perfectly absurd if you have trousers on and you can't even carry a revolver with any comfort. So we shall put aside the blandishments of Mr. Lucas. Let us continue to have pants and peace.

A writer on the decay of manners in modern America need not look very far for his examples. A week or so ago our newspapers were notified by cable of the exploit of two "Harvard undergraduates" who vaulted over the railing that incloses the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey and seated themselves in tbe chair. Several newspapers commented upon that valorous feat in a tone of mild and amused tolerance. They seemed to think it was ratber a smart thing to do. Of course the undergraduates were "naugbty boys," but they showed the sort of spirit that "has made our nation what it is," a wholesome contempt for authority, and aristocracy, and royalty, and decency, and good manners. Take it altogether, we were rather proud of those two Harvard undergraduates who went over to London and showed the natives a thing or two.

Now what should we think if two Oxford undergraduates came over to America and acted in Washington's tomb as these Harvard hoodlums acted in Westminster Abbey? What should we say? What should we do? The imagination falters and limps at the idea. And what would be the fate of those undergraduates? Once more the imagination reels and staggers. Well, what did they do with the Harvard men in London? Nothing at all, absolutely nothing. The authorities shrugged their shoulders, told the young ruffians to go home, said it was the way they had been brought up and that they knew no better. They treated them just as we should treat a Digger Indian wbo made faces at us.

A writer in the New York *Sun* explains why it is that well-behaved Americans in Europe are always supposed to be English. He speaks of what bappened in Rome during Holy Week. An American woman after stridently denouncing the practice of pious Catholics who ascend the Santa Scala on their knees, actually ran up and down the stairs before any one could prevent her. At Fiesole he saw two young American women standing before the monastery. One of them said, "They don't let women in there, but I'm going to make them let me in." So they knocked loudly on the door, and when the attendant monk appeared they demanded admission and were not in the least ahashed by his refusal. The writer in the *Sun* continues:

> Not long ago I heard in a hotel two women at the next table comparing experiences of foreign travel. One said: "I was in St. Peter's on one of those days—Easter, aint it?—when they bring the Pope in a chair through the church. There was a great crowd; all on their knees, and they kissed his ring. I said: 'Jest you wait till he comes by me. I won't do any ring-kissing.' So he came along, and I took hold of his hand and gave it a good loud smack that you'd have heard a block off. He looked down 'n' smiled, 'n' said, 'American.'"

What a wealth of national humiliation lies hidden in the comment of the Pope. And to think that but for that boisterous affront he could never have identified his squaw visitor as an "American."

Notbing amuses us so much as a conventional observance that does not happen to be our own. And yet, fortunately for ourselves, we are all creatures of convention. But for a wholesome tendency to imitate each other, to lose our identity in the crowd, our social system would fly apart into chaotic fragments.

In this connection an Eastern newspaper makes some mild fun of the horror created in the Italian senate by the appearance of the under secretary of the interior dressed in a fancy pattern morning coat instead of the severe black frock coat that has been sanctified by custom. Several senators left the chamber as a protest and finally the offending secretary withdrew, borrowed a frock coat from an usher, and made his reappearance amid cheers. He had meant no harm, but be was too progressive, too insurgent. Had he persisted in his wild career he might have lost his patronage, or been removed from the committee on irrigation, or whatever it is that they do to rebels in Italy.

And quite right, too. There is nothing to laugb at in the incident. Our own congressmen are not addicted to that particular kind of convention nor to other conventions, such as those of spelling and grammar. And yet if the Speaker were to appear in the rostrum clothed in a football sweater, or in a khaki hunting suit, or if a preacher were to ascend the pulpit in his pajamas it would certainly create some comment. And yet sweaters and hunting suits and pajamas are eminently comfortable and sensihle garments, especially the latter. But tbey happen to be unconventional.

If we were the Italian nation we sbould henceforth look askance upon the under secretary of the interior. Obviously he is unfit for his position. There is nothing ethically wrong in a fancy pattern morning coat, nor in pajamas. But the under secretary is obviously afflicted with one of two maladies. Either he is unaware of the convention and therefore mentally unfitted for a position that requires intelligence, or else he wishes to be conspicuous and is therefore unfit to live at all, even in Italy. That we have come to regard conventionality as an evil is a proof of our fatal tendency to make facts stand upon their heads. Why, conventionality is almost the only saving grace that is left to us. Would to heaven we had more of it. Conventionality is the one force in our midst that sets a limit to our maniacal desire to be conspicuous. It is the only power that can still say to us: "At least in this respect you shall not make an ass of yourself. There are fifty departments of life over which I have no control, but bere, at any rate, I will be obeyed."

Suppose there were no dress conventions. Suppose we could advertise ourselves by our clothing just as effectively as we do by our self-assertion. Suppose our political candidates were to try to outdo each other not only in their spectacular powers of larceny and mendacity, but also in their dress. Suppose they were to invite our suffrages not only by pointing with pride to their villainy, but also to their costumes. Suppose they were to parade in front of us, one dressed in yellow with green spots and another in red with indigo stripes. They would do it, but for the convention.

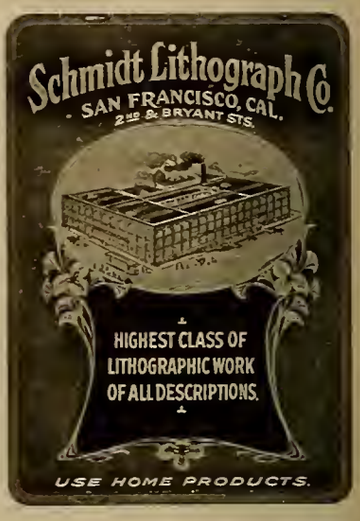
Yes, and a free and independent and intelligent democracy would be deeply impressed and would vote accordingly. It is the convention that scares us, that prevents us from descending into the lower depths of brazen effrontery. It is convention that restrains us from making fools of ourselves in certain specified ways, few enough in all conscience, but still something to be thankful for in a day of small mercies. So far from laughing at the Italian senate, we ought to be grateful that somewhere upon the earth there is some sort of rigid decency, some power that narrows a man's capacity to be an idiot, some authority that can persuade him not to be conspicuous, at least not here in this particular and limited geographical space, and between the hours of ten and four.

The souvenir hunter is still abroad in the land and with larcenous ardor unabated. At the funeral of Myrtle Reed, the author, a number of persons were invited to attend the service held in the house. Presumably they were selected persons and not just the ordinary crowd that might be expected to contain the usual proportion of thieves. But it made no kind of difference. The visitors to that bouse of grief precipitated themselves upon whatever of portable value was within sight and carried it away. After the crowd had left it was found that about a dozen books, 125 spoons, and many household effects had been stolen. In fact everything that was not actually screwed down or sat upon had been carried off by this assemblage of well-dressed brigands, who had entered the house of mourning and turned it into a den of thieves.

We may wonder what tbese intolerable persons do with their plunder. Do they label it and stow it away in their cabinets and display it to their friends? Is it possible that they are brazen enough for this? Or do they gloat over it secretly? Of course there is no diffidence about silver spoons that have been stolen from hotels. These are displayed as proudly as are flags that have been taken from the enemy in open battle. But surely some lingering sense of shame must prompt the concealment of a hook stolen from the house of a dead woman or a silver toilet article filched from the dressing-table of the Duke of the Abruzzi. At least one would think so, but who shall measure the effronteries of the human heart?

Barbers seem to be a very stupid folk. Here they are up in arms again at the smallness of their patronage, and they attribute it to the safety razor. They threaten to charge us extra for cutting our hair unless we can show the union stamp upon our necks to prove that we were also shaved by the profession.

Now the safety razor has been an injury to the barber. There is no doubt about that, but it is largely the fault of the barber. The average man who shaves himself does not do so to save money so much as to save time and conversation. He can shave himself, and do it well, in about four minutes. Of course he leaves out all the hot towels and the embrocations and the fannings and the other foolishness that the barber believes the customer to like hut that actually the customer abhors. Now if this same man goes to a shop to be shaved he will be lucky if he gets away under twenty minutes. The time will not be spent in shaving him, but in the aforesaid foolishness. If there should happen to be a dog-fight on the sidewalk the barber will swathe him quickly in scalding towels and go away tranquilly to make bis bets. Now if the barber had the intelligence of a real human being—in which case he would not be a barber—he would give bis customer the option of a quick shave that would be quite as good a shave as the other, and during its progress he would preserve an impenetrable silence, the silence of death and of the tomb. Most men would be glad to get a shave if they could get it in four minutes and without having to give an opinion on the prize-fight or to assent to the cautious proposition that it will be a good thing when the election is over. But the barber can not see this, and anyhow what's time to a barber?



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HOUSTON	25.00
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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A small tailor in the Twin Cities has a head for advertising. In front of his store stands an oil harrel witb the head knocked in. The harrel is hright green and on it in red letters is painted: "Stand in my barrel while I press your suit for 50c."

When Alice Jones was eighteen she became Miss E. Alysse Jones. Wben she went to enter a normal school she was asked her name by the dean. She replied: "Miss E. Alysse Jones—A-l-y-s-s-e." "Yes," said the dean, "and how are you spelling 'Jones' now?"

A somewbat passée summer girl, at the end of a season that had left her further off than ever from the matrimonial harbor, looked sadly seaward and said: "Well, marriage is a lottery." But a fair young widow whose engagement to a millionaire of fifty-two summers had just been announced—this fair young widow with a toss of her head retorted: "Don't you believe it. It is a game of skill."

She hired the girl. At the end of their first day together the maid was instructed to mount the stepladder and wind the tall fourteen-day clock. "You have to turn the key fourteen times to wind it clear up," said the mistress. "Once for each day the clock runs." The maid turned the key seven times then stepped down. "Why didn't you finish?" her mistress asked. "Because," said the girl, "I am not sure I shall be here longer than one week, and I am not going to do the next girl's work."

As a summer recreation the actress decided to start a poultry farm, which she did with a barnyard hen and thirteen eggs from the village store. Not having even the most elementary knowledge of poultry, she inquired of a neighbor how long eggs generally took to hatcb. She received the reply: "Three weeks for chickens and four for ducks." The neighbor met her some time afterward, and on heing asked how the poultry farming was going on, she replied, with a lowering countenance: "Oh, I've finished with it. At the end of three weeks there were no chickens, so I took the hen off, as I didn't want ducks."

Charles Yerkes, the street-railway magnate, "played the game" when he was at it. What he wanted was results, and he didn't scrutinize the means employed too closely. One day a friend who had been involved in some rather questionable deals with him developed symptoms. "My desk has been robhed, Yerkes," said he, "and the plan we formed for squeezing X. & Co. out of business has been stolen. I'm afraid that it has fallen into the hands of some unscrupulous person." Mr. Yerkes laughed loudly. "My dear fellow," said he, "cheer up. It could not possibly fall into the hands of persons more unscrupulous than we are."

A young newspaper woman, disturhed in her dreams of future happiness, decided to consult a palmist, and spent an afternoon recently to visit one in West Philadelphia. She heard what the fortune-teller had to say, but was not satisfied with the results. "Well, well," she asked, impatiently, "and what sort of man will my husband he and when will I meet him?" "O-oo-oh!" half whistled the palmist. "There is no husband in sight; you will remain single all the days of your life." "I'm glad to know it," retorted the young woman. "Now I'll show 'em who I am—I demand tbat women shall be free and shall no longer be tbe slaves of a system which deprives them of their rights."

An ancient evil in St. Louis, corrected many years ago, was the system of street-railway fare collection by which the passenger going over the long course of Broadway paid each side of Olive Street. The one-fare system went into effect when the Republicans were in power, and was used as a campaign weapon. But a Kerry Patcb orator, who had an affectionate constituency, took his opponents' cluh away from them and clouted them shrewdly over the ears with it, to the satisfaction of his hearers. "When the Dimmycrats were in," he proclaimed, "ye wa-alked to yer wurruk an' saved a dime. Now that the Raypublicans are in, ye wa-alk to yer wurruk and only save a nickel."

Nohody ever mentions it since they have come into money, hut at one time there were scoffing spirits in the neighborhood wbo had been known to aver that at one time old Wellerby bad driven a bus. If that had been so, young Wellerby had managed very successfully to banish the memory of those dreadful days from his mind. There was a reception at Wellerhy House one day recently, a[t] the young heir to the broad domains w[as] ed to be ostentatiously showing off [his] seal. It represented St. Georg[e] Dragon. "One of my ancestors, you know," he observed pompously, "is said to have killed the Dragon." "Good gracious!" said a scoffer near by. "How did he manage it? I suppose he didn't—er—run over it, did he?"

A lady who owned a tortoise-shell cat called her grocer up one morning and gave her usual economical order—an order for dried beans, hominy, yesterday's bread, and so forth—and she concluded with a request for one cent's worth of cat's meat. The grocer sigbed, for tbis order would have to be delivered three miles away—but, as he was entering the items in his order-book, the lady called him up again. "Mr. Sands," she said, "oh, Mr. Sands!" "Yes, madam?" "Mr. Sands, I want to cancel that order for cat's meat. The cat's just caught a bird."

THE MERRY MUSE.

He Can Stop It.

Wife talked into a phonograph
Before she went away;
Her sweet voice and her dulcet laugh
Cheer huhhy every day.

Thus huh alleviates his woe
With wifey's merry chaff;
And when he wearies of its flow
He stops the phonograph.

—Washington Herald.

But One in a Crowd.

There was a man in our town
Who wasn't very wise;
He stood upon the street one day,
And didn't mind his eyes.
An auto came along that way,
And struck him hard, oh, very;
And now the daisies deck his grave
Up in the cemetery.

—New York Globe.

Chemico-Metrical Madrigal.

I know a maiden, charming and true,
With heautiful eyes like the cohalt hlue
Of the borax head, and I guess she'll do,
If she hasn't another reaction.
Her form is no hundle of toilet shams,
Her heauty no boon of arsenical halms,
And she weighs just sixty-two kilograms
To a duodecimal fraction.

Her hair is a crown, I can truthfully state,
'Tis a meter long, nor curly, nor straight,
And it is as yellow as plumhic chromate
In a slightly acid solution.
And when she speaks, from parlor or stump,
The words which gracefully gambol and jump
Sound sweet like the water in Sprengel's pump
In magnesic phosphate ahlution.

One day I said, "I will leave you for years,"
To try her love hy rousing her fears;
She shed a deciliter of tears,
Turning hrown the turmeric yellow.
To dry her tears, I gave her, you know,
A hectogram of candy; also
To hathe her red eyes, H_2O;
She said, "You're a naughty fellow."

I have bought me a lot, about a hectare,
And have huilt me a house ten meters square,
And soon, I think, I shall take her there,
My tart little acid radical.
Perhaps little sailors on life's deep sea
Will he the salts of this chemistry,
And the lisp of the infantile A, B, C,
Be the refrain of this madrigal.

—H. W. Wiley, United States Department of Agriculture, in Independent.

Country Joys.

I love to don my coat and shirt, my trousers, socks and underwear
And shoes and tie and galluses, and set my straw lid on my hair,
And hie me out so free and far from the huge city's fetid hreath,
Where tangled hriers lie in wait and cows will scare me half to death.
I love to greet the jocund morn from some high, heaven-kissing hill,
And, mingled with some farmer's voice who calls his porkers to their swill,
I love to hear the cathird's call, to hear the hluejay's whoop-de-doo,
And wade harefooted in a rill and hare my hrow to heaven's hlue.

I love, I say, to hit the trail when morn's first paleness harely shows,
To turn my hack on hives of men and hie where the skunk cabhage grows,
And pigweeds hedge the highway close, and dust is on them everywhere,
To sit down on a red ant hill, then rise and go away from there.
I love to find a clinging vine and weave a chaplet for my hrow,
And when I've scared the lowing kine—that is to say, the mooing cow—
I love to find I've made my wreath of poison ivy, and to smile
To think I've got a nest of boils beat forty ways and half a mile.

I love to plug out in the cool of the day's hirth and find a hole
Where creek or river takes a turn and strip myself down to the soul
And plunge headlong into the tide to cool the fever in my hlood—
And find the hole three inches deep and stick my head into the mud!
I love to see the red-cheeked fruit hang coaxingly on some wide tree,
For then I straddle o'er the fence and swipe that fruit with boyish glee,
And then the farmer with his dog comes on and chases me till night!
You ought to try it once or twice and get your liver working right.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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Capital actually paid up in cash.	1,000,000.00
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Employees' Pension Fund.....	113,473.47
Deposits June 30, 1911.....	44,567,705.83
Total assets	47,173,498.51

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The ARGONAUT has a large but select circle of readers. It has been the first and continuing choice of those readers for years. Its advertisements are read and relied upon. They make new business; they uphold established business. Its rates are low and absolutely uniform.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will he found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Jane Selby, daugbter of Mr. Percy W. Selby, and Mr. Robert Y. Hayne, Jr., son of Mrs. Robert Y. Hayne, will take place October 19 at tbe Catholic Churcb in Menlo Park. Miss Myra Josselyn will be Miss Selby's maid of honor, and the chosen bridesmaids are Miss Ethel Mary Crocker, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Frederika Otis, and Miss Josephine Parrott.

Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt, daugbter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, will he married November 2 to Mr. Henry Clifford Woodbouse of Montreal. The wedding will take place at the bome in New Orleans of Mrs. Kruttschnitt's sister, Mrs. Joseph P. Blair. Mr. Woodbouse and bis bride will spend tbree months traveling in the Orient, after wbich they will reside in the Klamath country on a ranch which Mr. Woodhouse bas recently bougbt.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Bobrmann and Mr. John Scott of New York will take place November 4 at tbe home in Sausalito of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Miller. Mr. William Bohrmann will come from Nevada to give his sister into the keeping of the groom, and Mr. H. Clay Miller will fill the office of best man.

Tbe wedding of Miss Belle Williams and Mr. Stanley Moore took place Tbursday, September 21, at St. Paul's Episcopal Churcb in Sacramento. The bride is the daugbter of Mrs. W. H. Williams and the late Mr. W. H. Williams of Colusa County. Mr. Moore is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore of Oakland, and a brother of Mrs. Jobn J. Valentine, Miss Ethel Moore, and Mr. A. A. Moore, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Moore will reside in Oakland upon their return from the East, where they bave gone on a brief wedding trip.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury bas issued invitations to a luncheon at tbe Fairmont Hotel Monday, October 2, in bonor of ber mother, Mrs. Charles Taylor, of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard entertained a number of young people at a dinner and theatre party Tuesday evening, complimentary to their niece, Miss Ruth Winslow.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson was hostess at a luncheon Friday at ber home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse and Mrs. George Tyson are planning to give a reception at the Fairmont Hotel October 18, wben their daugbters, Miss Metha McMahon and Miss Marie Tyson, will be formally introduced to society.

Mrs. Henry L. Van Winkle entertained at a tea yesterday in honor of Mrs. William Nicbols, wife of Colonel Nicbols, U. S. A.

Mrs. Alexander McCrackin was hostess at a tea last week in bonor of her house guest, Mrs. Albert Touchard, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander D. Keyes entertained at a dinner Thursday evening, September 21, in honor of Miss Dora Winn.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor was hostess at a tea last Saturday, wben sbe entertained a number of friends at the bome on Pacific Avenue of her mother, Mrs. N. G. Kittle. The complimented guest was Miss Bessie Bowie, who arrived a few weeks ago from Paris to visit her aunts, tbe Misses May and Fannie Friedlander.

Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle gave a tea Wednesday afternoon at ber bome on Pacific Avenue, in honor of the Misses Sarab, Mary, and Elizabeth Cunningham of New York.

Mrs. Frank Winn, wife of Major Frank Winn, U. S. A., was the guest of bonor at a tea given Tuesday by Mrs. George C. Boardman and ber granddaugbter, Miss Dora Winn, at their residence on California Street. Mrs. Winn, who was formerly Miss Katberine McCord of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was married six months ago to Major Winn, who leaves next month with bis bride for the Pbilippines.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sesnon were the guests of bonor at a dinner given at tbe Bohemian Club Thursday evening by several members of the club.

Mrs. Mansfield Lovell was hostess at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club, where she entertained in bonor of Mrs. Alfred C. Howland of New York and Mrs. Hugh Ellington Montgomery of Pasadena.

Mrs. Walter D. K. Gibson entertained at a bridge tea in bonor of Mrs. R. G. Dilworth of New York.

An informal dance was enjoyed Friday evening by the young friends of Miss Helen Elizabeth Cowles, who entertained at the bome on Union Street of ber grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Curtiss. Miss Cowles will leave soon for Atlanta, Georgia, where she will spend the winter with her father, Mr. Paul Cowles.

Mrs. Douglas Fry was bostess at a tea Wednesday, wben she entertained in bonor of Miss Louise McCormick, fiancée of Mr. Robert Henderson, and Miss Frances Martin, whose engagement to Mr. Duval Moore has recently been announced.

Major-General Arthur Murray, commander of the Western Division of the United States Army, and Mrs. Murray were the complimented guests at a reception Friday evening at the Presidio Club. Tbe reception committee was composed of Major Euclid B. Frick, U. S. A.; Major T. A. Murphy, U. S. A.; Captain James N. Wheeler, U. S. A.; Captain John Burke Murphy, U. S. A.; Captain George E. Goodrich, U. S. A.; Captain G. L. Wertenbaker, U. S. A.; and Lieutenant Raymond E. Lee, U. S. A.

The officers of the U. S. S. *South Dakota* gave a luncheon last week on board sbip and entertained a number of young people from San Francisco and Oakland. Wednesday evening a dinner-dance was given on tbe *South Dakota*, wben Lieutenant Connors, U. S. N., was host.

The commandant and officers of Yerba Buena will give a bal masque early in October.

Captain J. M. Ellicott of tbe U. S. S. *Maryland* and Miss Priscilla Ellicott entertained recently at a dinner on board sbip.

Naval Constructor Tbomas F. Rubm, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ruhm gave a dinner last week at their home on Mare Island.

The officers at Fort McDowell were bosts Friday evening at an informal dance, wbich was enjoyed by the usual army contingent and guests from town.

Major J. P. O'Neil, U. S. A., and Colonel George Pipps are arranging a baseball game to be played by the Army and Navy Club and the Union League Club October 5 at Recreation Park. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Mr. Courtenay Ford will act as umpires, and the proceeds will be given to the Army and Navy Club.

A golf tournament was played in Menlo Park yesterday, wben Mrs. James L. Ford was hostess at a luncheon and donor of a handsome trophy wbicb was competed for by ber guests, among whom were Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Latbam McMullin, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. James Pringle, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. H. McD. Spencer, Mrs. Delancy Lewis, Mrs. Edward J. Pringle, and the Misses Edith Cbesebrough, Cornelia Kempff, and Edith Bull.

A series of skating parties will be given tbis winter under the direction of Mrs. Carroll D. Buck. Tbe club will meet at the Dreamland Rink October 24, November 14, November 28, December 5, December 19, January 9, January 23, February 13, April 9, and April 23. Tbe patronesses are Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. E. J. McCutchcon, Mrs. Robert Chester Foote, Mrs. John P. Wisser, Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, Mrs. Alexander McCrackin, Mrs. Jessie Bowie Detrick, Mrs. James King Steele, Mrs. Downey Harvey.

A charity baseball game was played Sunday on the El Cerrito field by the San Mateo Polo Club and the Stanford varsity team, tbe latter being victorious. Mr. Tbomas Driscoll arranged the game for the benefit of the Armitage Orphanage.

Miss Marie Tyson was bostess Saturday at a dinner-dance at the Claremont Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welcb gave a dinner Saturday at tbe Fairmont Hotel, wbere they will reside during the winter.

Sousa and His Band.

This Sunday afternoon and night, at Dreamland Rink, Sousa and his band of sixty will open their engagement, which will consist of afternoon concerts at three and evening concerts at 8:15 until Wednesday night inclusive, and with a new programme at each of the eight concerts.

At the first concert two important modern masterpieces will he given: Strauss's tone poem, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and Paul Dukas's "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." Of course there will he the usual quota of jolly Sousa things.

In the evening we are promised Mr. Sousa's latest suite, which he calls "The Dwellers of the Western World," and his latest march, "Tbe Federal," dedicated to our Australian friends.

On every Sousa programme there will he serious works cleverly interspersed with the best compositions of a lighter order, for he is an adept in the difficult art of programme building. The interpretation of the lightest offerings is equally artistic.

Seats for these concerts are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday at Dreamland after ten o'clock.

Sousa will play under the University auspices at the Greek Theatre next Thursday afternoon at 3 and night at 8:15. Tickets are on sale at the San Francisco box-offices as well as the usual places in Berkeley.

Stanford University will entertain Sousa and his band on Friday night, October 6.

Mme. Nordica will give her first concert on Saturday, October 14, at the big pavilion on the day that President Taft will break ground for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The unctuous comedian, Harry Bulger, will he seen for the last time during his present tour in "The Flirting Princess' at the Cort Theatre Saturday night.

Sunday night will mark the opening of a two weeks' engagement of the distinguished actor, H. B. Warner, as the star of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," the famous Paul Armstrong play. Mr. Warner comes here with the same company that acted as his support during the two years' run of the play at Wallack's Theatre, New York. All the completeness which characterized the Gotham engagement will he in evidence here. George C. Tyler, managing director of Liehler & Co., producers of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," saw great possihilities for the stage in O. Henry's short story, "A Retrieved Reformation." Arrangements were made to have Paul Armstrong develop the theme of the narrative and put it in dramatic form. This Mr. Armstrong accomplished in the incredihle time of five days. The play proved a tremendous success from the initial performance. H. B. Warner created the rôle of the hank burglar pardoned from Sing Sing and put in a position of responsihility.

In addition to Mr. Warner, the cast is notahle in that it includes several eminent American players. Phyllis Sherwood will he seen as Rosa Lane, Jimmy's sweetheart, and Frank Monroe has the rôle of Doyle, the detective.

The Six American Dancers, "sextet of stylish steppers," will head the Orpheum hill next week. It is two years since they were last seen here, and during their absence they have practically danced themselves round the world. They give four numhers. First, the American Vivandieres, hy the Misses Lovenherg and Ramsay; next the Dancing Adonis, hy Messrs. Purcella and Orhen, and the Pierrot, hy Charles Connor. For a closing numher they introduce a picturesque ensemhle which displays to good advantage the attractive costumes and effects provided for this novel terpsichorean sketch. The Avon Comedy Four in their farce, "The New School Teacher," come to the Orpheum next week. Each member of the quartet is a vocalist and a comedian. As a straight quartet they are entertaining, hut they excel in their good-natured fun. John W. World and Mindel Kingston will he included in next week's attractions. Both these artists are favorites, and are sure to he cordially welcomed on their reappearance. Their act consists of a mixture of singing and dancing that is novel. Miss Kingston will be heard in several grand and light operatic numhers, and appear in a numher of heautiful costumes. Mr. World will as usual have a fund of jokes as well as a song called "Alone" which is a parody on modern fads. A genuine and hotly contested game of polo will he played at every performance next week hy the International Polo teams, the Shamrocks and the Thistles. Each is a two-man team composed of fine sturdy athletes who play with zest and skill. Bicycles are suhstituted for horses and the tires are used to knock the hall about in lieu of sticks or mallets. A friendly rivalry exists hetween the two teams, each heing anxious to win, and the interest in the games never flags. Next week will he the last of Harry Breen, Conlin, Steele and Carr, the Seven Belfords, and Sam Mann in "The New Leader."

One of the most delightful comedy dramas of the past decade is to he found at the Columhia Theatre, where Henry B. Harris's notahle company is appearing in Edgar Selwyn's "The Country Boy." Every memher of the cast has heen selected hy one who has a true knowledge of stage management, and the result is most satisfying. "The Country Boy" with its story of life on the Great White Way, will he seen throughout the coming week. It has had a big attendance. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday.

That realistic presentation of Dante's "Inferno" will enter upon its second and last week at the Savoy Theatre Sunday, with a matinée every day at half-past two and an evening performance at half-past eight. All of the incidents in the "Inferno," told with power hy the poet, are reproduced in a most lifelike manner hy motion pictures. In the "Divine Comedy" Dante journeys from earth into hell, through purgtory into paradise. Beatrice gives him as his guide through the Inferno a pious pagan poet of antiquity, Virgil, the writer of the immortal "Æneid."

The opening scenes of the pictures at once convince the spectator of the bigh artistic standard of the whole production. The wandering of Dante through the dark and gloomy forest, the appearance of the three beasts impeding his way toward the summit, his meeting with Virgil, are depicted with loyalty to the poem.

The explanatory lecture, music, and effects accompanying the five reels of pictures, add charm to the entertainment.

Gertrude Hoffmann's "Saison des Ballets Russe" will follow the engagement of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" at the Cort Theatre, heginning Monday, October 16.

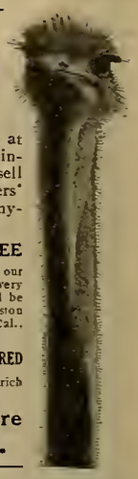
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. James Potter Langborne will leave October 10 for New York, where she will join her daughters, Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Julia Langborne, who have been the guests in Cleveland, Obio, of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster and Miss Martha Calboun. After a visit with relatives in the East Mrs. Langborne and ber daughters will return to San Fraocisco.

Mr. Wakefield Baker left a few days ago on a trip to New York and London.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have gone East for a month's visit.

Count Pierre Rogestvensky of the Russian consulate is spending a few weeks at the Peninsula Hotel.

Mr. George H. Willcutt was the week-eod guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann at their country home in Aptos.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper has returned to Burlingame from San Luis Obispo County, where she has been visiting Baroness von Schroeder.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Sewell have gone to Santa Barbara for a visit en route to their home in East Highland, California. Mr. Sewell is a brother of Mr. Harold Sewell, who many years ago married Miss Millicent Ashe of this city.

Mrs. A. Mountenay Jephson is here from ber home in London and is at present the guest of Miss Alice Griffitb at ber residence on Webster Street. Mrs. Jephson will be remembered as Miss Anna Head, daughter of Mrs. A. E. Head and the late Mr. A. E. Head, of this city. Mrs. Head resides in London with her daughter.

Rev. David Crabtree and Mrs. Crabtree have taken a house on Steiner Street near Vallejo Street, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Edith Chesebrough has gone East for a visit of several months. Miss Chesebrough won the Pacific Coast championship for women in the recent Del Monte golf tournament and she will take part in tbe tournament in the East which will decide the national championsbip. She will spend several weeks at Tuxedo as tbe guest of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander.

Mrs. Camilla Martin is establisbed in her apartment at the St. Xavier on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh will soon close tbeir country home in Woodside and will spend the winter in town, having taken a house on Webster Street near Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Ursula Stone Shean with her little daughter will come from New York to spend the winter with her relatives in this city. She will be the guest for several weeks of her sister, Mrs. Alexander Fraser Douglas.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood have sold their home on Pacific Avenue and will reside during the winter at the corner of Washington Street and Presidio Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard will move into their new bome at Woodside early in October and will remain in tbe country until the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bates (formerly Miss Katherine Devol) bave taken possession of their new bome on Broadway near Steiner Street.

Miss Katherine Redding, daughter of Mr. A. P. Redding, has returned to school in the East.

Mr. George R. Carter, former governor of Hawaii, arrived last week from Honolulu and left Monday for Baltimore, where he will place his daugbter, Miss Elizabeth Carter, in a finishing school.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis and their daughters, the Misses Cora and Frederika Otis, bave returned from Ross, and are occupying their home on Broadway.

Captain J. J. Brice, Mrs. Brice, and Miss Elizabetb Brice, will spend the winter at the Keystone. Mrs. Brice and ber daughter have recently returned from Europe, where tbey spent the summer. Miss Brice will be a débutante this season.

Mrs. James Cunningbam and her daughters, the Misses Sarab, Mary, and Elizabeth Cunningham, will leave October 10 for their home in New York.

Major Frank Winn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Winn have arrived from Fort Leavenwortb, Kansas, en route to tbe Philippines. They are the guests of Mrs. George C. Boardman and Miss Dora Winn at tbeir bome on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla and their daughters, the Misses Vera and Leontine de Sabla, have returned to their home in San Mateo after having spent the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Athole McBean and her little son are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall during the absence of Mr. McBean, wbo is in the East.

Miss Jane Selby has recently been the guest of Mrs. Robin Y. Hayne at her bome in San Mateo.

Mr. Benjamin P. Upham bas returned from Europe, where he has been traveling for the past six months. Mr. Isaac Upham will leave October 4 for the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Lathrop have gone East to remain until after the bolidays.

Mountford Wilson, Jr., William Mintzer, Josepb Moody, and Walter Martin have returned East to resume their studies after baving spent their vacations in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro bave returned from a six months' visit in Europe and are in their apartments at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. Graeme Macdonald of Louisville, Kentucky, is at present the guest of his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald at their home in Presidio Terrace.

Mr. Hamilton Bryan, son of Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, has returned to the Naval Academy in Annapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker bave engaged apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will spend the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald have returned to their bome in Presidio Terrace after having spent the summer at the home in Pleasanton of Mrs. Macdonald's parents, Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and their daughter, Miss Arabella Scbwerin, left Monday for the East, where Miss Schwerin will attend a finishing school.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mailliard and Mr. Ward Mailliard returned this week from Belvedere and are occupying their town house. Mr. Mailliard has been quite ill for the past week with a severe attack of pleurisy.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick are again in town after many weeks' absence. Mrs. McCormick, Miss Louise McCormick, and the younger members of the family bave spent the summer in Paso Robles. Miss McCormick made several visits to town and was each time the guest of Mrs. Effingham Sutton. Mr. McCormick returned last Saturday from the East, where he has been on business.

Mr. Duane Hopkins is expected bome shortly from Boston, wbere he bas been spending the past few weeks with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt have returned to Burlingame after a visit to their ranch in Butte County.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway bas returned from Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green and their son, Mr. Eldridge Green, bave returned to San Mateo after having spent four montbs in Europe.

Mrs. P. McG. McBean and her daughter, Mrs. Henry S. Kierstedt, are contemplating a visit to New York before tbe bolidays.

Mrs. Edgar J. De Pue has gone East witb ber daughter, Miss Corennah De Pue, who will attend a school in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., bave recently been the guests of Mr. Richard Tobin at his home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and ber daugbters have been spending the past two weeks with relatives in Portland.

Mr. William H. Crocker, Jr., bas returned to Yale after spending his vacation in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore will occupy a house on Pierce Street near Broadway after they close tbeir bungalow in Belvedere, where they have been spending the summer. Mrs. Moore's sister, Miss Sydney Davis, is expected bome from Europe early in November and will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Moore during the season.

Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee has been visiting his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee, during the renovation of his bome on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann and Miss Agnes Tillmann have returned from their country home in Aptos, and are again occupying their house at Washington and Gougb Streets. Mr. Frederick Tillmann, Jr., left last week for tbe East, wbere be is attending college.

Mrs. Richard Sprague and Miss Marie Oxnard left last week for the East. Mrs. Sprague spent a few weeks witb relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Sage and Mrs. M. Randolph, of Albany, New York, who have been touring in California, have returned to tbeir Eastern bome.

Lieutenant Alfred John Betcher, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Ira Adelbert Rader, U. S. A., will sail in October for the Philippines, wbere they will join their regiments.

Captain Martin L. Crimmins, U. S. A., and Mrs. Crimmins (formerly Miss Bessie Cole) have arrived from Fort Davis, Alaska. Mrs. Crimmins will visit ber sister, Mrs. Charles McCormick, while Captain Crimmins is at the General Hospital in the Presidio, wbere be will remain until be recuperates from a recent illness.

Mrs. Alfred W. Stiles, who has been visiting Mrs. Frances D. Gatewood at Mare Island, is the guest of friends in this city. Mrs. Stiles's son, Ensign William C. I. Stiles, U. S. N., is attached to the cruiser *Maryland*.

Lieutenant-Commander John S. Graham, U. S. N., has been assigned to the battleship *Iowa*. Lieutenant Grabam is the grandson of Rear-Admiral C. B. T. Moore, U. S. N., and Mrs. Moore.

Mrs. William H. Soutberland and her daughters, the Misses Mary and Harriet Southerland, who are bere witb Rear-Admiral Soutberland, U. S. N., will return to tbeir bome in Washington, D. C., for the winter. Rear-Admiral Southerland will go to Honolulu with the fleet.

Mrs. William D. Leahy of Vallejo (formerly Miss Louise Harrington) is visiting her mother, Mrs. W. B. Harrington, at her bome on California Street. Lieutenant-Commander Leahy is on the staff of Rear-Admiral Thomas, U. S. N.

Mrs. Randolpb Dickins sailed Wednesday for Honolulu, en route to Manila, wbere she will join her husband, Colonel Dickins.

Past-Assistant Surgeon Earl M. Brown, U. S. N., and Mrs. Brown, of Los Angeles, are visiting Paymaster Robert K. Van Mater, U. S. S. *Independence*, and Mrs. Van Mater at their home in Vallejo.

Lieutenant-Commander Chester Wells, U. S. N., and Mrs. Wells are established at the Fairmont Hotel, where they will remain while the *South Dakota*, to which Lieutenant-Commander Wells is attached, is at Mare Island.

Captain Philip Yost, U. S. A., has returned from Puget Sound and is again at the Presidio.

Miss Martha Foster, Mr. Edmonds Lyman, and Mr. Leonard Abbott have returned from Stag's Leap, Napa County, where tbey were tbe guests of Miss Ysabel Cbase.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and ber daugbter, Miss Doris Ryer, sailed Wednesday for the Orient and will make a tour of the world before returning home. Dr. James Ward Keeney and Mr. Charles Keeney were passengers on the same steamer as far as Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker are the guests in London of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fermes-Hesketh (formerly Miss Florence Breckenridge).

Dr. Philip King Brown and Mrs. Brown spent the week-end at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Helen Ashton and Miss Ruth Casey are on the way home after a year's absence in Europe.

Mrs. John Polhemus and her children left this week for Coronado, where they will remain during the absence of Mr. Polhemus, who will go on his annual trip to Guatemala.

Mr. Athole McBean has gone East.

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Bliss returned last week from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali are established in their apartment on Green and Broderick Streets.

Captain George Pillsbury, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pillsbury left Tuesday for their home at West Point after a visit in San Rafael with Mrs. Pillsbury's sister, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale.

Mrs. E. B. Clement has recently been the guest of her brother, Mr. Gardiner Williams, at Montercy, where Mr. Williams and his daughters, the Misses Gertrude and Dorothy, have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page and Miss Leslie Page will close their San Rafael home for the winter and will occupy a house on Pacific Avenue between Webster and Fillmore Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Haskett Derby have returned from San Mateo, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Pbilip Lansdale (formerly Miss Mary Nicbols) have given up their bome in San Mateo and are living on a ranch near Merced.

Mrs. Bessie Paxton has returned from New Rochelle, where she bas been visiting ber daughter, Mrs. Lawrence Austin (formerly Miss Roma Paxton).

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kobl, who have been sojourning at the Tahoe Tavern for the past ten days, returned to the city on Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. McCutcheon bave closed tbeir villa on Lake Tahoe and are in town for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones have returned from a brief visit to Ætna Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Cerf will return October 1 from Belvedere, where they have been spending the summer.

Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark left Wednesday for a visit with relatives in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vail of Santa Barbara have taken an apartment for the winter in Paris. They have placed their daugbter in school at Fontainebleau.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bissell have closed their summer place on Lake Tahoe and returned to the city on Monday last.

Captain Coulson, U. S. N., wbo has been spending a week at the Tahoe Tavern, returned to bis home in Berkeley on Wednesday.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week were Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Prince, Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Heuerhan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering, Miss Grimes, Miss Heuerhan, Mr. F. W. Heuerhan, Mr. J. F. Gaffey.

Recent arrivals at Ætna Springs included Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Fritz, Miss Dollie Fritz, Mr. Eugene Fritz, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Walker, Dr. Agnes Walker, Mr. Ellis Kaufman, Mrs. Emma H. Allison, Miss Jane McMillan, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Morehouse, Miss Louisa Sturla, Mr. Morris Dunbar. Mr. C. M. Cole, Mr. James H. Hardy, Miss Orpha Niece, Mr. and Mrs. S. Middlemas, Miss Brickell, Dr. and Mrs. M. F. Gabbs.

Amato, the Caruso of the Baritones.

Among the baritones, Pasquale Amato ot the Metropolitan Opera stands alone, just as Caruso does among tenors. His voice is said to he of the beautiful quality that is indescribable. Modest Altschuler, the conductor of the Russian Symphony Orchestra, told Manager Greenbaum that he called it "the Stradivarius of the Voices."

Although he has appeared as star in the leading opera-houses of the world Amato is just a little over thirty, and so we are to hear him in his prime at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, Octoher 8, when with the assistance of Mme. Gilda Longari of La Scala of Milan, and Signor Tanara of the Metropolitan, he will offer a programme of German, French, and Italian classic songs and arias from his favorite operatic rôles, including the "Prologue" from "I Pagliacci." With Mme. Longari he will sing the duets from "The Magic Flute" and "Don Giovanni."

The second concert, on Tuesday night, Octoher 10, will he under the auspices of the Elizabeth Murison School Association, with a special programme.

Amato's only other evening concert is scheduled for Thursday, Octoher 12, and a farewell request programme will he arranged for Sunday afternoon, Octoher 15.

The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and mail orders should now he addressed to Will L. Greenhaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Prices for these concerts are $2 down to $1.

Leonard Borwick, Pianist.

Leonard Borwick, the piano virtuoso whom Manager Greenhaum expects to create a sensation among the musical elect, will give his recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, Octoher 22, and the following Thursday night, October 26. One of the interesting numhers to he played will he an "Air and Variations" which were composed hy Mozart for a clock-work music-box belonging to his friend, Count Deyhm of Vienna. Mr. Borwick has transcrihed them for piano and the melodies are said to be heautiful examples of Mozartian simplicity and elegance.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bancroft has been hrightened by the advent of a son.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Physician—I don't understand your case at all. We must wait for the post-mortem examination.—*Sourire.*

"I had an interesting experience at the beach this summer." "Blonde or brunette?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Friend—I suppose it is hard work pleasing the editors? *Poet*—Not very—all one needs do is stop writing.—*Town Topics.*

Jones—Do you think the horse will survive the automobile? *Brown*—Not if it gets in its way.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

"Pa." "What is it?" "Why does the orchestra play between acts?" "So the audience will go out."—*Toledo Daily Blade.*

Knicker—What influenced your son in his choice of a college? *Bocker*—He picked the one whose yell was best suited to his voice.—*New York Sun.*

Actress—Yes; I have been happily married for twenty-five years. *Manager*—Would you consider an offer to appear in vaudeville?—*The Programme.*

Mr. Knicker—Do you understand baseball? *Mrs. Bocker*—No, but I understand William's remarks to the umpire; it's the same thing he says at breakfast.—*Puck.*

Mary—Mrs. Talkem detained me for fifteen minutes at the telephone just as I was starting out. *Alice*—What did she want? *Mary*—She didn't say.—*Life.*

First Motorist—I have driven a car for two years, and I've never yet run down anyhody. *Second Matorist (disgustedly)*—Why don't you quit trying, and hire a chauffeur?—*Puck.*

"You forgot something," called his wife from the window. He came hack. "What did I forget?" "You forgot to slam the door." He slammed it.—*Washington Herald.*

Magazine Editor—I really can't see anything in this manuscript of yours. *Young Author*—Still, why not print it? Your readers may have more intelligence.—*Boston Transcript.*

Wayburn—Have you noticed your health improved since you have the automohile? *Spinnley*—Oh, yes. I think I'd have a fine appetite now if I could afford to eat.—*New York Globe.*

"Johanna, please go to the pawnhroker's and pawn my gold watch. The poor man, I understand, is not getting much business, and I think we should help him along!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"They tell me Simpkins's wife is a perfect tyrant. The poor fellow actually goes around, they say, without a nickel in his pockets." "Worse than that—she's cut off his supply of pockets."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Racehorse Owner—William, you are too heavy. Can't you take something off? *Jockey*—I'm wearing my lightest suit and haven't tasted food all day. *Owner*—Then, for goodness' sake, go and get shaved.—*Tit-Bits.*

"Do you think that man fully appreciates the importance of the office to whicb we have elected him?" said one constituent. "I guess he does," replied the other. "The first thing he did was to say it ought to command a larger salary."—*Washington Star.*

"I'd gladly lend you $10, Jones," said Marrowhy, "hut really I'm husted. We've just moved out into the country, and I've had to huy a machine." "Really? Runabout or touring car?" asked Jones. "Neither," said Marrowhy. "Mowing."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"You say your bahy doesn't walk yet?" said Jones. "Mine does, and it's not so old as yours. Your hahy cut his teeth yet?" "Not yet," said Bones. "Oh, mine has—all of them," said Jones. "Your hahy talk?" "Not yet," replied Bones; "can yours?" "Great Scott, yes!" answered Jones. Then Bones got desperate. "Does he use a safety razor or one of the others?" he asked.—*Ideas.*

"What he needs," says the aggravated young woman, "is some one to give him a good snuhhing—the kind of a snuhhing that will make him feel mean and little and helpless. But I can't imagine who could snuh him in a way to penetrate his colossal conceit." "I know the very man," says the listener. "I know a fellow who works in the winter in a theatre hox-office and in the summer is clerk in a summer resort hotel that is always crowded."—*Life.*

"So you want a divorce, do you?" said the lawyer, peering over his glasses at the worried little man in front of him. "Yes, sir. I've stood just about all I can. My wife's turned Suffragette and she is never home." "It is a pretty serious thing to hreak up a family, you know. Don't you think you had hetter try to make the hest of it for a while? Perhaps it is only a passing fad." "That's what I have heen doing, but there are some things a man can't stand. I don't mind the cooking, and I haven't kicked on washing the dishes, hut I do draw the line at running pink rihhons in my night-shirt to try to fool the children."—*Success Magazine.*

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Strike.

Contrary to expectation and in the face of reason, the long-discussed and long-delayed strike of railway shopmen got itself "on" late last week. We say that the strike "got itself on" because the phrase precisely declares the fact. Weeks ago the so-called leaders, who for their own purposes had inflamed the passion for conflict, discovered that the case was hopeless. They found first that the railroads would not and could not yield; second that public sympathy was entirely with the railroads. After these discoveries, even while pretending to negotiate, they were really sparring for time to the end of calming down their followers. But the tide of passionate feeling had risen so high that it could not be restrained. Against right and reason, against judgment and expediency, in defiance of the diplomatic evasions of the leaders, the men forced the strike. The leaders therefore find themselves much in the position of one attempting to drive a runaway team.

The railroads, so far as outsiders can observe, are meeting the situation without serious embarrassment. Trains are running regularly, and the shops are sufficiently provided with non-unionists or non-strikers—otherwise with free men—to keep up essential repairs. Whether the strike be long or short, the public is assured that its interests will not suffer unless the strikers, as usual in such cases, shall permit their savage passions to overcome reasonable and humane restraints. Up to this writing there have been in California no gross assaults upon men. But petty incidents of malicious damage to property, such as the disabling of trains, indicate which way the wind of angry passions is blowing. In the light of what has gone before, there seems grievous danger of serious times ahead, and the railroad company is not unjustified in the elaborate precautions it has taken to protect its loyal employees from outrage.

At Chicago, where the strike extends to the Illinois Central system, affairs have assumed a more serious aspect. Assaults upon non-unionists by strikers have been frequent within the past three days, the trouble having reached a point where the courts in protection of individual rights, and even of human life, have found it necessary to exercise their restraining powers. It was evidently the hope of the strike leaders that the courts had been so far intimidated by political and other forms of menace as to maintain a cowardly neutrality. But they reckoned without their host. Again the national judicial system has proved its courage and humanity by intervening for the protection of liberty and life. The hope is that necessity for similar action on the part of the courts here may not arise.

Of course nobody can do better than guess as to the duration of the strike. The railroads can not yield, and at the same time maintain their obligations to the public. And, sustained as they are by the public judgment and sentiment, they surely will stand firm. The strikers are receiving one dollar per day each from a general fund provided by labor unionists throughout the country, and therefore are in a position to make the fight an extended one. If their cause were just, they might and probably would stand out for months. But under existing conditions fortitude is likely to be short lived. Men do not commonly stand in fixed determination for any extended period for a cause morally wrong and in the face of universal disapproval.

The Suffrage Amendment.

To the *Argonaut* it has always appeared that if men and women were designed by nature to do the same things—to bear the same burdens—there would not be such marked differences in their physical constitution. Upon this basis we have been predisposed to protest against movements in industry and politics which, in contempt of physiological facts, have sought to establish for men and women identical standards of living, of working, of manners, of habits, of duties, of responsibilities.

Yet we have attended, not unwilling to be convinced, upon the utterances which have marked the active and earnest movement in California for woman suffrage during the past few months. The campaign has been strenuously waged. No form of appeal, from persuasion to tears, has been neglected. But withal we have not heard a single affirmative argument tending to conviction—not one fact or reason demonstrating that extension of the voting privilege to women would in any manner promote the welfare of society. The question is not one to be regarded academically and in its abstract considerations. It is essentially a practical question, therefore one to be viewed wholly in the light of expediency.

Woman suffrage would not bring to the political organism any new element of force; rather it would bring an element of relative weakness. Woman suffrage, we think, would not strengthen the cause of women in society—if there be a woman's cause as distinct from a man's—for it would put women in the position of competition as distinct from coöperation with men. We believe that when it comes to advancing the interests of women as women, the advantage lies in the detached and sympathetic rather than in the opposing and competitive relation; and we think the history of social movements, including legislation directly affecting women, during the last half-century, bears out this conclusion.

Woman suffrage, we think, would tend to destroy the unity of the family, upon which our social structure is founded. Radical differences of opinion are everywhere and always motives of social and domestic disintegration. Those who think that we have reached such a stage of intellectual and moral culture that husband and wife may cherish opposing political motives and aims without breach of domestic sympathy, reckon, we think, without a sufficient acquaintance with human nature.

Whatever tends to create difference, to break down sympathy and unity of purpose, between man and wife must have a profound effect upon the institution of marriage. At its best, marriage involves grave responsibilities; and many men, we think, would peremptorily decline marriage if it had to be assumed under the conditions which woman suffrage might impose; for it is one of the maxims of prudence to avoid responsibility under conditions of possible, even probable, embarrassment.

The suffrage involves many important duties from which women are now exempt. That they would or could accept these duties is unthinkable, impossible. Common sense, expediency, delicacy, all forbid it. And since women can not fully and completely share in the burdens of political life, they ought not to wish or be permitted to enter the political sphere.

It has appeared significant to the *Argonaut* that the movement for woman suffrage has become more peremptory at a time marked by a let-down in certain standards of which women are the especial if not the sole custodians. Many women of today—not all of them, thank God—have thrust aside a wide range of limitations which were accepted by our mothers—even cherished as the symbols of womanly character. Women today openly read and flippantly discuss books which our mothers would have cast into the fire. They publicly consider subjects which only a few years back were tabooed in respectable circles. They witness, unblushing, plays which would once have shocked universal sentiments of propriety and decency. Increasing numbers of women decline—even make a boast of declining—motherhood. These things are indications, we repeat, of a certain let-down in womanly standards, of a decline in womanly conscientiousness, in womanly delicacy. We can but wonder if the loud demand for entrance into the political sphere does not bear some relationship to changes which more thoughtful men and women everywhere regard with painful apprehension.

Profoundly respectful of womanhood, deeply solicitous for the welfare of women, recognizing that what is good or bad for women is by the same token good or bad for men, regardful above all things of the welfare of the race and of the integrity of civilization, the *Argonaut* will vote No on proposition No. 4 at the election of Tuesday next.

The War in Europe.

Ten days ago Europe was in a state of peace. With the exception of the Moroccan difficulty there were no storm signals in sight anywhere. The Balkans in particular were unusually quiet, not even the usual threats of spring insurrection being in evidence. With Morocco once out of the way, there seemed to be nothing left to shake the nerves of the diplomats.

It is hard to realize that ten days have brought such a cyclone out of a clear sky. The declaration of war between Italy and Turkey has already resulted in a

Turkish naval defeat, in the occupation of Tripoli by the Italians, and the retreat of its Turkish defenders into the interior. It was a foregone conclusion that Italy could do what she pleased with Tripoli. Her navy is overwhelmingly strong and that of Turkey is ludicrously weak. Italy had but to send her ships across the Mediterranean in the comfortable assurance that they would have nothing more dangerous to contend against than the sea. The garrison of Tripoli was a merely nominal one and was probably outnumbered by the Italian residents. So far Italy has done no more than she was certain to do. Indeed we may believe that this is one of those cases where "the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done."

If this war were confined to Italy and Turkey it would be possible to watch the struggle with some equanimity. But no such limitations are possible. The whole diplomacy of Europe has been directed toward the preservation of equilibrium in Eastern affairs, an equilibrium already so delicate that the slightest shock can disturb it. If Turkey were to become too strong she would try to recover the fragments of her shattered empire. If she were too weak she would be unable to hold what still remained to her. In either case there would be anarchy in the Balkans, a necessity for intervention, and an awakening of the terrific jealousies of the great powers. So long as Turkey was strong enough, and weak enough, to play the part assigned to her all might be well. To strike an effective blow at her prestige was to bring her just within reach of the smaller enemies ringed around her, all of them nursing their ancient feuds, all of them waiting thirstily for their opportunity. It is just this thing that Italy has done.

Europe will have to act quickly if she wishes to avert a conflagration. She will be fortunate if she can avert it at all. Greece and Bulgaria are said to be massing their armies on their frontiers, and it is easy to believe the report. For some time past Greece has been meditating war for the possession of Crete, and Bulgaria carries too many old but unhealed wounds to miss her chance. Servia and Montenegro are also arming themselves, and for similar reasons to Bulgaria. Among the great powers there is the same state of activity. Russia is mobilizing an army on the frontiers of Turkey in case there should be any profitable pickings, and Austria is doing the same thing on the borders of Novipazar. Germany and Austria have united in an unofficial remonstrance with Italy for her wanton breach of the peace and are said even to have threatened her with "humiliation." The situation at the moment is therefore as bad as it can be.

It is hard to acquit Italy of an act of deliberate and indefensible aggression. The youngest attaché in her service could have predicted exactly those results that we now see. That the Italians in Tripoli have been so ill-treated by the Turks as to justify war, that they have borne these injuries so patiently that not a whisper of serious discontent has reached the outside world, is too preposterous for credence. Wars that are founded upon an honest contention—if there are any such wars—are preceded by weeks and months of careful diplomacy with the world for a witness. Legitimate causes for war—if again there are such—are not hatched over night in secrecy to be followed by bombardments before civilization has finished rubbing its eyes in wonder. That Italy had declared war and was actually fighting before the world was even aware of a state of friction carries its own condemnation with it, a condemnation that will grow stronger as the deplorable results are slowly unfolded. It may be that Italy has something plausible to say in defense of her action. Certainly she has not yet said it.

Mme. Eames and the Church.

The statement attributed to Mgr. Falconio, Catholic Archbishop of Paris, on the subject of the Eames-Gogorza marriage, ought not to be allowed to pass without comment. To make an adequate comment would not be easy under the limitations of space and a conventional vocabulary, for it may be said at once that so unblushing an avowal of an ecclesiastical policy in direct antagonism to law, to decency, and to virtue has rarely been given to the world.

It seems that the question of the regularity of this marriage was submitted to the Vatican and the decision of the Vatican is now forwarded by Mgr. Amette to Mgr. Falconio, the apostolic delegate to Washington. Mgr. Amette summarizes the terms of that decision and we may assume not only that he has summarized them correctly but that his own position in the church makes error impossible. The summary thus communicated by the archbishop, and in his own words, is as follows:

> In the reply the Vatican explains that (canonically speaking) the marriage is "exact." In the case of Mme. Eames, her first marriage was contracted outside the church; she was not even baptized, consequently she was considered an infidel. The same is the case with Mr. Story. Such marriages are recognized, from a theological standpoint, as so-called "natural marriages," but can he broken when one of the pair wishes to become a convert to Catholicism. It is thus, by spontaneous act of faith, that one liberates himself or herself from the marriage bond.

As has been already said, it is hard to characterize such a pronouncement either with patience or under the restraints of conventional language. We may suppose that when the archbishop uses the word infidel he intends to indicate all those who are not Catholics; that is to say, the vast majority of Americans and of English-speaking people all over the world. If this were merely a question of an offensive terminology it could be met adequately with a shrug of the shoulders, but it is very much more than this. It is a direct incitement to immorality, a direct prostitution of spiritual powers to the service of vice. It states in unequivocal terms that either one of two non-Catholic persons who have taken marital vows may obtain release from those vows by the simple process of becoming a Catholic. No matter how positive those vows may be they are thereby dissolved in the eyes of the church. No matter how much misery may be caused by the breaking of a marriage promise, such promise is automatically negatived, nullified, abolished by the simple fact that one of the parties has become a Catholic. The words of the archbishop are clear beyond all cavil or dispute. "It is thus," he says, "by spontaneous act of faith, that one liberates himself, or herself, from the marriage bond." It is thus—by way of paraphrase—that the church degrades marriage, instigates perjury, and encourages vice. It would be necessary to go far back in history to find an ecclesiastical pronouncement so frank, so cynical, or so abominable.

The Constitutional Amendments.

The legislature which met at Sacramento last winter seemed inspired almost to the degree of passion by the desire to nullify the judgments and labors of former law-making bodies and to blaze out new paths in the social and political spheres. It was not content merely to do away with old statutes and to make new ones, after traditional practice in law-making. Its aim was to establish its theories in fixed constitutional law, and thereby to put them beyond the reach of easy correction if they should meet obstacles in practice. Assuming with an offensive emphasis to represent "the people," this precious legislature exhibited in this as in other matters its distrust and contempt of the people by attempting to establish their theories in forms relatively irremediable.

In pursuance of its plan to reorganize the fundamental law of the state, this extraordinary legislature gave its approval to twenty-three proposals for constitutional amendment, which must before final adoption or rejection be passed upon by the citizenship of the state. The governor, whose initiative and energy had been the motive power behind this movement, fearful of change in the political mood, arranged for a popular vote upon these proposals for October 10th—next Tuesday.

Proposal No. 1 (Senate Amendment 2) authorizes the state legislature to provide for the inspection of weights and measures and the inspection and grading of all commodities offered for sale in California, with the appointment of state officers therefor. We can not but suspect that the milk in this cocoanut is to be found in the phrase—"and the appointment of state officers therefor." If there are any abuses in weights and measures they are surely subject to correction in the competitions of trade. The main effect of this amendment, we fear, would be to create a brood of official meddlers in private affairs to be paid for out of public funds. The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 2 (Senate Amendment 5) permits counties to adopt charters, under the practice familiar with municipalities. We can not see the likelihood of any good to come by this proposed change. Uniformity in county government is much more desirable than a hodge-podge of systems which would change the deal at every county line. The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 3 (Senate Amendment 6) directs that regular sessions of the legislature shall remain in session not more than thirty days, then take a recess of at least thirty days, after which it shall reassemble and remain in session as long as it desires. No bill may be introduced after a recess except by consent of three-fourths of the members. This is an innovation in legislative practice for which much may be said. The idea behind it is that of giving members of the legislature opportunity to learn the sentiment of their constituents with respect to legislative proposals. We incline to the opinion that acceptance of this rule would tend to conservatism in legislation, and so, although the plan is wholly experimental, the *Argonaut* thinks well of it and will vote *Yes.*

No. 4 (Senate Amendment 8) confers the right of suffrage on citizen women twenty-one years old and upward, also on illiterates (men and women) who have become sixty years of age since November 6, 1894, both these classes being now excluded. The other restrictions on suffrage are unchanged. For reasons set forth broadly in another column the *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 5 (Senate Amendment 17) provides that any logging or lumbering railroad which takes private property under the law of eminent domain shall thereby become a common carrier. There is, we think, merit in this proposal. It is offered to correct a practice under which the owners of logging railroads oftentimes "hold up" owners of small timber tracts, compelling them to sell at ruinously low prices. The *Argonaut* will vote *Yes.*

No. 6 (Senate Amendment 20) changes the procedure for the adoption of city charters, striking out the requirement that charter amendments shall not be submitted more frequently than once in two years, etc. This amendment, we think, would tend to continuous agitation in the sphere of charter politics. Those who thrive by political activity naturally want conditions under which there can be never a peaceful or dull moment. Surely two years of undisturbed authority is a period short enough for any municipal charter. The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 7 (Senate Amendment 22) establishes the initiative and referendum. It permits eight per cent of the electors to propose laws or constitutional amendments to be voted for directly by the people, or five per cent to propose a law to the legislature, which must enact it without change or reject it within forty days. The legislature may propose a different law on the same subject, in which case both shall be submitted to vote of the people. The amendment provides further that no law passed by the legislature shall take effect until ninety days after final adjournment, and not then if five per cent of the electors petition to have it referred to the people, in which case it must be voted on at a regular or special election. Laws thus passed are not subject to executive veto or to appeal or amendment excepting under the referendum. The amendment reserves similar powers of initiative and referendum to counties and municipalities. The argument for this amendment is that it would take power out of the hands of the legislature and put it in the hands of the people. The fundamental objection to it is that in so far as it applies it would tend to change our system from government by representation to government by democracy. It would in a measure take the business of law-making out of the hands of men chosen for their special qualifications and acting under responsibility and by special information and advice, and put it into hands without these qualifications. Adoption of this amendment would tend to revolutionize the practice and to weaken those powers of government now reposed in the legislature. The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 8 (Senate Amendment 23) provides for the removal by recall of any elected officer of state. A petition alleging causes of removal must be signed by twelve per cent of the electors, whereupon the governor must call a special election at which anybody may become a candidate to succeed the official to be recalled. Candidates for a successor are named on the ballot, but can be voted for only by those voting for or against the recall. A majority is required to recall, and if the recall carries, the candidate receiving the largest number of votes is elected. This measure is, we think, especially calculated to weaken the powers of government and administration. It must surely operate here as elsewhere to keep strong men out of political life and to deliver over the business of officialism to "popular" as distinct from positive men. It will make timidity and caution the main characteristics of administrative life. As in the case of the initiative and

referendum just referred to, it alters fundamentally our scheme of government, destroying or weakening its representative character, and tending to a system of pure democracy. The worst feature of this recall proposal is that it includes the judges as well as administrative officials, practically referring the adjudications of law from experts, acting under special knowledge and special information, to the voting public whose knowledge of law must be limited and superficial and which practically must look to the newspapers for information. It would surely cheapen the personal element in administration and in the judiciary, establish weakness and subserviency in the place of independence. It would give rivalry and malice opportunity to harass officials at any and all times. It is a fault of the immediate proposal that it has by a political trick prevented voters who would except the judiciary from the recall scheme to have the opportunity of doing so. Fearful that recall of the judiciary would be beaten if it stood alone, this phase of the issue was involved in the general recall scheme. Pretending to refer everything to "the people," those who got up the recall scheme employed this trick to enforce unwilling votes for the recall of the judiciary. The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 9 (Senate Amendment 26) forbids disturbing a verdict in a criminal case for misdirection of jury, erroneous admission or rejection of evidence, or any matter of pleading or procedure unless the appellate court shall be of opinion that there has been a miscarriage of justice. This is a provision to enable courts—judges of the Lawlor type—to render popular decisions. The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 10 (Senate Amendment 32) empowers the legislature to create and enforce a liability against all employers for injury sustained by an employee, regardless of the fault of either party. This is essentially unreasonable and unfair. The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 11 (Senate Amendment 45) provides that officials or employees appointed to serve during good behavior under municipal or state civil service laws shall not be subject to the constitutional four-year term limit. This is a most remarkable proposition, coming from those who loudly propose to increase the powers of "the people." The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 12 (Senate Amendment 47) empowers the legislature to place all public utilities under the jurisdiction of the state railroad commission, with power to regulate and fix rates, etc. This is a project based upon a wish to "get at" public service corporations. It is as far removed as possible from a scientific plan, and would be far more likely to produce confusion, injustice, and inefficiency than any worthy outcome. The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 13 (Senate Amendment 48) proposes several changes, all tending to give municipalities more control of officials charged with municipal duties but now under control of general state laws. Its tendency is to localize the powers of government in place of uniformity. It would surely make incongruity and confusion, and is therefore highly objectionable. The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 14 (Senate Amendment 49) permits municipalities which supply their own inhabitants with light, water, heat, power, telephone service, etc., to furnish such service outside the city boundaries. This is a scheme to enable municipalities to go into the business of providing public utilities, not only within their own limits, but to enter into general outside competition. The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 15 (Assembly Amendment 2) relates to the compilation and adoption of the text-books in the public schools, and is designed to break up the abuse of frequent changes which impose expense by the substitution of new books for old. This looks like a good proposal. The *Argonaut* will vote *Yes.*

No. 16 (Assembly Amendment 6) increases the membership of the state railroad commission from three to five and provides that they shall be appointed by the governor instead of being elected by the people. This is a most remarkable provision when regarded as coming from those who want more power for the people. It expressly takes authority in the matter of selecting railroad commissioners from the people and gives it to the governor, incidentally removing the railroad commissioners from liability under the recall which is urged so furiously in relation to other officials. It is grossly incongruous with the proposals which accompany it and bears all the ear-marks of a crooked proposition. The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 17 (Assembly Amendment 25) allows municipal charters to require a larger number of votes than a plurality as necessary to the election of officers, and also permits the legislature to prescribe the same for municipalities organized under general state laws. This is essentially a good proposal. The *Argonaut* will vote *Yes.*

No. 18 (Assembly Amendment 28) removes justices of the peace from the list of constitutional judicial officers and permits the legislature to provide for justices of the peace or other inferior courts. It abolishes the fee system. There would be an advantage in doing away with the fee system, but we can see no reason for changing the general status of justices of the peace. The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 19 (Assembly Amendment 28) permits transportation companies to grant free passes to employees of the state railroad commission and to peace officers. This seems to be an effort to reëstablish the pass system. Just why passes should be allowed in the cases specified we can not see, unless it be to enable the transportation companies to put themselves in the way of exacting special services or favors from officials so favored. The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 20 would permit the supreme and appellate courts to appoint their own clerks. This is a common-sense proposition and the wonder is how it found favor in a legislature so imbued with contrary and incongruous notions. The *Argonaut* will vote *Yes.*

No. 21 merely adds the judges of the district courts of appeal to the list of officials who may be removed from office by impeachment. This would correct a manifest oversight, and is entirely in line with conservative principles. The *Argonaut* will vote *Yes.*

No. 22 (Assembly Amendment 48) proposes to relieve from taxation property to the amount of $1000 belonging to residents of the state who do not own property to the value of $5000 and who are either a soldier or sailor who has served in time of war, etc. This is a piece of gratuitous class legislation for which there is no justification. The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

No. 23 (Assembly Amendment 50) would prohibit transportation companies from raising established rates under any circumstances without permission previously obtained from the railroad commission, whose action shall not be subject to review by any court except on a claim that it is confiscatory. It also forbids a carrier in state commerce to charge more for a short than a long haul without express permission. This would seem to be an uninformed and meddlesome interference in matters already under the authority of the state railroad commission. We see no justification for it. The *Argonaut* will vote *No.*

For the convenience of voters we summarize this necessarily long-drawn-out discussion, as follows:

No. 1—No.	No. 9—No.	No. 17—Yes.
No. 2—No.	No. 10—No.	No. 18—No.
No. 3—Yes.	No. 11—No.	No. 19—No.
No. 4—No.	No. 12—No.	No. 20—Yes.
No. 5—Yes.	No. 13—No.	No. 21—Yes.
No. 6—No.	No. 14—No.	No. 22—No.
No. 7—No.	No. 15—Yes.	No. 23—No.
No. 8—No.	No. 16—No.	

The Southern Pacific Presidency.

With a few notable exceptions the railroads of the country have persistently disregarded those maxims of practical life which declare the value of doing business at close hand. Almost from the beginning of transportation development in the West the practice has been to establish the supreme authority of Western properties, not in the West, but in the East—at New York. The necessity for immediate touch with the money reservoirs has had something to do with it; the propensity for metropolitan residence has not been without its influence. But whatever the cause, the fact is notable that the central and final authority of most Western railroads has not been upon the immediate ground of operations, but far away. Questions even of essential importance have not been determinable at local headquarters, but subject to a remote authority, only to be reached by roundabout ways and through intermediate agencies. What difficulties this system has put in the way of transportation and business, only those who have had close observation in such matters can understand.

When the late Mr. Harriman centred in himself the presidencies of a dozen different railroad systems, it was a common opinion that for all his amazing powers of mind and body he had attempted more than one brain and one hand could sustain. It was foreseen that even without being able to answer promptly all the requirements of his position, it would put upon the man a stress beyond human working powers. The event justified the theory. Mr. Harriman died under a burden of responsibilities and labors too great to be borne. The very able and devoted man who succeeded him, and who similarly attempted the impossible, has found it necessary to make a radical change of policy—necessary not only because the work has been and must be too great for one man, but because it may be done more promptly and effectively at close range. Judge Lovett therefore, while retaining the general financial headship of the Harriman system, has resigned the half-dozen or more presidencies which he has held since Mr. Harriman's death two years ago. The supreme authority in all general affairs outside of finance is to be in the hands of officials established locally—doing business on the spot, so to speak.

The election of Mr. William Sproule to the presidency of the Southern Pacific is most fortunate for California. For the past five years Mr. Sproule has been a resident of New York; but for twenty years or more prior his home was here. He grew up in the Southern Pacific, gaining in the successive posts through which he advanced from a clerkship to the traffic management increasing respect and prestige. He knows California in relation to transportation as well as any man, and above and beyond that he is in spirit and in sympathy a Californian. Personally Mr. Sproule is one of the rare men in whom definiteness of judgment and force of character are not weakened by a temperamental optimism and by graciousness of manner.

The new order of things ought to serve the interests of the Southern Pacific railroad and the public alike. Mutual benefit must surely come from bringing the business of transportation and the higher authority of the transporting agency face to face. The place for the presidency of the Southern Pacific railroad is not New York but San Francisco. It is a consummation long desired and long delayed. But it comes at last and comes right. And we voice only what is in many minds in saying that important results of community advantage may be expected from it.

Editorial Notes.

One of Mrs. Belmont's plans in connection with her suffrage crusade was an experimental farm and agricultural school for young women, established on Long Island. The beneficiaries of this scheme were to abandon the frivolous life and uplift agriculture; and in pursuance of this worthy aim there was an elaborate scheme calculated to attract the serious-minded. The institution was organized on a fine scale with skilled laborers in and out of doors, the intention being to make the life of the beneficiaries almost idyllic. But the expense outran Mrs. Belmont's calculations; and so a few weeks ago she discharged pretty much the whole corps of farm and household servants and demanded that her "guests" should take over their duties. There was trouble at once. The serious-minded young suffragettes, while entirely willing to practice the rustic life on the country-house basis, first protested and then rebelled when it came to cooking, scrubbing, and laundry work. The unkindest incident of all came last week when Miss Leonora Brokaw, of a well-known New York family, the prize pupil of the school and Mrs. Belmont's particular favorite, announced her intention of cutting the game and going home. In a published statement Miss Brokaw said in explanation:

"Life on that farm was no snap. Most of the girls came from refined homes and are not accustomed to hard work. Some of them left after a few days. The hot sun and long hours made them ill. Instead of learning how to raise chickens, milk cows, and get a knowledge of growing vegetables, our work was mostly drudgery. Besides the long hours spent in the garden, we had to do our own laundry work. I simply couldn't stand this and I sent mine out. Mrs. Belmont's original philanthropic idea was to have weekly parties and invite the young men of the neighborhood, but we haven't had a party for weeks, and, besides, we were so tired at night all we could do was to lie down in our rooms and listen to the tiresome chorus of the mosquitoes.

"I am going home to rest now," said Miss Brokaw.

Thus another bright dream has passed through the ivory gate. Men and women in advanced life will sometimes do hard and even onerous work through force of habit. But the young, especially the young bred to luxury, do not devote themselves to the labors of the kitchen and the laundry unless they have to.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The death of Arabi Pasha recalls the stirring days of 1882, when the Egyptian patriot sent the first thrill of national sentiment through his people, raised the Egyptian flag upon the banks of the Nile, and defied the sovereignty of Turkey and the protectorate of England. The rebellion was crushed by Lord Wolseley and the British occupation has continued ever since. Arabi Pasha has been counted among the world's failures, among those who staked and lost, and his twenty years' imprisonment in Ceylon as the price of an unlucky ambition. But a more philosophic thought will suggest that perhaps Arabi was not wholly a failure. He created a national sentiment in Egypt, and it is now stronger than it ever was before. If it was then a threat it is now a portent. It has solidified and deepened into one of the great problems of British rule. No one knows what might happen to Egypt if the war between Italy and Turkey should develop the spectacle of Mohammedans fighting for their lives and their integrity upon the borders of Egypt. The recrudescence of Mohammedanism is the gravest, the most sinister phenomenon of the day, and Arabi was its lay prophet. It looks as though destiny were once more presenting the check that was refused thirty years ago, as destiny usually does, and always with accrued interest.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is at least a man of courage. After many years of persistent resistance to Home Rule, after fighting two parliamentary elections on an anti-Irish platform, he now announces that he has changed his mind and will stand henceforth in line with the government forces. Such a sudden change of heart has naturally aroused both exultation and consternation. Home Rulers see in it a further presage of victory, while Conservatives are loud in denunciation of what they call an inconsistency. It may be noted that consistency is usually a virtue of small minds, and of those who never change their minds because they have very little mind to change.

The Manchurian plague is now reported at an end. Probably no one will ever know the number of the victims. It defied computation. The people died like flies before a cold wind and were burned or buried without system or computation.

It is said that the physicians know no more about the plague than they did before it began. The scientific eye has been wide open, but it has discovered nothing. Especially baffling was the problem of infection. Those who had never been exposed would drop in the streets and die in a few hours, while those who breathed the very atmosphere of pestilence escaped. There was a Russian medical student who came to the Harbin station to take leave of a party of relatives. He kissed them all. Four hours later he was seized and he died the next day, but his relatives escaped. When a village was once firmly in the grip of the pestilence the Russian soldiers would ride out and shoot all the inhabitants for fear that the survivors would carry the infection elsewhere. The disease would strike with the speed of a sword thrust. Men who were apparently healthy would drop in the street as though shot, and after a dark night the heaps of dead would be lying as on a battle field. The Chinese themselves attribute the plague to the cessation of the opium supply. The prohibitory law could, of course, be evaded, but the poorer classes could obtain nothing but the inferior grades of the drug. The use of low quality opium, say the Chinese, as well as total deprivation, so far lowered the vitality of the people that they fell ready victims to the scourge. And there seems no reason why the Chinese theory should be rejected, at least until we have a better one.

Signor Leoncavallo, who is now in London for the purpose of conducting "I Pagliacci," confirms the story that his famous opera is founded upon an actual occurrence. Here is the incident as he himself related it:

"Yes, it is true, I wrote the libretto of 'I Pagliacci' from an actual occurrence in my own family. My father was one of the judges in Naples, and he tried the murderer and sentenced him. The poor fellow only served a portion of his term; much sympathy was expressed for him, as he had good cause for jealousy. After he left prison he was engaged as servant by a noble family. He still lives, and is faithful and respected. I do not wish to designate him further.

"How did it occur? I will tell you. I went to one of our small theatres when I was a boy—yes, a sort of music-hall. I was with my brother and my father's valet. The performance was a play with strong love scenes, and in the middle of it the chief actor stabbed the leading lady. The curtain dropped, and the audience thought it was all part of the play. But it seems that the actor, before killing the girl, who was his real wife, had discovered a love letter in her pocket, signed by our servant, whom the actor recognized seated in front. The sight of his rival prompted the fatal stroke with the knife, and while everybody was applauding what they supposed to be intense realism, the actor had sent a message to the servant to come behind the scenes. The servant went, and was met with friendly smiles and conducted to the back of the stage, where the woman was bleeding to death. Then the actor plunged a dagger through the servant's heart. In a moment everything was uproar and terror. The soldiers came and took away the double assassin, and the two dead bodies were carried through the enormous crowd of horror-stricken people. I never forgot that scene. I can see it now.

"At the trial there were allowed to be extenuating circumstances. A man is insane once he becomes really jealous. The actor was sentenced by my father to twenty years, and the people cheered him as he was taken from the court to the prison. That is what gave me my 'I Pagliacci' libretto and inspired the music."

The British government has found itself seriously embarrassed by the scheme for the payment of members of Parliament. The proposal would have been certainly defeated but for the excitement caused by the Lords' bill and the subsequent railroad strike. The first payment has just been made, with the result that a considerable number of members have returned their checks to the treasury departments with peremptory instructions that no further payments be made to them. Others have contemptuously handed over the money to public charities. That members of Parliament should be divided into two classes, those who have returned their salaries and those who have retained them, is of course highly undesirable. Those who will be candidates for reëlection have no desire to be asked publicly, "What did you do with your salary?" and so there is a general disposition to resent a payment that makes such a question possible. Mr. Arthur Lee in returning his salary to the treasury says that he objects to becoming a professional politician, and there is a general feeling that the status of members has been lowered by the intrusion of financial considerations. Therefore it seems likely that the plan will be dropped, and this can be done easily as it was not embodied in a bill. It was merely an item in the budget expenditure and can therefore be abrogated by the simple expedient of omitting it from future budgets. At the same time it is probably safe to attribute the opposition to political spite rather than to a sense of wounded honor. If the king as well as his cabinet ministers may receive salaries, it is hard to see why members of Parliament should be so punctilious.

The Italian government has now set at rest the long discussion as to the site of the farm and villa given to the Roman poet Horace by the generosity of Mæcenas. Over a hundred years ago Mgr. de Chaupy proved that the only situation answering entirely to the description was about eight miles from the modern Vicovaro, the Vicus Varia that Horace mentions as his nearest town, at the foot of which runs the little river now called the Licenza, which is evidently the Digentia of Horace and which passes close to the little ancient Roman town of Mandela.

But theory has now given place to actual discovery. Visible today are the remains of the villa itself and of the pleasure grounds that surrounded it. The villa stood in the midst of a magnificent garden and was surrounded by a crypto portico which protected it from the excessive heat of summer. In the middle of the garden was an artificial lake 350 yards square and six feet deep, fed by the waters of the river Licenza by means of a clever hydraulic system, and the pipes of this system are almost intact today and with a little repair could be used for their original purpose. The same hydraulic system supplied the baths, and these, too, can be easily traced and their various departments identified. They consisted of many rooms, each with its appropriate functions for bathing, cooling, or repose. It would be hard to imagine a more elaborate luxury. Judging from the litter of mosaics, frescoes, and stucco, the villa itself must have been a work of art in its every detail. The body of the building was composed of reticulated work characteristic of the finest period of Roman architecture in which the exquisitely regular form of the stones gives to the walls the appearance of a network and which must have been particularly difficult to carry out in the hard limestone of the neighborhood. Meanwhile the excavations are being continued with great patience and care.

The fate that awaits the luckless aviator who disappoints a crowd of sightseers has been exemplified once more, and this time by a woman. Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, the wife of the novelist, is one of the few women who have pilot licenses. It was announced a few weeks ago that Mrs. Hewlett would make an ascent at Plymouth, and an admission price to the ground was charged. At the last moment Mrs. Hewlett found that there was something wrong with a valve, but although she assured the crowd that this would mean only a few minutes' delay she was assailed with shouts of "swindler," and was then so embarrassed that she refused to fly at all and ordered the return of the gate money. She said afterwards that she loved to fly, but it was "awful to be baited by a crowd." Presumably this assembly of savages wished her to risk her life and were positively angered by her precautions.

Revelations of Louvre mismanagement continue to amaze the world. A Paris art expert now says that 323 pictures have been taken from the galleries and that most of them may be found in government offices and doing a decorative work that could be performed just as well by chromos. Any government official who wishes to ornament the walls of his office may step over to the Louvre and take a Rubens, Corot, David, or Reynolds. The story seems an incredible one, but is anything incredible of a democratic hureaucracy?

It seems safe to predict that a massacre of Russian Jews is imminent. All the portents of previous holocausts are now being repeated, and on a larger scale than ever before. At the time of his assassination Stolypin was perfecting a measure to filch from the Jews the remnants of liberty still remaining to them, and governmental action of this kind has always been translated by the moh into acts of hrutal violence. But the most sinister sign is the activity of the monk Heliodorus, who is now on a crusade through the Volga districts openly preaching the extermination of Jewry. No one dares to molest Heliodorus. He is known to he a pet of the Czar, and the ignorant peasantry hear him as though he were the Czar himself. The favorite theories of Heliodorus are well calculated to arouse the frenzy of the people. Not only does he assert that the Jews intend to depose the Czar and to place one of their own people in his stead, hut he revives all the horrible superstitions that attribute to the Jews the practice of sacrificing Christian children for the celebration of the Passover. Stories of repressive enactments are now coming from all parts of the country. Jewish soldiers wounded in the Japanese war have been expelled from the hospitals uncured for no other reason than that the hospitals were within the prohibited areas. Large numbers of Jewish soldiers were forbidden to return to their homes on the conclusion of the war, their exemplary military record having no weight with the authorities. All these things are having their inevitable effect upon a populace that is peculiarly prone to gusts of cruel rage. And when the trouble comes we shall be told, as we have been told so often before, that the authorities are straining every nerve to protect the Jews and the paternal heart of the Czar reflects every pang of his suffering Israelitish children.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

OLD FAVORITES.

An Order for a Picture.

Oh, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things you never saw?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you:

Woods and cornfields, a little brown—
The picture must not be over-bright,
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels. Cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around—
(Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little, and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush;
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and corn-fields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face,
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words;
Yet one word tells you all I would say—
She is my mother. You will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me,
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise.
At ten years old he went to sea—
God knoweth if he be living now.
He sailed in the good ship *Commodore*—
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck.
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the haystock's pointed top,
All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
The first half hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often aud often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew—
Dead at the top, just one branch full
Of leaves notched round and filled with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads when we came to play
In its hand-breadth of shadow day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir, for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs;
The other, a bird, held fast by the legs
Not so big as a straw of wheat;
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her hill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me.
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed;
But that's no matter—paint it so;
The eyes of our mother—take good heed—
Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces down to our lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet—
Woods, and corn-fields, and mulberry-tree,
The mother—the lads, with their bird, at her knee—
But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

—*Alice Cary.*

Fishing methods are being revolutionized in the seas around the islands of Japan by the introduction of English steam trawlers. The vessels on trial have resulted in the discovery of new and valuable fishing banks which could not have been fished by the native craft.

On the prairie lands in the western provinces of Canada upward of a million Americans have settled, and it is conservatively estimated that they form about one-third of the entire population.

THE HIVE HOMES OF MANHATTAN.

Apartment-Houses of the New Regime—Comforts and Luxuries Unknown to Earlier Generations.

Dwellings are obsolete in Manhattan. They are no longer built. Search the records, if you will, for proof, and you will find that only sixty-four have been constructed in a year. New Yorkers are hived in large swarms, now, when at home as well as when bread-winning down-town. Ten, twelve, even sixteen-story apartment-houses cover all available sites, and room for more is to be had only by the removal of less monumental structures. More will go up, nevertheless, for increasing thousands still insist on living between the two rivers and refuse to join the innumerable caravan that twice a day loads beyond capacity the ferries, bridges, and tunnel-shuttle trains. It is not the discomfort of transit by these methods that deters them, for they go through just as demoralizing experiences in the subway, but a stolid determination to remain as near Broadway as possible. Commuters who oscillate between rural New Jersey and the city affect a superiority to these island-dwellers, but it is only in self-defense. Most commuters are obliged to find transient abiding-places in town on odd occasions throughout the year.

Necessity-mothered inventions approach perfection slowly. The first apartment-houses of Manhattan were admirable in no view except that of the builder, who looked upon them as speculations, and usually borrowed nearly all the money for his scheme. They were seldom if ever planned as permanent investments. Build, rent, sell, was the unvarying three-act programme of the past decade. Another era has been ushered in, and now the best architects are employed in planning the structures for owners who demand and receive good interest on the capital invested. Gradually the old, miniature arrangements have been reformed. Rooms that would accommodate only folding furniture, and halls through which nothing of more than one dimension could be carried, have gone out of fashion. Indeed, the tendency is to the other extreme. Not only generous space, light and air, but a thousand devices for comfort and convenience are the special features of the new apartment houses. As a descriptive adjective, palatial is out of date. No palace of past or present time can be compared with these luxurious homes.

On the west side of Central Park is the particular field for the finest examples of this latest development in home-building. Ten years ago an adventurous builder put up the first big, high-priced house, in some apprehension as to the result. He planned to ask $10,000 a year for an apartment, and skeptical observers shook their heads. But he found tenants quickly, for the advantages offered were not to be had elsewhere at any price. That has been an old story for a long time. Apartments at $20,000 to $25,000 a year are numerous now. But the figures grade easily downward to amounts that are not outside the circumference of unprincely salaries. It is doubtful if any big city anywhere can offer greater advantages at less cost. And these advantages cover the hundred little things that sum up latter-day ease and satisfaction. For $25,000 you may have thirty-four rooms and nine baths, filling one entire floor and half of another. There is a conservatory in the big dining-room, and the master's bedroom has a private shower-bath. Carved wood, rich hangings, and costly decorations are everywhere. Even the servants' rooms are light and airy, and with all conveniences at hand.

Among the medium-priced apartments, at about $3000 a year, the views are attractive. Increased size of rooms is noticeable. Living-rooms are eighteen to twenty feet square, and drawing-rooms, libraries, dining-rooms are on the same scale. From this grade to the cheapest of good apartments the diminution in space is slight. And everywhere the finish of the walls, doors, and windows is dictated by good taste. Mahogany and quartered oak is usual. White enamel in bed-rooms, and tiles in kitchen and pantry are the invariable dress. Vacuum-cleaning apparatus, forced-draught flues for carrying off odors of cooking, and other devices of most recent perfecting are omnipresent. There is a place for everything, and the most ingeniously planned arrangement of built-in cabinets, cases, and shelves.

Many a young couple is cosily established in an apartment that costs only $750 a year, with everything in the place designed for pleasurable existence. There are no dark halls. The bed-rooms are large enough to permit the bed to be moved about. This is unorthodox, really. In former days the bed could not be moved an inch from its appointed corner without closing up the door or window. Often there was no room for a bed, a couch being substituted in the interest of space and economy. All the jokes of the paragraphers about the cramped quarters of a flat were justified. Children were not to be thought of, even were the customary injunction to be defied. Reginald could not indulge in the luxury of a beard for fear of entanglement with curtains or the portieres which served for doors. The occupants entered edgewise, moved about in their thinnest presentment, and avoided every departure from vertical or horizontal lines.

It is a glorious reformation. The imagination can hardly suggest desirable features not already brought into being by the architects and constructors. Even the royal nomenclature that palled on the republican taste has been smothered in the effort to Americanize or Manhattanize the apartment-house of perfection. Among the new structures you will rarely find one dedicated to the memory of Prince Amadeo or the Chateau d'If. Liveried attendants there are, with gilt cap-bands, but even these are not unanimously in evidence. But one disquieting thought intrudes: Soon every available inch of ground will be covered with these monumental hives, and then the progress must be in some other direction. Eventually, it seems probable, there will be only $20,000 apartments, for competing tenants will force up the prices when there can be no further expansion of housing accommodations. When the East Side, now somewhat neglected because of inadequate transportation service, gets its due, the building there will be rapid and permanent. The Lexington Avenue subway will be the opening door to this development. Let those who possess reasonably priced homes enjoy them thoroughly; the time is not another generation away when such holdings will be as hard to discover as pearls in a plate of Blue Points.

New York, September 26, 1911. Flaneur.

Nickajack was once the name of an important Cherokee town on the bank of the Tennessee River. The Cherokees, who had aided the British in the Revolutionary War, and had been well paid for their assistance, clustered their wigwams at this point about 1780-82, and the village was known as one of the "Chickamauga towns." The meaning of the name is now lost, though it was probably of Cherokee origin, as it occurs in the annals of the tribe as a man's name. This name is also given to a creek, and to a very remarkable cave, the latter being situated very near that point of the southern boundary of Tennessee, where it is intersected by the line separating the states of Alabama and Georgia. Nickajack Cave, though but little known, is one of the wonderful caves of the world, being of even more imposing proportions than the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

Delicacies made from the flesh of whales are now being put on the market by enterprising Newfoundland whalers. Among them are sausages, meat extract, canned steaks, and tongue. They are also seeking to utilize the intestines of the leviathans as substitutes for leather in various arts and industries. It is claimed that the flesh of the whales looks and tastes much like beef and can be sold for one cent a pound. The company preparing the meat for market has sold several lots in the West Indies with satisfactory results. The average whale hide contains nearly 1500 square feet. The intestines are thin and tough and described as suitable for glove manufacturing.

Every item of every-day life is as costly in Japan as in Europe or America, says a Japanese paper. A respectable looking three-story house can be rented in London at £30 a year, while the same money can rent only a wretched cottage in Tokyo. Bread, meat, milk, electricity, gas, perhaps with the exception of eggs, nothing is cheaper in Japan. It costs far more to run a house in Tokyo than in London. Wages and salaries are lower because of misuse of labor and over-abundance of laborers. What the Europeans move with the derrick men and women carry on their shoulders; so necessarily a great number of them must be paid for.

How great an influence is wielded by the tourist travel abroad is apparent when it is considered that Florence, Italy, and, indeed, most of the towns of the district are largely dependent on sight-seers. This despite the fact that the district is primarily agricultural in character. A good or bad tourist season has in reality a greater effect on financial conditions there than a good or bad agricultural year. It is estimated that over 400,000 visitors arrive in the district yearly.

The Church of St. Nicaise, in the city of Rheims, is surrounded with pillars. When a certain bell in the tower is rung the top of one pillar always sways to the extent of seven inches on each side, although the base is immovable, and the stones are so firmly cemented as to seem like a solid piece of masonry. Notwithstanding that each of the four bells is about the same distance from the trembling pillar, none of the others has the slightest effect on it.

The famous Lutine bell, which is always rung at Lloyds to call attention to the announcement of an overdue or missing ship, was recovered by divers from the wreck of the British ship *Lutine*, which went down over 112 years ago. The ship was on its way from England with treasure for the Hamburg banking houses when she sank. Only a small part of the gold and silver was ever brought up.

Another historic old landmark has passed. A storm recently felled the tree near Nederhemert, under which Floris I, count of Holland, was peacefully sleeping, after the battle of Nederhemert, in 1061, when he was treacherously murdered by Herman van Kuyk. The tree was believed to be over a thousand years old.

Of the nineteen mines producing quicksilver in the United States last year fifteen were in California and two each in Texas and Nevada.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

William G. Gladstone, a grandson of William E. Gladstone, has been elected to the House of Commons from Kilmarnock.

Thomas William Burgess, who recently swam the English Channel, being the first man to accomplish that feat since Captain Webb's performance in 1857, is a naturalized Frenchman. However, he was born in Rothersham, Yorkshire, England.

Rear-Admiral Coni, chairman of the Chilean naval commission, sent by his government to this country to study naval methods, is now in the East. He is particularly interested in target and other gun practices, and will gather data applicable to Chile's needs.

Miss Agatha Troy, a resident of Troy, New York, is said to be the only woman in this country who is a professional stonecutter. She is her father's assistant, and though able to do hard labor in the stoneyard, largely devotes her time to finer chiseling, at which she is an expert. Miss Troy is a Sicilian.

Earle L. Ovington has received from Postmaster-General Hitchcock a document certifying his appointment as the first official aerial mail carrier in the United States. Ovington is the aviator who began carrying the mail daily from the Nassau, Long Island, aerodome during the recent gathering of birdmen.

Aguinaldo, once a power in the Philippines as leader of the insurrecto forces, is now a peaceful farmer in Cavite, across the bay from Manila. He has a productive place of several hundred acres and devotes his time to improving it along modern lines. He rarely visits Manila and has apparently lost all political ambition.

Alvin Austin, a Chicago man aged ninety-four years, has just registered at Minot, South Dakota, for a ranch in the Berthold Indian Reservation, which is being thrown open to entry. He is as sprightly as a man forty years younger and speaks with enthusiasm of his intentions for the future. Austin was born at Sterling, Connecticut.

Paul P. Maillard, the youngest chief gardener among the national homes for soldiers, has studied his art from the age of twelve. He is located at the national home at Tongus, Maine. Born in Bordeaux, France, he early took up his studies in a horticultural institution. Then he spent two years in Switzerland, studying the best methods in practice there.

Captain William F. Fullam, now in command of the battleship *Mississippi*, who has been chosen by the Navy Department to take command of the Chicago Naval Training Station, graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1877 at the head of his class. He was long an instructor at Annapolis, and has written several books on naval affairs.

Secretary of War Stimson is making visits to all the army posts to obtain information at first hand of military conditions. The posts of the North and Middle West will be seen this month, the South Atlantic garrisons and those of the Pacific Coast some time during the winter. General Wood, chief of staff, will accompany Secretary Stimson.

Richard Sprague, United States consul at Gibraltar, occupies an office unique in consular annals, from the fact that it has been held by the Sprague family practically since 1806. The present consul's grandfather went to Gibraltar as American representative in 1806, remaining until the war of 1812. Six years later he returned, being finally succeeded by his son, who served through many changes in the home government until 1901, when his son, the present consul, received the appointment.

Dr. John F. Goucher, president emeritus of Goucher College, Baltimore, who has just returned from abroad, traveled 45,000 miles during his year's absence, making 2500 miles of the trip in a houseboat up one of the larger rivers in China, drawn by coolies. He is sixty-six years old, robust and hearty, and finds much enjoyment in travel under all circumstances. Dr. Goucher is deeply interested in foreign mission work, and projected and directed the organization of the Anglo-Japanese College at Tokyo.

Mrs. Nettie Klingebiel, of Des Moines, Iowa, whose purchase of a valuable farm points out how success may be won by hard, intelligent application, began eight years ago with $5 in cash. She has never earned more than $10 a week. Real estate attracted her, and she began by buying a small lot on easy installments. She lived in a shed on the lot till she had paid for it and one adjoining. Then by borrowing on the property, trading and manipulating, she has managed to acquire a valuable piece of land. She works in an office all day, and at night goes out to her farm.

Robert Laid Borden, who led the Conservative party of Canada to victory at the polls in the recent reciprocity campaign, is a native of Nova Scotia, fifty-seven years old. He graduated from Acacia Villa Academy at Horton, and began the practice of law in 1878, building up an extensive practice. Politics did not attract him in his earlier years, and he was forty-two years of age when he was elected to the Federal Parliament. He is aggressive and uncompromising, looks and acts like a man ten years his [illegible] and enjoys a hard game of cricket or tennis.

TO THE MASTER'S CREDIT.

An Episode of the Art-Room.

An undersized, blond young man with a large portfolio under his arm stood on the stone step of a drinking fountain in the heart of a Western city one Christmas Eve. He was jobless and penniless, and the beautiful blue Pacific Ocean lay between him and any one to whom he might reasonably look for financial assistance. He was acutely aware of a general feeling of goneness not due to a condition of mind, but even then in his dire straits he was sustained by a certain enthusiasm and imagination which is the heritage or your true artist. And so, as he watched the merry Christmas shoppers scurrying hither and thither across the asphalt, a strange feeling of loneliness did not come over him. What was strange was that he momentarily forgot that he had any worldly responsibilities or needs. Laughing to himself, he reached to his coat pocket, which held a sketch-pad. To his peculiar vision everybody had peculiar angles and curves, the pavement was the setting of a continuous vaudeville show in which all of the performers were comedians. It was the dream of his life to depict people as he saw them. "My word, what wouldn't Phil May do with these people!" he thought.

Indeed, no feeling of loneliness came over this blond young man. Moreover, far from home, he was not alone: having read somewhere in a book that responsibilities do not interfere with the development of genius, in a moment of hopeful enthusiasm he and Cupid entered into a conspiracy. The victim was in a lodging-house hungrily awaiting his return; for company she had naught save the very necessary furniture of a very poorly furnished room. He thought of that and did not take his sketch-book from his pocket. Instead, his eyes raised from the funny folks about him, and his speculative gaze rested in turn upon each of the three high buildings on the nearby corners.

In those buildings metal and mental machinery was working in furious unison, arranging what purported to be a truthful *résumé* of the day's happenings. No, this is not to be a newspaper story—neither it nor the young mau concerned shall venture into the charmed circle one step further than dire necessity demands. So this chronicle and its leading character get into an elevator which goes right past the local room, its city editor with its unlighted cigar, its "stars," rattling typewriters, and other bits of local color. They—this treatise and its young man—get off where a door leads to the art department, which any "cub" reporter will tell you is not newspaper work at all.

The manager of the art department had studied art in Munich, and served his time in the Kaiser's army. To the members of his staff he was affectionately known as "Fader." For he was big-hearted and unsoured in spite of the fact that his job was clear out of the scheme of his youthful aspirations. In the buried past he had endeavored to make the world laugh with funny pictures. I myself saw some of those drawings in the exhibition of *Fliegende Blätter* at the Chicago world's fair. As I recall them they were remarkable to any one having appreciation of German humor. And now we will forget all about them, as every one else has—even Fader himself; they belong to joyful dream days that should not be recalled now to disturb the peace of mind of a good man whose thoughts and aspirations had come to centre, rightfully and satisfactorily, on his growing family. Once he had hoped to become a great illustrator. Now he saw that the drawings turned out by the members of his staff, properly labeled, got down to the zinc-room on time. He varied the monotony of his duties by preparing pages for the Sunday supplement, going for inspiration to a pile of clipped illustrations and reproductions that was said to he the most complete collection of "scrap" west of Chicago. He drew his salary regularly every Tuesday and was as satisfied as any man whose work permits him to get home at midnight.

No, Fader was no longer visited by dreams of achievement in the pictured humor line. Indeed, the buried chapter of his life would never be resurrected here if there seemed to be any other way of accounting for the strange tbing he did. And if the explanation does not fulfill its mission, I can only assert that he did do it, and add that any man who once aspired to be a humorist is apt to have a big heart, and likely to play strange pranks.

Fader was at his desk bent over a drawing-board and skillfully copying Rosa Bonheur's "Horses in a Storm" to illustrate a Sunday story concerning wild horses in Nevada. He glanced up to see a large portfolio and a nervous, blond young man standing before him.

The youth and his portfolio—to Fader it was an old, old story, almost a daily occurrence. And of his tasks the turning down of aspiring genius was the hardest of all. It seemed he never could get used to it. Once in the long ago he had served his time.

"Now, I suppose you're looking for a job?" he said, coming to the rescue, for the youth seemed unable to speak.

The latter nodded.

Fader scratched his head and stirred uneasily in his chair. "Gif me der name and address," he said with forced curtness. "Mind you, I don't bromise noddings," he cautioned as he saw the youth's face light up with hope. "Come round in a gopple of weeks and maybe something is doing."

The youth's hopeful expression vanished. "Two weeks?" he mumbled. "I can't wait—I've got to get busy right away. Take a look at my drawings, won't you? In Melbourne they think I am not half bad."

"I can't rush matters," said Fader querulously, and he began to untie the folio strings. He wished that he might be spared looking into that portfolio; he had looked into so many under similar circumstances. And even if by rare chance these drawings should prove to be meritorious it would not help matters any; he had no vacancy in his staff, and would not have in two weeks unless some one died—or went to New York.

"Ha, a caricaturist, hey?" exclaimed Fader, sitting up. "Vell, der peoples in Melbourne was right. You aint half bad. You are pretty good! Try de oder papers, my boy, and I hope you catch on."

The youth shook his blond head. "They advised me to try here," he answered.

Fader looked down into the portfolio again, then up into the pinched face of its owner. "Leave der drawings mit me, and I'll see maybe if I can do someding," he said.

"I'll wait, if you don't object," the youth answered, and the eager look came back into his face.

To the student of facial expression are things more eloquent than spoken words. Fader was only a retired student, a little rusty, but he understood. "No, my boy, you need not wait," he said, as his hand stole to his pocket. "It will take a little time—if I can do someding. But I like your drawings a lot. I would like to choose a gopple for myself—and for my wife. It's Christmas time—already I haf spent most of my money. How will dis do—on account?" He held out two dollars and twenty cents.

"You could have every one of them," tbe youth ejaculated in a burst of thankfulness, "if I didn't need some to show what I can do. Nobody knows me here."

"Can you letter, make borders—designing, I mean?" Fader asked. "We have already our funny man."

"In Australia the draughtsmen do that," the youth responded. "It's out of my line."

"I was afraid so," said Fader, chewing hard on his pencil. "But come around tomorrow at one, and maybe I can put you on."

That night while the Sunday editor stoutly refused to run as feature stuff some drawings of an unknown young Australian caricaturist, tbat young Australian caricaturist and a wee, black-eyed matron of barely eighteen summers dined in a restaurant that reeked with the odor of garlic and red wine. They laughed at Fate, and drank three times to luck and four times to Fader.

As a result of Fader's efforts the blond young man went to work on a daily newspaper at a salary so low that it will not be set down here, for then it would devolve upon me to explain how he got along on it, and that I could never do. It can not be recorded that the young Australian's drawings increased the circulation of the paper. He was denied opportunity of displaying his talents, for the ethics of the game precluded his trespassing in the domain of the paper's recognized caricaturist, and so he tried hard to make himself useful by evolving borders and decorative frames for photographs. In spite of his most sincere efforts he proved to be a very indifferent designer. However, it really did not make a great difference how poorly such work was done, and as Fader was indulgent they "went."

"It iss bread and butter work, my boy," Fader said one day when they were alone in the art room. "Learn it, but don't forget your art, and some day your chance will come. New York iss der place for you. Dere iss a dozen puplications begging for der work you do. Here iss one, and it don't pay if it can help it. Remember, you are to go to New York."

"Oh, I'm going there soon," the blond youth answered, blithely, as though New York were just across the street.

Time sometimes dragged in Fader's department and it was not of rare occurrence for liveliness to be interjected in the way of "art talks." All artists at a certain stage of development come to a decision. It might be Michael Angelo or Dinks, being altogether a matter of taste. The blond youth had already decided to his own satisfaction who was "the greatest artist in the world," and it was neither of those mentioned. He usually referred to his hero as "the Master." For purposes of identification I shall do the same and let it go at that. The warmest discussions were precipitated when attacks were made on the art of "the Master." The blond youth would rise in his weakness to the defense of his idol and his answer was always the same. It was this: "I say, now, London regards him as the greatest depictor of street life the world has ever known. He left Melbourne just when I was beginning to draw. I saw one of his originals once. You really can't judge a man's work from reproductions."

To draughtsmen wont to explain their own crudities by blaming the etchers the youth's argument was staggering, and was accepted as conclusive, until one day the champion border-maker in an inspired moment said:

"Why, Fader had a bunch of your man's originals around here the other day, just before you came on, and we didn't think much of them."

The blond youth, wide-eyed, turned to his chief. Fader grinned in his pleasant Teutonic fashion.

"Oh, when will you let me see them?" he cried.

"I got 'em home," explained Fader, and he thought his answer rather a clever evasion.

But the enthusiast was not to be so easily swerved. "Shall I go out there—or will you bring tbem down to the office?" he asked. His face was flushed, and he trembled with excitement and joyful anticipations.

"I guess I'd better bring dem down here—tomorrow," answered Fader, grinning. As eleven o'clock drew near one of the staff thought he saw Fader smiling behind his hand. He announced that he himself would take the "dog watch" that night. The others left, and when alone he opened the drawers of his desk and after a five-minute search he located, in the bottom of a bottom drawer, a book of reproductions of "the Master's" drawings. "Der boy is right—dot fellow iss der greatest in der business!" he thought, and he chuckled again and again as he turned over the pages of the book. "He doesn't have to use many lines to tell der laugh!"

In point of fact "the Master's" style was as direct as that of any artist who ever used pen to make pictures. With an amazingly few bold strokes he told his story. His drawings were so simple that a child could copy them line for line. A more skilled copyist than Fader never held forth in a newspaper art-room.

Now you may suspect that a plot is brewing here; perhaps that the sensitive soul of an artist is going to suffer a terrible blow. There was room for bitter disappointment, but it never had a chance. The blond youth saw what he thought were original drawings of his beloved master—became owner of them, for Fader was a generous soul. Then he raved over them, shoved them under the noses of the other members of the staff, and in his enthusiasm for two days was pretty much of a nuisance. A realization that it was Fader's sacred privilege to finish cracking his own joke was all that prevented the others from doing it, though more than once or twice some one was sorely tempted to take it off his hands. And so on the third day, when the blond youth, wildly excited, rushed into the art-room and announced that he was off for New York, all eyes focused on Fader, and there were grins of expectancy.

"About dose originals——" Fader began.

"Yes," interrupted the blond youth, "that's what I want to talk to you about."

"About dose drawings iss a little joke," Fader began again. "I——"

"Do you call it a joke?" the blond youth threw out joyfully.

"Sure."

"It makes me feel better to hear you say that—I didn't think you'd regard it as a joke."

"Oh yes, sure, my boy—we lots of times do dose little things. Dot iss der fun of living."

"It's more than fun for me!" the youth cried out, "and I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. I hope some day to be able to repay you."

"I'm pretty slick, and I'll be watching out," Fader answered, laughing.

"Oh, you won't have to watch out!" the youth answered, seemingly taken aback.

"Why wouldn't I watch out?" Fader asked.

"Because I'm square," the youth responded.

"Well, that wouldn't keep you from playing jokes," Fader retorted, not pleased at the inference.

"Oh, I don't want to play any jokes," the youth answered, and the others began to laugh.

"What iss dis monkey business talk anyhow!" Fader exploded, almost losing his temper.

"About the drawings—the joke," answered the blond youth. "I thought you knew—I sold them!"

When the laughter abated Fader and his staff learned that the youth had shown the forged drawings to an art dealer and after a struggle had parted with eleven of them at fifteen dollars apiece. The twelfth he kept and intended to keep all his life.

Two days later the blond youth and his wife with scalper's tickets joined a returning Christian Endeavor excursion bound for the East. That was several years ago. And now, yes, even tonight, in the cities and far corners of tbe earth, in homes and in hospitals, in barracks and in clubs, are smiles for which the world has to thank the blond youth whom Fader loves to recall as "one of my boys."

John Alfred Galpin.

San Francisco, October, 1911.

Death came to Winfield Scott Schley, retired Rear-Admiral, probably as he might have wished—in the twinkling of an eye. The hero of the naval battle of Santiago sleeps in peace after a long and honorable career in the service of his country. He was born at Richfield, Maryland, October 9, 1839, the son of a large land-owner. Graduating from the United States Naval Academy, he eagerly followed the life of a man-o'-warsman. During the Civil War he saw active service. In 1884 he commanded the expedition sent into the Arctic in search of the Greely party, and in 1871 he stormed the forts of the Salee River, Korea. At the outset of the Spanish war he was dispatched to Santiago with the blockading squadron, and on July 3, 1898, sank Cervera's fleet in the dash from Santiago harbor, winning one of the greatest naval victories in the history of his country. After the war Admiral Schley was presented with a gold sword by the people of Pennsylvania, a jeweled medal of honor by the legislature of Marvland, and a silver service by the people of Maryland.

Originally a town or a warship fired off their guns on the approach of friendly strangers, to show that they had such faith in the visitors' peaceful intentions they didn't think it necessary to keep their guns loaded. Hence the naval salute.

SHAKESPEARE WITH DECORATIONS.

London's Latest Versions of "Macbeth" and "Romeo and Juliet."

Obedient as he is to the dates of the almanac, letting his fires expire on the domestic hearth or rekindling their blaze by calendar rule of thumb, the Englishman year in and out must begin to play football and resume theatre-going when September comes in. This year of abnormal heat has made his devotion to convention a sore trial to the flesh; for football at ninety in the shade was hardly more exacting than four hours of Shakespeare at the same temperature.

That, however, can hardly be laid to Sir Herbert Tree's charge. When, some weeks ago, he filled in the notice boards outside His Majesty's Theatre with the announcements of his revival of "Macbeth" he may reasonably have anticipated that September would give some relief from that burden of heat which brought disaster to the close of the last theatrical season. What may be urged against the actor-manager, however, is that in his revival of the famous tragedy he has gone rather too far in sacrificing swiftness of action to pictorial embellishment. And this notwithstanding the spartan gospel of Ellen Terry's son, Gordon Craig, who has been protesting against scenery which obliterates the actor in its anxiety to give "atmosphere," or which demands admiration for its beauty apart from its connection with the play, as compared with a setting which asks the actor that he complete and define the mood it suggests. The new "Macbeth" is not the first example of Sir Herbert Tree's weakness for satisfying the eye apart from the actors; most of his Shakespearean productions, and notably his "Henry VIII," have been so overlaid with properties that attention was distracted between the scenery and the dialogue.

Not that "Macbeth" suffers from the same cause as "Henry VIII." It was the pageants, the gorgeous spectacles, which detracted from the effectiveness of that production. In "Macbeth" the hiding of Shakespeare is due rather to the elaboration and solidity of the sets. The scene in which Lady Macbeth is discovered reading the fateful letter is a case in point. The vaulted chamber of that episode has been built so solidly that it seems compact of veritable stone, and even the Scottish mountains seen through the open window have all the appearance of actual granite. One felt pitiful for the scene-shifters who had to move all that mass of rock on so hot a night. And that subconscious reflection illustrated in a curious way how Sir Herbert's over-care in planning his frame-work tended to obscure the tragedy itself. All this was accentuated by the wood-fire and torchlight illumination of the courtyard scene, by the dizzy steepness of the staircase up which Lady Macbeth had to climb in her sleep-walking, and by the giddy heights and yawning depths of the Witches' Heath. No wonder those accessories were so laborious to handle that one of the shortest of Shakespeare's plays was protracted over four solid hours. It is true the pauses were made as endurable as possible by copious music, but that music and the prolonged intervals contributed not a little to the overshadowing of the tragedy.

And so much of the tragedy as shone through the decorations was of a type which, in obedience to prevailing fashion, was shorn of horror. It is possible to so deliver such a passage as "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow" as to curdle the blood and impel to tears, and, on the other hand, it may be so spoken that it shall provoke a mood of mere dreamy reverie. Between the two Macbeths, the one a man of adamant resolution forcing his way to power heedless of result, and the other a dreamy and almost poetic fatalist, Sir Herbert elected for the latter. Certainly this was in keeping with his mounting of the tragedy, for blood-shedding and terror and remorse would have jarred with all those scenic embellishments; but it was fatal to that atmosphere of superstition and high tragedy which the unadorned play creates. And it made for a slowness of action which is foreign to "Macbeth." Naturally it is perhaps the swiftest of Shakespeare's plays, unimpeded more than any, unrelieved by any comedy, and could well be compassed in a "two hours' traffic."

Granting, however, the right of a conscientious actor to select his own interpretation, Sir Herbert was wholly consistent in his reading of the part, for if Macbeth was actually nothing more than a poet then this was Macbeth to the life. He was never strenuous but always dreamy, never intense but always brooding; a man, in fact, who had surrendered himself to that mood so finely expressed by the tragedy's many tributes to "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." And Violet Vanbrugh's interpretation of Lady Macbeth was in strict harmony with this conception. Her reading of the letter in that mediæval vaulted chamber was compact of beauty rather than ambition; beauty, too, was the dominant note of the sleep-walking scene; and beauty again, and not the shadow of impending nemesis, hung over the banqueting hall. With the principals setting such a keynote, what could Duncan, and Macduff, and even the witches do but maintain the same key? And so the tragedy remained consistently a thing not of blood and avenged ambition, but of dreamy beauty, from whence the transition to the supper-tables of the Carlton or the Savoy was natural and pleasant.

Equally unperturbed have been those after-the-play supper parties who have flocked to London's lobster palaces from the revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the New Theatre. Perhaps this is all the more surprising in view of the Juliet being none other than Miss Neilson-Terry, whose name provides a clue to her relationship to Mr. Gordon Craig. It might have been expected that Fred Terry, the father of this new Juliet, would have some respect for the scenic gospel of his sister's son, but evidently he subscribes to the doctrine exemplified by Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's Theatre. Or is it that Mr. Terry has allowed his daughter to have her own way, and that that young woman was determined to make her "Romeo and Juliet" not less a thing of beauty than the "Macbeth" of Sir Herbert?

Whatever the explanation, the new version of Shakespeare's love tragedy is as clogged with scenery and effects as his tragedy of ambition. The list of those who have assisted in the production is almost as lengthy as the cast; properties and costumes by one, scenery by another, music by a third, dances and fights arranged by a fourth and fifth, etc. And the result is much the same. That is to say, the story gets somewhat hidden under the scenes and effects, and the play, which should move swiftly and directly, is retarded until it, too, becomes a four instead of a two hours' traffic. But the revival is notable for one thing: in Miss Neilson-Terry, who, as the daughter of Julia Neilson and Fred Terry, should have the acting instinct in her blood, Londoners are making the acquaintance of one of the youngest Juliets on record. And the experience is almost wholly enjoyable. It may be that Miss Neilson-Terry's parents have carried their affectionate coaching rather too far, that in their anxiety to prepare their daughter for a trying ordeal they have crushed individuality at the expense of technic, but those marks of the mould will be worn off ere long. Miss Neilson-Terry has many things in her favor, not merely that actual sparsity of years which saves her from having to pretend youthfulness—the rock on which so many thirty or forty-year-old Juliets have been wrecked—but physical charm, and imagination, and native talent. She has abandon, too, a gift which enables her to eschew mere flirtation in preference for consuming passion.

Henry C. Shelley.

London, September 11, 1911.

Chinese plans for general education are surprisingly progressive and commendable. There is, naturally, a lack of competent teachers, and of funds for financing such a nation-wide installation of modern education as is projected. The increase of the number of students sent to America on the remitted Boxer indemnity funds is a hopeful sign. The government intends to maintain an average of 400 of its young men in America, aside from those who go at their own charges. A great school—and the discerning will marvel at this fact and its meaning—has been built by the Chinese government at Peking for the sole purpose of educating, at the nation's expense, picked young men to be prepared for further education in the United States. These youths are the flower of the empire, and from every province and dependency—from remote Tibet, troubled Manchuria, virile Szechuen, progressive Kwantung; every section of China will send its political leaders to Peking to learn foreign ways from a score of American teachers. Six hundred is the capacity of this school. Most of its boys, it is claimed, are Christians; and all have cut off their cues. The students who qualify here are sent to America to continue their collegiate and professional training; later to return with American ideals to the service of their own nation.

The largest collection of books and papers bearing on the Civil War is said to belong to Mrs. Levi Z. Leiter of Washington. Many of the papers are autographed by leaders who participated in the engagements. L. Z. Leiter began the collection twenty years ago, and Mrs. Leiter has continued the quest for rare books and documents. She gave the work of assorting and cataloguing to an expert from the Congressional Library. The library occupies an entire wing of the family mansion in Washington.

Outside the harbor of Sfax, Tunisia, in the shallow water of the clear Mediterranean, is situated a biological laboratory for the study of sponges. It is one of the most unique in the world, and affords opportunity for observing the development of the sponge from tiny larva, so small that it can only be studied under a microscope, until five years later, it has developed into a perfect sponge.

Ragtime music has been banished from the Wesleyan College at Macon, Georgia. Several compositions of this kind found in the music-room were confiscated, and the edict has gone forth that no more of it will be tolerated.

Swamp lands in this country cover a sufficient area, if reclaimed, to provide homes for nearly four million families, according to M. O. Leighton, chief hydrographer of the government geological survey.

Lace was known in Venice at an early period. It was not unknown to the Greeks and Romans. To protect the native article its importation into England was prohibited in 1483.

Italy's state lottery is a source of considerable profit. The government received nearly eight million dollars last year as its share of the proceeds.

SIR ROBERT HART'S LIFE WORK.

No man in a strange land, surrounded by heathenish customs, ever wielded the influence for good which the late Sir Robert Hart exerted over the destinies of China. His death in England bares his long, useful life to public gaze, disclosing the splendid part which this quiet little man with the rich Irish brogue took in the development of China during his forty-five years in the office of inspector-general of customs. Due to his tireless efforts, laboring in the face of derision, threatened by fanatics, unknown to the world, he made China's customs service a credit to the nation, swept the neighboring seas of pirates to the encouragement of shipping, established lighthouses, and lived to see a postals service inaugurated. He went to England in 1908, taking his first vacation in twenty years, his health failing. It did not improve, and in September, 1909, he retired from the Chinese service.

Sir Robert was born in County Armagh, Ireland, in 1835. In 1853 he graduated from Queen's College, and the following year went out to China as student interpreter in the consular service. The Taiping rebellion in 1854 ended, the Shanghai customs house reopened under the joint protectorate of Great Britain, the United States, and France. This was the origin of the institution which Hart was to govern for so many years, and which he first represented in Canton. His genius for organization, his industry, and his unquestioned honesty enabled him to succeed, gradually it is true, in building up the despised, unorganized customs of China to one of the most exclusive of services. Modern business methods and ironclad rules displaced slipshod practices. Rigorous examinations were required and no man was accepted unless his connections and appearance were calculated to uphold the prestige of the service. Though Hart ruled absolutely, yet few men in the service ever saw him, and in all the years he was accomplishing his great work his name was probably less familiar on the Chinese coast than the names of many of his commissioners. Modest and without greedy ambition, he devoted his life to China, building quietly, observing keenly, and with one aim in view—to place the country on a plane with the advanced nations of the world. He was unmoved by contempt and indifference, receiving both from China during his earlier career, performing the task at hand with truly Oriental patience, and receiving in the end the honors of the empire. The Chinese government paid him no salary, but he deducted a fixed annual sum from the revenues he collected, from which he paid himself. However, his economy and exceptional financial instinct must have enabled him to acquire a large private fortune. Though the government showered him with titles and distinctions, it ill repaid him for the great work he had done for it, and the arrogant mandarins could seldom bring themselves to treat him publicly as their equal. In 1885 he sacrificed a diplomatic career—returning his appointment as British minister plenipotentiary—to remain at his thankless post. A profound believer in the value of Confucian philosophy, deeply versed in Chinese lore, far more loyal to the land of the Dragon than many of its highest royalty, yet he remained true to Wesleyan traditions and never absorbed any Eastern fatalism. During his official career China took up no measures with foreign powers without consulting Hart, who knew more of the inner life of the mysterious kingdom than any other European.

Colonel John James McCook, who died a few days ago at his summer home at Rumson, New Jersey, was one of the famous "Fighting McCooks" of Ohio. Probably no family in American history has made a finer military record than the "Fighting McCooks." Major Daniel McCook, father of Colonel McCook, had nine sons. One of them died in the naval service of his country before the war. The major and his other eight sons all served with distinction in the Civil War. The father and four sons were killed in action or died of wounds. Five sons of John McCook, brother of Daniel, also served in the Civil War. Altogether the two families provided three major-generals, four brigadier-generals, one colonel, two majors (one a surgeon), a chaplain, one lieutenant, and a private. Colonel McCook enlisted when he was sixteen, went through many battles and won his promotion rapidly, coming out at the end of the Civil War as a colonel of volunteers. He studied law at Harvard, settled in New York, and became a skilled corporation attorney. He was receiver in 1894 of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railway, chief counsel of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and long a director of Wells Fargo & Co., and other great organizations.

Not since 1804, when Stephen Decatur acquitted himself so gallantly in Tripoli and brought the Barbary States to time, has the little African dependency been so much in the limelight as at present. Tripoli in area is equal to Texas and Colorado combined, and has a population estimated at a million. Tripoli, the capital city, has about 30,000 inhabitants. It is a walled town with an excellent harbor.

As a transportation factor, the mighty Amazon, including its tributaries, offers not less than 12,000 miles suitable for steamship navigation. Manaos, a prosperous community, situated 1000 miles from the mouth of the river, in one year cleared more than 3[illegible] ships.

THE PAGEANT OF THE FORTH.

Mr. Stewart Dick Tells Us Somethir g of the History and the Romance of Its Shores.

The author of "The Pageant of the Forth" suggests that nature herself has indicated the geographical areas that are to be the scenes of the great events of history. Just as the Thames is the one important break in the east coast of England, so the Forth is the main estuary on the east coast of Scotland. There are other estuaries, but they are of lesser importance. The Firth of Forth has no rival unless we cross the country to Clyde, but the development of Clyde belongs to a later period, to the age of steam. Before the days of steam the Firth of Forth had no competitor, and therefore it played an immeasurable part in the making of Scotland.

The drama began, like so many other dramas, with the Roman legions, but the Romans were indifferent to the record of their more distant achievements, and so the pictures are vague and indefinite. We know that they penetrated into Scotland, that they were always victorious, but that victory was always the prelude to defeat. At last the great wall is built from Forth to Clyde and Roman aggression sets its own limit. Then at last the Roman legions are withdrawn to attend to other and more vital matters, and for a time the Firth of Forth may settle down to its own affairs.

The rivalry between England and Scotland had the result of driving the wealth and the strength of Scotland to the north. The border was a no-man's land, harried by incessant fighting and by all those amenities that proved how little the Northerner and the Southerner loved each other. But in the broad lands of Fife and the Lothians lay the real stability of Scotland. There clustered the royal palaces, Edinburgh, Dunfermline, Falkland, Linlithgow; the trade of the estuary increased in volume, and a little fleet of Scottish ships carried the local produce to foreign countries:

As England's inveterate enemy, Scotland was the natural ally of France, and the close intercourse of the two countries is shown by the many French words still in common use. "Belbaven" was once the port of Dunbar, the Scottish butcher calls his leg of mutton a "gigot," and a dish is an "asbet," while "gardy-loo" (gardez l'eau) was the warning cry in Edinburgh streets when the housewife emptied the contents of her bucket out of the window.

The people of the Forth are now Anglo-Saxon with a mixture of other races and with a predominance of Scandinavians among the fisher folk. But there is a difference between the two sides of the Forth. The Lothian man is a typical Lowland Scot, but the Fifer is more distinctive. "Farewell, bonnie Scotland, I'm awa' to Fife," says the proverb, and to the native his home is still the "Kingdom of Fife":

In Fife villages you will find more quaint old buildings than in the villages of the Lothians; every little town had its own Tolbooth; the churches, alas, as a rule, are only ancient as regards their towers, for the Fifers were terrible reformers three hundred years ago. Even still the Fifeshire brand of Presbyterianism is of sterner, grimmer make than elsewhere; it is uncompromisingly hostile to modern changes. There you may still hear the old precentor, still see the collection taken up by means of a long ladle passed down the pew.

The people also have a character of their own, shrewd and canny, and with an overweening sense of their own importance; for are they not Fifers, and is not Fife the centre of the universe?

"Ah, Crummie, Crummie," cried the newly elected Fifeshire bailie to his cow, "ye're nae common coo now; ye're a bailie's coo, my man," and this expresses well the naive self-importance of the prosperous Fifer.

The golf of the Forth, we are told, is a very different affair from the golf elsewhere. In Fife and the Lothians every one plays—men of leisure, working men, and loafers, the last class producing the finest players. Many of the Scotch towns have public courses, and even where they are private the artisan clubs may use them on generous terms:

There is something very Scotch about the Scotch golfer; he seems to suit the leisurely and contemplative game. "Keep your eye on the ball," "slow back," and "aye be up," is written all over him. As a nation, one would say the Scotch were professional, the English amateur, golfers. For there should be nothing dilettante about the game of golf. How serious a matter it is may be judged from the old story of the Scotch minister. Emerging after a hot and unballowed strife in the bunker, his profane words still echoing in his ears, he mops his heated brow and exclaims bitterly: "Ah maun gie it up, ah maun gie it up." "What!" cries his partner in consternation, "gie up gowf!" "No," he replies with sublime scorn, "gie up the meenistry." This is the real old golfing spirit, which still survives round the shores of the Forth.

Dunbar stands at the southern entrance of the Firth. Its old castle must once have been a formidable stronghold, built as it was upon two precipitous rocks and almost surrounded by the sea. Dunbar Castle was the key to the rich, fertile lands between Edinburgh and Berwick, its earls were second to none in wealth and power, and for centuries it played a leading part in Scottish history:

It was in Dunbar Castle that Thomas the Rhymer foretold the tragedy which plunged Scotland into its fiercest struggle for national existence. Arriving there on the 11th March, 1286, he was asked jestingly by the earl if the morrow would produce any remarkable event.

"Alas for tomorrow, a day of calamity and misery," he replied, "before the twelfth hour shall he heard a blast which shall strike nations with amazement, shall humble what is proud, and what is fierce shall level with the ground."

Next day dawned fair, and hour after hour passed without a sign. Then just on the hour of noon a rider came galloping to the castle gate, his horse covered with foam. He bore the tidings of the death of Alexander III at Kinghorn, a dire calamity indeed; for the king left no male heir, and well-nigh thirty years of war elapsed before the dynasty was again firmly established. Indeed, the Scottish throne lay at the mercy of Edward I.

A mile and a half from Dunbar is the spot where the English won a victory in 1296, and Dunbar Castle surrendered the next day. Later on the castle was seized by Wallace, who was again victorious in a battle fought at Spot. In 1337 it was defended against the English by the countess, the daughter of the Earl of Moray. When the great artillery stones struck the castle walls the countess sent one of her richly dressed maidens to wipe away the marks with a dainty napkin, and this was doubtless annoying to the besiegers. Later on we find the castle in the possession of Mary Queen of Scots, and for the first time in its history it became the scene of feminine intrigue. Then the scene again changes. In 1650 Cromwell invaded Scotland and fought his great battle with Leslie under the walls of Dunbar:

Strangely similar the two armies were—on the one hand Cromwell and his Ironsides, stern God-fearing men, firmly convinced of the righteousness of their cause, going into battle with a psalm on their lips, on the other the dour Scottish Covenanters, even more strongly convinced that they and they alone were the chosen people. Among them were many ministers of the Church of Scotland, who had taken up the sword in this holy war. Like Gideon they had tried the troops, dismissing some four thousand of the ungodly, and now they clamored for the fray, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

The story goes that their importunity overcame the better judgment of Leslie. Be that as it may, the Scottish general on 2d September began gradually moving his men down from the hill to the low ground directly between Cromwell and the south.

Cromwell immediately resolved to give battle. That same night he concentrated his forces to the left of his position, and early in the morning of the 3rd September his men surprised the Scottish pickets.

The brunt of the fray took place at the ford where now the main road crosses the little stream at Broxburn. A quiet and peaceful scene it is now, the stream winds between grassy banks, while the ring of the hammer comes clearly from the smithy close by. A little up the stream is Brands Mill, the mill now disused though once an important property, and just beyond the banks rise higher, forming the little glen of Oswaldean.

Ten miles from Dunbar is North Berwick, noted for its fisheries, and especially for its crabs and lobsters that are caught in enormous quantities and so packed that they may reach the distant markets alive:

The packers get very expert in handling these ticklish customers; one would think that they lifted them anyhow, but an attempt by the novice would end disastrously. Even as they lie in the barrels, the big crabs fight savagely; once a limb gets in the grip of the big nippers there is no hope for it, crush goes the shell, then with a click the wounded crab flicks off his useless claw, which breaks off at the root, and goes on with the combat. In due time a new claw will grow; and it is a common thing to find a crab with two claws of unequal sizes, the one being only half grown.

The centre of the Forth district is of course Edinburgh, the city that has been more written of than any other in civilization. The ancient buildings are too numerous to mention. Even Holyrood Palace is a child to many of them, having been rebuilt in 1672 by Sir William Bruce:

One corner indeed—sacred to the memory of Mary Queen of Scots—remains, the northwest tower, which is the sole relic of the palace begun by James IV and finished by his son. Here the public may walk through the two suites of paneled rooms, the scenes of the brief glamour which surrounded her marriage, those of Darnley below, those of the young queen above, connected by a private stair. Here is the audience chamber where the gallant and imperious spirit of the young girl clashed with the iron will of the grim John Knox; here the tiny supper-room from which the puppet Rizzio was dragged ignominiously to his death.

Never was there more truly a child of misfortune than Mary. Gifted with intellect, of regal beauty and winning charm, she was reared in the bright land of France, in an atmosphere of gayety and gallantry. Brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, she came to a land bigotedly Protestant, through which the Reformation had just passed like a destroying flood. Tolerant she might be, but her subjects could not. "I am none of these that will change my religion every year," she said proudly. "I mean to constrain none of my subjects, and I trust they should have no support to constrain me." But she little knew the bitter Scottish covenanting spirit. "One masse," said John Knox, "was more fearful to him than gif ten thousand armed enemies were landed of purpose to suppress the boill religion."

From time immemorial the first bridge over the Forth has been at Stirling, and Stirling has been doubly immortalized by the battle of Bannockburn. The English army came by way of St. Ninians and there was a preliminary fight for the castle in which the Scotch were successful:

That evening the two armies were halted on either side of the stream, and a small party of English had crossed over close to where Bruce, riding on a little white palfrey, was superintending the marshaling of his line. An English knight, Sir Henry de Bohun, recognizing him by his golden coronet, saw an opportunity for a dashing deed of arms. Putting the spurs to his horse, he charged down with lance in rest on the king, in full view of the Scottish army. A shout of alarm warned Bruce of his danger, but there was no one near enough to interpose. As the huge warhorse with his mail-clad rider bore down on him, Bruce waited calmly, then almost on the shock of contact he swerved his pony sharply aside. As De Bohun thundered past, rising in his stirrups, he dealt him a terrific blow with his battle-axe, which cleft helmet and head and stretched him lifeless on the ground. What a glorious omen of victory to the watching Scottish army!

Meantime Bruce had moved his line back, so that while his right rested on the precipitous bank of the Bannock Burn, his left stretched to the high ground of Coxet Hill to the northeast. Swamps rendered his passage to the burn impossible, except just where commanded by the Scottish army, and to reach Stirling Edward would have had to expose his army to a flank attack. He had no choice then but to advance direct on the Scottish line, which drawn up fourteen or sixteen deep, a solid phalanx of spearmen, awaited his attack. As the English troops advanced in the early morning, the old abbot of Inchaffray walked down the Scottish line with uplifted crucifix, and blessed the kneeling soldiers. "Ah," cried Edward, "see, they kneel, they ask for mercy." "They do," replied a knight who knew them, "but it is from God and not from us."

The English lost 30,000 men, and never again was the independence of Scotland seriously threatened. Scotland may be said to have annexed England on the field of Bannockburn.

Dunfermline is some five or six miles from North Queensferry and was once a royal residence. It was here that Malcolm Canmore brought his bride and worshiped her dutifully. Malcolm could not read, but he loved to handle his wife's books, and when she expressed love for a particular volume he would have it decorated with gems and carry it to her as a mark of devotion:

Perhaps it was of such a volume that Turgot tells the following story. A certain priest was journeying on a mule, with a gospel book belonging to the queen wrapt in a fold of his robe. While he crossed a stream the book slipped unnoticed from its covering and fell into the water, where it was discovered some hours after at the bottom of the stream. But a miracle happened; although the book lay open and the action of the flowing water had carried away some of the little coverings of silk which protected the beautifully illuminated initial letters, yet both writing and pictures were absolutely uninjured. Only the two outer leaves, slightly puckered, showed any signs of the prolonged immersion.

Such a legend, while characteristic of the times, would not strike us as worthy of special note, but in this case there is a very curious sequel.

A few years ago, in 1887 to be precise, the Bodleian library purchased a little volume purporting to be an MS. of the Gospels written on vellum and belonging to the fourteenth century. On examination, however, the MS. was discovered to be of a much earlier date, in fact, a very fine specimen of eleventh century work. And now comes the remarkable thing. In the beginning of the book was written a little poem in Latin, relating the miracle which we have just repeated as having happened to this very volume, the outer leaves of which still showed the slight creasing referred to by Turgot.

The Forth Bridge takes the place of the ancient North Queensferry that was instituted by Queen Margaret and sustained by a toll of every fourth and every fortieth penny:

Across Inverkeithing Bay is the little hamlet of St. David's, which once did a considerable export trade in coals, and a little farther on is Donibristle Castle, where, in 1592, the "Bonnie Earl of Moray," of the old ballad, was basely murdered by the Marquis of Huntly—

> Long may his lady look frae the Castle Doune
> Ere she see the Earl o' Moray come sounding through the toun.

At the dead of night Huntly, with a band of armed men, surrounded the castle and set it on fire. With the choice of perishing in the flames, or by the swords of his adversaries, Moray chose the latter course. "I will go out at the gate before your lordship," said his faithful friend Dunbar, and he did, to be instantly struck down, while Moray, a moment later, managed to burst through the ring of assassins and gain the beach. But a silk string on his doublet had caught alight in the flames and betrayed his hiding-place in the rocks, where he was overtaken and slain.

Scotland has been by no means exempt from the disease of witch-hunting. In 1705 Pittenweem gained unenviable notoriety from a series of prosecutions of old women, and the pamphleteers of the day were kept busy on both sides in defending and denouncing the action of the magistrates:

It seems that a blacksmith, one Patrick Morton, being taken ill, declared that he was bewitched, and on his instigation a number of old women were thrown into prison. Bullied by the magistrates and ministers of the town by day, and tortured by their guards by night, who never let them sleep, but kept them awake by pricking them with pins, these miserable old women were soon induced to confess anything. One woman in particular, Beatrice Layng, had been singled out by Morton for his special vengeance. He said that she came asking him to make some nails for her. He, believing they were for some evil purpose, refused to do so, and she went off muttering imprecations. When he fell ill, she was heard to say, "He micht blame his ane tongue for his ill." On this tissue of trivialities she was imprisoned, and practically under torture she acknowledged to the ministers and magistrates that she had made a wax image of Morton and stuck pins in it. After a long period of judicial bullying she was set free or, in other words, handed over to the mob to work their will on her. Hung on a rope, between a ship and the shore, she was pelted with stones till half dead, and finally pressed to death under a door. It seems that in those days no one was safe against the wildest accusations which might be brought against him.

St. Andrews is another, and perhaps the most distinctive of the old castle towns of Scotland. It was built early in the thirteenth century, and it was here that Bishop Kennedy showed James II how to break the power of his nobles, by taking a bundle of arrows, separating them, and snapping them one by one:

Under the sea tower, in the heart of the rock where it juts into the sea, is a gruesome dungeon known as the "Bottle Dungeon," so called from its shape. In the floor of the lower room in the tower is a hole five feet in diameter—down it goes for nearly twelve feet; the neck of the bottle then widens out, to form a chamber nearly twenty-four feet in breadth. There is no light, no ventilation, no exit of any kind but the neck of the bottle; a prisoner there had no more chance of escape than a crab has in a creel.

In this loathsome cell George Wishart was confined before his martyrdom; and here too John Roger, a black friar, lay for years, till he was secretly murdered there, and his body thrown over the cliffs—a story being circulated that, in impiously trying to fly, he had fallen and broken his neck. In the entrance tower were the rooms of Cardinal Beaton, and here he sat at his window to gloat over the dying agonies of Wishart—the window out of which, three months after, his own lifeless body was suspended by the arm and leg, to satisfy the rage of the mob. His body, too, made the acquaintance of the Bottle Dungeon, for there it lay for seven months in salt ere it received burial.

Mr. Dick has written a book that gives a new interest to the Firth of Forth by thus grouping the historic events of which it has been the witness. He does it in a manner delightful alike to the student and to the tourist.

THE PAGEANT OF THE FORTH. By Stewart Dick. With twenty-four illustrations in color by Scottish artists. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

In the Pacific Ocean seahorses attain a length of from ten to twelve inches, but seven inches is about the limit of those found in Atlantic waters.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Scientific Management.

Scientific management has a more precise meaning than the term itself would imply. Whether Mr. Taylor and Mr. Gilbreth have inaugurated a new era in industrial activities remains to be seen, but at least it may be said that their experiments are of a kind to arrest the attention of intelligent people.

The enormous waste of energy involved in the ordinary routine of physical motion may be said to be the text of this striking work, and perhaps this may be illustrated by a single example. The bricklayer performs a certain set of motions for each brick that he lays. This set of motions is repeated, let us say, 2000 times in the course of a day's work. It is obvious that a single false or unnecessary motion in connection with each brick must represent an appreciable time loss at the end of the day, and if there are many such false and unnecessary motions the wastage will be large. A minute study of motions showed how serious this wastage actually is. Mr. Gilbreth experimented in the exact position that the workman himself should occupy in relation to the wall, the mortar box, and the brickpile, in order to secure the greatest economy of effort. He studied the proper height of the scaffold, and devised a table for bricks and mortar so as to obviate the necessity of stooping. He employed a laborer to arrange the bricks so that they might be grasped correctly and with a single motion, and he so tempered the mortar that the weight of the brick should properly bed it without the usual taps of the trowel. The usual number of motions in laying a brick is eighteen. Mr. Gilbreth reduced them to five. He found that the man who could lay 120 bricks an hour by the old method could lay 350 bricks an hour by the new, and with less fatigue. As each man became proficient in economizing his labor he received a substantial addition to his pay.

The example of the bricklayer is one out of many. The same system can be applied wherever routine bodily motions are required, for unstudied motions always imply wastage. Economy of motion is one of the largest factors in efficiency. The author gives many illustrations similar to that of the bricklayers. He has tried his system in various trades and always with the same results. He finds that the shortest route between two points is always a straight line. It may be that other expert opinion may modify some of his conclusions, but in the meantime he is to be congratulated on so practical an application of common sense and one that promises such substantial benefits to all concerned.

The Principles of Scientific Management. By Frederick Winslow Taylor. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.50.

Rainier of the Last Frontier.

This is a curious and unusual story, and one that is told with some skill. Clarke Rainier is a war correspondent who is persuaded at last to settle down on a Seattle newspaper. But the sight of a transport bound for the Philippines shatters his good resolutions. He smuggles himself on board, makes himself useful among the horses, is thrown overboard by a villainous army surgeon with whom he has quarreled, is arrested as a beachcomber at Ilo-Ilo, and subsequently released at the request of the Y. M. C. A. agent. Then Rainier becomes religious, but not so much so as to prevent him from doing some desperate fighting against the insurgents, who have carried off a beautiful hospital nurse in whom he is interested. The slightest suggestion of cant would have rendered the story intolerable, but the religious incident is deftly and finely done. The picture of army life in the Philippines is excellent, and the story as a whole deserves to rank as a successful piece of fiction.

Rainier of the Last Frontier. By John M. Dean. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; $1.20.

The Stock Exchange.

Mr. Francis W. Hirst, who contributes a volume on the Stock Exchange to the Home University Library, is the editor of the *Economist*, and is therefore an authority of the first rank. He writes not only for those who have an academic interest in the Stock Exchange, but also for those who desire the practical and usually painful experience of speculation. His advice is usually "don't." The outsider can not discriminate between prices that represent intrinsic value and those that represent manipulation. He is "sure to come to grief" if he attempts to guess at prices by the day and the week without inside information.

But Mr. Hirst by no means confines himself to warning and admonition. Beginning with a history of the Stock Exchange, he goes on to explain some of the principal phenomena of the last few years, and it may be said that he feels no diffidence in trenching upon the great political questions of the day and even upon the realm of prediction. Speaking of the disastrous financial results of the Boer War, he says that "if those who made the war had been allowed to make a tariff, the greatest emporium, the greatest shipping, broking, and banking centre of the world would have been not only shaken, but shattered. Grass would have grown in the port of London and in the streets of the city." The author devotes an interesting chapter to Wall Street, while other sections filled with information and sound advice are devoted to "Good Securities and the Art of Investment," "Speculative Securities and Modes of Speculation," and "Why the Prices of Securities Rise and Fall." A glossary and bibliography complete a little volume that is free from technicalities and that can be read with profit by the tyro as well as by the initiate.

The Stock Exchange. A short study of investment and speculation. By Francis W. Hirst. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents.

Liszt and His Music.

Mr. Arthur Hervey has done at least one important service to music by his work on Liszt. He has impressed upon us the fact that Liszt was as great a composer as he was an executant, perhaps even a greater, and in a few too brief chapters he exalts his character as a man. His entire life was permeated with a desire to do good, to help others, and to serve his art. Singularly free from the vagaries and the personal vanities so often associated with artistic genius, his character was dominated by a spirit of self-abnegation that caused him to say that even though he himself should never produce anything good or beautiful, "I should none the less feel a deep and eternal joy in appreciating what I recognize and admire as beautiful and great in others." His devotion to his juniors was not always reciprocated. His aid and encouragement to Brahms, for example, were exquisitely given, but subsequently when he graciously acceded to a request to perform his own sonata he glanced at Brahms during its most expressive and pathetic part and the younger composer was dozing in his chair.

Some more extended references to the personality of Liszt would have been welcome, but the author wisely devotes the bulk of his work to a consideration of Liszt's compositions. We have a biographical chapter, a chapter on "The Musician and the Man," and a third on "Personality and Influence." Then come sections on "The Pianoforte Works," "The Symphonic Works," "The Sacred Works and the Songs," "Principal Compositions," "Literary Works," and "Correspondence." A bibliography concludes a little volume that is in every way satisfactory and that fills a vacant place in musical literature.

Franz Liszt and His Music. By Arthur Hervey. New York: John Lane Company; $1.50.

The Common Law.

Mr. Chambers disappoints us again by another novel as unreal and as prurient as any that have preceded it. It is the story of a young girl who decides to become an artist's model, not so much for the sake of gain as that she may know nice people. Her first experience in the "altogether" is naturally embarrassing and it is described ruthlessly. It is the unfailing bait of indecency for the dear public. The ice once broken, Valerie West promptly falls in love with the artist, but refuses to marry him because of his aristocratic family. She is quite willing to assume less conventional relations with him, even eager to do so, but her lofty altruism will not allow her to mar his social future by a marriage with a model. Needless to say her scruples are eventually overcome, and for reasons that are hazy enough.

Mr. Chambers is, of course, as humorous and as sprightly as ever. He knows the *argot* of the studio and his stage scenery is all as it should be. His subsidiary characters are passable enough, but his chief actors are not human beings. And his only sentiment is that of crude sex and it needs a disinfectant.

The Common Law. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.40.

The Intellectuals.

Canon Sheehan is a writer of immense industry and all his books are large. Novels and essays flow from his pen in an almost continuous stream, and he is probably the best if not the only exponent of certain phases of Irish life that escape the lay writer. "The Intellectuals" is frankly modeled on Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat." We have a society of select people who meet at regular intervals for a discussion of current topics. They are intelligent, well-mannered, and sincere, and actually representative of Irish life as it may be found in any community of considerable size. Protestants are naturally in a minority, but they are in a minority in the country at large, so there can be no criticism upon this score. Nor does the author place them at any disadvantage in the matter of brains.

But the thirty-seven sessions of the society are not of a polemical kind. Their participants are not gladiators, but debaters. They look for unity rather than discord. There is a certain amount of rapier work, but there are no bludgeons. The author's object is "to show that there are really no invincible antagonisms amongst the people who make up the commonwealth of Ireland—no mutual repugnances that may not be removed by freer and kindlier intercourse with each other." Such a contention ought to be an axiom, and it would be an axiom if the author's suavity, tolerance, and flexibility were the rule rather than the exception. Even on the vexed question of religion he shows an admirable spirit of fair play, allowing his Protestant characters to talk as intelligent Protestants actually would talk. Canon Sheehan has produced a thoroughly readable book, a book that grasps the real problems of Irish life and that discusses them in such a way as to produce the widest variety of opinions.

The Intellectuals. An Experiment in Irish Club Life. By Canon Sheehan, D. D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; $1.50.

The Man Without a Face.

This is a fine, full-flavored, old-fashioned story of crime, the sort of story that shows us several threads of destiny apparently independent, but actually moving toward one common tangle of villainy that is unraveled in the last chapters. The reader will be delighted by the promising opening and the infinite possibilities that lie ahead of it. A boy of twenty murders his mother because she refuses to give him a little money that he needs for amatory uses. Then the scene changes to America. A wealthy man finds that his supposed son is actually the son of his partner, his wife having been so indiscreet as to write a letter to that effect. And so on. There is a delightful breezy atmosphere of murder and adultery pervading the story, but it is all told with such an innocent zest that we positively revel in it.

The Man Without a Face. By Albert Boissière. Translated by Florence Crewe-Jones. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.25.

Briefer Reviews.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have published a well-printed and well-illustrated edition of "Resurrection," by Lyof N. Tolstoi. The translation is by Aline P. Delano.

"The Wonder Lady," by Ella Lowery Moseley (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.10), is the story of a love affair between a charitable young lady and a doctor who make each other's acquaintance at the sickbed of the poor. The story contains a good deal of conventional piety.

"The Superintendent," by Irene Welch Grissom (Alice Harriman Company; $1.35), is a pleasant little story of an orphan girl who comes to Washington to live with friends and is introduced to the lumber mills and to the men of the West who run them. The author applies the local color with skill and her characters are fresh and robust.

"The Story of the Roman People," by Eva March Tappan, Ph. D. (Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.50), is well adapted for children. The language is simple and precise and the illustrations are numerous and good. The author divides her subject into "Rome as a Kingdom," "Rome as a Republic," and "Rome as an Empire," and she is to be commended for pointing out the similarities between the difficulties and advantages of the Roman republic and those of the American republic of today.

There is no reason why "The Boy's Story of Zebulon M. Pike," by Mary Gay Humphreys (Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50), should be monopolized by boys. It is based directly upon Pike's diaries and reports, and is as good a summary of the adventurer's achievements as has yet been published. The diary is not, of course, given *in extenso*, but the only parts omitted or condensed are those that deal with the routine of the day. Moreover, those explanatory passages placed by the author in appendices have been appropriately inserted in the text, with the result that we have a continuous and authentic narrative. A number of curious illustrations complete a volume of unusual interest.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Her Little Young Ladyship.

Myra Kelly was supreme in her depiction of the alien child life in New York. It was her most familiar ground, but that she could write a good story along general lines is evidenced by the present work. "Her Little Young Ladyship" is by no means a novel of original genius, but it is told with skill and sympathy, in language that is simple and direct, and with a sentiment that is uniformly wholesome. It is a story of a Connecticut girl who marries an Irish peer and finds herself confronted with the feudal life of an Irish estate. The author is courageous enough to make the marriage a supremely happy one in spite of the insane efforts of Lord Gresham's twin brother to sow discord and so maintain his own position as steward of the estate. Perhaps the eugenist would find fault with Miss Kelly for making one of the twin brothers an epileptic and a murderous criminal, while the other is his physical, mental, and moral antithesis, but if any defense is needed upon this score it may be found in the Biblical story of Jacob and Esau.

Her Little Young Ladyship. By Myra Kelly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Liberalism.

Mr. L. T. Hobhouse's able defense of Liberalism appears in the Home University Library, and while it relates more especially to English party politics it has a general relation to the reform movement throughout the world. Mr. Hobhouse traces Liberalism from the time when the basis of the state was of an authoritarian order that gradually provoked a religious, political, economic, social, and ethical protest. The protest was the beginning of Liberalism, which thus became a critical, destructive, and even revolutionary force. That it slowly developed a constructive aspect, that it is equipped to build as well as to tear down, is the author's main contention, ingeniously and enthusiastically defended by arguments drawn from the political history of England during the last few years.

Liberalism. By L. T. Hobhouse. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

D. Appleton & Co. report a big sale of Robert Chambers's "The Common Law," in spite of its previous publication as a magazine serial. Three editions were exhausted in its first month.

"Football: The American Intercollegiate Game," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, by Parke H. Davis, Princeton, '93, member of the intercollegiate rules committee, has just been issued. This is not only the first complete and thorough account of football, from the game played in the English schools to the latest developments of the season of 1910, but it gives also the complete history of all the games played between the principal colleges in this country, from the beginning until this year.

Julia Magruder, whose "A Heaven-Kissing Hill" is pleasantly remembered, has a new book, "Her Husband: The Mystery of a Man," among the fall issues by Small, Maynard & Co.

Two years have elapsed since Sudermann stirred the world of letters with his "Song of Songs." Now comes the announcement of "The Indian Lily," to be published by B. W. Huebsch, a story of gay Berlin life containing another painstaking portrayal of womanhood. The pleasures which life offers to those possessing wealth and easy morals and the love of an affectionate woman for a jaded man of the world are the features in the foreground of the tale.

The only new novel written by Jeffery Farnol since the publication of "The Broad Highway" will be published by Little, Brown & Co. in 1912 after it has appeared serially in *McClure's Magazine*. It will be called "The Amateur Gentleman."

Richard Washburn Child, whose new book, "The Man in the Shadow," has just been publisbed by the Macmillan Company, is among the youngest of the American story-writers. He was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1881, and was graduated at Harvard Law School in 1906. He bas done magazine and newspaper work, in addition to his duties as a lawyer. His first book, "Jim Hands," was published last year.

Miss Marie Corelli, the mostly widely read English novelist of the present day, was adopted when three months old by Charles Mackay, LL. D., a well-known journalist and war correspondent. During the American Civil War Dr. Mackay was the special correspondent of the New York *Times*, and bis relations with Horace Greeley and President Lincoln were of an unusually intimate character. When Marie was eleven years old she made her first literary effort, copying a number of original poems in printed characters and mailing them to Dr. Mackay for his criticism. To the delight of the young authoress one or two of these poems were published. Dr. Mackay was stricken with paralysis, and in an attempt to free ber foster-father's declining years from pressing financial anxieties she made her first serious literary effort. The result was "The Romance of Two Worlds."

New Books Received.

The Coil of Carne. By John Oxenham. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25.

A new novel by the author of "The Long Road."

Awakening. By Maud Diver. New York: John Lane Company; $1.30.

A story of the marriage of a Hindu woman to a white man and what came of it.

Poems. By Madison Cawein. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.35.

Selected by the author. With a foreword by William Dean Howells.

Business. The Heart of the Nation. By Charles Edward Russell. New York: John Lane Company; $1.50.

A defense of business and a demonstration of its necessity to society.

The Conquest of Nerves. By J. W. Courtney, M. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.

A manual of self-help.

American Socialism of the Present Day. By Jessie Wallace Hughan. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25.

A definition of socialism by a university trained economist and an active member of the Socialist party.

Annals of the Parish. By John Galt. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.75.

The chronicle of Dalmailing during the ministry of the Rev. Micah Balwhidder, written by himself. Illustrated in color by Henry W. Kerr, R. S. A.

The Pageant of the Forth. By Stewart Dick. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.75.

A volume of history and description. With twenty-four illustrations in color by Scottish artists.

Arran of the Bens, the Glens and the Brave. By Mackenzie Macbride, F. S. A. (Scot.). Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.75.

With illustrations in color by J. Lawton Wingate, R. S. A.

Myths and Legends of Alaska. By Katharine B. Judson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.50.

With a number of rare photographs and other illustrations.

George Washington, translated from the German of Ferdinand Schmidt by George P. Upton. Maximilian in Mexico, translated from the German of J. Kemper by George P. Upton. William Penn, translated from the German of Hugo Oertel by George P. Upton. Hernando Cortes, translated from the German of Joachim Heinrich Campe by George P. Upton. Christopher Columbus, translated from the German of Joachim Heinrich Campe by George P. Upton. Francisco Pizarro, translated from the German of Joachim Heinrich Campe by George P. Upton. Erik the Red, Leif the Lucky, and Other Pre-Columbian Discoverers of America, translated from the German of P. Oswald Moosmüller, O. S. B., by George P. Upton. Benjamin Franklin, translated from the German of J. Brüschweiler-Wilhelm by George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Issued in the Life Stories for Young People series.

The Forbidden Way. By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A new novel by the author of "The Bolted Door."

Stella's Roomers. By Stella Carr. New York: Brandu's; $1.25.

"The astonishing story of a New York rooming-house."

The Night Riders of Cave Knob. By Quincy Scott. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

With illustrations by the author.

Housekeeping and Household Arts. By Alice M. Fuller. Manila: Bureau of Printing.

A manual for work with the girls in the elementary schools of the Philippine Islands.

Making Both Ends Meet. By Sue Ainslie Clark and Edith Wyatt. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.

The income and outlay of New York working girls.

Puppets. By George Forbes, F. R. S. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.20.

Otherwise described as "a work-a-day philosophy."

English Country Life. By Walter Raymond. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.75.

Illustrated in color from water-color drawings by Wilfrid Ball, R. E.

Talk of the Town. By Mrs. John Lane. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25.

Some philosophizings upon art dealers, old furniture, and journeyings in Europe and Egypt.

Pure Foods. By John C. Olsen, A. M., Ph. D. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Adulteration, nutritive value, and cost.

The Life Everlasting. By Marie Corelli. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.35.

A new novel, otherwise described as "a reality of romance."

The New Italy. By M. E. Wood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.

A discussion of its present political and social conditions. Translated from "La Terra Italia: Lettere di un Yankee," of Frederico Garlanda.

Social Reform and the Constitution. By Frank J. Goodnow, LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.

An attempt to ascertain to what extent the Constitution of the United States in its present form is a bar to the adoption of the most important social reform measures which have been made parts of the most progressive peoples of the present day.

My Own Story. By Louisa of Tuscany, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Translated under the supervision of the author.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt. D., and A. R. Waller, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $2.50.

Volume VII, Cavalier and Puritan.

CURRENT VERSE.

Supersensible.

The harp is ever singing to itself
In soft and soullike sounds we can not hear;
The stars of morning sing, and soundless words
Make God's commands run swift from sphere to sphere.

Each flower is always sending incense up
As if in act of holy worshiping,
Till fragrant earth is one great altar, like
To heaven where saints their prayer-filled censers swing.

The stars send out a thousand rays, writ full
Of mysteries we can not read nor see,
Of histories so long, and goings forth
So vast, the volumes fill infinity.

Celestial presences have walked with man,
Alluring him to Neho's lofty beight;
Transfigured forms in tender light, too oft
Invisible to our low range of sight.

O Source Divine of things so fine and high,
Touch all thy children's souls with power to see
That vibrant earth and air and boundless sky
Still throb with immanent divinity.
—*Bishop Henry W. Warren, in the Independent.*

Irremeahilis Unda.

I sit and watch the weary, weeping weather,
The clustering rain-drops thicken on the pane;
I hear the waters and the wind complain
O for the years when we were young together.

The dripping branches and the drenched dark heather,
The low gray clouds that shroud the lonely height,
Weigh on my heart that once had found them light.
O for the years when we were young together.

Time, the implacable, has us in his tether,
And Memory's self turns traitor—when I seek
Her hoard of golden lore she will not speak—
O for the years when we were young together.

Though still may fall a tide of halcyon weather
With sun to gild such treasures as remain,
What time has taken he can not give again—
O for the years when we were young together.
—*Rosamund Marriott Watson, in London Athenæum.*

"They That Walk in Darkness."

What chance had we? Come, answer, you who scorn
To look upon us, wretched, outcast, lost,
Beyond the pale of your bright world forever!
What chance had we, who toiled night, day, and morn?
The time we counted not, only the cost
Of bread, our gauge for every day's endeavor.

Are we so wicked, then, who never knew
Your firelit homes, the doors of which are barred
To us who wander, longing, weary-eyed?
Are we so wicked, who despairing threw
Ourselves away, to play the only card
Wherewith by fortune we were fortified?

O Sheltered Women, you whose hearths are warm,
How should you judge, why should you sympathize?
To you our misery contempt imparts.
You find protection on a husband's arm,
You know the kiss of love that purifies,
The bands of little children press your hearts.

Think you we love the life that now we lead?
We walk in darkness and our souls are dead.
Our hearts, insensate, cold, are not our own.
Think you we chose the life that in our need
We caught, a straw, dark waters overhead?
Let those that sinless are first cast a stone!
—*M. Rainsford Haines, in Harper's Weekly.*

The Last Bison Herd.

Across the dusky hills, as falls the wintry gloom,
I see them come, a snow begrizzled host,
A silent, sullen stream of plodding woes.
The shrieking wind with ghoulish glee foretells their doom,
Each whirling drift a shrouded taunting ghost
Across their path its tangled garments throws.

With heavy, low-hung, shaggy heads and steaming breath
And eyes aglow with desperation's fire,
With hacks that arch below the bitter sting
Of sweeping winter winds that wildly wail of death,
They struggle on, impelled by blind desire
For change, and chance relief that change may bring.

I see them pause and halt, a mass of dumb despair,
And ever huddle closer as they stand.
A silent, hopeless, fated horde they crowd
As whirling drifts sweep madly through the thickening air,
And ghostly screaming demons o'er the land,
In hollow ghoulish glee, laugh long and loud.

Into the darkness and the storm they fade away:
I hear no more, nor see them in the night,
For unto them no more are time and place.
The morning breaks in silence bleakly cold and gray,
The valley sits in robes of spotless white,
And in her lap there sleeps a vanished race.
—*Carlyle C. McIntyre, in Outdoor Life.*

Sights for the Stranger

No visitor to the Golden Gate City should leave without climbing to the top of Telegraph Hill. It is one of the historic landmarks of the town, and is so easily reached that it appeals strongly to the sightseer. From its summit an unparalleled view is obtained.

This is one of the jaunts that can be made for five cents. Boarding a United Railroads car at the Ferry, one rides up Market Street, transfers at Kearny, the busiest corner in the city, and rides out to the foot of the Hill, skirting the eastern fringe of quaint Chinatown on the way. Picturesque "Little Italy" climbs up the slope, and the top of Telegraph Hill is reached after a climb through and above the Latin quarter.

As early as 1859 a station was maintained on the crest of the Hill for the purpose of announcing incoming ships. They could be seen approaching through the Golden Gate, and eager pioneers in the town below, waiting for news from home, were informed by signal just what kind of ships were approaching. A wonderful sweep of city, bay and hills is obtained from the Hill. Golden Gate, the Marin hills, all the islands of the bay, Berkeley and Oakland across on the east, San Francisco below, the shipping, and the bay stretching away to the south as far as the eye can see—these are what one views from the summit. Once a big wooden "castle" stood up there and a cable road crawled up the side of the Hill.

Fisherman's Wharf is another sight which should be jotted down in the visitor's notebook for observance. Like practically every other interesting point here it can also be reached by street-car for five cents. Fishing is a leading industry and a great fleet of sail and power boats go out daily. One can ride witbin a block of the wharf on the Powell Street cars. Behind a stone breakwater, safe in the calm, still waters, the fleet lies at anchor after the day's work. Dozens and dozens of boats float in snug rows below the wharves, and the bronzed sons of Italy sing softly as they repair nets and lines, overhaul their boats and bait thousands of hooks for the morrow's fishing. When the fleet comes in the wharf is the scene of great activity. Tons of the finest fish from the broad Pacific are landed, flapping and gasping, boxed and carried away, and in the free market sales are rapidly made. Here is a touch of real Neapolitan life to delight the artist, the story-writer, and the hurried traveler. Near by is the government immigration boarding station.

Going and coming the stranger passes, on the car, the splendid St. Francis and Fairmont hotels, noted the world over.

San Franciscans know in a general way where to go and what to see, but it is also true that they are not as intimately familiar with the scenic and historic as they might be, while the stranger with a little time to spare usually has made a written or a mental note of the things of which he has heard afar, and is anxious to seek them out and delve into their historic or other connection with the city. Numbers of places well worth a visit exist in and about San Frnacisco, and can be reached by street-car for a minimum fare, and to aid in the movement to "See San Francisco first," these little talks on trips may be expected.

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READERS who appreciate this paper may give their friends the opportunity of seeing a copy. A specimen number of the *Argonaut* will be sent to any address in any part of the world on application to the Publishers, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.



"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE."

It is a pity that we can not always lay our hands immediately upon the novel or short story that has supplied the inspiration for a play. It is always interesting to know just how much either of the two authors is responsible for the merits of the plot, and how wide a deviation is made from the original story.

Perhaps I may be giving credit to Paul Armstrong where it is due to O. Henry for some of the good points in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." But one of the two found a sure way not only to the interest, but to the sympathy of the average theatre-goer when he wrote about reforming and reformed criminals. And yet the public is as hard as the nether millstone toward the professional criminal when its own pocket is involved or when it is away from the glamour of the footlights or from the softening influence of the after-dinner novel, read in front of a cosy fire.

The truth is our self-protective are stronger than our benevolent instincts. And the truth is that occasionally the individual's mercy and generosity prevail, and he gives a criminal a chance.

It happened so in "Jimmy Valentine," except that Jimmy made his benefactor believe him to be an unjustly accused man. But he was a convict, wearing stripes, he had been subjected to the demoralizing influences of prison life, and he was pardoned, rehabilitated, trusted. Jimmy became a bank cashier, and held watch and ward over trays of glittering gold.

It is improbable, very. Yet it is done. I know of a case right here in San Francisco, in which a prominent lawyer, now dead, gave a man who had served his term a chance, realizing well the risk he ran. The man was of the type of Jimmy; intelligent, good-looking, skilled, and courteous; he was a treasure. Never had his employer had a bookkeeper to compare with him, and he valued him accordingly, and even trusted him, until one day the gentlemanly clerk disappeared, carrying several thousand dollars with him.

Now that sort of thing is disconcerting and shouldn't happen in melodrama. And it doesn't in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." The author boldly takes the audience on its primitive side; the side that wants to and will believe in all the things it disbelieves in as soon as its feet touch the outside pavement.

In "Alias Jimmy Valentine" a presumably hard-headed, but, judged by the cold light of reason, an actually mush-headed banker, hires an ex-convict that he has good reason to think his daughter is in love with to be his cashier. He calmly allows the young people to be thrown together, trusting to the intuitions of his daughter, who believes in the young man. The daughter, in her heart, feels that Jimmy is the safe-breaker whose identity he disavows, yet, believing in his better possibilities, she deliberately woos him. Three criminals, who are old pals in crime, and seem to hear to each other an affectionate friendship entirely devoid of the element of distrust which is generally an essential element of criminal palship, back each other up in their mutual reformation. And a hard-headed, hard-hearted detective has a rush of heart to the head at the last moment, and lets off his quarry at the very moment when he has him in his grasp.

Yet I suppose all these improbabilities may have happened. At any rate, they are not impossibilities, and the audience likes them.

The author wins sympathy for his convict characters by depicting the hardened attitude of the warden toward them, and the metaphorical kick with which he dismisses them from the prison when a term is completed. He shows a detective, quiet, ruthless, deadly, watching and waiting for his prey, like Victor Hugo's Javert.

And, by a clever device, he allows the audience a glimpse at criminal accomplishments, which are displayed at the command of the warden, and not wielded as a weapon against society.

The audience views the pride of the criminal in his special craft, and perhaps attained to some perception of the difficulty a man must feel in avoiding the practice of that in which he excels.

A special inspiration in working out the dramatic destinies of Jimmy Valentine lies in making him a humorist. Jimmy loves a quiet laugh, but most he loves to inspire one. H. B. Warner is particularly equipped for this phase of the character, his methods lending themselves with special ability to portraying the neat, quiet humor of a man whose way of life has forced him to keep out of the white light of public observation.

Jimmy's first entrance, however, does not display this humorous side. The warden, obligingly desirous of gratifying the wish of the ladies of "The Gate of Hope Society," to view a prisoner of the romantic type, brings in Jimmy Valentine. Jimmy is tall, slight, and good-looking, even under the prison pallor. He uses well-chosen language, and speaks in a low, but penetrating voice. He is becomingly dejected. He persistently and consistently denies his identity with the Springfield, Massachusetts, safe-breaker, who is the only case extant of a man who can break open a safe by the sense of touch; and when the warden, wishing to exhibit the dangerous accomplishment of his charges to the delegates in his office, orders Jimmy to open the safe, the convict refuses with a quiet, self-respectful finality (unless, indeed, the combination is first given him) that, in the mind of a romantic girl who has once seen him exercise his man's strength and chivalry in her defense, establishes belief in his powers of self-redemption.

This is the romantic side of the character. In the ensuing act we see Jimmy tender to children and to his sweetheart, cordial and helpful to his old pals, and full of a boy's playfulness and love of fun. The three pals laugh together, and the audience laughs with them. Mr. Warner does this fun-loving side of Jimmy with many deft touches, gestures, inflections, and glances, that are all in line with the quietness of manner with which he makes all his effects.

This comedy sense even prevails in that tense scene—the best in the play, even barring that of the safe-breaking—in which, in the war of wits between Jimmy and the detective, Jimmy comes out victor, or seems to.

That was the merit of this scene: the element of uncertainty, of suspense, was so well maintained that even if we had known the outcome we could, in the interest that held us, have been won to forgetfulness of our previous knowledge.

Frank Monroe's detective's impassivity was masterly; as good, in its way, as the air of light, interested reminiscence with which Jimmy turned over the leaves of his cooked-up scrap-hook, or glanced in pleasant recollection at his manipulated photographs, with every word and gesture proving an unconcerned alibi, the while he shot sudden cautious, fleeting, probing glances at the pursuer upon whose credulity destinies hung.

The audience, of course, was with Jimmy to a man. Yet it was not had ethics that it was so. Jimmy had changed himself from a criminal to a man. He was become honest and capable. Lealty and helpfulness to his comrades was strong within him. The powers of leadership in him had nerved them up to the great effort of self-regeneration. The fount of tenderness that wells in all true men toward women and children had been reached. And Jimmy was fighting with all his subtle wits, with every tense nerve and steely muscle, with all the plausibility that a guilty but resolute and resourceful man can throw in voice, and speech, manner, and gesture, to keep these precious things that he had won from grudging fortune.

That was what the scene meant to the audience, and they absorbed it with hungry interest, smiling at the cleverly casual air with which Jimmy occasionally threw in an artistically calculated effect to add vraisemblance to "an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative."

The grand climactic scene is that of the safe-breaking. The identity of the safe-breaker is the moot point all through the play, and the author, having stimulated the interest of the audience in Jimmy's proficiency to the highest point, finally allows it to see the artist in the throes of inspiration, doing his great work.

But mark the insight of the author. Jimmy has won the suffrage of the audience, and that faith in him must rest on a firm basis. Jimmy, the artist, must be seen in the moment of professional inspiration, but not as one who uses his skill as a criminal or for a trifling purpose. He must be animated by some heroic purpose. So, in the very moment when he has, as he believes, successfully hoodwinked the detective, he learns that the little child that he pets and loves is imprisoned in the great vault, in immediate danger of suffocation. No one knows the combination, and the reformed safe-breaker must either refuse the prayer of his pal to rescue her or put himself in danger of letting the outside world know of his too-famous proficiency. Jimmy chooses the path of self-sacrifice, and, in a darkened room, secretly and guiltily, he falls to his self-incriminating task.

The scene is worked up well. The two eager, hurried figures, the agitated, hoarse voices, the handaging of the expert's eyes, that vision may not interfere with the instinct which guides the sand-papered, delicately sure fingers, the occasional flashes of light by which the pal who assists reads, in an agitated voice, the numbers of the combination, the silent, watching, unseen figures of detective and sweetheart in the background, all are elements in a scene which is charged with melodramatic excitement and suspense.

Nobody is thinking much of the outcome, in spite of the presence of the sleuth. We just feel sure, somewhere in the background of our melodrama brain-cells, that, as we have been worked up to warmly approving of Jimmy, he is going to come out all right. We have now reached that stage in which we are oblivious to the logical and the commonplace, we do not at all cavil that Rose, the sweetheart, instead of coming forward wringing her hands in terror of her little sister's possible doom, lurks in a hiding-place, watching Jimmy.

Why, we know not, but it seems that this astute young woman has divined that Jimmy is the man that he says he is not, and she is snooping round trying to find out. I don't think it is very nice of Rose, but Rose is a melodramatic freak anyway, conducting her affairs as only girls in melodrama are capable of conducting them.

I think that "Alias Jimmy Valentine" is a play that will appeal primarily to men. The hard-headed young women in Rose's walk of life do not see themselves giving up their destinies to throwing rose-leaves in the life-paths of ex-convicts, and, besides, Rose is not an intrinsically interesting character. Still, Phyllis Sherwood, in spite of having a little too much manner, pleases the audience, and wins quite a share of applause.

Besides H. B. Warner as Jimmy Valentine, and Frank Monroe as the detective, the rôle of the warden was well played by Charles Riegel, that of Bill Avery by William Turner, and that of the impulsive and excitable Red Jocelyn, by Frank Allworth. Blinky Davis and Dick the Rat's portraits were rather too highly touched up, but they made their effects, and the two children, especially Philip Trauh, showed what is now coming to be the usual surprising ability of the child players.

The audience chortled with joy over each exciting *dénouement*. They were plainly in the mood for melodrama, and had come sniffing it from afar.

I will confess, in low and humble tones, that I was a little disappointed in "Jimmy Valentine," because, in strictly modern melodrama, they no longer pre-suppose such a primitively simple and credulous attitude on the part of audiences. But there were few in the theatre that would bear me out in my criticism. They warmly approved of Rose and her incautious parent, and they seemed equally oblivious to the fact that the professional crook is frequently congenitally so, and has got something out of gear in his brain cells.

But one enjoys seeing the public become a great child. It is refreshed thereby, and probably derives some good from feeling its kindly sentiments reach out toward those other irresponsible children, confirmed criminals.

It never does us any harm to feel that the quality of mercy is not strained, even if it is only in a theatre.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Tragedy at the Greek Theatre.

Stephen Phillips's romantic tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca," will be staged in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley on Saturday evening, October 7, by the English Club of the University of California. Under the direction of Mr. Garnet Holme rehearsals have been in progress for several weeks, and those in charge expect a spectacular performance equaling if not surpassing previous productions, such as Schiller's "Mary Stuart," Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," Phillips's "Nero," and a number of others running back to the ancient Sanskrit drama, "The Little Clay Cart," produced in 1907.

The University of California has become famous for its English Club productions, which rank in importance with any college dramatics in the country. Compared with the plays staged by the Harvard Dramatic Association, the Hasty Pudding Club, and the Yale and Princeton societies, California's outdoor performances are superior in spectacular effect if not in the finished work of the actors.

Although the large stage of the Greek Theatre is not well adapted to such scenery as is used in ordinary playhouses, special plans have been made for this performance to reproduce an Italian formal garden in which the famous love scene between Paolo and Francesca in the grounds of the palace of Rimini may be enacted. A pergola covered with rare trees and exotic shrubs from the University conservatory will extend across the entire stage, representing faithfully a court garden.

Italian soldiers in chain armor, priests in cowl and gown, and peasantry arrayed in gay and striking colors, appearing from time to time during the performance, will contribute to the picturesqueness of the scene. Costumes of the type seen in "Romeo and Juliet" will be worn by the members of the cast.

Assisting Mr. Holme in the preparations for the production are Professor Chauncey W. Wells of the English department, and Professor William Popper of the Semitic department. Professor William Dallam Armes is chairman of the University committee in charge of the Greek Theatre. Albert J. Evers, '11, is business manager of the play, with Frederick B. Hornick, '14, in charge of press work, and L. Spencer Davis, '13, and Louis Jackson, '12, in charge of scenery and costuming, as his assistants.

The complete cast follows: Giovanni, Gladstone Wilson, '15; Paolo, E. G. Clewe, '12; Valentino, E. R. Zumwalt, '14; Corrado, R. A. Silent, '13; Luigi, J. T. Grihner, '13; Marco, J. B. Oliver, '13; Pulci, J. W. Rankin, '12; Francesca, Barbara Nachtrieb, '13; Lucrezia, Lurita Stone, '14; Tessa, Carolyn Waite, '13; Nita, Maryly Krusi, '13; Angela, May Christal, '13; Mirra, Enid Watkins, '13.

Tickets for "Paolo and Francesca" will be on sale after October 1 at The Co-op, Sign of the Bear, Sadler's, Glessner-Morse & Geary's, Tupper and Reed's in Berkeley, Sherman, Clay & Co.'s in Oakland, and Paul Elder's in San Francisco. General admission is 50 cents; reserved seats, 75 cents.

At the national theatre in Yokohama, where "Hamlet" is being produced in Japanese, the Danish Prince wears an up-to-date evening suit in all the acts, except in the ghost scene, where he wears cycling attire.

The Abbey Theatre Company of Dublin, under the direction of William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, opened the new Plymouth Theatre in Boston a few days ago.

Sam Bernard in "He Came from Milwaukee" is on early Cort Theatre booking. Bernard has never played in San Francisco.

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VANITY FAIR.

Why are there no Pomona clubs in the West? Why are these fine flowers of our civilization to be found only in an usurping and a monopolistic East? We read about them with the gangrene of jealousy in our hearts, but the closest inquiry fails to show that there is anything like a Pomona club west of Washington.

Need it be said that the Pomona Club is intended to aid woman in her eternal quest of the beautiful. But not the beautiful in dress. Not at all. She has no use for that. She would not know it if she met it on the street, and she would cut it dead if she did know it. But she does so want to be beautiful in body. She wants to walk correctly so far as her hobble skirt and her abolished hips will permit her. She wants to hold her head correctly so far as her hat will permit her to see anything more than the sidewalk and not much of that. She wants her digestion so regulated that she may continue her exclusive diet of ice-cream and candy, and more than anything else she wishes to regulate the hand of nature that is bountiful with fat and so niggardly with brains. Hence the Pomona clubs. They are efficacious, irresistible, unique, and indispensable. They have been so for the last three weeks. They will continue to be so for nine days more. Then they will yield to the novelty exigencies of the new cult and some other freak will inherit their popularity and their virtues.

What would we not give to be present at a solemn session of a Pomona club? How the cares of the world would slip from our bowed shoulders as we dissolved in inextinguishable mirth. The Pomona Club pursues the cult of the apple. Its devotees have discovered the virtues of the fruit that was the undoing of their sex and that involved the innocent male in a common calamity. No one would believe the things that they do with the apple. It is the elixir of life, the *lapis philosophorum*, the red tincture of the alchemists. Some of them have been known even to eat it, but that was only in serious cases where all else had failed.

Do you want to know how to walk properly à la the Pomona Club? Simplicity it self. Stand with your shoulders thrown back. Lift the chin and place the apple on the top of your head. Take a step. If the apple falls off you are not one of the elect. You are not sanctified by grace. Try it again. But remember, it must be an apple. An orange won't do. An orange is unconstitutional.

Are you too stout? Of course you are. It goes without saying. Nature has been at her old tricks again and has furnished the lower floors instead of the upper. Very well. All you have to do is to place two apples upon the ground. Touch them with the finger tips only, "and do not let them stop until they have gone a certain distance, say ten times around a dining-room table." We try to visualize this excruciating picture and we understand why men are not admitted to the Pomona clubs. Let us imagine for ourselves half a dozen generously proportioned ladies in procession around the dining-room table, each with her restive team before her, a team that must be touched only with the finger-tips. But then we can not imagine it. It must be seen, and no man is allowed within those chaste precincts.

There is nothing that the apples will not do. Boil them until they are soft and put them in the bath. Let them rot and daub them on the face. Cut them in slices and rub them on the scalp. Make a cream of them and apply to arms and neck. Put them in a bag with hot water and use them like soap. The women are doing all these things in the Pomona clubs and they are coming forth rejuvenated. Why is it that we are so behind the times here in the West?

There is a certain instinctive conservatism in the race that guarantees a defender to every hoary old abuse so it be but hoary enough. Now it might be thought that no one on earth could be found to say a word for some of the expressions contained in the episcopal marriage service, but experience proves the contrary. The matter has just been brought before the Lower House of Convocation in London, whatever that may be, and there was a proposal to modify some of the grosser passages. Never mind what those expressions are. There are many things that are suitable for a prayer-book that can not be admitted to the columns of a newspaper, and those who are in doubt may buy, borrow, or steal a prayer-book and see for themselves. But no sooner had the proposal been made than a number of indignant clerics were on their feet to protest against any change in a procedure that was sanctioned by age and that was written for a generation born before blushing had become one of the fine arts. It was pointed out that most clergyman were already in the habit of diluting the ceremony so that the bride need not put her hands in front of her face or the room wish that he had never been born. Then there were cries of "shame" from afore said clerics. They meant that it was a shame to mitigate the ceremony, not that it was a shame to talk indecently in church. But at last the proposal was carried, perhaps because of the well-known fact that an increasingly large number of people are refusing to be married in an Episcopal church without some guaranty against the use of expressions that might be suitable enough on a stud farm, but that are painfully out of place among decent people.

An enterprising glove-maker has invented a glove against which it is necessary to enter an emphatic protest. He calls it a bridal glove, and its special feature is a sort of hinge that enables the wedding ring to be uncovered without removing the glove. He says he was moved to this invention by watching the plight of a bride who had only one arm. When the time came to place the ring there was a painful pause while she removed her glove with her teeth. Then it occurred to him that the removal of the glove was always a difficulty, and so he devised this new abomination by which only the one finger was exposed.

And it is an abomination. We don't want to be married by machinery. We don't want to lubricate all the pretty things of life so that they pass unnoticed. The chief charm of a wedding is the little hitches, the small embarrassments, the delightful delays, the excuses for blushing. If we were a bride nothing should persuade us to wear this detestable glove.

Some time ago the New York *Times* said things about the English oyster. At that particular moment the two great nations of America and England were in a state of peace. There was no cloud upon the horizon, no shadow upon international amity. But at this affront to the British oyster the nation sprang to arms. No need now to recall the details of a conflict that was settled only at innumerable suppers and that left both disputants of the same opinion as before, but with the addition of a sense of fulness in the region of the equator. America was unanimous that the English oyster was fit only for pirates. England was certain that any one who could pretend to enjoy an American oyster would rob the graveyard, vote for Mr. Bryan, or steal a teaspoon. And so the matter stood.

What, then, is our disgust to find that the New York *Sun* has suddenly become a traitor to American institutions? Unmindful of the fact that the most sacred patriotism is now involved in this matter it actually prints an article attacking the American oyster. It is bloated, tasteless, and colorless, and much more to the same effect that we hesitate to reproduce. Heaven forbid that we should give further and colossal circulation to statements that might otherwise pass unnoticed.

And yet, says the *Sun*, it is not altogether the fault of the oyster unless a weak compliance is to be so reckoned. The oyster means well, but like the noble red man he has been contaminated by civilization. In other words, we have tried to fatten him by appealing to his vicious appetites. It is only the thin oyster, the oyster that has been allowed to select his own bill of fare, that can be eaten by self-respecting persons. The oyster that has been gorged with meal becomes an outrage and an offense.

It seems that there is a misguided wretch named Parry, who lives somewhere in the vast and desolate spaces of a place called Indiana. Said Parry bought a barrel of Baltimore oysters, honest and God-fearing oysters in whom there was no guile, nor meal. He took them back with him to Indiana, intending to fatten them in the aforesaid depraved way and then to trade them out to his fellow aborigines, doubtless in exchange for glass beads, arrowheads, and fire-water. But when he put his hand into the barrel with the first dose of meal his hand was seized by a particularly intelligent oyster, who doubtless thought that if it had to be poisoned Parry's hand would do as well as anything else. When the tribesmen came to Parry's assistance he was in a sad state. The oyster's rebuke had indeed been a crushing one, and so Parry goes into temporary obscuration. We can but hope that he will use his enforced leisure for purposes of prayer and penitence, and that there will be some suitable testimonial to the oyster.

There is one canton in Switzerland where the automobile is prohibited. Other places are content to license, supervise, register, and label the automobile and generally to make its life a burden to it, but Grisons has the courage of its convictions. It forbids the automobile altogether.

But it is willing to listen to reason, is Grisons. It will not hear unmoved the cry of buman distress. As a result of some recent floods nearly two hundred automobiles on their way to Germany found that they were bounded, hemmed in, so to speak, by Grisons on the one hand and the raging waters on the other. The ordinary routes were closed. The hour of Grisons had arrived. Grisons at last was on the map.

The authorities rose nobly to the occasion. They met in solemn conclave and considered the appeal that for this one occasion only the prohibition be relaxed. The autoists explained that they did not ask to remain in Grisons. They would rather die. All they asked was to be allowed to occupy the territory for the space of about four minutes while they traversed it. The appeal was granted, but with conditions. The automobiles must not make use of their own uncanny powers of locomotion. They must be drawn by horses or mules or anything else that was safe and respectable. There must be neither smoke nor smells. There must be no horns. They had the whip hand that time, did the people of Grisons, and so the sorrowful and ignominious procession wended its way across the canton and was seen no more.

Gabrielle Deslys, more widely spoken of as "Gaby," made her début in a New York theatre September 28. Of her merit the New York *Globe* critic writes:

"As a matter of fact she is a clever and agreeable actress, her voice is pleasanter than the average French music-hall voice, and she dances prettily. But all these things do not distinguish her from the ordinary run of performers of this calibre. The points wherein she differs are her fresh and aboundingly youthful vivacity and the charm of her exquisitely modeled torso and arms. Below the waist she has the inevitable solidity of the dancer. In the first scene of her playlet she wore a long skirt and a brilliant green and gold cloak which gave her figure an illusion of slenderness. In short, dancing skirts she was seen to have rather husky underpinnings—no piano legs, y' understand, Maurus, but nothing fragile about them eitber. She has a very pink and white beauty that sets off a pair of very blue eyes and a brilliant smile. She resembles an exquisitely pretty Dresden china doll—or a French music-hall artist. Why she affects such a jerky, staccato little walk can not easily be understood. She minces along as if her joints were stiff and turns around with a little wriggle that makes her look like a large pink canary shaking the water off its tail feathers after a bath.

"She wears a glittering headdress that fits her skull like a helmet, with a towering black plume at the back. She keeps it on even when she gets into bed—which she does in a very fascinating manner. She doesn't stay there very long, as she jumps out after a few moments and begins dancing again. Her singing is inoffensive.

"On the whole, Mlle. Gaby exerted a tremendous fascination over the audience. Without a doubt the glamour of a certain revolution and the glitter of those jools helped a great deal. Her talents are ordinary, but her charm is undeniable.

"Her playlet, 'Les Débuts de Cbichine,' is a stereotyped music-hall sketch, an excuse for her to talk a little, sing a little, dance a little. It is all about a young damsel of the boulevards, who wants to go on the stage and promises her favors to the first man who will get her there."

Albert Spalding had to overcome the tremendous disadvantage of being a millionaire's son, but he has won laurels on two continents by his excellent violin playing, the outcome of hard work combined with unusual talent.

MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur.

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.—*New York Herald*, June 20, 1911.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A very loyal lady of British birth asked an American dame in England whether they had any painters in America. "Oh, yes," said the American, "you have some of them here—Sargent and Abbey and Mrs. Merritt and McClure Hamilton." "Dear me," said the English lady, "you'll be claiming Whistler next!"

A Centralia man found it advisable to put on a ragged suit of clothes in order to repair some machinery. After he had finished he went home to dinner. He met a tramp coming out of his front gate as he went in. The tramp mistook him for a knight of the road. He held up a warning hand. "Duck it—retreat," cautioned the tramp. "I've just tried her and she's a regular bear-cat."

The sign in front of a Harlem restaurant attracted the eye of a farmer, and he went in. He had a raw, a fry, a stew, a pan roast, a broil, and a steam on toast. When he got through he laid a quarter on the cashier's desk, only to be told that he was shy a dollar and a quarter. "No, by jing," said the farmer. "A quarter's right. Doesn't your sign say, 'Oysters in every style for 25 cents'?"

Very frequently the winter highways in the Yukon Valley are mere trails, traversed only by dog-sledges. One of the bishops in Alaska, who was very fond of that mode of travel, encountered a miner coming out with his dog team, and stopped to ask him what kind of a road he had come over. The miner responded with a stream of forcible and picturesque profanity, winding up with: "And what kind o' trail did you have?" "Same as yours," replied the bishop feelingly.

James Payn, the English novelist, once received a letter from a person whom he did not know, praising his works. "I liked to hear my books called 'works,'" said Payn, "and I replied. He wrote me again, and I wrote in return a jocose letter. He replied in like terms. I wrote again, telling him a funny story. He sent me a funny story. I capped it, and in a short time got a Roland for my Oliver. Finally, I got an indignant letter, commencing: 'Sir—Are you aware that I am a woman?' I often blush under the bedclothes," he concluded, "when I think of the stories I told that woman."

Molière died while performing a part in one of his own plays. The Archbishop of Paris would not allow his body to be inhumed in consecrated ground. Therefore the king sent for the archbishop and expostulated with him, but he was obstinate and would not willingly comply with his majesty's request. The king desired to know how many feet deep the holy ground reached. The bishop replied, "About eight." "Well," replied the king, "I find there is no getting over your scruples; let his grave be dug twelve feet; that is four feet below your consecrated ground."

While Mr. Dodge of St. Louis has often been in Kansas City, St. Joseph, Dubuque, and other widely known Middle Western cities, he has never been turned loose in a city that counts its population up in the millions. Therefore, he is worried a little about the way he should act in New York. Recently a New York friend received a letter from the St. Louis man, asking for a little information. Among other things he wrote: "Shall I carry my money in a belt or in my shoe?" "It doesn't make any difference," replied his friend. "You can't hide money in New York."

The commanding officer of a corps was much troubled about the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimand and punishment were unavailing. The man was incorrigible. A brilliant idea struck the colonel: "Why not march him up and down the whole line of the regiment, and shame him into decency?" It was done. The untidy warrior was ordered to exhibit himself, and march up and down the entire regiment, and the men told to have a good look at him. The unabashed Pat halted, saluted the colonel, and said in the hearing of the whole corps, with the utmost sang froid: "Dhirtiest regiment I iver inspected, sorr!"

Colonel John S. Mosby, the fire-eating guerrilla chieftain of the Confederacy, walked into a Washington bank one morning, slapped down a check in front of the aged cashier, and demanded the money for it. "I will have to find some one to identify you," said the cashier. "This check is made out to John S. Mosby, but identification is a rule which we must observe." About three million shafts of blue lightning were darting from the colonel's one eye, when another employee of the bank hurried up and said he knew Mosby. "That old man should have known you, colonel," said the acquaintance, while the old fighter was counting his coin. "He was an officer in the Union army." "Now that he stands with his back to me, I recognize him perfectly," said Mosby hotly. "I remember having seen it twice—during the war."

The aviator's wife was taking her first trip with her husband in his airship. "Wait a minute, George," she said. "I'm afraid we will have to go down again." "What's wrong?" asked the husband. "I believe I have dropped one of the pearl buttons off my jacket. I think I can see it glistening on the ground. "Keep your seat, my dear," said the aviator. "That's Lake Erie."

With a party of Chicago friends, George Ade was motoring from his country home, Hazelden, to Kentland, Indiana, and while passing through a dense woods the party of braves was held up by a lone woman. After succeeding in halting the car, the highwaywoman announced, in broad Hoosier accent, her intention of taking merely a ride. "I aint goin' to harm nobody, but I've made up my mind to have a ride in one of these here things, so you might as well make it go ahead," she said, after seating herself in the tonneau. When Ade recovered his composure, he pulled out the throttle and away they went.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Hobble Skirt.

He strolled out with his lady love,
A hobble skirt wore she;
Two souls with but a single thought,
Four legs that walked as three.
—*Boston Transcript.*

An Orderly Naturalist.

A man with sense of order started to run a zoo,
And had not only animals, but birds and fishes, too.
The ants in anterooms he kept, with antelopes so gay;
A weasel in a wee cell of the cellar had to stay.
A dormouse hung on hinges, and a walrus on the wall;
A gnat up in an attic did not like to stay at all.
Some dogs were kept in wagons, but the setters all in chairs;
His birds were sorted neatly, and the parrots grouped in pairs.
The toucans were in two cans—his canaries, too, were canned;
We might just say in passing that he had his panthers panned.

He'd several swallows in a glass—nor here do wonders cease,
For in his larder, lo, he had his turkey next to grease.
He'd magpies on the pantry shelves and crocodiles in crocks,
And there were trunks for elephants, and rocking chairs for rocs.
In tool chests there were yellow-hammers, yes, and sawfish, too,
While flickers and flamingoes with the fireplace had to do.
For spiders there were frying-pans, and candlesticks for tapirs,
While hutterflies in firkins stayed, and paper wasps in papers.

In cupboards there were cubs, of course, likewise in cuhby holes.
The man had sieves for civets rare, and fancy molds for moles.
On pillars caterpillars hung; the perch on perches perched;
On roosts were roosters, and for cats in catalogues you searched.
Then there were hucks in huckets, many hass in haskets fine,
And hogs in hogsheads, too—a hamper held a porcupine.
The rams were kept in ramekins, an old ewe in a ewer;
While woodchucks and small chipmunks in a woodhox seemed secure.

He kept hyenas hung up high, hut placed the locusts low;
The swordfish all in scahhards made a most impressive show.
The hugs were snug in huggies, and some queer raccoons in racks,
And centipedes in purses with some frogs—quite old greenhacks.
To keep the goldfish in a safe the man thought common sensc,
And likewise placed with care Alaska seals on documents.
Yet in that zoo hut one was pleased—the chambered nautilus;
He had an entire suite of rooms, and therefore made no fuss.
—*Blanche Elizabeth Wade, in Smart Set.*

The Girls As They Were.

Backward, turn hackward, O Time in your flight, and give us a maiden dressed proper and right. We are so weary of switches and rats, Billie Burke clusters and peach-hasket hats. Wads of jute hair in a horrible pile, stacked on their heads to the height of a mile. Something is wrong with the maidens, we fear. Give us the girls as they used to appear. Give us the girlies we once knew of yore, whose curls didn't come from a hair-dressing store. Maidens who dressed with a sensible view. And just as Dame Nature intended them to. Give us a girl with a figure her own and fashioned divinely hy Nature alone. Feminine style's getting fiercer each year—oh, give us the girls as they used to appear.—*Sterling Journal.*

White—Got all equipments for your car? *Green*—Yes; an extra tire, an alias, an alibi, and enough cash for bail.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank of San Francisco
No. 4 MONTGOMERY STREET

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits...$11,060,796.92
Cash and Sight Exchange 10,170,490.90
Total Resources..... 43,774,997.72

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SAVINGS (THE GERMAN BANK) COMMERCIAL
(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)
526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Guaranteed capital .....$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,605,792.68
Employees' Pension Fund..... 113,473.47
Deposits June 30, 1911..... 44,567,705.83
Total assets 47,173,498.51

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; 1st Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; 2d Vice-President and Manager, George Tourny; 3d Vice-President, J. W. Van Bergen; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Assistant Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodfellow, Eells & Orrick, General Attorneys.
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Capital.....$ 4,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 1,500,000
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will he found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Eder Howitt Moulton of Minneapolis, Minnesota, announce the engagement of their daughter, Katherine Skiles Moulton, to Mr. Henry Seward Van Dyke of Los Angeles, son of the late Supreme Court Justice Van Dyke of California. Mr. Van Dyke is a graduate of the University of California, an attorney, and lived in Oakland and San Francisco before locating in Los Angeles some ten or twelve years ago. Miss Moulton comes of an old and prominent Minneapolis family. They have spent some of their winters in Southern California.

The wedding of Miss Lutie Collier, daughter of Captain William Collier, and Mr. Bergie Barry Beckett will take place October 25 at the Collier residence on Pacific Avenue. Mr. Beckett and his bride will reside in this city in an apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Therese McEnery was married Tuesday to Captain Foster Grelton of the Seventh Lancers, stationed in India. The wedding took place at the home of the bride, Semington House, Sherborne, Dorset. Miss Katherine McEnery and Miss Madge McEnery and Miss Isabelle McLaughlin were the bride's attendants. Captain and Mrs. Grelton will sail this month for their future home in India.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury was hostess Monday at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of her mother, Mrs. Charles Taylor of Boston. Mrs. Pillsbury's guests were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Joseph L. King, Mrs. William Wood, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. James Athearn Folger, Mrs. P. McG. McBean, Mrs. Oscar Sutro, Mrs. Thomas Benson, Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, Mrs. Ralston Hamilton, Mrs. Walter Bliss, Miss Jennie Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury gave a dinner Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. Taylor, who returns tomorrow to her home in Boston.

Mrs. Clarence Breeden entertained a number of friends at a luncheon and bridge party at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Andrew Welch was hostess last week at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel.

Captain William Holmes McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick entertained at a masquerade dance Tuesday evening, September 27, at the Potter Country Club. Mr. and Mrs. John Hussey of Pittsburg were the complimented guests.

Miss Jennie Crocker was hostess at an informal dance Saturday evening at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst and Miss Susan Watkins were the guests of honor at a reception Wednesday afternoon, September 28, at Century Club Hall. The affair was given by the members of the club and a musical programme was enjoyed by the guests.

Mrs. Frank Pixley was hostess at a luncheon recently at the Bellevue Hotel in honor of Mrs. Chauncey Thomas, wife of Rear-Admiral Thomas, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Loraine Langstroth (formerly Miss Sue Hall) was the complimented guest at a reception given Saturday afternoon by her sister, Mrs. George Greenwood, at her home in Oakland.

Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick will entertain a number of young people at a dinner which will precede the Junior Friday Night dance October 20. Mrs. W. F. Perkins will also be a dinner hostess the same evening, when she will entertain eighteen friends of her daughter, Miss Ruth Perkins, all of whom will attend the dance at Century Hall.

Mrs. Eugene Bresse will give a dinner November 3 at the Fairmont Hotel, the evening of the first Bachelors and Benedicks ball, and will entertain the friends of her daughter, Miss Metha MacMahon.

Mrs. Arthur Murray, wife of General Murray, U. S. A., was the guest of honor at a bridge-tea given Wednesday, September 28, by Mrs. William Nichols in her apartment at the Keystone.

Mrs. George Grimes, wife of Captain Grimes, U. S. A., was hostess at a bridge-tea Thursday.

A hop was given Wednesday evening at the Officers' Club in the Presidio in honor of the officers of the Thirteenth Infantry and the class of 1911, United States Military Academy, who are now in this city awaiting assignments to service.

The musical extravaganza, "Shopping," which was successfully presented at the garden fête September 16, will be repeated Monday evening at the MacDonough Theatre in Oakland for the benefit of the Fabiola Hospital and Tuesday evening at the Valencia Theatre in this city for the benefit of the San Francisco Polyclinic.

Mrs. John B. Casserly is arranging for a bazar at Maple Hall in San Mateo, November 22, for the benefit of St. Anthony's Guild of the San Mateo Catholic Church. Mrs. Casserly is being assisted by Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, and Miss Kathleen Finnegan.

Interest is being taken in an entertainment and bazar to be given next month for the rebuilding of St. Joseph's Orphanage, which was destroyed by fire last year.

A grape festival will be enjoyed this afternoon at the country home in Marin County of Mrs. A. E. Kent. The proceeds will be devoted to the fund for the San Anselmo Orphanage. The patronesses are Mrs. William Kent, Mrs. L. A. Kelley, Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. William Kohl, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. J. A. McGregor, Mrs. C. H. Woolsey, Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle, Mrs. H. S. King, Mrs. J. D. McKee, Mrs. E. G. Demuton, Mrs. Edwin Newhall, Mrs. Frank Bostwick, Mrs. N. D. Rideout, Mrs. Reuben Hale.

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Absolutely Pure
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The Amato Concerts.

After bearing people rave about the glorious voice, perfect art, and remarkable personality of Pasquale Amato, who is described as "the Caruso of the baritones," we are finally to have the opportunity of hearing this artist through the enterprise of Manager Will L. Greenhaum.

Assisted by Mme. Gilda Longari, primadonna soprano of La Scala of Milan, and Fernandoa Tanara, pianist-conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, Signor Amato will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium in four different programmes, the first of which is announced for this Sunday afternoon, October 8, at 2:30. On this occasion the star will sing the aria from Massenet's "Le Roi de Lahore," the "Prologue" from "I Pagliacci," which no one can sing as he does, a group of German lieder by Schubert. Jensen, and Tschaikowsky, French works by Fontenailles, Weckerlin, and Massenet, and old Italian classics by Cesti, Durante, and Montverde.

Mme. Longari will also sing some charming songs and operatic numbers, and with Amato will offer duets from "The Magic Flute" and "Don Giovanni."

Next Tuesday night, October 10, a special programme will he given under the auspices of the Elizabeth Murison School Association, when Amato will offer arias from "Benvenuto Cellini," "Dinorah," and "The Masked Ball," besides groups of songs, one of which will he Russian novelties by Borodine and Moussorgsky.

Other concerts have been arranged for Thursday night, October 12, and Sunday afternoon, October 15.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, where mail orders should he addressed to Will L. Greenhaum. On Sunday the box-office will be open after ten at the hall.

Leonard Borwick, Piano Virtuoso.

The first of the piano virtuosi to visit us this season will he Leonard Borwick, a name that is unfamiliar to the majority of our concert-goers, hut Manager Greenhaum predicts that this condition will not ohtain after his first concert here. This has heen the case wherever Mr. Borwick has chosen to appear.

This artist is an idealist, and fortunately is in a position to live up to bis ideals. He will not countenance any sensational advertising methods, he will not play any programme just because it catches the puhlic, and he will not play more concerts than he feels he can do justice to. Giving five and six concerts a week while on tour does not appeal to Mr. Borwick under any terms. He would rather play to an audience of one hundred true music lovers than to one of a thousand gathered through curiosity and by means of sensational advertising.

Mr. Borwick is announced for two recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates heing Sunday afternoon, October 22, and Thursday night, October 26.

Eames and De Gogorza.

Mme. Eames and Mr. Emilio de Gogorza will appear in two concerts in tbis city and one in Oakland during the week of October 23. These events will he affairs of hoth social and musical importance, for Mme. Eames has some very good friends in this city.

Mail orders for these events should he sent early to Will L. Greenhaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

May Buckley is to he "featured" in "Partners," a dramatization of E. P. Roe's novel, "He Fell in Love with His Wife," which will he produced immediately.

Lawrance D'Orsay is now touring Canada in Augustus Thomas's comedy, "The Earl of Pawtucket." He will he seen soon at the Cort Theatre.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

James Forbes, with his faculty of weaving the interesting affairs of every-day life into engaging comedy, has followed up his two great successes, "The Chorus Lady" and "The Traveling Salesman," with another, "The Commuters," which opens at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night, October 9, for an engagement of two weeks, with matinées on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The plot of Mr. Forhes's latest work is hased on a phase of American life familiar to practically every resident of a city or near city. The author has chosen as his characters a family of suhurhanites, and he presents a story of their lives. "The Commuters" has heen produced under the management of Henry B. Harris. The play is in four acts and the scenes are laid at Auhurn Manor, near New York. The play has an appealing dramatic quality and unlimited comedy possihilities. The piece was staged under the personal direction of the author. The New York and Boston company will he seen here, including Harry Davenport, Florence Malone, Frederic Malcolm, John Rohertson, E. Y. Backus, Lillian Thurgate, Pauline Duffield, Minnie Williams, Hazel Malcolm, Maude Sinclair, Karra Kenwyn, and others.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine" will continue all next week at the Cort Theatre. The success of the play and the company is unequivocal. An extended review of the production appears on another page. There is every reason to predict crowded houses up to the closing night of the engagement.

"The greatest dramatic production ever offered in vaudeville is Paul Armstrong's "A Romance of the Underworld," which comes to the Orpheum next week. In the cast are twenty-three characters, each one a study in itself. Seldom has so vivid a picture heen seen upon the stage as this panorama of the New York criminal court. Mr. Armstrong has made a deep study of this class, and in this vaudeville endeavor has carried to the stage lifelike portraits. Every one of the twenty-three characters requires an actor of marked ahility. As a scenic production it is perfect and elahorate. The play was a sensation in New York when produced there last spring. It is a feature that is too big to he presented hy any hut the most important theatres in tbe country. Everything that happens in "A Case of Emergency," which Charles and Fannie Van will present next week, is really funny. Mr. Van is particularly happy as the stage carpenter, while Miss Van as the indignant and loquacious soubrette is in her element. Faithful impersonations of the Southern negress will he given hy the Nichols Sisters in their skit, "The Kentucky Belles." They dance well and in their singing are inimitable. The Four Floods, tbree males and one female, appropriately announce the act they will appear in as "The Acrohatic Merry-Makers." Next week will he the last of the Avon Comedy Four, World and Kingston, the International Polo Team, and the Six American Dancers.

That interesting and unusual presentation of Dante's "Inferno" will conclude a most successful engagement of two weeks at the Savoy Theatre with the afternoon and evening performances of this Saturday. Next week the cosy McAllister Street playhouse will he renovated, in preparation for the fall and winter combination season, and on Sunday afternoon, Octoher 15, "The House Next Door" will hegin an engagement limited to one week. This modern comedy hy J. Hartley Manners has enjoyed long and successful runs in New York and Chicago, and is now heing sent on tour for the first time. While entertaining and amusing, "The House Next Door" at the same time points out a moral lesson of great import. It is these two qualities which have prohably made it so successful, everywhere attracting the attention of critical theatre-goers.

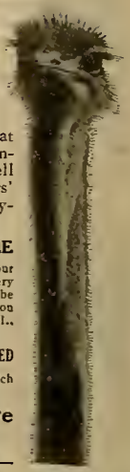
An extraordinary Cort Theatre engagement will he that of Gertrude Hoffmann and her Imperial Russian Ballet, which will he seen for two weeks, heginning Monday night, Octoher 16. Miss Hoffmann is a San Francisco girl and no little interest is felt in her coming.

Following "The Commuters" at the Columhia Theatre will he seen Wagenhals & Kamper's production of "Seven Days," with a strong cast, including among others Jean Patriquin, who made her stage dehut at the old Alcazar Theatre ten years ago.

Two eminent attractions of Charles Dillingham will he seen on the Pacific Coast this season for the first time, Montgomery and Stone in "The Old Town" and Elsie Janis in "The Slim Princess." Both stars and plays have never heen west of Omaha and tour west with their entire New York casts and productions.

Among the stars hooked for the Columbia Theatre in the near future are Kyrle Bellew, Robert Hilliard, Anna Held, and Lean and Holhrook, the latter appearing in the musical hit, "Bright Eyes."

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker arrived Wednesday from New York, where they have been visiting since their return from Europe three weeks ago. They came West in the Crocker private car. Mr. and Mrs. Crocker are at present in Burlingame at the home of Miss Jennie Crocker, but will soon occupy the Barkan home on Laguna Street.

Mr. Athole McBean has returned from a trip to New York.

Miss Emma Grimwood has returned to her home in Fruitvale after an outing of three months. She has recently been the guest of Miss Elizabeth Livermore at Montesol.

Bishop William H. Moreland and Mrs. Moreland have returned to Sacramento after having spent the summer in this city.

Dr. E. S. Conger, who won distinction during the Boxer troubles in China, is a guest in the city and is accompanied by Mrs. Conger. They will return shortly to their home in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader have taken an apartment at the Santa Barbara on California Street, where they will spend the winter.

Lord Eustace Percy, an attaché of the British embassy in Washington, D. C., is spending two months visiting the points of interest in California and was a guest several days in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frances J. Sullivan are established for the winter in the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin left last Saturday for Los Angeles, where they will reside indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Kellogg are settled for the winter in their home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron have returned to Burlingame after a visit at the country home of Mr. James D. Phelan.

Miss Margaret Casserly has returned to town after having spent the summer in San Mateo, where she occupied the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard.

Miss Flora Low and Miss Eleanor Morgan are contemplating a trip around the world, going by way of the Orient. They will be away several years.

Miss Mary Rowe, who has been the guest in San Mateo of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green, will leave shortly for her home in Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. William Edwin Hough have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their home on Washington and Cherry Streets.

Mr. George H. Willcutt has returned from a week's visit in Napa County.

Mr. Clarence Follis and Mr. Alexander Rutherford have returned to New York after having spent several weeks in this city.

Mr. Claus August Spreckels has gone to Cuba to remain several weeks. During his absence Mrs. Spreckels will be at the Plaza Hotel in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels will visit San Francisco during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donahoe, Miss Katherine Donahoe, and Mr. Joseph Donahoe, Jr., left Thursday for the East. Mr. Joseph A. Donahoe, Jr., will sail this month for Europe and will tour the world before returning home. Miss Donahoe is to be the maid of honor at the wedding of Miss Marie Louise Elkins and Mr. Christian de Guigne, Jr., who are to be married next month in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali spent the week-end in Woodside as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Huhert Vos and Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould arrived last week in New York after having been abroad since June. Mrs. Gould, who was formerly Miss Annie Douglas Graham, visited here a year ago en route to Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. George Gould have presented the young couple with two country homes and a residence in New York.

The Misses Genevieve and Hazel King have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at their home near San Jose.

Mrs. William S. Tevis, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Mr. Gordon Tevis, and Mr. Lansing Tevis will sail October 19 for America, after traveling in Europe during the summer.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray will he joined in December hy their daughters, the Misses Sadie and Caroline Murray, who are at present visiting their brother, Lieutenant Maxwell Murray, U. S. A., at Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and her son, Mr. Paul Jarboe, have returned from a three months' visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Babcock are again in San Rafael after having spent the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Joseph Trilley, widow of Admiral Trilley, U. S. N., has leased her home on Fillmore Street and will spend the winter at her country home in Pacific Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels have returned from a month's visit in New York.

Miss Harriett Alexander has been spending the past week at Beaulieu, the country home in Santa Clara County of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Mrs. Stetson-Winslow and her daughter, Miss Ruth Winslow, moved Wednesday from the Hotel Monroe to their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran, and Miss Innes Keeney spent the week-end at the country home of Dr. Harry L. Tevis.

Mr. Wilberforce W. Williams has returned from a month's camping trip in the Klamath country.

Miss Edith Bull sailed Wednesday for a tour of the world. In Yokohama she will join friends with whom she will go to India to attend the Durhar.

Mrs. Charles Taylor, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Horace Davis Pillshury, will leave tomorrow for her home in Boston.

Mrs. Lane Leonard spent the week-end at Pleasanton as the guest of Mrs. Hearst.

Mr. Tennant Harrington of Colusa has been a recent visitor in town.

Mrs. Julia Bolada Ashe and Miss Constance Borrow are traveling in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprague McGruder have taken an apartment on Hyde Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller of Sacramento have gone East to visit their son, Lieutenant Cyrus Miller, U. S. N., in Washington, D. C., and Lieutenant Matthew Thomlinson, U. S. N., and Mrs. Thomlinson (formerly Miss Edith Miller), who are living at West Point, where Lieutenant Thomlinson is an instructor in the United States Academy.

Mr. William S. Tevis, Jr., returned to Lake Tahoe Wednesday evening after having spent a few days in town. He was accompanied hy Mr. Douglas Alexander, who will spend a week at the Tevis villa on the lake.

Former United States Senator John P. Jones and Mrs. Jones have returned from Europe and will spend the winter at their home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Truxton Beale and her sister, Miss Alice Oge, have joined Mr. Beale in Washington, D. C., where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. James S. Otis has returned to her home on Broadway after a rest cure at a local hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick N. Watriss of New York have been spending the past two weeks in this city.

Mrs. William R. Smedberg and her daughter, Miss Cora Smedberg, bave taken an apartment at the St. Xavier on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Clinton Jones has returned from a visit in Seattle.

Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, wife of Major Ashburn, U. S. A., has returned from the East, where she has been spending the past three months with relatives.

Captain Murray Baldwin, U. S. A., of the Presidio, Monterey, has been in town for a brief visit.

Lieutenant-Colonel Guy Edie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Edie will delay their departure for the Philippines, as the former has heen assigned to temporary duty at the Presidio.

Major Frank Winn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Winn sailed Thursday for the Philippines.

Mrs. Thomas Powers arrived last week from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and will visit relatives in this city until October 5, when she will sail with her husband, Captain Powers, U. S. A., for the Philippines, where they will spend the next two years.

Lieutenant Earl Shipp, U. S. N., and Mrs. Shipp (formerly Miss Anna Weller) are established in their home in Annapolis after a visit with relatives in New York.

Lieutenant George Ruhlen, U. S. A., is recovering from a recent operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones are established for the winter at the Hillcrest.

Miss Bessie Bowie has decided to spend the winter in California instead of returning to Paris, and has rented a bungalow in Menlo for six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran left yesterday for Paris, where they will reside. Mr. and Mrs. Curran spent the summer in Woodside, where they occupied the home of Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames.

Mrs. Charles McCreary and her sister, Miss Minnie Clark, have returned to Sacramento from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship are established for the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale has closed her home in San Rafael and is occupying her town house on Broadway and Webster Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., will leave shortly for Washington, D. C., where they will spend a part nf the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark have returned to San Mateo from Montana.

Captain Conrad Babcock, U. S. A., Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. John Babcock,. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart are enjoying a motor trip in France.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn have returned from Ireland, where they have been visiting their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent.

Mr. and Mrs. Cbarles J. Foster and the Misses Marie Louise Foster, Enid Foster, and Minna Van Bergen have returned from Europe and will make a brief visit in New York hefore coming home. Miss Foster and Miss Van Bergen will make their formal dehut this winter.

Mr. Edward L. Eyre, Jr., has returned to Yale after having spent his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham have recently heen visiting friends in Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell have been spending a few days in town at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Vandevender Stott have gone East to spend the winter.

Dr. John Harold Phillips has gone East to attend a medical conference.

Mrs. E. B. Clement is established for the winter in her apartments on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Elizaheth Bohrman has gone to Sausalito, where she will remain with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Miller, until her marriage in November to Mr. John Scott.

Mr. John McMullin sailed last week for Paris, where he will spend several years studying architecture.

Mr. Louis Findlay Monteagle has returned from a business trip to British Columbia. Mr. Paige Monteagle left a few days ago for Harvard, where he will resume his college work.

Major and Mrs. B. C. Truman and Miss Truman, of Los Angeles, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard William Davis with their little daughter have returned from Europe and will occupy their home on Walnut Street for the winter.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week were Mr. W. L. McMillen, Mrs. C. Fahregon, Mr. R. E. Miller, Mr. W. L. Miller, Miss Irene M. Ferguson, Miss Dorothy Ward, Miss Jean Ward, Mrs. C. T. Wade and son, Mr. J. L. Hydes, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hawley, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Prince, Mr. P. M. Levi.

The Ballet in French Opera.

At hoth the National Opera and Opera Comique in Paris, as well as at La Scala in Milan, the hallet is an important feature in the operatic productions. It is not that the dancing alone interests, hut some of the most heautiful music is the "scenes de hallet." In this country these are usually omitted.

In Gounod's "Faust," for instance, the hallet music in the "Brocken Scene" is Gounod at his very hest, and in Delihes's "Lakme" the dance music is exceptionally heautiful. In America we hear more of this music at orchestral concerts than in the opera where it really helongs.

Manager Pierre Grazi, whose French Opera Company will appear here soon, promises to give us the works exactly as given in his productions in Paris. Three famous première danseuses and a corps of twenty-four secondary dancers will accompany the organization to this city.

The Sale of Seats for Mme. Lillian Nordica.

The sale of reserved seats for the first concert to he given hy Mme. Lilian Nordica, which takes place at the large pavilion on Sutter Street, near Pierce, on Saturday night, Octoher 14, will hegin Monday morning, Octoher 9, at nine o'clock, at the Owl Drug Store, No. 778 Market Street. The prices will he lower in San Francisco than in any other city west of New York.

Mme. Nordica will he assisted hy Mr. Myron B. Whitney, the famous hasso, and Mr. E. Romayne Simmons, the eminent pianist. Mme. Nordica has heen invited to participate with President Taft in the groundhreaking exercises on the day of her concert.

Word has just heen received from Turin, Italy, that the elahorate wine exhihit of the Italian-Swiss Colony was awarded the "Grand Prix," the highest award placed by the executive committee and the Italian government at the disposal of the jury. Inasmuch as in this International Exposition thousands of samples of wines from every section of the globe were offered in competition, this victory for California wines is a notahle one. The jury was composed of some of the most famous wine tasters in Europe, and when their decision was announced, great surprise was expressed by many of the foreign exhihitors, for it was known that there was strong opposition and prejudice in the minds of several of the judges against American wines. California wines have won medals and diplomas in former French, German, Italian, and Belgian expositions, hut this is the first time in the history of our viticultural industry that our native wines have reached the very top of the ladder.

Half of the world's pearls come from the Mississippi Valley, and thousands of men and women are engaged in pearl fishing along the rivers of the great central valley. It has become one of the accepted ways of making an easy living, and in some cases the fortunate fisherman hecomes suddenly wealthy through a lucky find. Big finds of late in Kentucky and Tennessee have stirred the interest of the fishermen. Claim is made that half the pearls sold in the Old World as sea pearls came from the American rivers.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. William Volkmann (formerly Miss Gladys Meek) bas heen brightened hy the advent of a son.

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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the county clerk of said city and county.

The People of the State of California send greeting to: CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you hy the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this city and county; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are herehy notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BUSH FINNELL, Attorney for Plaintiff, Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Willis—What became of the fellow who constructed the watch with 10,000 separate pieces? *Gillis*—I think I've got one of his automobiles now.—*Puck.*

She—Poor cousin Jack! And to be eaten by those wretched cannibals; *He*—Yes, my dear child; but he gave them their first taste in religion!—*London Opinion.*

"John is making quite a lot of money nowadays, I guess." "Has he paid you what he owed you?" "No, but he hasn't tried to borrow any more."—*Toledo Blade.*

Miss Foy—George was reading a book called "How to Propose Without Getting Excited." *Moi*—Yes, Helen sent one to every young man she knew.—*New York Globe.*

Mother—You have accepted George? Why, you know very well that I don't approve of him. *Daughter*—That's all right, mother. Neither does he approve of you.—*Tit-Bits.*

She (coming out on the piazza)—What! only you here? Where have all the nice boys gone? *He (bitingly)*—They've gone off strolling with all the nice girls.—*Boston Transcript.*

Town Visitor—That's the village doctor, isn't it? *Townsman*—Yep. *Town Visitor*—Is he a good doctor? *Townsmon*—Oh, he's all right—if you've got a strong constitution.—*Puck.*

Lody (to loafer who has asked for money)—You'll only drink it, I suppose, instead of taking it home to your wife. *Loafer*—I aint got a wife, lidy. I'm earnin' me own living.—*Punch.*

Hokus—Miss Caustique says she is very fond of young Saphedde. *Pokus*—Why, I thought she was a man hater. *Hokus*—So she is. I suppose that's why she likes Saphedde.—*Life.*

"My friend, the arcbitect, has a hard job on his hands." "What's that?" "He has a rich customer who wants him to build an Italian vendetta around her new cottage."—*Boltimore American.*

"He's a genius!" "What's be ever done?" "He has contrived a plan by which be bas been able to harness his gas meter and make it run his sewing machine and work the churn."—*Houston Post.*

Fair Voyoger—I suppose you bave had a great many narrow escapes in your experience as a sailor. *Fronk Coptain*—Oh, not so many—I don't go ashore any oftener tban I have to.—*Century Mogozine.*

"My girl used to think a lot of ber pug dog, but I've managed to get the edge on him since we married." "How did you work it?" "Fido wouldn't eat her cooking and I did."—*Louisville Courier-Journol.*

"Judge, I simply have an irresistible impulse to steal." "I have those irresistible impulses sometimes," said the judge. "I have one right now to send you to jail. Sixty days."—*Woshington Herold.*

Diner—I suppose you are accustomed to getting very large tips. *Woiter*—Yes, tbe patrons here are very generous. *Diner*—Tben you can easily overlook the trifling one I am compelled to give you.—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.*

"When I was a young man," said Mr. Cumrox, "I thought nothing of working twelve or fourteen bours a day." "Father," replied the young man with sporty clothes, "I wish you wouldn't mention it. Those non-union sentiments are liable to make you unpopular."—*Washington Stor.*

"What is the difference," asked a dear and trusting sister of Deacon Philander of Osborne the other day, "between the probate judge and the district judge?" "Well," replied old Philander, with one of his rare smiles, "you tell the probate judge you can't live without ber, and you tell the district judge you can't live with ber."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Did the Gildeys bave much trouble in arranging their separation?" "No. At least, not until they reached the child. Tbey bave but one child, you know." "How about the dogs?" "Tbat was easy. They had two dogs." "I see. Well, what did they do?" "Why, Gildey suddenly developed a streak of generosity. He took tbe child and let bis wife have both dogs."—*Cleveland Ploin Deoler.*

Irote London Householder (to street singer)—Move on, there! I don't want to hear your bawling all day. Why do you always sing "Hearts of Oak," and why do you sing it like a bymn? *Singer*—I sings "'Earts of Hoak," sir, because it's a fine old Henglish song, sir. But hif you likes, sir, I'll sing an 'ymn 'Ymn singin's my fort, sir. Tbey say that my singin' of "Rock of Ages" is worth the price of 'alf a pint of gin any day.—*The Standord.*

"I see you have a new footman," said the old friend. "Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox, "he was hired in my absence. I guess he's just the kind of a man mother and the girls want." "Careful and observing?" "I should say so! When I came home yesterday he tried to make me go around to the rear entrance."—*Woshington Stor.*

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Strike.

If we may judge by incidental but quite significant circumstances, the strike of railway shopmen is petering out—slowly but surely. It has found no support from other groups of railway employees, therefore there has been no difficulty in the operation of trains and no annoyance to the public. A sufficient number of non-unionists remain in the shop service to keep up essential repair work, so there is no serious embarrassment on that score. On the whole the strikers, hereabout at least, are conducting themselves fairly well. Petty outrages are reported from day to day, but nothing tending to show a calculated or concerted plan to create a reign of terror among non-union workmen. The prompt action of United States courts at Chicago in restraint of violence has served as a warning no doubt, and it is hoped that no necessity will arisc here for positive measures of protection.

That the strike leaders should have expected to win their extreme demands is unthinkable. Justice and common sense alike forbid it. What they really wanted was a compromise under which it might be possible under wide extension of the Federation system to paralyze the transportation of the country. Organized labor is demanding radical forms of legislation at Washington; and it has wished to get into a position to enforce these demands by paralyzing the transportation of the country. It has sought to take to itself for its own purposes certain large and oppressive powers which the railroad owners have been forced under pressure of public sentiment and law to forego.

The public has understood this in a sense if not clearly, and the fact explains the complete lack of sympathy for the movement. Not even the unionists of the country, even though they may submit reluctantly to be taxed in support of this strike, give it their approval. Nobody excepting a few organization leaders, exhilarated by an abnormal ambition for power and distinction, is willing to put into any hands a club heavy enough to coerce Congress.

This strike, we believe, touches the high-water mark of class pretension and aggression. Its ultimate result, in connection with other incidents, ought to be and will be the breakdown of the personal authority over organized labor so long exercised and so obviously abused by the coterie of leaders in which Samuel Gompers is the most conspicuous figure.

The Election.

Returns of Tuesday's election are not yet complete as we write on Wednesday, but the general result is quite positively indicated by the figures at hand. The woman's suffrage amendment, about which popular interest more particularly centred, is apparently beaten by an adverse majority of five or six thousand. The majority for it in the counties south of Tehachapi will be heavy, and it will apparently have a considerable majority in country regions the state over. But the adverse vote in San Francisco, Alameda, and Sacramento counties enforces defeat.

Probably all the rest of the amendments are carried, most of them by heavy majorities. The Referendum will have a vote of something like three to one, the Recall (including the judiciary) something more than three to one, and the amendment making railroad commissioners appointive instead of elective nearly two to one. In brief, the entire "progressive" scheme set up by Johnson, Lissner & Co., with all its anomalies and inconsistencies, has been accepted by the voters of the state—woman's suffrage alone excepted.

The vote appears everywhere to have been light. In San Francisco it was little more than half of that cast two weeks ago in the municipal primary. Multitudes seem neither to have understood nor to have cared anything about issues vitally related to the fundamental organization of state government.

The *Argonaut* will not disguise its conviction that the results of this election involve California in a grievous political blunder. By it we have gone far towards substituting the democratic for the representative principle in our fundamental law. In the Recall we have put a whip in the hand of political and social discontent; in the Referendum we have put it in the power of any considerable group of dissatisfied or malicious persons to hinder and delay the operations of law. Curiously enough, while carrying forward these "advanced" ideas, we have gone quite to the opposite extreme in another direction—in the matter of railroad commissioners. While voting to put direct authority into the hands of the people in relation to general administrative officials and with respect to the making and unmaking of laws, we have taken the selection of railroad commissioners out of the hands of the people and have placed these particular officials beyond reach of the Recall. Curious and anomalous, truly!

It can not but be that this scheme of things in its general effect must tend to weaken the powers of government at its centre, that it must tend always to confusion and at special times to paralysis. A state government uncertain of its mandate, subject under easy processes to popular review and even to overthrow by the whim or passion of the moment, will surely be uncertain, timid, weak. That a government so placed and so embarrassed will have the powers to meet crises promptly and with determination it is not reasonable to expect.

A serious aspect of this election is the carelessness and indifference exhibited first in the lightness of the vote, and second in its amazing inconsistencies. Serious-minded men are asking what is the reason, when vital and revolutionary issues are at stake, that scarcely more than 50 per cent of the voting population is sufficiently interested to go to the polls. Again they are asking why great numbers of citizens vote to apply the Recall to general administrative officials, even to the judiciary, and on the same ballot vote to exempt the railroad commission from the same process. The *Argonaut* knows the reason why. It is because our newspaper press has ceased to sustain its old function of public discussion of general issues. Outside the columns of two or three weekly journals of comparatively limited circulation, there was practically no journalistic discussion of the questions presented for determination on Tuesday. In so far as the daily newspapers have treated these matters at all it has been in the spirit of a crass subserviency and after the method of sensationalism. For example, the *Chronicle,* most conservative among the daily newspapers of San Francisco, while analyzing the several proposed amendments, was too fearful of business reprisals to offer any recommendation to voters with respect to the most vital and far-reaching of the several matters at issue. The truth is that we have no longer a daily press competent by its independence and courage to discuss public issues or even to present them fairly. Our press, under the competitions which govern the publishing business, has ceased to be an agency of public enlightenment, but rather a pander to prejudice and passion as conceived through the narrow but shrewd intelligence of the circulation manager and the advertising hustler. A high authority once declared that the American system will rise or fall with the public press; and this dictum, in view of immediate experience, appears to have been sadly prophetic.

The effect of this election will be to put California in the classification of freak states, along with Oklahoma, Oregon, and other communities which have cut loose from tradition and reason and set sail upon the uncertain waters of novelty and experimentation. It will to some extent limit the investment of foreign capital here, and it will check the enthusiasm of local men of enterprise. It will not break down prosperity, but it will to some extent limit it until such time as we shall return to a sane regard for wholesome standards and fixed principles. Fortunately there is a political authority above that of the state in control of our larger and broader relationships. The wave of recklessness and folly which for the moment has overwhelmed California is not likely to engulf a majority of the states or to destroy the principles represented in national government. This is the saving fact in a situation which regarded locally alone presents more motives of discouragement than of hope.

The President.

This week—we write on Wednesday—California is entertaining with a very genuine and sincere cordiality the Honorable William Howard Taft, President of the United States. Mr. Taft has often been here before since his entrance into conspicuous public life, once during his presidency, and he has always found here a full measure of sympathy and personal good-will. He comes this time under peculiarly happy auspices,

for he is to take a foremost part in the ceremonial by which we shall inaugurate our Panama-Pacific Exposition. He comes, too, under circumstances especially gratifying to himself, because he will meet on practically every hand assurances of good-will and support in his natural and worthy ambition to be his own successor in the presidential chair.

There is no pretense of disguising the fact that the President's tour is rather more than less a political one; and various circumstances and events have tended to its success. Practically all the causes of criticism in connection with his administration have fallen into the background. The Ballinger controversy is a dead issue. Reciprocity is at least for the present out of the way. Aldrich and Cannon no longer disturb the minds even of the most ardent progressivism. The tariff issue has taken a form in which the President has the support of reasonable and moderate Republicans of all groups. There is therefore nothing in the immediate view to arouse aggressive feeling, nothing to mar the harmonies and cordialities of the President's visit.

On this journey Mr. Taft has carried himself with singular grace and success. He speaks apparently without reserve, yet with an instinctive dignity and regard for decorum. He impresses everybody with the solidity and sincerity of his mind. He has not made the mistake of assailing or denouncing anybody. Positive and even personal as he is capable of being under provocation, detraction and denunciation are not in his line. He knows how to state his opinions without offensive bluster, how to encounter differences of opinion without irritation or resentment.

It is now a foregone conclusion that Mr. Taft will be the Republican nominee for the presidency next year. And he will enter the contest under auspices of far higher respect than before. He will not lie under the reproach of being a "promoted" candidate; he will not require the aid of any "steam roller" agency. He will this time appear in the character of one who by his judgment, his earnestness, his faithfulness, his persistence, his success, has earned the favor and goodwill not only of his party but of the country.

The Hearst Hall Incident.

Some ten days ago the leaders of the woman's suffrage campaign, thinking, shrewdly, to give their cause the *eclat* of academic sanction, applied to the authorities of the State University for permission to use Hearst Hall, one of the University auditoriums, for a pro-suffrage rally. The request was denied, as it should have been.

The incident appears to prove that time and events have impressed one wholesome and necessary lesson. The State University is maintained by all the people of California for a definite purpose—one in no wise connected with political, social, or revolutionary projects. To give over a university auditorium to the uses of any "movement" is to a greater or less extent to identify the university with such movement. Experience has illustrated the fact and demonstrated that mischief may grow out of it—not only mischief of a vague and unidentifiable kind, but mischief to the respect and fortunes of the university itself.

It would have been far better for the University if the rule now tardily asserted in the case of the suffragette meeting had been enforced earlier. It is not forgotten that some three or four years ago Mr. Heney was invited or permitted to speak in the Harmon Gymnasium under University patronage and that he used the occasion openly to vilify citizens against whom he held grudges. Nor is it forgotten that the present governor of the State of California, previous to his entrance into the official sphere, was granted the use of a university auditorium for the airing of his political whimsies and resentments. It is further remembered that at another time a university hall was given over to the uses of a political club, organized nominally among students, but participated in practically by certain professional politicians of Berkeley.

These incidents not only gave a shock to conservative ideas of academic propriety, but created conditions which in their ultimate effects reacted upon the interests of the University. The *Argonaut* has personal knowledge that it cost the University two memorial buildings, one of them conceived upon a liberal and even noble plan. What other losses were entailed by this indiscretion we can only guess.

It is not the function of a university to lead off or to lend support to social and political movements, no matter what their pretensions or merits. It is little short of outrageous to give to such movements the quasi-endorsement implied in the use of university halls. The university authorities seem to be the last to have discovered this fact; until just now, indeed, they appear to have been inspired by the idea that it is their right to use university property in any way agreeable to their convenience or pleasure and to give upon their own motion any cause or movement the kind of sanction implied by university recognition. It is to be hoped that the immediate instance—the denial of Hearst Hall to the suffragettes—follows a new and fixed rule, and that it does not merely reflect somebody's antipathy to the woman's suffrage cause. For if university auditoriums may be used for political and factional purposes, for the ravings of scalawags, and for what not other non-academic purposes, there is no reason why they should have been denied to the suffragettes. This journal will not be accused of sympathy with a reckless and revolutionary cause when we declare that if university halls are to be given over to the uses of social and political agitation, the right of the suffragettes is quite as good as any other.

Sampson, Schley, and Cervera.

The death of Admiral Winfield S. Schley recalls the historic controversy under which the laurels of Santiago, such as they were, were cast upon the ash-heap of public contempt to wither and die. In the naval operations in Cuban waters in the year 1898 Admiral Sampson was chief in command. Admiral Schley was in command of the "Flying Squadron," independent in an immediate sense, yet subject to Sampson's general orders. The fleets were massed in overwhelming force off Santiago harbor in June, the ships being placed in a semicircle around the entrance waiting to pounce upon the Spaniards if they should attempt to escape, American land forces in the meantime coöperating to make their position in the harbor untenable. On the morning of July 3 the Spanish admiral attempted to break this terrible blockade, taking the desperate chance of getting away with his few poor and relatively slow ships from the overwhelming American fleet. At the moment Admiral Sampson was some miles down the coast attending a military conference, leaving Admiral Schley as the ranking officer on the spot, and technically and immediately in command.

Five minutes after Cervera's flagship passed out of the harbor the fight began. There were practically no orders—none were needed. It was a case where every man saw his duty and did it. The fleeing squadron found itself assailed by a storm of fire which was maintained in a hot chase of three hours. At its end every Spanish ship was either on the rocks or at the bottom of the sea. Admiral Sampson, noting the battle, hurried to the scene, arriving in time to be in at the death.

The battle of Santiago was the climax of a plan made by Admiral Sampson in coöperation with the naval department at Washington. Everything worked precisely in accordance with the plan, only Sampson was not on the ground when the action began or at its hottest period. If he had been there he could have added nothing to it from start to finish. On the American side it was a battle of engineers and gunners. If there was one circumstance above all else tending to personal glory, its hero was Captain Clark of the *Oregon*, whose ship, just arrived from around Cape Horn, was in such perfect condition that she joined hotly in the fight and bore the chase with such amazing swiftness as to bear off the highest honors of the day.

In the words of Admiral Schley in a report of the battle to Washington, there was "glory enough for all." But neither Schley nor Sampson was willing to let it go at that. Neither had borne a notable part in the actual conflict, yet each regarded himself as the victor of Santiago—Schley upon the theory that he was in immediate command, Sampson upon the theory that he was in general command.

In the long conflict of words waged between these rival commanders and their champions the battle itself and its results became almost a secondary interest. Long before the controversy came to its close the country grew sick to disgust of the whole business and was more than ready to cry to the rivals "A plague on both your houses." Quite naturally the honors of the day lost their value; and before the wordy warfare was over, the dignity and glory of the incident were dissipated and lost in weariness and disgust. Admiral Sampson died under physical and mental stress growing out of the incident. Schley lived on to lose, through vain appeals for recognition and prestige, the flavor of distinctions earned in other and previous professional service.

Time, which has its own way of sifting the wheat from the chaff in relation to all things, has passed by both Sampson and Schley in apportioning the fame of Santiago. It has given the highest distinction of that incident, not to one or the other of the clamorous victors, but to the vanquished. It was poor old Admiral Cervera who, caught like a rat in a trap, boldly took the one chance that was left to him, risking not only his fleet but his life in a desperate but heroic effort to pierce the cordon of fire which hemmed him in. The sentiment of the world, while passing the others by, has given to his name a fame that will not die. Verily "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."

Bebel and German Socialism.

The German government and the Socialist leaders are hotly engaged in their uusal struggle for the sympathies of the electorate. It is a struggle carried on upon both sides with weapons that are artificial, appeals that are insincere, and arguments that are snatched from the fortuitous events of the moment. The government points to the quarrel in Morocco and asks triumphantly what would be the fate of the country if its destinies were in the hands of those who would place an economic humanitarianism above the interests of a patriotic nationalism. And fearing lest the past and its lessons are already forgotten, the voters are implored to turn their attention toward England and to recognize the existence of a powerful enemy that must be brushed from the path of German progress. The Socialists upon their side point to the financial panic in Berlin as a foretaste of the real results of foreign aggression and ask how long the people will tolerate a form of government that is responsible for the high price of food and that will soon make of life itself a monopoly of the rich. It is a competition for the credulities of the crowd, a competition without restraint, scruples, or conscience; a competition that on the one hand would willingly plunge the nation into war and that on the other hand would be equally willing to invite revolution.

The return to the leadership of Herr Bebel will probably moderate the extravagances of some of his coadjutors, but it will certainly give to the Socialist cause the new impetus that comes from intelligent guidance. Herr Bebel knows exactly what he wants, and he takes care not to want more than he believes he can get. He has a stern rebuke for those who demand an immediate revolution—a considerable party, by the way. Socialists, says Bebel, must do their best to prevent war of any kind, internal or external. War is the last resort of tyranny. It diverts men's minds from their real interests and enables the governing classes to pose as the saviors of their country. And if war should come, continues the Socialist leader, it will be the duty of his followers to take their proper places in the army, to do their whole military duty, and to await their opportunity in the financial and industrial chaos that must assuredly follow. He utterly scouts the idea of a general strike as a protest against war, and of any interference with the mobilization of troops. Work, he says, would be scarce enough to make a strike impossible, and any overt act against military measures would simply mean the imprisonment of all the leaders. If peace is preserved the movement will advance toward its triumph in an orderly electoral way. If there should be war, then he will know how to utilize the disasters inseparable either from victory or defeat. It was a counsel that disappointed the hot-headed of the party. Probably it disappointed the government also, for the government is naturally reluctant to throw the dice of war and it has the best of reasons to dread the elections. Acts of violence, acts that could be stigmatized as anti-national, would be exactly what the authorities want. These are exactly what Bebel does not intend to supply.

The position of the party is now extraordinarily favorable. The increase of membership for the current year is 116,524, bringing the total to 836,562. But the actual membership of the party means a voting strength of about three millions, using previous elections as a criterion. There are now 374 local organizations, and the party newspapers have 1,300,000 sub-

scribers, and of course they are read by a far greater number. The events of the day are all on the side of the Socialists, who are untiring in their efforts to exploit the cost of living, which of course is no more due to capitalism than it is to the man in the moon. But popular electorates are not noted for perspicacity. French governments are usually overthrown by a bad harvest, and the German voter is just as prone to attribute every misfortune to the authorities.

Herr Bebel is therefore justified in his optimism. He believes that he will win in any case. If there is peace he will win quickly. If there is war he will win not so quickly but perhaps more effectively. It is a situation that is full of danger, for it is hard to believe that the government will face the elections without some dramatic bid for popularity. They profited largely by the Morocco situation. Every fresh blaze of anger against England is grist for the government mill by its creation of a sort of frenzied patriotism. It is a terribly dangerous game to play, but the alternative is also dangerous. And the return of Bebel is not exactly a lubricant, although it may seem so to the unreflecting.

The Starret Company and the Union.

The L. S. Starret Company of Athol, Massachusetts, has just issued a circular to explain why it will no longer use the union label, and why it has been forced to repudiate the labor agreement that it signed ten years ago and that it has loyally sustained ever since. It is hardly necessary to say that the Starret Company has a world-wide reputation as tool-makers and that its character for ethical dealing is of the highest. Its manufacturing importance is so great and its trouble with the union is so typical as to deserve attention.

First of all, the company points out that its sales have steadily fallen during its ten years' connection with the union, and this in spite of assurances of union support all over the country. But this alone might be attributed to the ordinary fluctuations of trade, and probably it would not have occasioned the present action but for other and unbearable incidents that the circular goes on to enumerate. It might be supposed that so important an adhesion to the union cause would be welcomed with cordiality and coöperation. Not at all. Such words are not in the union vocabulary. A new adherent is looked upon not as a friend, but as a conquered enemy to be insulted, robbed, and ruined. No sooner was the agreement signed than the whole horde of union iniquities was let loose upon the unfortunate victim. Among the more obnoxious of these was the "limitation of production," and we all know what that means. It means that the deliberate theft of labor becomes the order of the day throughout the works, that every man deducts a certain percentage from his own capacity, that he works slowly instead of quickly, that he consciously lessens the speed of his hands and of the machine that he controls. Scamps and rascals have done these things from time immemorial, but until now they have been recognized as scampish and rascally. Labor unionism makes of them its cardinal virtues. Therefore the Starret Company finds that it can not continue its business under a closed-shop agreement that compels it to weed out the honest men and employ only the rogues. In its own words, "the cost of manufacture of goods has been greater in a marked degree under the closed-shop system than it was before."

But that was not the worst. The company found that it must abdicate the control of its own business. The walking delegate must take the place of the foreman, and the local union must decide whether the company should be allowed to exist or not. A clause of the agreement specifically stated that all grievances should be adjusted in accordance with certain general rules and regulations. But when a workman was discharged the local union ordered that he be reinstated under penalty of a strike. The order was defied and the strike occurred. It was a distinct violation of the agreement, but what is an agreement to an exhilarated unionism when once it has its foot upon the neck of an employer, or thinks it has? The company appealed to the grand lodge for an observance of the agreement, but it might as well have appealed to the Sultan of Turkey. The international vice-president did indeed visit the scene of the trouble, but it was only to encourage the strikers. He made no effort to defend the illegality of the thing, and indeed he could not do so in face of the explicit terms of the agreement. But he wrote a report to the official journal commending the strike and the "true union spirit displayed." In this respect at least he was right. The men had displayed the "true union spirit" of a truculent brutality. It is a spirit inconsistent with the preservation of civilization and intolerable to a free people.

There is no need to dwell upon this particular instance. It is one out of hundreds. It can be matched in every city in the country. It is the manifestation of a temper that regards every kind of work as an evil and every kind of employer as an enemy, that exalts laziness into a virtue and incompetence into a recommendation. And yet the incident may have its value. The faster we go the more quickly we shall get there, and the day can not be far off when communities as a whole will brush away this festering incubus that raises the cost of living to the point of destitution and that embroils the whole nation in a perpetual civil war. Either it must be brushed away or we must give up the pretense of being a self-governing and a free people.

The War in Tripoli.

If Italy is at all sensitive to public opinion she must now be aware that she has incurred the condemnation of civilization by her wanton attack upon Turkey. She has not only committed an act of piracy without provocation or excuse, but she has deliberately flouted the whole machinery of arbitration that was fondly expected to enthrone some sort of a moral law above the sovereignty of nations. In the face of such an action as this The Hague Tribunal becomes a farce, and the slowly awakening conscience of humanity finds that brutality and barbarism are still the dominant forces in the world.

The war itself, if it can be called a war, is still in favor of Italy. So long as operations are confined to the coast of Africa it is only the ships that count, and Turkey has no ships. Austria has warned Italy to keep away from the Turkish shores, having no mind for the Balkan inferno that might be created at any moment by the sight of bloodshed, and while this was not intended as a service to Italy it may well have saved her from a merited disaster. Turkey has no navy, but she has an army, and if she could once bring this to bear upon her enemies their career might be short and strenuous. Europe, of course, is doing all that she can to bring the whole ugly business to an end, not so much from motives of humanity as from a well-grounded fear that matters may grow immeasurably worse at any moment.

Italy's abolition of slavery in Tripoli may be taken at its exact value, which is small enough, but no doubt it will have its effect upon a certain weak sentiment that is a factor in public opinion. Slavery in Tripoli is not much more than a domestic absolutism, and of course it disappears automatically with the advent of a white power. Italy's pronouncement is no more than a bid for humanitarian sympathy of the one-idea kind and it becomes insignificant in comparison with the wrong that she has done. A murderer might as well claim exemption on the ground of his intention to observe the Sabbath.

Editorial Notes.

On top of the great bonded indebtedness incurred in the Owens River water supply scheme ($23,500,000), Los Angeles is now considering favorably another colossal project of municipal ownership. The proposal is to issue $6,000,000 in bonds for the purchase of the Pacific Light and Power Company, the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation, whose combined distributing systems are valued by the companies themselves at $8,500,000. If the companies shall refuse to sell, the plan is to parallel their distributing systems. The city, it is estimated, will have a vast surplus of horsepower from the Owens River aqueduct, and this under the plan outlined is to be used in connection with the distributing systems above referred to. The theory is that the city will be able to supply power and light at rates very much below those charged by private companies. We suspect that the project will not work out in strict accordance with the plan. This has been the experience elsewhere. We very much fear that before Los Angeles gets through with it she will have both an incubus and a scandal on her hands.

Dr. Wiley's vindication by the President has been followed by a substantial enlargement of his authority in the adjudication and enforcement of the national pure food law. Solicitor McCabe, assistant chief of the chemistry bureau, has been deprived of his authority over food prosecutions under a scheme of readjustment which leaves Wiley practically supreme over these matters. The rearrangement grows undoubtedly out of the universal desire for enforcement of the pure food law. The public wants such administration of this law as will enable it to know precisely what it is getting. And it will not stop with the present adjustment unless it shall yield this result.

Governor Johnson, whose delicate sense of official propriety did not permit him to show where he stood in our recent municipal campaign, will now, so it is reported, take a hand in the second phase of the contest in behalf of his friend Senator Finn, who aspires to reëlection to the shrievalty of San Francisco city and county. Finn, it will be remembered, marshaled the San Francisco forces in the last legislature and brought them into coöperation with the governor, and it is in payment for this service that he is to have the help of the executive. Incidentally it is pertinent to ask how comes it under a constitution which directly prohibits one and the same man from holding more than one office that Mr. Finn is at the same time a state senator and a sheriff?

Professor Richardson of the State University has been compiling tables of statistics tending to illustrate the effect of "student activities" upon individual scholarship. He finds that unaffiliated students—that is, students not connected with fraternities, clubs, and other organizations—maintained a "passing grade" of 91 per cent during the last college year. Members of house clubs averaged a passing grade of 89 per cent, and of fraternities 84.2 per cent. The percentage of students in the first and second grades in scholarship was as follows: Unaffiliated, 56.4 per cent; clubs, 54.6 per cent; fraternities, 45.2 per cent. For the last three years the record runs: 1909—unaffiliated, 49.5 per cent; clubs, 51.9 per cent; fraternities, 39.7 per cent. For 1910—unaffiliated, 54.7 per cent; clubs, 52.1 per cent; fraternities, 42.2 per cent. For 1911—unaffiliated, 56.4 per cent; clubs, 54.6 per cent; fraternities, 45.2 per cent. All of which goes to show quite positively that club and other forms of organized social life into which large numbers of students enter is reflected in a deteriorated scholarship. It is to be considered that scholarship is not the sole benefit to be gotten out of a college career; and the serious question is, if the training and discipline afforded by fraternity and other organized social activities is a sufficient compensation for the apparently inevitable loss in scholarly acquirement.

Results of our municipal primary, taken in connection with what came before it, plainly demonstrate the impracticability of unorganized political action. If there is to be coöperation among voters to the end of getting worthy men in office, there must be some preliminary agreement as to candidates. In the old days there were party "conventions"; under the new system we have "conferences." Whether one be better than the other, time only can tell. This much is certain, namely, that the new system gives us the extra bother and extra expense of two elections as compared with one. Probably when the new plan has been sifted down to a working scheme this will be found to be the net result. Thus far we see but one assured practical good from the new system, and that is the fact that it prevents the election of any man to an office by a minority vote; and this system, be it remembered, came as an afterthought and an amendment to the original direct primary scheme.

There were five great hunters of classic renown: Acastos and Meleager, who took prominent parts in the famous Calydonian hunt of the wild boar; Actæon, the huntsman who was transformed by Diana into a stag as a punishment for intruding on the scene when the goddess was bathing; Adonis, beloved of Venus, who was killed by a wild boar while hunting; Orion, the great hunter, changed into the constellation, so conspicuous from November through the winter.

Kansas farmers are making syrup for their own use out of watermelon juice. It is boiled down in big kettles just as they boil the juice from sugar cane. This watermelon syrup has a very fine flavor and is considered a delicacy. Experts who have tested it say it will be sought after by the people of the cities. This, added to the value of the seeds of watermelons, will make the industry one of the most profitable in the Southwest.

There are 500 miles of automobile roads on Vancouver Island, British Columbia. The government has built a 75-mile trunk road from Victoria to Alberni, and a 60-mile scenic drive along the Saanich peninsula.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

We may derive a certain cynical amusement hy noting how short is the road that we have traveled since the heginners of civilization first addressed themselves to the task of legislation. At least the more intelligent among them discovered soon that of all the ways to reform that of law-making was the most hopeless and the most futile. When Plato wrote contemptuously of the legislating reformers of his day he used language that is as appropriate now as it was to the Greece of two thousand years ago. The passage is to he found in "The Republic," and it is worth transcription:

If God will only guard the laws that we have given them.
And without divine help, said Adeimantus, they will go on forever making and mending the laws.
You would compare them, I said, to those invalids who will not leave off their habits of intemperance?
Exactly.
Yes, I said, and how charming those people are! They are always doctoring and increasing and complicating their disorders, fancying they will he cured hy some nostrum which somebody advises them to try—never getting hetter hut rather growing worse. . . . Well, do not he angry with them; for are they not as good as a play, trying their hand at legislation, and always fancying that hy reforming the laws they will make an end of the dishonesties and rascalities of mankind?

We have learned nothing since then. We are still invoking the eternal avalanche of laws, still cackling hysterically of the new earth that awaits only the passage of our own pet schemes. The mind of man can not compass the number of new laws that have heen passed since the days of Plato, and today we are somewhat less virtuous and very much less happy than we were then. But the kingdom of heaven is still just ahead of us, awaiting just one more legislative vote or one more election. Our enthusiasms for folly are as great as ever they were.

When it was proposed to dramatize "Pickwick" and to present it in French to a Paris audience there was no lack of prophets of disaster. It was an attempt to perform a douhle impossihility, for "Pickwick," it was said, can he neither translated nor dramatized. But the promoters of the idea had the courage of their convictions, and the English-speaking puhlic in Paris may now visit the Athénée Theatre and judge for themselves. The French visitors at least were delighted. But then the French visitors did not know how much they were missing, and they missed a good deal. Sam Weller's anecdotal similes were entirely omitted, perhaps hecause they are untranslatahle, hut the result was to reduce the immortal Sam to the level of a clown. Then, too, there were some incongruities visihle only to the Anglo-Saxon eye. For example, the Christmas dinner hegan with the plum pudding and Mrs. Bardell leads off in the dance with a cake-walk, which was hugely appreciated as an old English measure. But the difference in the national point of view was delightfully evidenced in the reception of the trial scene. The French audience entertained no douht whatever as to Mr. Pickwick's guilt. The speech of Sergeant Buzfuz and his array of incriminating facts were considered to he conclusive, and henceforth Mr. Pickwick will go down to French posterity as the hetrayer of an innocent, confiding, hut experienced widowhood. And who are we to say that the French audience was wrong? They understand these matters in Paris, and we may confess that we have had our own douhts, inspired not only hy the testimony hut hy the fact that Mr. Pickwick was duly convicted hy a jury of his peers.

Archdeacon Wilherforce displayed a certain spirit of credulity when he quoted from the pulpit an opinion of some unnamed "antiquary" to the effect that the English coronation stone was the identical rock that was struck hy Moses when he supplied water to the thirsty Israelites. The archdeacon ought to have known, and the "antiquary" prohahly did know, that there is not, and that there could not he, an iota of evidence for such an opinion nor indeed for a helief in the literal accuracy of the hihlical story itself. Sir Archihald Geikie, president of the Royal Society, summarizes all that is known of the stone when he says that it was brought from Dunstaffnage in Argyllshire. Its previous history is a matter of conjecture, hut those who love the weaving of fanciful mysteries may take note of the fact that there are lots of similar stones that may he picked up at Dunstaffnage at this day hy any one wishing to possess them. This particular stone may, of course, have heen hrought from Palestine or from Timbuctoo, hut at least it has a remarkahle similarity to the ordinary rocks of Argyllshire.

Our own newspapers give us a very inadequate conception of the present state in many parts of Europe. To get the whole lurid picture we have to turn to the foreign press. Here, for example, are some of the items culled from the news of a single day selected at random from European journals. At Bilhao, in Spain, the rioters cut the railway lines at several points and also the telegraph and telephone wires. As a consequence the whole service hetween Spain and Portugal came to a standstill. The soldiers patrolled the streets continually and with their drawn swords dispersed the crowds. On the same day the strikers tried to hlow up with dynamite a hridge near Zaramillo. From Oviedo came the news that a hody of revolting miners had hlown up the local railroad hridge. Turning to France, we find the news of widespread rioting and hloodshed. A column of Socialists in military order entered Creil and hroke all the shop windows. They were charged hy the soldiers and defended themselves and wounded several. When the cavalry arrived their horses were stampeded hy firecrackers, wire was stretched across the street, and the horses that fell were promptly stahhed. At Montataire 2000 rioters entrenched themselves hehind a harricade and the attacking troops lost fifteen men. The hattle was then transferred to the Creil road, a series of harricades was erected, some of them twenty feet high, and when the last telegram was sent it was to the effect that "the battle was raging furiously." A similar story comes from Vienna, the reports heing headed, "Barricades and Street Fighting—Cavalry Charges—Six Killed and 250 Wounded—Shops Looted and Cars Set on Fire." Such was the news of one day from Spain, France, and Austria, and it was a representative day.

Mr. Alexander Konta of New York announces a scheme that should commend itself to every historian and to every one else who wishes that posterity shall know more ahout us than we know ahout antiquity. He is struck hy the fact that all our records are upon paper, the most perishahle of all materials, and that unless we amend our ways it is probahle that the people of a few thousand years hence will know less of us than we know of the Athens of Plato or the Egypt of Rameses. Mr. Konta announces that the object of the Modern Historic Records Association is to advocate and promote the employment of all possihle mechanical means to insure the preservation of the completest possihle records of the present for the information of the future. The association will call in the aid of the camera, the phonograph, the vitascope, and all other mechanical inventions that may yet he made. Centres of the association will he estahlished throughout the country, and it will he their duty to collect the records not only of important events, hut of the normal life of the people—in fact, just such records as we should wish to have of otber and dead civilizations. These records will he taken in such a way as hest to defy the hand of time, and they will he so stored as to be safe against fire and against the ordinary dangers of the day. Mr. Konta illustrates his point hy asking what we would not now give for a moving picture of Lincoln's address at Gettyshurg and for a phonographic record that would actually reproduce his voice. But these records are not for the henefit of posterity alone. Posterity is not yet here, and in the meantime they can he used in many educational ways. Mr. Konta is well known as a man of intellect and enterprise, and his scheme can hardly fail to commend itself to the intelligence of the puhlic.

A writer in the London *Daily Chronicle* has revived the old dispute as to the finest line in English poetry. He quotes Professor Churton Collins as giving the palm to a line in Swinhurne's "Tristan and Iseult," the line that says: "And all their past came wailing in the wind." Certainly that is a great line, hut the real difficulty, says the *Chronicle* scrihe, is to find the worst line rather than the best. And then he tells us of a contest hetween Tennyson and FitzGerald as to who could write the weakest imaginable Wordsworthian line. They succeeded in producing: "A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman." FitzGerald and Tennyson each claimed this fine effort and the point is still undecided. Can any one else do hetter than this?

The knotty prohlems that depend upon the administration of law in India are well illustrated by a case that has just heen decided hy the court of Benares. Govind Das was excommunicated from his caste hecause he had dined with certain Hindus who had crossed the ocean in order to visit Europe. So Govind Das hrought an action for defamation of character upon the ground that while a Hindu forfeits his caste hy a sea voyage he does not communicate that disahility to those who happen to dine with him on his return. Fortunately the judge was an authority upon the suhtle laws of Indian caste, and after a patient hearing he decided that Govind Das still helonged to his original rank and was entitled to damages from any one who ventured to assert the contrary.

Advertisements of second-hand aeroplanes are now quite common in English newspapers. Some of them are surprisingly cheap, so cheap indeed as to suggest unpleasant adventures in the past. One of these announcements reads "offers wanted for full-size monoplane, without engine; nearest £5." An Edinburgh ex-aviator advertises, "Monoplane for sale, fitted with 30-h.p. 3-cylinder engine; £150, or exchange for motor-car." The willingness to exchange for a motor-car is both unkind and suggestive, hut another advertiser is still more candid. He advertises a "Monoplane, first-class condition, with or without 30-h.p. water-cooled motor; too expensive for owner; no reasonahle offer refused, or exchange for good motor-car." Anotber "thoroughly well-huilt monoplane" is offered for £15, hut without engine, and an aeroplane company is already in the field with an offer to huy "second-hand and damaged aeroplanes." There should he no scarcity of the latter article, nor of second-hand and damaged aviators.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Mining for rubies in Burma is simple, but profitable. After the dirt has been hoisted and disintegrated and washed, the material left in the washing pans is thrown into covered trucks, which are then locked until the sorters are ready for them. Then the mass of gravel, rubies, and other stones is thrown into a large bin, from which it gradually escapes into a revolving screen arranged with meshes of different sizes. First the sand is eliminated and then the clean stones and pebbles falling directly upon a sorting table drop in five different sizes—the largest and the others into the "pulsator." The "pulsator" is described by the company's engineer as a "sort of perpetual motion jigger which passes the light stuff away into trucks, while the heavy remainder falls into a locked receptacle." From this it is taken by the sorters. A large sieve is taken by the sorters filled with the concentrates, placed in a tub of water and shaken until the heavier materials have sunk to the bottom. The sieve is then turned upside down on a table, so that the rubies (being the heaviest) are on top. They are then picked out by hand. Every afternoon the sorters take the day's find to the company's office, where the gems are graded into fifteen different qualities.

OLD FAVORITES.

Autumn.

Scarlet her cloak, her lips all scarlet too.
Her cloudy hair as golden as the leaves
Of the sun-mellowed hickories, her voice
The rich, low whispers of the hrooks that please
By hinting autumn mysteries, her eyes
Witch-lights of laughter and of mad surprise.

O gipsy prodigal, who gives and gives,
Till penury in winter strips you hare,
Cover me with the splendor of your locks,
Let your eyes challenge me from dull despair—
Wake me and sting me till I, too, shall sweep
Round in the revels that your whirlwinds keep.

—*Clinton Dangerfield.*

An Old Sweetheart of Mine.

As one who cons at evening o'er an alhum all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till, in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes,
And light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tohacco and to vanish with the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection—for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfumes from the hlossom of the heart;
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine—
When my truant fancy wanders with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, heneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children, and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When care has cast her anchor in the harhor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I helieve it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm—
For I find an extra flavor in Memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily heauty, with a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tohacco as the genii from the vase;
And I thrill heneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunhonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that "as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump," she loved me—that old sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned—
When I should he a poet, and with nothing else to do
But write the tender verses that she set music to:

When we should live together in a cosy little cot
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden-spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather ever fine,
And the hirds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine:

When I should he her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should he so happy that when either's lips were dumh
They would not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come.

. . . . . .

But, ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and—my wife is standing there;
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Wanderlust.

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,
And East and West the wanderlust that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear, to hid me say good-bye!
For the seas call and the stars call, and oh, the call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the hlue hills are,
But man can have the sun for friend, and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the river calls and the road calls, and oh, the call of a hird!

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there hy night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;
And come I may, hut go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may put the hlame on the stars and the sun and the white road and the sky!

—*Gerald Gould.*

The United States Life-Saving Service is finding it increasingly difficult to fill gaps in its crews caused by death and resignation (according to the New York *Evening Post*). The younger men of the coast do not seem as willing to accept the small salary and great dangers of the service as were their forefathers. It is still possible to find father and son serving in the same crew, and there are Long Island families that can boast of having every male member a coast guard; but these instances are by no means as frequent as they used to be. The surfmen are beginning to doubt the value of a service that pays, at most, a salary of $1104 a year, with no prospect of pension or indemnification if a man dies in the performance of his duty. Why should a man adopt such a life when he can do better and live safely as fisherman or oysterman, or combination carpenter and yacht-skipper in the summer months?

New South Wales reports an important new diamond field, in the northeastern part of the province. As usual the diamonds are found near the crater of an extinct volcano.

Experiments with a process for obtaining a textile fiber, with merits between those of cotton and linen, from the nettle are being fostered by the Australian government.

"MONSIEUR PIQUEVIQUE."

A Dickens Comedy on the Parisian Stage.

Whether the *entente cordiale* will bear the strain is a greater problem than the disappearance of Monna Lisa. The Parisian's inexhaustible politeness may save the day. That is so charming a quality that it is actually enjoyable to have him tread on one's tenderest corn for the sake of hearing and seeing him make amends. But Dickens on his stage, Dickens in French; Pickwick by M. Gorby, and David Copperfield and Martin Chuzzlewit by other stars yet unannounced—will he stand it? True, the newspaper men are doing their best to foster the Dickens boom, even though their efforts may not be according to knowledge. One of those scribes suggested a few days ago that Pickwick is a detective story, and when corrected assigned its authorship to David Copperfield. Which would seem to show that M. Taine is not without readers save in his own country.

For the moment, however, all's well. Wednesday night witnessed a large and fashionable crowd wending its way to the Athénée Theatre in the little Square de l'Opéra behind the Grand Hotel, all agog for the *repetition generale* of Georges Duval and Robert Charvay's daring attempt to translate Samuel Pickwick, Esq., into the terms of Gallic stagecraft. The experiment has been long a-making. Quite a few months have gone by since those clever playwrights completed their first book and tried it on a few French-speaking English "dogs" of their acquaintance. The result was somewhat disheartening, but they tackled the task again in consultation with the actor M. Gorby, and Wednesday night's function was the result. MM. Duval and Charvay are both well read in English literature, but the accomplishment may well have been their most serious handicap. If they had known less of English ideas they might have had fewer difficulties in adapting them for the delectation of the boulevard without, as they put it, "sacrificing London to Paris."

But something had to be sacrificed. Stiggins, for example, was clearly impossible, for he could no more be gallicized than his compeer Pecksniff, who, as M. Taine declared, is not to be found in France. And there were other sea-changes wrought by the Channel passage. The immortal Sam Weller became a mere knockabout clown, Mrs. Bardell the heroine first and last with Rabelaisian leanings, and Jingle the mere joker of the story without a trace of pathos. In fact, the Pickwickians had to be shuffled to and fro regardless of their book traditions, while their adventures were readjusted in the interests of stage unity. So Winkle shoots Pickwick instead of Wardle, and Pickwick and not Winkle is in danger at the hands of the irate Dr. Slammer. But in a "burlesque comedy," as MM. Duval and Charvay describe their adaptation, anything and everything may be allowed if the end justifies the means.

And it does to an amazing degree. Part of the result is due to the ingenious framework on which the burlesque is built. There are five acts, the scenes of which are respectively Mr. Pickwick's rooms, the Bull Inn at Rochester, the Manor Farm, the Law Courts, and the Fleet Prison, and the adventures of the Pickwickians are so redistributed that these five scenes set forth a connected story. In the opening act the way is adroitly prepared for giving Mrs. Bardell the feminine lead, for while Pickwick in one room is presiding over a meeting of the club, in another Dodson and Fogg are suggesting to Mrs. Bardell that she should marry Mr. Pickwick or so compromise him as to insure heavy damages for breach of promise. Hence the persistence with which the widow is brought upon the scene—inimitably acted by Jane Loury, who has an amazing repertory of fainting fits—first at the Bull Inn and then at the Manor Farm, where she dresses Mr. Pickwick's wound to the accompaniment of many Gallic innuendoes as to its exact locality. That third act would hardly bear translation into English. Not merely because of Mrs. Bardell's physiological curiosity, but because the "business" would shock the reader of English who is at all sensitive to anachronisms. The Christmas dinner was permissible, with its mistletoe and plum pudding and champagne, but the cake-walk with which it concluded—already known to the Parisian as "une danse Américaine"—shades of pre-Victorian English manners and customs, what right had it in such a gallery?

Still, even that cake-walk had much to do with the success of Mr. Pickwick's first bow on the Athénée stage. In fact a large part of the enjoyment which Parisians evidently found in the entertainment was due to the "business" which MM. Duval and Charvay have foisted upon Dickens. The incidental music by M. Heintz, and the imitation of midnight church bells, and even Jingle's whistling an air to the accompaniment of his manipulation of bottles and glasses, were all loyally accepted as so much pre-Victorian English yuletide atmosphere. The Fat Boy, too, contributed his quota by—when he was not snoring—persistently munching a French loaf.

Beyond all, however, the success of the adaptation was insured by Mr. Pickwick himself. This is not to ignore the large and hearty manner of Joseph Leroux's Mr. Wardle, or the amorousness of M. Mathillon's Mr. Tupman, or the marry-me-quick air of Germaine Ety's Miss Rachel, or even the usefulness, from a Parisian standpoint, of Jane Loury's underscoring of an implied mistress element in Mrs. Bardell; but the fact remains that it was Pickwick himself and none other who won all hearts in the Athénée. For even the trial scene, from which the English-speaking reader of Dickens would naturally expect so much, fell somewhat flat. That act was taken bodily from the book with practically no change, and the bewilderment of the audience unfamiliar with the lights and shades of the English legal system must have consoled MM. Duval and Charvay for their freer handling of the other episodes. The trial scene, in short, was saved from complete disaster only by the eloquence and gesticulations of Sergeant Buzfuz.

Dickens, however, would surely have forgiven his adapters everything—condoned the prying of Mrs. Bardell and the purple little past of Rachel with Jingle before she met Tupman—for the triumph they have achieved with Pickwick. For to attempt a French version of Sam Weller's master is to put the genius of Dickens to the severest possible test. No one of his other characters is so English as he; he is as native to the soil as M. Jordain is to that of France, or Joseph Prudhomme. Before Wednesday night a French Pickwick was almost unthinkable; yet there he was, on a French stage, talking French, and yet Pickwick still. That is, in the bulk. Not all of him, of course, not the minute details and half-shades; but in the sum total Pickwick, and none other. Much of this triumph must be placed to the credit of M. Gorby, who has evidently spent many note-taking hours with the sketches by Phiz. For whether Parisians recognized the likeness or not, the Anglo-French of the audience gasped with delight at M. Gorby's make-up and attitudes. The blue coat, the gold-rimmed spectacles, the tights, the gaiters—there they all were to the life; just as, later, the flowered silk dressing-jacket came as an old familiar friend. And the posture, one hand under his coat tails and the other waving in the air to point his glowing periods—this, too, was the veritable Pickwick at his oratorical best. To these details was added the Pickwickian smile, bland, benevolent, radiant. Such a figure, speaking a mosaic of Pickwickian things, no Gallic heart could resist. The likeness to Joseph Prudhomme may have helped, but it was the humanity of the man, his kinship with that good nature which underlies all nationalities, which made him irresistible. If the forthcoming adaptations of David Copperfield and Martin Chuzzlewit are a tithe as successful the Parisian may not need to tax his politeness severely in welcoming Dickens to his stage.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

PARIS, September 26, 1911.

Appalling loss of life and property by bursting dams in widely separated parts of the country within eight days will make September 30 and October 6, 1911, memorable among tragic days recorded in history. The town of Austin, with a population approximating 2500, nestling in a narrow valley in northern Pennsylvania, was practically swept away when the dam of the Bayless Pulp and Paper Company, a mile and a half north of the little city, burst on the last day in September. At last reports the dead recovered numbered thirty-eight, with estimates that the complete list would be something over forty. The flood also severely damaged the towns of Costello and Wharton, without loss of life. At Austin the immediate scene of obliteration covers an area of three-eighths of a mile wide and a mile and three-quarters long. Statement is made that the town will not be rebuilt. The Bayless dam, a concrete structure 600 feet long, fifty-two feet high, and thirty feet thick at the base, held back a mile and a half of water, estimated at 500,000,000 gallons. About a year ago the dam threatened to break, but was repaired. A survey of the flooded district shows 167 homes wiped out, besides sixty-four stores, four hotels, five churches, and five factories. About 250 houses were left standing. Bursting dams at Chippewa Falls, Bloomer, and some distance above Hatfield, on October 6, devastated Black River Falls, Wisconsin. The entire river district of that part of the state, swept by a wall of water, has been temporarily ruined. Farm houses and buildings were carried off in the flood, stock drowned, and crops lost. Timely warning prevented loss of life. Black River Falls suffered a loss of thirty of its main business buildings and about the same number of residences. The property loss amounts to millions. Other river towns were flooded, sustaining severe damage.

Observe the flexibility and beauty of our municipal system (says the Chicago *Tribune*). Under strong pressure from a certain element of the population the city council passes an ordinance. A certain other element protests against the enforcement of that ordinance. Accordingly, the mayor doesn't enforce it. And there you are. Could anything be more readily responsive to the public will than that?

With a more than usual crop of rice this year, Japan will raise about five bushels per capita for her people. The Japanese do not like to eat foreign-grown rice, or it would be easy to relieve the distress that often occurs by partial failure of the home crop. It is certain that the native food-supply will gradually fall short as the population increases.

More vehicles cross the Rush Street bridge in Chicago than the famous London Bridge, the record for each being slightly under 10,000 in twelve hours.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Vilhjmar Stefanson, who claims to have discovered a tribe in the Arctic region of British Columbia that had never seen a white man before, or even an Eskimo, though they had heard of both, has been in the far north since 1908 on a scientific expedition for the American museum. He is a graduate of Harvard and has devoted several years to anthropological research, particularly among the Eskimos. He feels that his discovery may lead to the solution of the mystery surrounding the fate of the Franklin expedition.

Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., LL. D., founder of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his birthday at his birthplace, Aylmer, Quebec. His parents were Lyda and Charles Symmes. Left an orphan at the age of seven, the boy was adopted by an uncle named Clark, whose name he assumed legally. Dr. Clark's summer home is at Sagamore Beach, Massachusetts, and just before starting for Aylmer the colonists at Sagamore tendered him a complimentary dinner and presented him with a silver loving cup.

Frederic W. Taylor, the new director of agriculture for the Philippines, is responsible for the introduction of Kherson oats, which are now grown to a larger extent than any other in Nebraska. He brought the seed over from Russia in 1897. A native of Nebraska, he grew up a deep student of horticulture and agriculture, his first work as a boy being performed in his father's nursery. He was chief of the department of agriculture and horticulture of the St. Louis Exposition. The Mikado of Japan considered his work so highly that he conferred on him the decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun.

Dr. James Curtis Hepburn, the oldest surviving graduate of Princeton, class of 1832, began his career as a medical missionary to China in 1840. His wife's health failing, he returned to New York and practiced medicine from 1846 until 1859, when he went to Japan to resume his missionary labors. He opened the first dispensary of its kind in Yokohama, published a Japanese-English dictionary, a Japanese grammar, and brought out a Japanese dictionary of the Bible. On his ninetieth birthday anniversary he was honored with an imperial decoration from the Mikado. He was born at Milton, Pennsylvania, ninety-six years ago.

G. A. Askwith, who has just been knighted and invested with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Bath by King George, is chief of the labor statistical department of the English board of trade, and is known as the "strike settler." For years he has had wonderful success in settling trade disputes. He was born fifty years ago, was educated at Marlborough and Oxford, after which he traveled extensively. In 1886 he was called to the bar and has appeared as counsel in many prominent cases. He was appointed comptroller-general of patents in 1909. As a peacemaker in the world of sports he is also known, having acted for Lord Dunraven in the *Valkyrie-Defender* dispute.

Vladimar Kikolaievich Kokovtsoff, the new prime minister of Russia, has for years been one of the most prominent members of the Russian government. He is sixty years of age, but looks fifteen years younger, and is possessed of great vigor. His career began in the ministry of justice, in which he worked striking reforms. Twenty-one years ago he entered the ministry of finance, and later, as chief of that department, arranged the greatest loan that has ever been raised by Russia or any other nation, during the dark days of 1905-6, when revolution shook the empire. He works very quietly, talks without eloquence, but to the point, and may be classified as a moderate and progressive conservative.

Dr. Leland O. Howard, who coined the term, "typhoid fly," and aroused universal interest in the crusade against these dangerous pests, holds the distinction of being the only American on the International Agricultural Committee. He is an expert on insects in the Department of Agriculture, and it is largely due to his scientific investigations that the world became acquainted with the devastating boll weevil and the gipsy moth. In leading scientific societies of the world he is an honored member, but he can do other things besides investigate bugs. He likes golf, plays a rattling game of billiards, is learned in music, and fairly devours books. In politics he would be termed a "good mixer," having the rare ability to fraternize with all classes.

Major Lyde Coker, the father of scientific farming in South Carolina, is a native of that state, and was left penniless after the Civil War. Prior to the war he had studied chemistry at Harvard, and in 1865 plowed his ground with a sore-backed army mule and a yoke of borrowed oxen. He hoed in the fields with his few faithful negro hands and sold his cotton at good prices. His success led to further experiments; he prospered and built a railroad to pave the way for larger industries. He is a banker, factory owner, cotton grower, and philanthropist; founder of Coker College, a woman's school, which he has liberally endowed. At Hartsville, his home town of some 2500 inhabitants, he has in operation one of the finest department stores in South Carolina. Every morning he drives to his office and performs a full day's work, despite his seventy-five years. Ever since the war he has been compelled to use crutches, owing to a wound received in battle.

AN ARTIST—IN CRIME.

Teddy Watkins's Account of the Hammerpond Park Burglary.

It is a moot point whether burglary is to be considered as a sport, a trade, or an art. For a trade, the technic is scarcely rigid enough, and its claims to be considered an art are vitiated by the mercenary element that qualifies its triumphs. On the whole, it seems to be most justly ranked as a sport—a sport for which no rules are at present formulated, and of which the prizes are distributed in an extremely informal manner. It was this informality of burglary that led to the regrettable extinction of two promising beginners at Hammerpond Park.

The stakes offered in this affair consisted chiefly of diamonds and other personal bric-à-brac belonging to the newly married Lady Aveling. Her marriage to Lord Aveling was extensively advertised in the papers, the quantity and quality of her wedding presents, and the fact that the honeymoon was to be spent at Hammerpond. The announcement of these valuable prizes created a considerable sensation in the small circle in which Mr. Teddy Watkins was the undisputed leader, and it was decided that, accompanied by a duly qualified assistant, he should visit the village of Hammerpond in his professional capacity.

Being a man of naturally retiring and modest disposition, Mr. Watkins determined to make this visit *incog.*, and after due consideration of the conditions of his enterprise, he selected the rôle of a landscape artist and the unassuming surname of Smith. He preceded his assistant, who, it was decided, should join him only on the last afternoon of his stay at Hammerpond. Now, the village of Hammerpond is perhaps one of the prettiest little corners in Sussex: many thatched houses still survive, the flint-built church with its tall spire nestling under the down is one of the finest and least restored in the county, and the beech-woods and bracken jungles through which the road runs to the great house are singularly rich in what the vulgar artist and photographer call "bits." So that Mr. Watkins, on his arrival with two virgin canvases, a brand-new easel, a paint-box, portmanteau, an ingenious little ladder made in sections, crowbar, and wire coils, found himself welcomed with effusion and some curiosity by half a dozen other brethren of the brush. It rendered the disguise he had chosen unexpectedly plausible, but it inflicted upon him a considerable amount of æsthetic conversation for which he was very imperfectly prepared.

"Have you exhibited very much?" said Young Porson, in the bar-parlor of the "Coach and Horses," where Mr. Watkins was skillfully accumulating local information on the night of his arrival.

"Very little," said Mr. Watkins; "just a snack here and there."

"Academy?"

"In course. *And* at the Crystal Palace."

"Did they hang you well?" said Porson.

"Don't rot," said Watkins: "I don't like it."

"I mean did they put you in a good place?"

"Whadyer mean?" said Mr. Watkins, suspiciously. "One 'ud think you were trying to make out I'd been put away."

Porson had been brought up by aunts, and was a gentlemanly young man even for an artist: he did not know what being "put away" meant, but he thought it best to explain that he intended nothing of the sort. As the question of hanging seemed a sore point with Mr. Watkins, he tried to divert the conversation a little.

"Do you do figure-work at all?"

"No, never had a head for figures," said Mr. Watkins: "my miss—Mrs. Smith, I mean, does all that."

"She paints, too!" said Porson. "That's rather jolly."

"Very," said Mr. Watkins, though he really did not think so, and, feeling the conversation was drifting a little beyond his grasp, added: "I came down here to paint Hammerpond House by moonlight."

"Really!" said Porson. "That's rather a novel idea."

"Yes," said Mr. Watkins, "I thought it rather a good notion when it occurred to me. I expect to begin tomorrow night."

"What! You don't mean to paint in the open, by night?"

"I do, though."

"But how will you see your canvas."

"Have a bloomin' cop's——" began Mr. Watkins, rising too quickly to the question, and then realizing this, bawled to Miss Durgan for another glass of beer. "I'm goin' to have a thing called a dark lantern," he said to Porson.

"But it's about new moon now," objected Porson. "There won't be any moon."

"There'll be the house," said Watkins, "at any rate. I'm goin', you see, to paint the house first and the moon afterwards."

"Oh!" said Porson, too staggered to continue the conversation.

"They doo say," said old Durgan, the landlord, who had maintained a respectful silence during the technical conversation, "as there's no less than three p'licemen from 'Azelworth on dewty every night in the house—'count of this Lady Aveling 'n her jewellery. One'm won tower-and-six last night, off second footman—tossin'."

Toward sunset next day Mr. Watkins, virgin canvas, easel, and a very considerable case of other appliances in hand, strolled up the pleasant pathway through the beech-woods to Hammerpond Park, and pitched his apparatus in a strategic position commanding the house. Here he was observed by Mr. Raphael Sant, who was returning across the park from a study of the chalk-pits. His curiosity having been fired by Porson's account of the new arrival, he turned aside with the idea of discussing nocturnal art.

Mr. Watkins was apparently unaware of his approach. A friendly conversation with Lady Hammerpond's butler had just terminated, and that individual, surrounded by the three pet dogs which it was his duty to take for an airing after dinner had been served, was receding in the distance. Mr. Watkins was mixing color with an air of great industry. Sant, approaching more nearly, was surprised to see the color in question was as harsh and brilliant an emerald green as it is possible to imagine. Having cultivated an extreme sensibility to color from his earliest years, he drew the air in sharply between his teeth at the very first glimpse of this brew. Mr. Watkins turned round. He looked annoyed.

"What on earth are you going to do with that *beastly* green?" said Sant.

Mr. Watkins realized that his zeal to appear busy in the eyes of the butler had evidently betrayed him into some technical error. He looked at Sant and hesitated.

"Pardon my rudeness," said Sant; "but really, that green is altogether too amazing. It came as a shock. What *do* you mean to do with it?"

Mr. Watkins was collecting his resources. Nothing could save the situation but decision. "If you come here interrupting my work," he said, "I'm a-goin' to paint your face with it."

Sant retired, for he was a humorist and a peaceful man. Going down the hill he met Porson and Wainwright. "Either that man is a genius, or he is a dangerous lunatic," said he. "Just go up and look at his green." And he continued his way, his countenance brightened by a pleasant anticipation of a cheerful affray round an easel in the gloaming, and the shedding of much green paint.

But to Porson and Wainwright Mr. Watkins was less aggressive, and explained that the green was intended to be the first coating of his picture. It was, he admitted, in response to a remark, an absolutely new method, invented by himself. But subsequently he became more reticent; he explained he was not going to tell every passer-by the secret of his own particular style, and added some scathing remarks upon the meanness of people "hanging about" to pick up such tricks of the masters as they could, which immediately relieved him of their company.

Twilight deepened, first one, then another star appeared. The rooks amid the tall trees to the left of the house had long since lapsed into slumbrous silence, the house itself lost all the details of its architecture and became a dark-gray outline, and then the windows of the salon shone out brilliantly, the conservatory was lighted up, and here and there a bedroom window burnt yellow. Had any one approached the easel in the park, it would have been found deserted. One brief, uncivil word in brilliant green sullied the purity of its canvas. Mr. Watkins was busy in the shrubbery with his assistant, who had discreetly joined him from the carriage-drive.

Mr. Watkins was inclined to be self-congratulatory upon the ingenious device by which he had carried all his apparatus boldly, and in the sight of all men, right up to the scene of operations. "That's the dressing-room," he said to his assistant, "and, as soon as the maid takes the candle away and goes down to supper, we'll call in. My! how nice the house do look, to be sure, against the starlight, and with all its windows and lights! Swopme, Jim, I almost wish I *was* a painter-chap. Have you fixed that there wire across the path from the laundry?"

He cautiously approached the house until he stood below the dressing-room window, and began to put together his folding ladder. He was much too experienced a practitioner to feel any unusual excitement. Jim was reconnoitering the smoking-room. Suddenly, close beside Mr. Watkins in the bushes, there was a violent crash and a stifled curse. Some one had tumbled over the wire which his assistant had just arranged. He heard feet running on the gravel pathway beyond. Mr. Watkins, like all true artists, was a singularly shy man, and he incontinently dropped his folding ladder and began running circumspectly through the shrubbery. He was indistinctly aware of two people hot upon his heels, and he fancied that he distinguished the outline of his assistant in front of him. In another moment he had vaulted the low stone wall bounding the shrubbery, and was in the open park. Two thuds on the turf followed his own leap.

It was a close chase in the darkness through the trees. Mr. Watkins was a loosely built man and in good training, and he gained hand-over-hand upon the hoarsely panting figure in front. Neither spoke, but, as Mr. Watkins pulled up alongside, a qualm of awful doubt came over him. The other man turned his head at the same moment and gave an exclamation of surprise. "It's not Jim," thought Mr. Watkins, and simultaneously the stranger flung himself, as it were, at Watkins's knees, and they were forthwith grappling on the ground together. "Lend a hand, Bill," cried the stranger, as the third man came up. And Bill did—two hands, in fact, and some accentuated feet. The fourth man, presumably Jim, had apparently turned aside and made off in a different direction. At any rate, he did not join the trio.

Mr. Watkins's memory of the incidents of the next two minutes is extremely vague. He has a dim recollection of having his thumb in the corner of the mouth of the first man, and feeling anxious about its safety, and for some seconds at least he held the head of the gentleman answering to the name of Bill to the ground by the hair. He was also kicked in a great number of different places, apparently by a vast multitude of people. Then the gentleman who was not Bill got his knee below Mr. Watkins's diaphragm and tried to curl him up upon it.

When his sensations became less entangled, he was sitting upon the turf and eight or ten men—the night was dark and he was rather too confused to count—standing round him, apparently waiting for him to recover. He mournfully assumed that he was captured, and would probably have made some philosophical reflections on the fickleness of fortune, had not his internal sensations disinclined him for speech.

He noticed very quickly that his wrists were not handcuffed, and then a flask of brandy was put in his hands. This touched him a little—it was such unexpected kindness.

"He's a-comin' round," said a voice, which he fancied he recognized as belonging to the Hammerpond second footman.

"We've got 'em, sir, both of 'em," said the Hammerpond butler, the man who had handed him the flask. "Thanks to *you*."

No one answered this remark. Yet he failed to see how it applied to him.

"He's fair dazed," said a strange voice; "the villains half-murdered him."

Mr. Teddy Watkins decided to remain fair dazed until he had a better grasp of the situation. He perceived that two of the black figures round him stood side by side with a dejected air, and there was something in the carriage of their shoulders that suggested to his experienced eye hands that were bound together. Two! In a flash he rose to his position. He emptied the little flask and staggered—obsequious hands assisting him—to his feet. There was a sympathetic murmur.

"Shake hands, sir, shake hands," said one of the figures near him. "Permit me to introduce myself. I am very greatly indebted to you. It was the jewels of my wife, Lady Aveling, which attracted these scoundrels to the house."

"Very glad to make your lordship's acquaintance," said Teddy Watkins.

"I presume you saw the rascals making for the shrubbery, and dropped down on them?"

"That's exactly how it happened," said Mr. Watkins.

"You should have waited till they got in at the window," said Lord Aveling; "they would get it hotter if they had actually committed the burglary. And it was lucky for you two of the policemen were out by the gates, and followed up the three of you. I doubt if you could have secured the two of them—though it was confoundedly plucky of you, all the same."

"Yes, I ought to have thought of all that," said Mr. Watkins; "but one can't think of everything."

"Certainly not," said Lord Aveling. "I am afraid they have mauled you a little," he added. The party was now moving toward the house. "You walk rather lame. May I offer you my arm?"

And instead of entering Hammerpond House by the dressing-room window, Mr. Watkins entered it—slightly intoxicated and inclined now to cheerfulness again—on the arm of a real live peer, and by the front door. "This," thought Mr. Watkins, "is burgling in style!" The "scoundrels," seen by the gaslight, proved to be mere local amateurs unknown to Mr. Watkins, and they were taken down into the pantry and there watched over by the three policemen, two gamekeepers with loaded guns, the butler, and an hostler, until the dawn allowed of their removal to Hazelhurst police-station. Mr. Watkins was made much of in the drawing-room. They devoted a sofa to him, and would not hear of a return to the village that night. Lady Aveling was sure he was brilliantly original, and said her idea of Turner was just such another rough, half-inebriated, deep-eyed, brave, and clever man. Some one brought up a remarkable little folding-ladder that had been picked up in the shrubbery, and showed him how it was put together. They also described how wires had been found in the shrubbery, evidently placed there to trip up unwary pursuers. It was lucky he had escaped these snares. And they showed him the jewels.

Mr. Watkins had the sense not to talk too much, and in any conversational difficulty fell back on his internal pains. At last he was seized with stiffness in the back and yawning. Every one suddenly awoke to the fact that it was a shame to keep him talking after his affray, so he retired early to his room—the little red room next to Lord Aveling's suite.

* * * * * * *

The dawn found a deserted easel, bearing a canvas with a green inscription, in the Hammerpond Park, and it found Hammerpond House in commotion. But if the dawn found Mr. Teddy Watkins and the Aveling diamonds, it did not communicate the information to the police.—*H. G. Wells in "The Stolen Bacillus."*

In Dublin on October 1 a monument to Charles Stewart Parnell was unveiled in the presence of a larger multitude than had gathered in Ireland since the day of the great Nationalist leader's funeral. John Redmond made the address and paid a glowing tribute to Parnell's work and to his character.

"MY OWN STORY."

The ex-Crown Princess of Saxony at Last Takes the World into Her Confidence.

It is just twenty years since the Archduchess Louisa of Saxony married Frederick Augustus, now King of Saxony. The royal couple were divorced in 1903, and four years later the lady married Signor Enrico Toselli. These facts are fairly well known, thanks to a sort of scandalous environment that has enveloped the story from the beginning. The many reports of intrigue and misbehavior were necessarily lacking in detail, and sometimes they were at variance with each other, but after so many years the world was willing to forget a narrative that had no glory to confer either upon its principal figures or upon the royal houses that they represented.

But now the ex-crown princess has broken the silence that has been her only decoration. Her son is heir to the throne of Saxony, and she feels it to be her duty to him and to herself to enter a plea against a version of the quarrel that must otherwise be uncontradicted. Whether she has bettered her case by writing a book remains to be seen.

The author's father was the titular Grand Duke Ferdinand IV, who died about three years ago. Speaking of the negotiations for her own marriage, she draws a detestable picture of court life and of the forces of ambition and terror that make it what it is:

> Those who possess a grain of understanding will realize how awful such a life is to the unfortunate possessors of temperaments, and I think some of the Habsburgs, myself included, have suffered martyrdom through the tortures of this restricted and artificial upbringing. On the other hand, there are placid unimaginative royalties, who take everything that comes with complete indifference. I have cousins who are quite content to possess distasteful husbands who were chosen for them. They seem quite happy on the royal treadmill, and no doubt their lives are in many ways preferable to the storm and stress which comes to those who try to open palace-gates and find the road to freedom. "What will the people say? What will the people think?" That was the parrot-cry that we heard from morning to night, till at last we learned to look on the people as a sort of fetish, to be placated at any cost, and if ever one said "Bother the people," one was told of the fate which overtook unconventional royalties who dared to trifle with the populace, and my own beautiful ancestress, Marie Antoinette, was always held up as an example to me. My governess persisted in saying that if Marie Antoinette had never played at being a farmer's wife she would never have been guillotined. On the other band, the docility of Marie Louise was always quoted as the proper spirit for a princess. If she had defied the Emperor of Austria and joined Napoleon in his lonely exile, she would have had a very uncomfortable time, and would have found Longwood far less pleasant than Parma; but as she obeyed her family, she was made Duchess of Parma, had plenty of money, unlimited toilettes, and her subsequent marriage ventures with semi-plebeian hushands met with no active disapproval.

Prince Ferdinand, now of Bulgaria, was one of her early suitors, but the grand duchess would have none of him. She says: "He attitudinized like a Narcissus and kept on posing until he thought I was sufficiently impressed by his fine figure, his rings, and last but not least his smart yellow boots." Then came Prince Frederick Augustus, and the author tells us that she gave her heart as well as her hand. His father, Prince George, afterwards king, was still alive, and he seems to have provoked and maintained the most intense hostility of his daughter-in-law. She says that he used even the powers of the church to bring her to subjection:

> I have no wish to attack the priests, although I have suffered greatly at their hands. There are priests of the character that makes saints and martyrs, but there are others who take advantage of their calling to do and say things utterly ahhorrent to good taste and decency, and many a young princess has to answer at confession questions which should not be asked. Should she ever hint that she will complain of these personal questions, she is met with the threat that her confessor would in that event inform her parents that he had had sorrowfully observed evidences of a perverted nature, which would make the convent the proper place for her.
>
> Like most tyrants, Prince George was himself the victim of tyranny, being entirely in the hands of the priests, who made him dance to whatever tune they pleased. He employed them to spy upon me, and even sent a priest from Dresden to say mass when we were in the country, in order to report my doings to him, and in particular to find out what kind of literature I read. Once, I remember, at confession I was asked a very intimate question, and when I protested against what I considered prurient curiosity, I was informed that this particular question had been put to me at my father-in-law's instigation.

The Emperor William makes an occasional appearance on the stage. When the author went to Berlin after her marriage the emperor said to her: "Now, Louisa, you and I will be good friends, and later I want you to become my political friend as well":

> I found the Emperor William a most remarkable man. He can be very genial, but he possesses an iron and inflexible will. He is vain, and always wishes to be the first actor in whatever drama he plays, and although he is an undoubted authority on military matters, he understands little or nothing about art or music, and his wonderful gifts are marred by his intense egotism. He can he equally charming or the reverse, and the reverse is not at all pleasant. His personal appearance is unique; he is well groomed, his expression is sympathetic and intelligent, and his marvelous eyes are truly the windows of the soul of this restless, brilliant, and strange man.

Domestic possibilities seem to have afforded to the princess some solace from the hatreds and jealousies with which she was surrounded:

> The happiest day of my life was when I knew I had hopes of becoming a mother. I felt carried away with joy and thankfulness as I realized that I, who adored children, would before many months have a little haby of my own to love and care for. I planned the layette myself, making up my mind that my child should wear simple, practical garments, not "flimsies" of lace and ribbon, and my ideas were admirahly carried out by the firm to whom I gave the order. The cradle, I decided, must he a copy of our own gilt bronzed one at Salzburg, and mamma gave me the sweetest basket, in which my last little sister had lain.
>
> As the time for my accouchement drew near, I often speculated in my romantic way about the future destiny of my child. I had experienced so much coldness from my husband's family that I was longing for something to love, something that would be my own. "I shan't be a princess to my baby," I mused: "I shall just he its mother, whom it can love to its heart's content, and there won't be a single question of etiquette to trouble ourselves about when we are together."

The princess is fond of speculating on the cause of the dislike that she aroused in her husband's family:

> Looking at myself analytically, I wonder what I ever did to inspire my husband's family with the malignant hatred they invariably displayed towards me. I came to Dresden little more than a girl, but with a woman's sense of my responsihility and duties; I was quite willing to try to please, and I am vain enough to think that I endeared myself to the people; it was only those who considered themselves my equals who treated me with persistent coldness and distrust.

We need only a touch of superstition to complete the ugliness of the picture. Black cats are usually supposed to presage good fortune, but at the court of Saxony the vision of a black cat foretold disaster:

> My father-in-law had once told me in a burst of confidence that on several occasions a spectral black cat had been seen on the altar; it was supposed to presaee disaster, and he said he was firmly convinced that the animal was the devil or one of his familiars. I laughed at the story, and advised him to have the spirit exorcised with bell, book, and candle, hut I was destined, nevertheless, to see the mysterious cat myself.
>
> In the month of November, 1902, I attended mass with my father-in-law, and suddenly my gaze was arrested by the sight of a huge black cat seated between the candles on the high altar. I wondered whether any one besides myself saw it, but one glance at the scared faces around me left no room for doubt. The instant that mass was over, Mathilde went to the sacristy and ordered the attendant to turn the black cat out of the chapel, but this was impossible, as it was not to be found. The windows and doors were all shut, and it was impossible to guess where the creature had disappeared to. A thorough search was instigated without success and the mystery remained unsolved. My father-in-law maintained a gloomy silence throughout, and told every one that the occurrence must on no account be mentioned outside the palace. It was certainly odd, to say the least, and whether the hlack visitor was cat or devil, I saw it plainly, and can vouch for the truth of the story.

The court circle at Dresden is the subject of some plain speaking on the part of the author. "During the whole time I lived in Saxony it was composed of the most narrow-minded, evil-speaking, and conceited collection of human beings it is possible to imagine."

The final rupture with the court was preceded by a scene with the king, and the unfortunate princess was informed in definite terms that she was to be removed:

> When the king fully realized that for the time being his plans had miscarried, he sent for me, and in tones of cold hatred disclosed the arrangements he contemplated making on my behalf, and I think at this interview religion must have fled weeping from his presence.
>
> We faced each other, outwardly calm, and he said, coming straight to the point, "It has become annoying and wearisome for me to possess you as a daughter-in-law, Louisa. The views you entertain, and the contempt you display for the traditions of our court convince me that you are not in the way of fulfilling my ideal of what a Queen of Saxony should he. I dislike you personally, I have always done so, and . . . therefore I intend to have you *removed*. I only regret that our ridiculous modern ideas do not permit me to imprison you for life, or better still," he continued, "to cause you to disappear so completely that your fate would never be known. You have now fulfilled your destiny, which was to provide princes to continue our line, and so I have no further use for you. But, Louisa, I now tell you what I have always thought, and that is that you are mad—and that the Bourbon-Habsburg eccentricities have so developed in you that they have become the cause of your state of mind.
>
> "So, my poor Louisa, as there is happily every provision made nowadays for the insane, I shall personally interest myself in seeing that you are guarded from the consequences of your actions."

The flight of the princess is an old story, but her version of the affair with M. Giron is a new one. She insists that so far she had done nothing to reproach herself with and that her connection with her son's tutor had no other motive than a desire to burn her bridges and to render a return to Dresden impossible:

> At last, after much fruitless cogitation, I took a desperate resolve, and one fraught with disastrous consequences. I decided that the only way out of the *impasse* in which I found myself was to take some action which would effectually prevent my returning to Dresden, even as the victim of my triumphant enemies. What could I do? Defiance would not serve my purpose, any appeal to my parents would be overruled, and I shrank from the thought of appealing to the public. What else remained? Suddenly the solution flashed through my mind, I seemed to hear the words, "Compromise yourself"; and to the voice which whispered within me I answered, "With whom?"
>
> I knew well that I had been accused of having secret love affairs, and I had been contemptuously amused when I heard the scandalous gossip, for, as I never went anywhere without a lady-in-waiting, and always occupied the same room as my husband, such ridiculous lies seemed beneath refutation. But now I thought of the one person who had already suffered through his friendship for me, and who had sworn, in an impulsive fashion, to dedicate himself to my service, no matter when and how I required it. This was M. Giron, who at the moment represented my only hope of safety from my father-in-law, and the horrors of a Maison de Santé.
>
> I saw nothing left for me hut to summon M. Giron, and he lost no time in hurrying to Zurich. He was at first most unwilling to let me make the sacrifice I proposed, but I reminded him of his promises, and held him to bis word. Looking back with matured, sober judgment I can see that I was entirely misguided in my method of defying fate; but my explanation must be that my mind was then unfitted to judge of the real seriousness of my act. We Habsburgs never meet the right person at the right time to save us from ourselves, although in truth I must say that we are the most difficult mortals to influence once we have decided on pursuing our own course.

The American reporter figures in this extraordinary narrative, but during her residence in Switzerland the author seems to have a horror for the publicity that she now courts. But perhaps an interview carefully prepared with the aid of the reporter might have had a value equal to that of her book:

> I was desperately unhappy, and, in addition to my mental misery, I was subjected to a positive persecution from newspaper reporters. I have always refused to be interviewed, and the many so-called interviews with me, alleged to have taken place in Switzerland and elsewhere, were baseless fabrications.
>
> I remember on one occasion being confronted hy a reporter who represented an American journal. As I came out of my room, he approached me and said, without preamble: "Say, princess, I've the power to cover this stairway with bank-notes for you to walk on if you will just let me have a few words with you. Is it a deal?" . . .
>
> M. Giron did not remain long in Switzerland. My reputation being thoroughly compromised by his presence, my ohject was achieved, and he therefore returned to Brussels.

Incidentally we may notice that the author does not believe in the death of her uncle, the Archduke John of Tuscany, better known as John Orth:

> We heard nothing more of him, but I am told that a M. Renaux, who had formerly lived in the Argentine Republic, claimed that after he saw John Orth at La Plata he met him in Buenos Ayres, and again at Rio Quarto. M. Renaux returned to France in 1893, but he is positive my uncle is still alive. I, too, feel convinced that he has not found a resting-place in the swaying deeps of the ocean, and his words, *"I will return,"* are ever in my mind.
>
> Various impostors have at times claimed to he the missing archduke, and grandmamma sent large sums of money to one of them. She showed papa letters in which the handwriting was apparently that of Uncle John, but when the police were communicated with, they eventually arrested the man, who proved to be a dangerous criminal "wanted" for years!
>
> It has been stated that the archduke had money in the Swiss banks, but the assertion is inaccurate. All his securities were deposited with Paris, Vienna, and London houses. He never withdrew any money, and the interest must now amount to a large sum. Papa was convinced to the day of his death that his brother was alive and, as time proves all things, the emperor's death will perhaps solve the mystery, for Austria may then require the services of John Orth in the international complications that will no doubt follow.

Another interesting portion of the memoir is the story of the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph. The author has no direct knowledge of the affair, but her acquaintance with the chief actors and the conditions gives her narrative a certain value:

> It appeared that on the fatal evening the hunting party had a very uproarious dinner, and drank heavily. The valet heard a great deal of noise, but did not take much notice, until dreadful moans on the staircase caused him to open his door, and he saw, with indescribable horror, the bleeding form of the crown prince being carried upstairs. When the bearers of the hody saw the valet, they peremptorily ordered him to go back to his room and wait until they sent for him. He did so, and after a time he was taken to the unfortunate crown prince, who lingered for hours in an unconscious state.
>
> Papa said that when he arrived at Vienna, Rudolph had been dead barely eight hours. He went into the room at the Hofburg where the body lay, and was horrified to see that the skull was smashed in, and that pieces of broken bottle-glass protruded from it. The face was quite unrecognizable, and two fingers of the right hand had been cut off. When the hody was prepared for the lying-in-state, the face and head were completely covered with a wax mask in order to prevent people from seeing the awful disfigurement, and thus realizing what a terrible tragedy had occurred.
>
> The emperor, who was told as gently as possible about the injuries to his son, summoned a secret conclave at which the whole truth of the night's events was disclosed, and none but those present at that meeting ever knew what had really happened.

The gamekeeper who found the bodies gave the author his own version of the affair, and although it contains nothing that is very new it will be read with a certain morbid interest:

> The gamekeeper was not astonished at the state of the room, as rough nights were the accepted order of things at Meyerling, hut something odd about the appearance of the fallen cover arrested his attention. He stooped to pick it up, and, as he did so, he saw a foot protruding from under it; when he lifted it he was horrified to find the nude body of a dead woman bleeding from revolver wounds. The frightened man rushed from the room and cried for assistance, but no one came, and the house was as still as the tomb. He went upstairs to the crown prince's bedroom, where he saw the valet and the dying man.
>
> That was all he would tell me about this most terrible affair, and the world will never know the whole truth. The emperor was asked hy the Austrian people to disclose the facts about the fate of the crown prince, but he absolutely refused to do so, and incurred great unpopularity in consequence.
>
> All sorts of stories were current, but my belief is that certain disclosures were made to Rudolph in order to prove that an insurmountable barrier existed between Marie Vetschera and himself, and that any affection between them, as lovers, was impossible.
>
> I fancy he told her this at Meyerling, and, perhaps, overexcited with champagne and half-maddened by the horrihle thing revealed to her, the unfortunate woman attacked Rudolph with a bottle and dealt him some murderous hlows on his head and face. She was then, in all probability, shot down when the other members of the party realized what had happened.
>
> However, as I have already said, the exact truth will never be known. "John Orth" was in the secret, but it has been, on the whole, well kept, and the mystery remains a mystery.

There will be no lack of sympathy for an unfortunate woman who was fittcd for the ordinary life of the world and whom a momentarily inadvertent nature allowed to stray into a royal court. At the same time we may remember that her difficultics and grievances were those attaching to an exceptional position, and that while they were necessarily of a different kind to those that confront more ordinary people, they were not perhaps more arduous nor more insurmountable. We are always prone to magnify the unusual, but there would perhaps be no lack of charity in the suggestion that the author of this remarkable book is to be numbered among those who find themselves constitutionally unable to play the game as their own special game happens to be set.

My Own Story. By Louisa of Tuscany, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony. Translated under the supervision of the author. With nineteen illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A MAN AND TWO WOMEN.

Where Love Would Go.

A woman once loved a man against all judgment and reason. She had high position and wealth and had been trained to the luxuries of life; and all these she would forfeit if she married the man of her choice.

She is ruined, said her friends; and they prepared gently to withdraw from her life, as one by one the living slip away from those upon whom Death has set his seal.

She is mad, said her own people; and they heaped upon her the agglomeration of advice and abuse that only one's nearest and dearest know how to bestow. They made no attempt to help her to happiness in her fatal step; but they, too, prepared to draw aside that they might not be involved in her destruction.

"She will starve if she marries him, he is poor and a ne'er-do-weel," said the brother who had broad lands and great wealth.

"Doubtless he will beat her," said the brother who had high position in the world of finance and was reckoned a power among the elect, "that is what happens when a woman marries beneath her."

"She is no daughter of mine," said the old father, and on his deathbed he altered his will and cut her out of his home.

The woman wept night and day over the hardness of her people, and went sorrowfully ahead with her simple preparations for her marriage. For that is the way with women when they love, and this man drew the woman to him heart and soul and body, as some men can.

So they were married and the world that the woman had belonged to knew her no more. She had been just a bright bubble dancing on the surface of its waters and a ripple had engulfed her; but the waters sparkled and the waves flashed as merrily as before, and no one noticed a bubble more or less.

The woman went with the man to his mountain home, and she kept his cabin and cooked his food and toiled for him day by day. For it is true that he was poor in the goods of this world. All his life he had been too busy living to pay any heed to money; and he thought it was finer to watch a silver trout leap out of the brown waters of an alder-shaded pool than to have one's name posted in Bradstreet; and that to see an antlered buck silhouetted against the sky at sunrise was better than to make a deal in Wall Street.

Their life was barren of luxuries save the luxuries of clear sky and pure water and sweet air and the swish of wind in the pine trees; and barren of beauty save the beauties which God set in the world when he made it. Yet the woman's heart sang all day long, and she knew neither privation nor hardship, for her heart was at rest.

Now it was so that there had been another woman in the man's life before he met the woman who was his wife. This the wife knew from the first. She had married him not blindly, but with full knowledge; and gladly because of the great love she bore him.

Time passed and the wife grew a little worn it may be, because of the unaccustomed work and the lack of ease to which she had been accustomed. Perhaps she was less beautiful, too, for those who see only the beauty of the flesh. But the man loved her always and in their hearts dwelt a great content.

Then the other woman came back.

She was not a good woman, she who had been first in the man's life. But she had great and beguiling beauty and charm, which is greater still, and she had an evil heart.

One does not know why she came back. She had wealth and power in the world that knew her, and men at her feet for the asking. Perhaps it was malice that brought her back, or the desire for revenge; or it may be that she was drawn back in spite of herself because of certain compelling qualities in the man which she could not forget.

However that may be, she came, and made her luxurious camp in the mountains hard by where the man dwelt with his wife. And day by day she contrived to put herself in his way, and day by day she drew her net around the man until he was tangled in its meshes.

Who shall say that the man did not struggle against the snare. Who shall say that he was not lured against his will as a snake may lure an unwilling bird. Before you pass judgment remember that One said: "He who is without sin——"

But it came to pass that one day the Man and the Wife and the Woman met together; and each knew in his heart that the other knew all.

Then said the woman who had been the first: "It has come to this: You must choose between us two."

And in the radiance of her insolent beauty she looked with scorn on the stained hands and worn face of the wife.

The wife said nothing; only her glance measured the other woman in her pride and beauty, and then sought the eyes of the man and looked deep into his soul.

The man walked to the side of his wife and took her hand.

"I will go with you if you will take me," he said. And on his face was the look of one for whom the gates of Heaven have rolled back to give a vision of the promised land.

And the woman who had been first became as a tiger in her rage; became a snake that is spurned in the grass.

Hot words poured from her lips and her eyes were as basilisks to slay.

"You have chosen," she said. "Then listen. As I have loved you, so now I loathe you. As I would have sweetened your life with love; so now I shall poison it with hate. There shall not be one corner of this earth so far or so mean that there my malice shall not find you out. If you lay dying on the desert I should snatch the last cup from your lips. If you were chained to the rocks at floodtide, I should watch the sea overwhelm you. If you were burning in the nethermost depths of hell and my breath alone could fan your parching cheek I would turn my face away."

The wife looked at the woman not at all, but only she gazed deep into the eyes of the man.

"Though you forsook me and went to the ends of the earth," she said, "my love would follow you there and shield you from her hate. Though you should spurn me, yet should I follow you and serve you. I would lie down on the desert and perish that your thirst might be slaked. I would chain my hands to the rock and let the tide overwhelm me that you might be set free. I would follow you into the nethermost hell and give my flesh to the burning that you might go unscathed, and my soul to torment so that you be given eternal life."

Then the man hid his face from the splendor of her eyes and wept as strong men weep.

Mrs. Archie Smith.

San Francisco, October, 1911.

THE THREE CHOIRS.

Musical England's Famous Festival.

Hereford on the "sylvan Wye," and Worcester and Gloucester on that Severn to which the Danube gave the "darkened heart" of Tennyson's dearest friend, make a unique triangle in the west of England. Here they lie on a map of the country, equidistant from each other some twenty miles as the crow flies, and nearer to each other than any other three cathedral cities in John Bull's island. And the ministers of those cities have more in common than any equal number of historic fanes; not merely that their vaulted roofs shelter shrines and effigies which date back to the dawn of Norman England, but that their walls yet embody survivals of the buildings which were raised within a few years of each other by monkish hands in the last quarter of the far-off eleventh century. That community of interests has been protracted through the long generations of history. It reached its climax in the civil war of the seventeenth century, when these three cities more than any others felt the impact of Cavalier and Roundhead assault, and were laid waste with fire and sword.

Perhaps these things account in some measure for that coöperation which for nearly two centuries has served each recurring year to concentrate the attention of musical England upon Hereford or Worcester or Gloucester in turn. Naturally each cathedral has its organist and choir, and every year they join forces in the famous festival of The Three Choirs, an occasion which is one of the few musical institutions in England possessing an individuality and tradition of its own. The chorus comprises some 275 singers, the nucleus being provided by the permanent choirs of the three cathedrals and the reinforcements by members of the Festival Classes in each city. As may be imagined, organists—the best in all England—are not lacking, nor other musicians of renown, while many of the most notable vocalists of the day deem it an honor to interpret the solos of the various works. Altogether, then, there is hardly another event of the musical year in England to which so much importance attaches as the annual festival of The Three Choirs.

For one thing, and most notable of all, the occasion provides an opportunity of listening to music of the most serious type in an environment which seems to accentuate its special qualities. Although Handel's "Messiah" was first performed in a small hall in Dublin and Mendelssohn's "Elijah" in a secular building in Birmingham, no one who has heard both oratorios amid similar surroundings and also in a cathedral will question for a moment the vast difference made by the environment. There is something in the "long-drawn aisle and fretted vault" which adds immensely to the æsthetic pleasure of listening to the solos and choruses of those famous compositions. In fact, the simplest motet, a slender symphony, an almost commonplace violin concerto, and even an act from an opera, leaves quite a different impression when rendered under the soaring roof and reverberated around the gray pillars and echoed from the clerestories of a venerable minster. All things considered, it is hardly surprising that the best music in England today is cathedral music, and of that music none can compare with that heard in the west country. The Three Choirs have long been famous for the sweetness and roundness of their tone, and those qualities were never more in evidence than at the festival just concluded at Worcester.

Four days, as usual, were given to the meeting, from Tuesday to Friday, and once more the programme opened and closed with "Elijah" and the "Messiah." Mendelssohn's famous oratorio has been a standby of the festival every year save two since 1847, while Handel's greatest work has never been omitted since it was first given in 1757. In fact, a Three Choirs' meeting without "Elijah" and the "Messiah" is unthinkable. Experiments will, no doubt, be made in increasing number, but such is English devotion to convention that the elimination of those old favorites would be a fatal innovation. Both works were finely rendered, the choruses sung with rich quality and expression, and the solos interpreted with rare comprehension by Mme. Agnes Nicholls, Mme. Kirkby Lunn, and Messrs. John Coates and Frederic Austin in the "Elijah," and the same women but with Messrs. Gervase Elwes and Robert Radford as the tenor and bass in the "Messiah." In the latter oratorio Mme. Lunn's delivery of "He was despised" recalled the memorable reading of Mme. Patcy, while Mme. Nicholls's singing of "There were shepherds" was notable for its beautifully sustained tone.

After all, however, the chief interest of the festival centres in not how the old classics are rendered, but in such new or more recent compositions as may find a place on the programme. Seeing that the meeting was at Worcester, it was natural that many of the writings of Sir Edward Elgar should be included, for Worcester is the city of his nativity and was the scene of his many years of unrecognized labor prior to that production of "The Dream of Gerontius" which established his fame as one of the few first-rank English musicians. For the evening of the first day a novelty was provided by the production for the first time of Dr. H. Welford Davies's "Five Sayings of Jesus," a short work for tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra which can hardly be described as a cantata or motet. It proved to be a kind of religious scena suggestive of the soul of man meditating on sacred things and was chiefly remarkable for its tranquil and reverent mood. Save for one disturbing passage, it created throughout a calm and devotional atmosphere.

To those who had not observed the broadening tendency of recent Three Choirs' programmes, the inclusion, for the second day, of the third act of Wagner's "Parsifal" must have come as a shock. Yet for several years past the organizers of the festival have shown an increasing disposition to ignore the artificial distinction between so-called sacred and secular music. Slowly, as is necessary in dealing with so conservative a constituency, they are building their programmes on the theory that any artistic expression of human emotion is essentially religious even if it does not pay respect to a formulated dogma, and that hence such expressions do no violence even to such shrines of faith as cathedrals. The inclusion of an act from "Parsifal" was this year's tribute to that conviction, and the innovation was almost entirely justified. Not wholly, it must be admitted, for the opera depends so much upon silent action and is difficult enough to follow when assisted with the equipment of the stage, that the act given must have been bewildering to those unacquainted with the work as a whole. But such is the reverent spirit of the music that its rendition in such novel surroundings struck no note of discord or unseemliness. In its broad effect if not in small detail the experiment was entirely successful and has set a precedent which may have far-reaching issues in future festivals.

Another departure marked the third day's programme. As the morning was set apart for Bach's "St. Matthew" it had been decided to play two of the chorales in the tower of the cathedral. Thither, then, went the brass instruments of the orchestra, to play from each corner of the tower the chorales as specially arranged by Sir Edward Elgar. It was a curious scene, the audience grouped below in the college yard, while from above floated the lovely melody of "O Mensch bewein' dein' Sünde gross" from the three trumpets, four horns, trombones, and tuba, for which Sir Edward had scored the chorales.

While Sir Edward Elgar's conducting of his Second Symphony resulted in a performance which disclosed that that work does definitely mark the rebirth of an English school of music, and the rendering of Palestrina's "Stabat Mater" established the reputation of the combined choir for perfectly modulated singing, it may be that the majority of listeners will have taken from the festival as their most delightful memory the recollection of having there heard for the first time Dr. Vaughan Williams's exquisite choral entitled "Five Mystical Songs." Dr. Williams is our most industrious collector of folk tunes and was daring enough to insist that his numbers be sung with closed lips after the primitive manner. As the composer has gone to George Herbert for his lyrics, and as his melodies are above all marked by that simplicity which is different from complexity, it will be obvious that the term "mystical" is well used. Anyhow, the little work left an impression of delicate tones wholly at variance with the blatancy of so much modern music.

Henry C. Shelley.

London, September 19, 1911.

Philadelphia has more dwellings than any other city on the globe. There are more than 300,000 of them, and as there are 1,600,000 people in the city, the average is less than five persons to each dwelling. Other structures in the city number only a little more than 34,000.

A New York man has just returned from a trip around the world, going westward by way of Vancouver and Yokohama, and the transsiberian railway. He made the circuit in forty-seven days and says anybody can do it comfortably on $700.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Etiquette for Americans.

The author, who describes herself as "a woman of fasbion," has succeeded in producing a book for that intermediate class who do not need to be told that they should sometimes wash their faces, but who may be in doubt as to the niceties of behavior. A careful examination of her book fails to show anything missing. Given five minutes' warning, solitude, and "Etiquette for Americans," and we feel that we could meet every exigency of social life with a smiling face and an assurance of an accurate demeanor.

But sometimes we feel that the "woman of fashion" should have modified her dicta. Sometimes she is too comprehensive. For example, she says: "Men, if they meet on equal terms, should invariably begin at once to utter surnames. Introduced as Mr. Croft, he instantly becomes Croft to the man to whom he is introduced." But surely age and attainments may be a factor here. Surely a young man should not neglect the prefix when addressing the eminent artist or statesman, even where the social equality is perfect. Elsewhere we are told, "A man who owns a yacht always speaks of his 'boat,' or should do so; and asks people to go 'sailing'—not 'yachting'—with him." This seems hypercritical. A "boat" and a "yacht" are not quite synonyms. And suppose the yacht is a steamer. Must he still ask people to go "sailing"? As a rule the author settles delicate points with much tact. Never pay a lady's fare in a public conveyance unless it will obviously convenience her, and if she offers to refund the amount it must be taken at once. If you see a lady struggling with her coat in a public place do not assist her unless you know her. Do not forget the general rule that people in public places presumably can take care of themselves without assistance. Do not make a show of gallantry. Be chary with offers of help. Do not talk much about yourself, and never talk about your ailments except to a physician.

Nine-tenths of etiquette may be summed up by the injunction not to be selfish. The other tenth may be learned by study and observation, and to this end there is no better book than "Etiquette for Americans."

Etiquette for Americans. By a Woman of Fashion. New York: Duffield & Co.

William the Silent.

This fine volume is a fitting addition to the Heroes of Nations series, already containing over fifty biographies. The "heroes" for the most part are well chosen, and such omissions as may be noted will doubtless disappear. For example, if Mohammed is included why not Buddha and Confucius, and if Gregory VII, why not Luther? Moreover, there is only one woman in the list—Jeanne d'Arc.

Ruth Putnam has already proved her ability to write Dutch history. Her "Memoir of William of Orange" is among the most pleasing narratives of that day, and she has naturally made use of the same material in the preparation of the present volume. But she has done something more than edit and revise her earlier work. Not only has she ahsorbed all the records that have appeared since its publication, but she has carefully sifted the libraries of Europe and examined all the manuscripts that would in any way throw light upon her subject. The result is substantial and serious history well qualified to rank with the others in the series and adequate to the importance and interest of its subject. The narrative is clear and consecutive and the style dignified. A word of special praise should he given to the illustrations, which are mainly drawn from contemporary sources and that form a notahle adjunct to the letterpress.

William the Silent, Prince of Orange, and the Revolt of the Netherlands. By Ruth Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.

A Woman Alone.

The author of this rather remarkable book explains that it is not a novel, but a record of actual experience; in fact, the autobiography of a woman until her thirtieth year.

Left an orphan, she was adopted by an uncle. She left him rather than enter his mill, made her way to New York in the expectation of getting employment as a teacher, failed in this design, and so became one of the vast army of metropolitan girls who are utterly alone and friendless and for whom the world becomes one vast trap toward which they are impelled by the dread of destitution. But Dorothy Baldwin—for so she calls herself—was fortunate. Becoming secretary to a charitable organization, her material needs are provided for and her only trouble is an overwhelming loneliness, perhaps a more terrible affliction even than destitution. Then we watch her flitting from one hoarding-house to another, making here an acquaintance, meeting a would-be seducer in one place, and elsewhere a lover. And always the pervading note of loneliness and the craving for companionship and protection. It is a pitiable picture, and perhaps one that is hard for a man to understand, but we are forced to helieve in its reality. At last Dorothy meets with a man, younger than herself, whom she helieves that she can marry. A chance magazine article brings with it a train of thought on the trial marriage and she actually enters upon this relationship with her lover only to find that he is as weak as water and saturated with an inherited alcoholism. This is the weak part of the narrative, for a "marriage" that lacks the constraint of the legal sanction lacks also the elements that reveal character. Jim's disposition would have been evident soon enough without a trial marriage that made of Dorothy nothing more nor less than his mistress. That she escaped without ruinous consequences was a part of a certain reluctant good fortune that followed her all the way through.

The story is a strong one, well told, and convincing. It tells of an aggregate of misery, all the greater for being concealed, and it goes far to explain why the sorrowful army of the lost never lacks recruits.

A Woman Alone. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.25.

The House of Silence.

In this novel the author shows marked constructive ability, but with this goes a false ethical valuation that leaves us a little indignant. Francis Grey is a literary genius with a disposition to gush and hysteria. When he finds his ideal stenographer in Silence Desart he promptly falls in love with her and would have married her but for the appearance of Ida Dexter. Ida is an enormously wealthy American girl who has run the gamut of sensations and now wishes to purchase a husband who shall be also a genius. Francis falls victim to her wiles in about ten minutes, writes the usual "can't help it" letter to Silence, and marries the new charmer. Then he discovers his mistake and descends into the valley of repentance, but apparently not because he realizes that he is a cad, but because he has lost his inspiration. Then he creeps back to Silence, who receives him as a "dear friend," recovers his inspiration, and dictates a new book to her without his wife's knowledge. It is evident from the heginning that Francis will ultimately marry Silence, but the reader must find out for himself how Ida is disposed of. It is a pity that the author should show such an inadequate recognition of the fact that Francis is a contemptible cur. We seem expected to admire bim. How Silence can bring herself to touch him with a manure fork is one of the mysteries of feminine nature. But women and geniuses are beyond the range of speculation.

The House of Silence. By E. Everett-Green. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; $1.25.

Such a Woman.

The late Owen Kildare left the manuscript of this story in an unfinished state and the concluding portions were written by his widow. It deals, of course, with slum life in New York, and as a grim picture of the squalid dehauchery incidental to extreme poverty in a great city it leaves nothing to he desired. Its heroine is the wife of a diseased degenerate who dies in prison. She herself is a sodden and almost hopeless drunkard, hut still with the possibilities of regeneration. She is actually restored, not only to decency, but even to feminine sentiment, and it is no small proof of the author's power that he can awaken a normal interest in the poor draggled wretch whom we see leaning over the har of "Fleming's" and staggering home to her miserable room. The reformation is, of course, wrought by sympathy and not hy a statistical, iced, and organized charity that can reform nothing, not even itself. Incidentally we have some lurid pictures of the New York courts and prisons, while the society mission efforts receive some of the truths that may perhaps percolate through their self-complacency.

Such a Woman. By Owen and Leita Kildare. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.35.

Anelent Irish Poetry.

Mr. Kuno Meyer has collected some fifty examples of early Irish poetry, dating from the sixth and following centuries, which he describes as the Golden Age of Irish civilization. With the exception of two or three poems, all the contemporary manuscripts of that age were swept away in the Viking terror at the end of the eighth century. Not until the eleventh century was an effort made to restore the earlier literature, of which some considerable part must be assigned to the eighth century, a smaller portion to the seventh, and possibly some to the sixth. The translator has done wisely in refraining from any attempt at either rhythm or rhyme, but he has printed the stanzas so as to show the structure of the poem.

Selections from Ancient Irish Poetry. Translated by Kuno Meyer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.25.

The Heart of Canada.

The traveler through Canada who wishes for a precise and rather prosaic guide to the Dominion will find much to please him in Mr. Yeigh's well illustrated volume. The whole route from Nova Scotia to British Columbia is described with a husiness-like accuracy that places nearly the same emphasis upon a battle as upon a trade return and that seems to be hurrying us up all the time. We have alternate glimpses at history, at present conditions, at scenery, at laws, at population, and at commerce. Nothing is left quite untouched, and the general effect is that of a moving picture that is moving too fast. The illustrations are conventional, but tbey are fairly well printed and relevant to the text.

Through the Heart of Canada. By Frank Yeigh. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $2.75.

New Books Received.

Building Your Girl. By Kenneth H. Wayne. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents.

By the author of "Building Your Boy."

Hilda Lessways. By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.

The story of Hilda Lessways, who is seen in "Clayhanger" through the eyes of the hero.

Standard Short Course for Evening Schools. By William Estabrook Chancellor. New York: American Book Company; 50 cents.

A systematic course of practical elementary lessons in English.

Music Course. By Eleanor Smith. New York: American Book Company; 30 cents.

Written on the theory that "Children must learn to sing hy singing."

The Dempsey Diamonds. By Allen Arnot. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25.

A story of the secret transference of a fortune. The scene is laid in Scotland.

The Lifted Latch. By George Vane. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25.

A story of diplomatic circles in Rome and the love-story of the son of an Italian attaché.

The Mating of Anthea. By Arahella Kepealy. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25.

A story disclosing a new method for the education and training of the twentieth-century woman.

The Fourth Physician. By Montgomery Pickett. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.

A Christmas story based upon a play.

The Arts and Crafts of Our Teutonic Fathers. By G. Baldwin Brown, M. A. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.75.

The substance of the Rhind Lectures for 1909.

The Six Little Pennypackers. By Sophie Swett. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; 75 cents.

A story of six children and their home in a lighthouse.

The Knight-Errant. By Robert Alexander Wason. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.75.

The story of a modern, city-bred "Happy Hawkins."

Old Lamps for New. By E. V. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25.

A volume of new essays by the author of "Over Bemerton's."

Across the Latitudes. By John Fleming Wilson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.

Short stories of the sea hy the author of "The Land Claimers."

What Katy Did. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50.

Issued in the Katy Did series. For girls, ten and upward.

What Katy Did Next. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50.

Issued in the Katy Did series. For girls, ten and upward.

What Katy Did at School. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50.

Issued in the Katy Did series. For girls, ten and upward.

Great Bear Island. By Arthur E. McFarlane. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50.

The adventures of four boys who spend a summer camping in the northern woods.

Mother West Wind's Children. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.

An illustrated hook for children.

The Road. By Frank Savile. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.

A story of the Balkans hy the author of "The Pursuit."

Rebellion. By Joseph Medill Patterson. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company; $1.25.

A new novel hy the author of A Little Brother of the Rich."

Universities of the World. By Charles F. Thwing, LL. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.25.

A review of the characteristics of the world's universities.

The Superstition Called Socialism. By G. W. de Tunzelmann, B. Sc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.50.

Written primarily to meet the requirements of the anti-Socialist speaker.

Shadows of Old Paris. By G. Duval. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2.50.

With illustrations by J. Gavin.

Eighteen Capitals of China. By William Edgar Geil, M. A., Litt. D., F. R. G. S., F. R. A. S., M. R. A. S., F. A. G. S., etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $5.

Some records of a great explorer. With 139 illustrations.

Taken from the Enemy. By Henry Newbolt. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25.

A new edition with eight illustrations hy Gerald Leake.

The Nine-Tenths. By James Oppenheim. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A new novel hy a popular author.

Victor Ollnee's Disciple. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.30.

A new novel hy the author of "The Captains of the Gray-Horse Troop."

The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.

This narrative concerns itself with the relation of youth to age, with the "superiority" of the younger generation over the older, and with the dangerous speed with which times flies in the present age.

As I Remember. By Marian Gouverneur. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Recollections of American society during the nineteenth century.

Tiny Hare and His Friends. By Anne Sykes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.

A story for little children with illustrations hy George Kerr.

The American History Story Book. By Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; 75 cents.

Eighteen stories of stirring life in early American days, written for children nine to thirteen years of age.

Within the Silver Moon. By Madge A. Bigham. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.

A modern fairy tale.

Scientific Mental Healing. By H. Addington Bruce. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50.

A survey of the entire range of work done hy the recognized science of today.

At Good Old Siwash. By George Fitch. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Reminiscences of undergraduate days.

The Lotus Lantern. By Mary Imlay Taylor and Martin Sahine. Boston: Little Brown & Co.

A love story whose scene is laid in Japan at the present time.

The Value of Contentment. Edited hy Mary Minerva Barrows. Introduction hy Mary E. Wilkins. New York: H. M. Caldwell Company.

Extracts from the world's literature.

The Yellow Letter. By William Johnston. Indianapolis: The Bobhs-Merrill Company.

A new novel with illustrations hy Alexander Popini.

White Patch. By Angelo Patri. New York: American Book Company; 40 cents.

For supplementary reading in the fourth and fifth years of school.

A Dickens Reader. Arranged hy Ella M. Powers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 40 cents.

Issued in the Riverside Literature series.

Essentials of Exposition and Argument. By William Trufant Foster, Ph. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 90 cents.

A manual for high schools, academies, and debating clubs.

Love in a Little Town. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.35.

A new novel hy the author of "Down Our Street."

Vagabond City. By Winifred Boggs. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.35.

A new novel.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Essays by Walter Pater.

It was a worthy task to collect such of Mr. Pater's essays as still lay hurled in scattered volumes of magazines and to present them to the public in volume form. They are necessarily without classification, and we may assume that Mr. Pater would have revised them hut for his death. That these essays are not classified among the other volumes of Mr. Pater's writings may perhaps he an advantage for those who will possess only this one hook, which is thus in a measure representative of the author's range. In all there are ten of these essays, entitled "Prosper Mérimée," "Raphael," "Pascal," "Art Notes in Northern Italy," "Notre-Dame d'Amiens," "Vézelay," "Apollo in Picardy," "The Child in the House," "Emerald Uthwart," and "Diaphaneité." The last named dates from Mr. Pater's Oxford days and is an example of his earlier style. All of them are perfect in form and sentiment.

Miscellaneous Studies. A series of essays. By Walter Pater. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2.

Judith.

Mr. Schütze has hased his five-act drama upon the apocryphal story of the siege of Bethulia, although he has expunged the miraculous element in favor of a more "rational" interpretation. Here, prohahly, he has made a mistake, although it in no way interferes with the *motif* of the drama, which is the struggle hetween patriotism and integrity. The author discards also the drunkenness of Holofernes, which is not so vital a part of the original story. The play contains twenty-two chief characters, the action taking place at Bethulia, a fortified hill town of Judea and in the camp of the Holofernes. The theme is well sustained throughout and the dialogue marked hy exalted and sometimes sublime language.

Judith. A tragedy in five acts. By Martin Schütze. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.25.

The Fusing Force.

This is a lively story of Idaho at the time of the Haywood-Pettihone trial. Dr. Bondurant has come West for a long vacation and in order to stave off a threatened nervous hreakdown. As a sort of anchor he acquires some mining property and then sends for his wife and sister. Among the miners who work for him is a man named Kelly, whom we are early given to understand is actually a college professor who for reasons of his own has changed hoth his life and his name. As Miss Bondurant is a very pretty girl we hegin to scent a romance at once, and we watch its evolution with interest. The story is told without much literary art, hut with sincerity and a knowledge of conditions and locality.

The Fusing Force. By Katharine Hopkins Chapman. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.35.

The French Regency.

"Secret Memoirs of the Regency," hy Charles Pinot Duclos, appears in the Court Series of French Memoirs, a series that has a certain amount of importance and that is always interesting, hut that throws no very new or hrilliant light upon the dark places in French history. Duclos was historiographer of France, and ultimately, in 1775, *sécretaire perpétuel* of the Académie. He had access to well nigh all the existing information, and since he gives us nothing very novel we may assume that he had also the instinctive discretion of his official position. Certainly he must have known far more of Philippe d'Orléans that he has set down in these memoirs that seem to he little more than a smoothly flowing narration of the surface events of a time that witnessed the hreakdown of the ahsolution of Louis XIV and the sowing of the seeds of the coming revolution. We have some interesting gossip of the nightly saturnalia in which the regent indulged, of the frightful suspicions as to his relationship with his daughter, the Duchesse de Berri, an account of the financial operations of John Law, and a description of Czar Peter. It need hardly he said that M. Duclos was an accomplished writer, hut he seems to have had hut little sense of the dramatic, and consequently he uses no emphasis. The translator, E. Jules Meras, has done his work well.

Secret Memories of the Regency. By Charles Pinot Duclos. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; $1.50.

Briefer Reviews.

The H. M. Caldwell Company have produced a tasteful little edition of six of the hetter-known essays of Sir John Luhhock, including the hest of all, "The Beauties of Nature." The volume is of hijou size, firmly bound in red leather with gilt decorations.

"The Lyrics of Eliza," hy D. K. Stevens (the Century Company; 60 cents), is a hook of pleasant little jingles ahout cats and expressive of the cat view of things in general, including dogs. The illustrations to he found on every page are hy Katharine Maynadier Browne.

"Jackson and His Henley Friends," hy Frank E. Channon (Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50), is the second volume of the Henley Schoolhoys series and a continuation of the adventures of Roger Jackson, the American hoy at an English school who was the hero of the first volume. The hook is full of action and of a wholesome tendency.

The student of child psychology will welcome "Once," hy John Mätter (Henry Holt & Co.; $1.20). It is a story of a hoy and a girl, and some idea of its nature may he given hy such chapter-heads as "Enchantment and Terror," "Shadow and Sunshine," "The Subjugation of the Barbarian," "Wanderlust," "Dinner at Four," "The Rhinegold," etc.

To cook one's dinner in a paper hag has become the rage in England. How this is to he done and its supposed advantages are described at length in "Paper Bag Cookery," hy Nicolas Soyer (Sturgis & Walton Company; 60 cents). The process is described as "the most satisfactory, the quickest, the cleanest, and most economical method of cookery ever discovered."

"Carey of St. Ursula's," hy Jane Brewster Reid (Baker & Taylor Company; $1.25). hrings hack the same characters that made themselves popular in "The Owls of St. Ursula's," hy the same author. The heroine is a shrinking, self-conscious girl whose character is strikingly developed hy the experiences of school life. Miss Reid fully maintains her reputation as a writer of stories for girls.

"Hassan in Egypt," hy Etta Blaisdell McDonald and Julia Dalrymple (Little, Brown & Co.; 60 cents), is the latest addition to the Little People Everywhere series, designed to place American children upon playmate terms with their comrades in other parts of the world. The authors' task, if well done, is not an easy one, and in this instance, at least, it seems to he well done. The illustrations are good.

In "Easy Entertaining," hy Caroline French Benton (Dana Estes & Co.; $1.50), we have an elucidation of the whole mystery, at least so far as the eatables are concerned. We are told what may he offered correctly upon every occasion, how it should he cooked, and what it ought to cost. Whether we are receiving a friend at afternoon tea, offering hospitality for a month, or going on a picnic we turn confidently to the appropriate pages and absorh their wisdom. We had hopes of getting some hints as to suitable topics of conversation at afternoon tea and how to hold a cup and plate at the same time and get at their contents, hut here we were disappointed. But it's a good hook.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Among the new hooks announced hy Longmans, Green & Co. is "The Story of My Life," hy Emily, Shareefa of Wazan. That official designation following the name of the author may puzzle casual readers. To those with a memory for curious news paragraphs it will recall allusions to a young Englishwoman who, forty years ago, married the Grand Shareef of Wazan, the ecclesiastical head of Morocco. It is that woman, now a widow and still living in Morocco, who has written of her experiences in a country which is now more than usually in the limelight of public attention.

Six one-act plays make up the volume hy George Middleton, issued hy Henry Holt & Co. this week. Its complete title is "Amhers, and Other One-Act Dramas of Contemporary American Life."

George Harvey, editor of the *North American Review*, has collected some forty of his speeches and addresses of recent years for publication in hook form and the volume will he hrought out at once hy Harper & Brothers. "The Power of Tolerance" will he the title of the work. Its contents deal with issues and problems of the present day.

John L. Mathews, whose new hook, "The Log of the *Easy Way*," a record of his honeymoon trip of five months drifting down the Mississippi River, is just puhlished hy Small, Maynard & Co., is at present pursuing his studies of river life in the interior of that almost unknown South American land, Colomhia. He and Mrs. Mathews left this country some months ago for the western coast of Colomhia and after a journey over the mountains to the high plateau in the interior are to take the long river journey down the Magdalena River.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, whose new story, "Mother Carey's Chickens," is one of the leading hooks of the season, returned to New York for the winter last week from her country place at Hollis, Maine, in order to attend the rehearsals of her play, "Rehecca of Sunnyhrook Farm," which two companies are to take on the road during the coming season.

Samuel Hopkins Adams, who has written a hook of humorous adventures in New York, with the title, "Average Jones," was for a time managing editor of the McClure Magazine Syndicate. He then hecame literary adviser to McClure, Phillips & Co., and while doing short stories and an occasional magazine article he hecame interested in puhlic health as a subject for investigation and writing. His health articles have stirred no little interest among dealers in nostrums as well as the reading puhlic. His hooks are no less popular.

Houghton Mifflin Company are to puhlish next month a hook entitled "The Musical Amateur," hy Robert Haven Schauffler, which should make a strong appeal to the large puhlic of intelligent music-lovers. The author considers that the listener is a most important factor in musical creation—not as important perhaps as the composer or the performer, hut still indispensahle. Mr. Schauffler is a well-known performer on the 'cello.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company announces a fourth edition of "The Journal of a Recluse," which created a stir on its first appearance. Though still purporting to he anonymous, this clever hook is now known to he from the pen of Miss Mary Fisher, a teacher in the McKinley High School, St. Louis. One chapter contains some fearless criticism of American educational methods and practice, and has aroused a good deal of lively interest and not a little controversy in teaching circles all over the country, especially in the Middle West.

CURRENT VERSE.

Road Song.

Tbese to be tbankful for: a friend,
A work to do, a way to wend.
And tnese in wbicu to take delight:
The wind tbat turns the poplars white,
Wonder and gleam of common things—
Sunligbt upon a sea gull's wings,
Odors of, eartb and dew-drencbed lawns,
The pageantry of darks and dawns;
Blue vistas of a city street
At twilight: music: passing feet;
Tbe thrill of Spring, balf joy, half pain,
Tbe deep voice of tbe Autumn rain—
Sball we not be content witb these
Imperishable mysteries,
And, jocund-bearted, take our sbare
Of joy and pain, and find life fair?
Wayfarers on a road where we
Set fortb eacb day rigbt valiantly;
Expectant, dauntless, blitbe, content
To make the Great Experiment.

—*Constance D'Arcy Mackay, in the Craftsman.*

The Soldier.

Tbe large report of fame I lack,
And sbining clasps and crimson scars,
For I bave beld my bivouac
Alone amid the untroubled stars.

My battle-field bas known no dawn
Beclouded by a thousand spears;
I've been no mounting tyrant's pawn
To buy bis glory witb my tears.

It never seemed a noble tbing
Some little leagues of land to gain
From broken men, nor yet to fling
Abroad the thunderbolts of pain.

Yet I bave felt tbe quickening breath
As peril beavy peril kissed—
My weapon was a little faith,
And fear was my antagonist.

Not a brief bour of cannonade,
But many days of bitter strife.
Till God of His great pity laid
Across my brow the leaves of life.

—*From "Poems of Men and Hours," by John Drinkwater.*

Socialism.

A bundred cities sapped by slow decay,
A bundred codes and systems proven vain
Lie bearsed in sand upon the beaving plain,
Memorial ruins mounded, still and gray;
And we wbo plod tbe barren waste today
Another code evolving, think to gain
Surcease of man's inheritance of pain
And mould a state immune from evil's sway.

Not laws; but virtue in the soul we need,
Tbe old Socratic justice in the heart,
Tbe golden rule become the people's creed
Wben years of training bave performed their part;
For thus alone in bome and church and mart
Can evil perish and tbe race be freed.

—*Louis V. Ledoux, in the Forum.*

Uncalled.

As one, wbo, journeying westward with the sun,
Beholds at length from the up-towering hills,
Far-off, a land unspeakable beauty fills,
Circean peaks and vales of Avalon:
And, sinking weary, watcbes, one by one,
Tbe big seas beat between; and knows it skills
No more to try; that now, as Heaven wills,
This is the helpless end, that all is done:
So 'tis with him, wbom long a vision led
In quest of Beauty; and wbo finds at last
Sbe lies beyond bis effort; all the waves
Of all the world between them: while the dead,
Tbe myriad dead, wbo people all the past
Witb failure, bail bim from forgotten graves.

—*From "Poems by Madison Cawein."*

Howard Talhot, the composer of the new English operetta, "Mousmé," has just spent a few weeks in Japan to study musical characteristics of the people. His operetta has only Japanese characters in its libretto. Mr. Talhot says the Japanese can not sing. He means that they do not sing as English music-teachers would instruct them to sing. But they do sing. The most affecting, the most impressive singing the writer ever heard was done hy a thousand Japanese, gathered in the opera house of a California country town to celebrate the victory at Port Arthur. When a stranger, alien people, five thousand miles from home, among supercilious and grudging hosts, lifted up their voices with one accord in a national hymn, their song was more than music.

The Long Loop Trip

After the visitor in town has traveled so easily and quickly and at the minimum of expense hy street-car to Golden Gate Park, the Cliff House, Sutro Baths and Heights, the Presidio, Mission Dolores, and other points so well worth attention; after having made the trip out along the heach and the cliff overlooking the Golden Gate; after spinning merrily away out past Ingleside and seeing that portion of San Francisco, there still remains much more equally interesting in its way, which should not he overlooked.

To see something of an entirely different section of the city, a section which holds a certain charm despite its workaday appearance, it is well to hoard a southhound car at Market and Third Streets and ride some six miles out, to the end of that division. There are sights to he seen.

After passing the Southern Pacific passenger depot monster lumher yards come into view and line the way for a time, until one wonders where all the huilding material came from.

The hig railroad yards, long warehouses, and evidences of great activity are observed, and a little distance farther out arises the Union Iron Works, which has built some famous fighting ships, chief among them the *Oregon*, whose record run from coast to coast astonished the world during the Spanish War.

The city, pulsing and noisy, is now lost sight of and the hay is seen stretching away to the south and east. The car line follows it quite closely and an impression is gained of the shipping facilities afforded hy the waters of San Francisco.

Many stories have heen written ahout Butchertown. It is a little world all hy itself. The car rolls through its midst, and leaves the cowhoy and the hutcher at work rounding up and slaughtering that the thousands of San Francisco may have their steaks and chops on time.

Who hasn't heard of the Potrero? Railroad Avenue halves it. It is rather a queer old section of San Francisco, hut has every appearance of heing a little town all hy itself, as it reaches along the hay.

Then comes a delightful green valley, where all manner of crisp vegetahles grow. Busy gardeners thrive there and the hig windmills in the fields give the place a Hollandy appearance. The country is open and residences grow fewer on the rolling hills.

The car stops a short distance heyond, hut one can transfer, continue out to Six Mile House, swing around and loop hack through the great, historic, old Mission district, finally arriving at the starting point without loss of time.

In this way a great area of San Francisco can he seen, and what is equally interesting is the fact that five cents will carry one each way, for the cars of the United Railroads cover every part of town.

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"THE COMMUTERS."

According to its title, "The Commuters" should he a play the incidents of which should hinge upon the joys and sorrows of people who live in the suhurhs and pass a third of their waking hours either in rushing to or traveling in a train of cars. The author, who, hy the way, is James Forhes, author of "The Chorus Lady," had a happy thought or supposed he had, and proceeded to try to heat it out thin. Which is what one form of play-writing consists of. See "The Chorus Lady" in its enlarged form.

But, apparently, the idea wouldn't heat out. It is worked for all it is worth; or, no, it isn't. I feel sure that there are greater possibilities in it than Mr. Forhes succeeded in evolving. But he has heen there. His play (I've forgotten the title) ahout the drummer in a country town shows that he knows something ahout the truly rural aspect of things. But in "The Commuters" the suburhanized side of the story is all in the way of extraneous suggestion. The story itself, the sportiness of the hushand, the reprisal of the wife, the ineffectual efforts of the unfortunately involved friend, have nothing to do with commuting. Servants give short notice in cities, as well as in suhurhs. So do markets close at midday, and hushands racket at midnight; and sometimes neighhors horrow from neighhors, and people have heen known to go to church Sundays. An alcoholically hilarious hushand could easily take home a comrade in an equal state of hooze to a city as well as to a country home. So could a wife take offense at her hushand's night flittings.

In fact, it strikes me that Mr. Forhes's ingenuity gave out at an early stage of the game, and he said to himself "Oh, hang it all! I can't work it out! But the title will catch a lot of people any way, so I'll stick to that!"

The result is that there is something uncertain, unworkmanlike, ahout "The Commuters." It is a dull reader, or auditor, who can not detect an author's change of hase, and it is easily apparent that the author was ohliged to cast the commuting idea into the shade, in order to work up a plot and complete his play.

Another incongruity is the sudden changing from fun to earnest, when it is apparent in the third act that the wife is in a mood for tragedy. It is as disconcerting as the change of mood in a friend who is rallied, during an idly social hour, and suddenly turns crusty, to the discomfiture of the one who rallies.

Things, at the heginning, do certainly have a commuting atmosphere. The husband, in a morning hath-rohe, has that air of false leisure which we all are familiar with, when we have risen at a ghastly hour, and, having a precarious quarter-hour to spare, we gamhle with fate and dally with time simultaneously. All the men in his hlock set their time-clock by Shipman, who never misses a train. Shipman is reading his morning paper on his veranda, so all the feverish commuting pulses in the neighborhood are calmed hy this soothing spectacle. An early neighhor drops in. So does the "help," too late to get the hreakfast. The wife sprints through the process of setting the hreakfast-tahle, and tries to poke up the hushand, the result of which is a mild conjugal spat.

The news that Shipman is not going to the city spreads consternation in the ranks of his neighhors, and, to the loud clanging of the train hell, the curtain is rung down on three fleeing commuters. So far, so good—although not so very good.

But the second act is really quite poor. It consists of a meeting of cluhwomen, who are being addressed hy a tall and imposing lecturer, one of the type that makes a comfortahle if precarious living off cluhwomen. The lady's discourse is delivered with much manner, but is lacking in matter. She is like the "pelican" in Edith Wharton's short story.

Mr. Forbes had an opportunity here, hut, no douht, a lack of familiarity with the goings-on at the secret haunts of female cluhland prevented him from doing justice to his suhject. His characters talk like people in a charade, or a school dialogue. The act, in fact, is like one of those innocuous one-act plays that they sometimes give at dramatic-school matinées, in which a group of women make humorous idiots of themselves ahout some hurning question of the hour. It fell flat, and sent some people home prematurely, in spite of the enlivening presence of Sammy Fletcher, the hushand's hilarious friend, and Carrie, the "help."

The two players of these rôles are the highlights of the performance, more particularly as, in their lines, the cunning hand of the writer of "The Chorus Lady" dialogue is apparent.

Amy Lesser plays the not very difficult rôle of Carrie with a good, vigorous, low-comedy sense, and puts more hackhone into the scenes when she is on the stage. Unluckily, Carrie, at a rather early stage in tbe game, discharges her mistress, and hies her to the less calming joys of the metropolis, where moving-picture shows and "gen'lmun friends" grow on every hush.

Carrie's characteristics and the dialogue which reveals them are very well sketched in. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. The servant race is disappearing from the face of the glohe. Although it is not yet extinct, it is becoming so rare that occasional specimens, on the stage or off, affect us like the revival of children's memories. We've all heen there; through the servant agony, I mean, and we have a fellow-feeling in seeing that some one else has temporarily snatched from the ranks of telephone girls, typewriters, and other minor husiness positions, some waif and stray who has had a hrief attack of dementia and concluded to he a domestic.

Carrie feels her oats; she is a very spirited young woman, and keeps everyhody on the ragged edge of uncertainty as to her permanence, while she haughtily receives orders and issues manifestoes.

Sammy Fletcher is the hilarious hachelor friend, although he seems to have entered the ranks of the suhurhanites witb unwillingness and feels some scorn of their crude ideas of painting the countryside red.

Mr. Forhes bas given Sammy the hest lines in the piece, and fortunately the rôle has heen given to the hest player in the company. This is Harry Davenport, a very good comedian, who does full justice to the wit and humor of the lines that fall to his share.

The company, as a whole, is fairly satisfactory, hut rather mediocre. I do not consider that they make much of a hit in San Francisco, hut their manner leads us to helieve that they had elsewhere. They gave us the impression continually of heing accustomed to the interruption of roars of laughter. True, the audience did laugh, and quite continuously in the third and fourth acts, and in the first, and second, they paid ample trihute to the hrassyisms of the self-poised Carrie. But during the meeting of the Minerva Cluh the dialogue fell rather flat, and in the first act the characters laughed more than the auditors.

Frederick Malcolm, as Rolleston, the sociahle neighhor, is a laugher *par excellence*. He does not shine in any other particular, save for a natural, easy manner, but his laugh is his great asset. It really is a masterpiece. It flows forth as freely as a mountain spring, and its expert creator adds to it a further touch of vraisemhlance hy emhellishing it with an asthmatic wheeze, which seemed to come from the very fount and source of middle-aged laughter.

Everything that Harry Davenport did was well done, so his laughter, too, was realistic. But he shone in several things. His emphatic utterances, the air of self-conviction which he put into Sammy's vigorous delivery, the naturalness of attitude and gesture, the individuality that he infused into the rôle, were all meritorious details in a pleasing and highly humorous impersonation.

Mr. Forhes—why, I scarcely know, as there was no real character study in the piece—wishes to convey the idea that Sammy, perhaps as an outside observer, is more aware than any one of the tactlessness of suspecting Hetty, and demanding an explanation, when she scares ber too cock-sure husband into thinking she has heen taking a joy-ride with a masculine neighhor.

And really, into the unspoken remonstrances expressed hy look and gesture, Mr. Davenport injected some very delicately shaded acting.

The rôle of Hetty, the wife, is played hy Florence Malone, a good-looking actress with a neat little figure, and a Mrs. Fiske voice. Miss Malone was a little stiff and stilted at first, until the domestic atmosphere grew tense. Then she seemed to rise to meet the greater exactions that were made on her, and, in the last act, was a very strong contrihuting element to its success.

For the last act was emphatically the hest. The ripples of laughter grew louder and more pronounced in this act, which is set in the very heart of suhurhanism. It is on Hetty's veranda, with neighhoring homes all around emhowered in gardens, and intersected hy streets along which no solitary traveler passes. A gloomy hushand, wrapped in suspicion and jealousy, sits hy his lawn and flower-pots and meditates on the revengeful nature of wives. An offended wife sits near by and plants a neat little dagger every time she opens her lips. And Sammy, the wild, free, untamed, hachelor Sammy, unexpectedly involved in this matrimonial tangle, hovers hetween the two, trying good-naturedly and kind-heartedly to hridge the bloody chasm hetween the divided pair.

Matrimonial scraps are always interesting, and also a domestic atmosphere heavily charged with emotional electricity. The act is entertaining and amusing; well-written and well-acted, and almost atones for numerous hanalities in the earlier scenes of the play, and for a gradually crystallized conviction that the author had not thoroughly exploited the humorous possihilities possihle to the theme.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Eames-De Gogorza Concerts.

Were either Emma Eames or Emilio de Gogorza to announce concerts in this city it would he a strong enough attraction to fil any auditorium, hut the indefatigahle impresario, Will L. Greenbaum, now announces that he has secured the two artists in joiht concerts. This is probahly the most expensive concert comhination ever formed in this country, and the result will he two programmes of such artistic merit and unusual interest that no music lover will ahstain from attending.

Of Emma Eames there is hut little to tell the people of America. The first of our countrywomen to gain fame ahroad, Emma Eames's name is a magnet to any opera house, whether in London, Paris, Berlin, or New York. She is now at the very zenith of her career and her services were never more in demand. She has just refused an offer of ten performances at the Metropolitan at the biggest fee she was ever offered, hut she has determined to devote this season to a concert tour with Emilio de Gogorza, greatest of all concert baritones in his line.

At the opening concert in this city, at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Tuesday night, Octoher 24, the artists will sing no less than six heautiful duets, three hy Mendelssohn, two hy Andrea Messager, and the very dramatic scene hetween Santuzza and Alfio from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." Mme. Eames will sing numhers hy Puccini, Campra, Rameau, Schuhert, Peel, Kurt Schindler, and Mrs. Beach, and Mr. de Gogorza will offer works hy Duhois, Massenet, Charles Wakefield Cadman, and of course some of the charming Spanish songs of Alvarez.

The second and positively last concert will he given on Sunday afternoon, Octoher 29, with a similar programme, the duets heing hy Mozart, Verdi, Offenbach, and Walthew, with songs hy Gluck, Mozart, Rachmaninoff, Moussorgsky, etc. A special feature will he the duet "The Crucifix," hy Faure.

Seats will he ready next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and mail orders will receive careful attention if mailed to Will L. Greenhaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

In Oakland, Eames and De Gogorza will sing at Ye Liherty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, October 27.

For this event seats will he ready at Ye Liherty hox-office on Monday, Octoher 23.

Musical Half-Hour at Greek Theatre.

The musical and dramatic committee of the University of California announces that the half-hour of music in tbe Greek Theatre on next Sunday, Octoher 15, will he a song recital hy Miss Sophye Rottanzi, whose sweet soprano voice was heard in the theatre at a half-hour in the spring. She will be assisted hy Miss Elizabeth Dolan, violinist, Mr. Hialmar Holmes, cellist, and Mr. H. B. Pasmore, accompanist. The programme will be of especial interest hecause of the appearance on it of several numhers hy local composers. It is as follows: "Pace, O Dio," Verdi; "Song of Four Seasons," Samuel Savannah; "Silent Tears," John Harraden Pratt; "Spanish Serenade," Leopoldina Rottanzi Steffani; the mad scene from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor"; "Love's Arrows Fly True," a song translated from the Sanskrit hy Professor A. W. Ryder and set to music hy Mr. Pasmore; the Prayer from Puccini's "La Tosca"; and "Ave Maria," the prelude hy Bach, with a melody by Gounod and a second melody for 'cello by Mr. Pasmore. In case of inclement weather the concert will not he given.

Miss Rey del Valle's Concert.

At Scottish Rite Auditorium, Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street, next Tuesday evening, Octoher 17, Miss Rey del Valle will make her first appearance since her return from four years in Europe, assisted hy Mr. Uda Waldrop, pianist. Miss del Valle has a soprano voice of sweetness and power, and is happily remembered hy music lovers. The programme will he as follows:

Piano solo, Novelette No. 2, opus 21, *Schumann;* aria, "La Tosca," *Puccini;* "Who Is Sylvia," *Schubert;* Synnove's Song, *Kjerulf;* aria from "Rigoletto," *Verdi;* "Lascia Ch'io Pianga," *Handel;* "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," *Haydn;* piano solo, French Suite No. 5, *Bach;* aria from "Louise," *Charpentier;* ariette from "Romeo and Juliet," *Gounod.*

Tickets are for sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Margaret Anglin in "Green Stockings."

Late last season Margaret Anglin produced "Green Stockings," a comedy hy A. E. W. Mason, and now the piece has heen seen in New York. Miss Anglin is said to display no less art in the light-comedy rôle of the heroine of this play than in the more emotional dramas to which she has confined her efforts in more recent years. The piece itself is said to he a success, hut not a big accomplishment. H. Reeves-Smith is the capahle leading man of the company, and Maud Granger a memher of the cast.

The Folies Bergere on Forty-Sixth Street, the New York comhination theatre and restaurant, where patrons could eat and see the show at the same time, has closed, a failure in spite of the wide advertising it secured without cost.

Golden State, Extra Dry,

the Italian-Swiss Colony's new brand of champagne, is to he served at the luncheon to be given President Taft at the Cliff House on Sunday.

AMUSEMENTS.

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VANITY FAIR.

It is to be feared that the feminine breast still cherishes a yearning for the crinoline. From time to time we hear vague threats of the reappearance of this prodigious garment upon a stage that once knew it and hated it, and we may well fear that the rumors are not without their foundation. We feel somewhat like the soldier who is told that the enemy has been sighted in the far distance. The reports may be exaggerated. It may be only a reconnaissance in force, but the rumors are repeated and a vague uneasiness takes the place of assurance.

It is said that these menaces reappear about every tenth year, and so the cyclic moment has come around again. Every one remembers the crinolette, that appalling bird cage that women affixed to the rear guard for reasons best known to themselves. The crinolette was said to be a compromise, a sort of half-way house, and we were asked to be grateful that it was no worse. But the crinolette was not a compromise. It was not just a quarter of a crinoline as was pretended. It was in a class by itself. It reached a depth of degradation to which the crinoline had never descended. Some day when we get to Heaven, where time will be cheap, we shall write a volume on these things, but just now a word or two will suffice.

The crinoline and the crinolette were diametrically opposed in principle. It is only to the unreflecting mind, to the mind unused to the subtleties of critical analysis, that they seem to be related, and in these matters it is the principle that counts. Now the crinoline was innocuous in principle because it was inclusive, spherical, and general. The crinolette, on the other hand, was discriminating, indicative, and particular. We are trying to use language that shall be clear and at the same time be permitted to pass through the mails, but perhaps we may go even further. Let it then be said that the crinolette was guilty of emphasis, of stress. It permitted itself to accentuate a single portion of the feminine anatomy, and it was the portion that polite society usually tries to relegate to obscurity. The crinoline was voluminous, but it was impartial. We might circumnavigate it, but there were neither bays, promontories, nor capes. It enveloped its contents in a common mystery. Its placid rotundity concealed all of its secrets, and opposed to curiosity a vast and baffling sphericity.

But the crinolette! There we found the emphasis that made all the difference between itself and its chaste predecessor. Where the crinoline was general, the crinolette was specific. Where the crinoline was uniform the crinolette was particular. Where the crinoline suggested only unity, the unblushing crinolette proclaimed diversity, shouted it in our ears, waved it before our offended eyes. The crinoline would have had us believe that it was the outward and visible sign of an inner and homogeneous reality to which there were no parts. We bowed to that gracious duplicity and were glad to be deceived. The crinolette shattered the pure and chaste illusion and created, as it were, an order of priority, a scheme of precedence, and a caste of the too obvious.

So if we are to have the crinoline let it come quickly. Heaven knows we have already seen enough for our peace of mind, and for a season we would gladly live upon our memories. Indeed, there is nothing that we have not seen, and now we are willing that the outlines of nature shall be obliterated for a time and that some softening obscurity should descend upon a landscape that needs imagination for its full and artistic appreciation. But let us have no half measures, no deceitful compromises, no base imitations. *Aut crinoline aut nullus.*

A New York lawsuit helps us to understand the fiery crusading zeal of the restaurant coat-room attendant who is determined to take your hat from you whether you wish it or not, and who is quite prepared to take your scalp also if you resist. The facts in the aforesaid suit are simple. It was brought by George Abrams, who is the manager of the coat-room in the College Inn, New York, against Robert P. Murphy, who is the manager of the inn itself. The said Abrams complains that the said Murphy threatens to turn him out from the said College Inn neck and crop, and he therefore prays the court to enjoin his adversary from proceedings that would be painful to his mind, prejudicial to his interests, and perhaps damaging to his body.

So the interesting Abrams unfolds his tale of woe. First of all he paid $1750 as a sort of retaining fee for the coat and hat room. Next he agreed to pay $1500 a year rent for the room. Then he engaged four boys to pursue the coy and reluctant hat and to capture it at all hazards, and he paid them $6 a week each. That is to say, he was at a perpetual expense of $2748 a year in addition to the $1750 that he paid for the right to get into the game. To these figures must be added his own profits, and if we may judge from his distinguished patronymic, Mr. Abrams is not to be counted among the blessed philanthropists who love their fellow-men.

It was quite a heavy financial responsibility. No wonder that Mr. Abrams and his myrmidons were as keen after hats as a terrier after rats. No wonder they regarded it as a personal affront if a patron of the inn preferred to sit upon his hat or to wear it rather than to surrender it. No wonder that their pardonable annoyance under such conditions occasionally took the form of abuse. The diner who refused to give up his hat and to ransom it in the approved way was naturally regarded as an outlaw, as a wretch dead to all sense of decency, as a miscreant whose mother and whose aunts were doubtless persons of questionable morals and who ought to be told so. To Mr. Abrams and his winsome little kindergarten the whole world assumed the form of a gigantic hat, a hat that must be captured at any cost, a hat that must be impounded, ransomed, and returned C. O. D.

Now the patrons of the College Inn naturally objected to these acts of piracy. They had old-fashioned ideas about the duties of a host. There were some things that they felt should be included in the price of a dinner. They felt that a knife and fork should be supplied, a chair to sit on, a table to eat at, and a place to hang your hat. If it was right that a guest should run the gauntlet of a crowd of little brigands in uniform, all determined to get his hat or die, why not have still other pirates who would charge a fee for a knife and fork, demand a tip for supplying a chair, and exact a gratuity for leave to sit at a table? If an organization of thieves can purchase the right to rob you, and from the very man whom you are paying to protect you, where is this thing to stop? And so the guests protested against the boy buccaneers and against their vitriolic comments when their depredations were resisted. In point of fact they said they would go elsewhere for their food unless the nuisance were abated. So Mr. Murphy remonstrated with Mr. Abrams. Mr. Abrams promised reform and broke his promise, and then Mr. Murphy threatened the drastic action which led to the lawsuit. The court must now determine the rights of the matter, and we may express the revolutionary and seditious hope that the rights of the diner will also figure in the court's worshipful mind. But perhaps that would be unconstitutional.

Some time ago a case of "extraordinary degradation" was reported from some European village. Two peasants who had wearied of their respective spouses and were yearning for the change that is said to be as good as a rest, arranged to meet over a social glass of beer and to exchange wives. The compact was duly carried out and every one was satisfied except some officious policeman who arrested the interesting quarternary and haled them before a magistrate. The defense of the men was ignorance. They believed that they were entitled to exchange wives, and such a proof of ignorant depravity was supposed to be worth a cable message. Of course we all held up our hands in horror and said something appropriate about our own virtues.

Now here is another story, and this time from New York. Mrs. Speedick secured a divorce from her husband for good and sufficient reasons not wholly unconnected with a lady named Griffin, who promptly married Mr. Speedick as soon as a complacent law had cleared the track. It is now stated that Mr. Griffin and Mrs. Speedick, who only met after the two divorces had been granted, have fallen in love and are to be married at once. But there is no talk of depravity here or of a melancholy survival of mediæval ignorance. And yet the results were precisely the same. It was a simple case of an exchange of wives, and it would almost seem that the European peasants had good sense upon their side, seeing that they managed their little negotiations over a glass of beer that was both cheaper and more palatable than a double lawsuit.

The American lady consternated the London hotel manager by assuring him that his establishment was a long way behind the times. The manager had heard that sort of thing before. In fact, he lived in a perpetual atmosphere of it, but he meekly asked for a bill of particulars. "Why," replied his irate guest, "you actually have no complexion rooms. I have to receive my callers in a chamber that makes me look positively hideous. There is hardly a color in the room that I can dare to use as a background. I admit that it is well furnished and tastefully decorated, but how can you expect a single reception room to serve for dark women as well as fair, for blondes as well as for brunettes?"

The hotel man was staggered. He had not heard of the latest New York hostelries with their suites of reception rooms designed and decorated to suit all kinds of complexions and all kinds of toilets. But he has heard of them now, and a report from London says that the hotel men have been in conclave and will probably feel compelled to take another step to meet the requirements of their American guests. For the complexion room is already a fact in the newest of New York's hotels. They are illuminated by special colored lights so arranged as to give the most youthful possible appearance to women of all ages and to match toilets of all varieties. The lights, of course, are for night use only. In the daytime the necessary effect is obtained by windows of colored glass. The furniture and decorations are in harmony with the color scheme, and as there is a whole suite of such rooms the guest has but to select the one most becoming to her and that will display her charms to the best advantage.

There are many ways in which the New York hotel scores over its London rival, and notably in the exclusion of noise. The hideous and the incessant bell is still a feature of the London establishment, but in New York the bell is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. When the guest presses a button in his room a tiny electric light springs into activity under his number in the clerk's office. It is quite as effective and entirely noiseless, and this is but one of many ways in which noise is eliminated to the rest of tired nerves and to such repose as conscience will permit.

It seems as though a good deal of nonsense has been talked about the exclusion of soldiers from places of public resort. As we all know, there are soldiers and soldiers, and while the majority may be veritable Bayards in their demeanor it remains a fact that there are some who are not wholly entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life.

General Grant has just put this matter to the test. He selected three soldiers of good appearance, decent manners, and with immaculate uniforms, supplied them with the sordid wherewithal, and sent them to New York to experiment. They went first to the Waldorf-Astoria and asked for the main dining-room. The clerk not only made no objections, but he sent a bellboy with them to see that they did not fall by the wayside. They gave their orders for breakfast and were served promptly and courteously.

They had lunch at Sherry's, and here their experience was of the same kind. Indeed they believed that they were shown attention. They finished up the evening with dinner at Delmonico's, followed by the theatre. Everywhere it was the same. Everywhere they were welcomed graciously, and if there was any discrimination at all it was in their favor. General Grant was evidently right when he said some time ago that the soldier who acted as a gentleman would be treated as a gentleman.

There are some pictures which from their nature are out of place on our walls, although they are accredited works of famous artists (says a writer in *Arts and Decoration*). Such pictures are "Descent from the Cross," "The Death of St. Sebastian," "Preparing for the Tomb," etc. All these only depress the onlooker and take the good cheer from life. They are as painful as the small boy's composition on man: "Man is a animal, his eyes is to get sand in, his ears is to have the earache in, his nose is to have the snuffles in, his mouth to hatch teeth in, he is divided to the middle and walks on the split end."

Pictures which are the very opposite of this class, those which are funny, are worse, for soon they become as tiresome as an oft-told story or a much-repeated pun, and they are entirely wanting in any uplifting impulse. It is by contemplating fine things that we grow to be more like them. The masterpiece is a masterpiece because the creator of it has given the subject more study and has expressed his thought more beautifully than we can ever hope to do. It is, therefore, our distinct privilege to accept his proffered aid through his picture or cast or other work, to lift ourselves toward the special culture which years of struggle have enabled him to attain. All great art—music, poetry, painting, sculpture, or architecture—is ennobling for this reason.

That Frederick the Great was a skilled flute player and writer of innumerable flute concertos is generally known; also, that he wrote marches, arias, and opera librettos. It has only now, however, come to light that this Prussian monarch also wrote the Spanish national hymn. He gave the tune to the Spanish ambassador, who took it to Madrid. Then it was forgotten till 1869, when it was adjudged the best of five hundred marches, and adopted as the national hymn.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Admiral de Vivonne, while crossing the Rhine at Tolhuys, noticed his horse stumbling when in midstream. "Would you drown an admiral in fresh water?" he shouted to his steed.

Fred Lennox, spending the summer in Chicago, took a flat close to a railroad, which he surrendered after a week's occupancy. "I think I could have become used to the trains going hy in the night," he said, "hut every morning at eight o'clock two engines came under my window and rehearsed until noon."

The attorney demanded to know how many secret societies the witness helonged to, whereupon the witness objected and appealed to the court. "The court sees no harm in the question," answered the judge. "You may answer." "Well, I helong to three." "What are they?" "The Knights of Pythias, the Odd Fellows, and the gas company."

In a small South Carolina town that was "finished" before the war, two men were playing checkers in the hack of a store. A traveling man who was making his first trip to the town was watching the game, and, not heing acquainted with the husiness methods of the citizens, he called the attention of the owner of the store to some customers who had just entered the front door. "Sh! Sh!" answered the storekeeper, making another move on the checker-hoard. "Keep perfectly quiet and they'll go out."

Harry N. Atwood, the aviator, was the guest of honor at a dinner in New York on the occasion of his recent record flight. Mr. Atwood's eloquent reply to a toast on aviation terminated neatly with these words: "The aeroplane has come at last, hut it was a long time coming. We can imagine necessity, the mother of invention, looking up at a sky all criss-crossed with flying machines, and then saying, with a shake of her old head and a contented smile: 'Of all my family, the aeroplane has heen the hardest to raise.'"

A gentleman, new to Ireland, wished to hire a car. The first driver who offered himself was "dressed" in a horrihle assortment of rags, and was indignantly rejected hy the hirer. Finding a smarter coachman, the gentleman pointed to the ragged one and asked how a person thus attired could he allowed on the puhlic streets. He was told that the man could not help it, and inquired whether he was so poor. "Och, no, yer honor," was the smiling answer. "But, faith, there's not a tailor in all Duhlin dars put a measuring tape to him—he's so ticklesome."

Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, said in a New York magazine office, apropos of the paltry pension recently granted hy the British government to William Butler Yeats: "It is not a good age for poetry. The poet might work as hard—yes, and as successfully—as Edison, and still lack food and shelter. I once met a red-haired poet at Franklin Inn in Philadelphia discussing the evil days on which poetry had fallen. This man said hitterly: 'I'm a poet, not a tattoo artist, yet it is a literal fact that I do all my writing—absolutely all of it—on an empty stomach.'"

Gobsa Goode, before he struck oil, went one day to the races and lost all on the favorite. It was a hot day, and Gohsa, though very thirsty, hadn't so much as the price of a glass of soda water. Nevertheless, he stepped holdly into a palatial saloon. In the saloon he struck up a conversation with a prosperous-looking man. "You're a hale, sound, lusty man," said Gohsa. "It's good for sore eyes in these degenerate days to see a man like you. What's your age?" "Fifty-four," said the fat man, with a pleased smile. "What's yours?" "Thanks," said Gohsa, gratefully. "Thanks. Mine's a large heer."

The Weber and Fields Music Hall, with an invincible list of comedians on the stage, also had a rare wag in the hox-office, McBride. E. J. Connolly, hefore going in to make up for the show, found himself short of funds and dropped into the lohby to sign a tah. A large numher of people huying tickets hlocked him off from the window, so he hacked off to a distance, attracted McBride's attention and gave him the high sign for five—the raised hand, with fingers distended. McBride nodded and Connolly waited. The line thinned out and McBride came out with $4.50, which he handed to Connolly, who had lost in his infancy a half of one finger.

A founder of Cinnaminson, in his daily tour of the plant, noticed an apprentice who was hammering in a rather listless manner. The founder, flushing angrily, went to the lad, took the hammer from him, and said: "Son, when I see a man hold his hammer by the eud of the handle like this and strike good, hard, quick blows, like this"—hang, hang, hang!—"why I pay tbat man $16 a week. But when a man holds his hammer hy the midle of the handle, like this, and strikes as if he was tapping an egg, like this—why, I only pay him $7 a week; and he's the first to go when we get slack." The founder returned the hammer and looked at the boy sternly to see if his lesson had gone home. "Tbank you, sir," was the mild reply. "And where ought I to hold it, and how ought I to strike for my $2 a week?"

Senator Sullivan of New York once put in a new form a joke as old as medicine. The occasion was a banquet of homœopathic physicians. During the hanquet the usual toasts were drunk. To the health of "the ladies," of "the President," of "Hahnemann, the father of homœopathy," and of a dozen other persons and suhjects, glasses were drained duly, and then, all of a sudden, the toastmaster remarked: "Senator Sullivan has not yet heen heard from. Senator Sullivan will now propose a health." The senator arose and heamed upon the assemhlage of physicians. "I propose," he said, "the health of the sick."

THE MERRY MUSE.

At Sixes and Sevens.

An atom met a molecule
And things began to hum;
A microhe howled and tried to rule
A spry bacterium.
An aoimalcule up and fougbt
A micrococcus gay,
And when the germ tbe monad caught
There was the deuce to pay.

A devil knocked a spectre cold
By some demoniac means;
A phantom kicked a gohlin bold
Right into smithereens.
And you may well helieve me when
I here declare witb might
Of lobster I'll ne'er eat again
At twelve o'clock at night!
—*Nathan M. Levy, in New York Sun.*

Mothergoslings.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
Low gear they did apply;
If they had heen in your machine
They'd a-made it on the high.

Sing a song of sixpence,
Pocket full of cash,
Left in trousers on a chair,
The which was very rash.
Wife saw him do it,
And when she heard him snore,
She helped herself to thirty cents—
There wasn't any more.

Dickory, dickory, dock,
I purchased some Wall Street stock;
But now I am broke,
My watch is in soak,
Dicker and dicker and hock.
—*New York Globe.*

A Disappointment.

He went unto an aero meet,
And came home much disgusted;
Said he, "The game was very tame—
No planes or necks were busted."
—*New York Globe.*

Why Else?

She wears a network waist,
Her stockings are network, too;
I look at her open-work sleeve and see
Her soft arm gleaming through.

When she raises her fluffy skirts
A little way, ah, me!
I see the dainty hits of white
That peep through the filigree.

You say it is rude of me
To look at her network waist,
Or to gaze helow when she lifts ber skirts
So dainty and yet so chaste.

Nay, say not so. It were rude
If I should neglect to sec,
For why is she wearing her network thiogs
If not to he seen by me?
—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

What Are Your Sentiments?

I take all the popular magazines—

But I skip the pictures of actorines, and pass up the muck-raking stories grim and the tales which tell why She married Him—likewise the science and hook reviews and discussion of three-or-four-months ago news. I don't care for verse or for fashion's fads; the part that I like hest of all's the ads. Those are the pages I want to see—there is the stuff that appeals to me!

Vacuum cleaners and haby clothes, autos and soup and garden hose, soap and candy and underwear, shotguns and plumhing and human hair. Pianos and toilet cream and boats, ham and insurance, beds and coats, coffee and phonographs and shoes, razors and bonds and cockatoos—

This is the human interest part—literature and science and art are better represented here than where the editors interfere with erudition and piffle and stuff which are part of the editor's little bluff. He knows that nothing he has to say is as good as the ads which he sticks away in the pages which even he has seen are what really make the magazine.

So "Aeroplanes versus Motor-Cars," and "What We Think We Know About Mars," and "An Unknown Corner of Normandy," and "Some Painted Sculptures of 10 B. C.," and "The Way of a Man," and "How to Know Bees," and sixteen or thirteen more like these, get skipped and hurried over—so we can read about things we want to know.

I wonder if otber folks feel that way.

I wonder what magazine editors say.—*True Temper.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will he found in the following department:

Mrs. James Coffin of Ross has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Natalie Coffin, to Mr. Crawford Greene of Providence, Rhode Island. Miss Coffin is a sister of Mrs. Shepherd Eells and Miss Sara Coffin, and is related to the John G. Kittles of Ross and the Henry F. Allen family in this city.

The wedding of Miss Isabelle Douglas-Dick and Lieutenant Ralph Fane Gladwin, an officer in the Scotch Guards, took place Wednesday, October 4, at the home in Scotland of the bride's parents, Colonel Archibald Douglas-Dick, C. B., and Mrs. Douglas-Dick. The bride was attended by her sisters, the Misses May and Edith Dick, and her cousin, Miss Ahby Parrott. The bride is granddaughter of Mrs. Ahby Parrott of San Mateo, and is related to the Joseph A. Donahoes, Robert Haynes, A. H. Paysons, and the John Parrotts. Vicomtesse Helie de Dampierre (formerly Miss Marie Christine de Guigne) and Vicomtesse Phillipe de Tristan (formerly Miss Josephine de Guigne), who are cousins of the bride, reside in Paris.

Mr. Percy W. Selby has issued invitations to the wedding of his daughter, Miss Jane Selby, and Mr. Robert Y. Hayne, Jr., who will he married at high noon, October 19, at the Roman Catholic Church in Menlo. Miss Myra Josselyn will he the maid of honor, and the chosen bridesmaids are Miss Ethel Crocker, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Frederika Otis, and Miss Josephine Parrott, who will arrive shortly from Europe. Mr. Horace Miller of Los Angeles will act as best man, and the ushers will he Mr. Eugene Murphy, Mr. Austin Moore, Mr. Prescott Scott, and Mr. William Duncan. A reception which will he given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore will be attended hy the relatives and intimate friends of the families.

The wedding of Miss Emeline Williams Holmes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jahish Holmes of New York, and Mr. Gustave Fitzhugh Touchard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Touchard, formerly of this city, took place Wednesday in New York. Mr. Touchard is a brother of Miss Alherta Touchard and a nephew of Mrs. Alexander McCrackin and Mr. William McPherson.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Rebecca de Mendes Kruttschnitt, and Mr. Henry Clifford Woodhouse, on Thursday, November 2, at five o'clock, at the old family homestead in New Orleans, where Miss Kruttschnitt's mother and grandmother were married.

Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver will he hostess October 28 at a tea in honor of her daughter, Miss Isabel Beaver, who is a dêhutante of the season.

Miss Dorothy Taft was formerly presented to society last Saturday at the Claremont Country Club, where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Taft, gave a tea which was followed hy a dinner-dance at which they entertained a hundred guests.

Miss Bina May Moseley has issued invitations to a hridge tea October 19 at her home in Oakland, complimentary to Miss Dorothy Taft.

Miss Lutie Collier will he the guest of honor at a tea to he given today hy Mrs. Carroll Buck.

Mrs. Stetson-Winslow will introduce her daughter, Miss Ruth Winslow, to society at a tea November 4 at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. George F. Ashton, Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle, Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, and Mrs. George A. Moore, the patronesses of the Friday Evening Dances, will give a dance December 29 at Century Hall. It will he an invitation affair, and the guest list will include the members of last year's dances and the dêhutantes of the winter. Several of the patronesses will he away this season, hut the dances will he continued next year.

Mr. Richard M. Tobin was host last week at a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. John Lawson entertained a number of friends at an informal luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a dinner Tuesday evening at their home in Burlingame, complimentary to Miss Jane Selby and Mr. Robert Y. Hayne, Jr., who will he married October 19.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Pringle entertained Miss Selby and Mr. Hayne and their hridal attendants at a dinner in Menlo.

Mr. William Duncan was host at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel Monday, when he entertained Mr. Hayne and his ushers.

Mrs. John W. Mailliard and Mrs. Horace Hellman entertained a large number of friends last Saturday at a garden tea in Belvedere. The affair was in honor of their niece, Miss Dorothy Page, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page. Miss Page is to he one of the season's dêhutantes.

Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., was hostess at a luncheon Sunday at her home in Menlo.

Mrs. Edgar M. Wilson and Mrs. Effingham Bowne Sutton have sent out cards to a tea October 18 at the Wilson home on Walnut Street. The affair will he in honor of Miss Dorothy Page and Miss Marion Dickson.

The Misses Sarah, Mary, and Elizabeth Cunningham were hostesses last week at a hridge and supper party at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a theatre and supper party last Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Samuel Knight was a luncheon hostess Wednesday at her home in Burlingame.

Miss Bessie Ashton entertained informally Tuesday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue, in honor of the Misses Sarah, Mary, and Elizabeth Cunningham.

Mrs. William S. Wood was hostess at a luncheon Thursday at the Hotel St. Francis, complimentary to Mrs. Charles Taylor of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran were the guests of the Misses Cecilia and Maud O'Connor at an informal luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. George A. Pope entertained a number of friends at a luncheon Friday at her country home in Burlingame.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler gave a reception last Friday at their home in Berkeley.

The first of the Berkeley Saturday Evening Dances was enjoyed last Saturday evening in the Town and Gown Hall hy the young people of the college town. The patronesses are Mrs. Harry Alston Williams, Mrs. Selim Woodworth, Mrs. A. M. Sutton, Mrs. Sidney Smith, and Mrs. Charles Mills Gayley.

Mrs. Arthur Murray was the complimented guest at a luncheon given last Saturday hy Mrs. S. H. Michler at her home in Oakland.

Colonel Frederick von Schrader, U. S. A., and Mrs. von Schrader gave a dinner at their home in the Presidio in honor of General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray.

Captain E. B. Wade, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wade entertained at a regimental party to celebrate Captain Wade's promotion from a lieutenancy to his new rank and his reassignment to the Thirtieth Infantry. The affair was enjoyed hy the officers of the Thirtieth Infantry and their wives, with several additional guests from the posts around the hay.

Mrs. George F. Connoly, wife of Captain Connoly, U. S. A., was hostess Saturday at a hridge tea.

Lieutenant St. Clair Ellis, U. S. N., and Mrs. Ellis entertained a number of friends Thursday evening at a dinner.

Mrs. W. C. Potter, wife of Lieutenant Potter, U. S. A., entertained the Presidio Five Hundred Club last week at her home in the Presidio.

Captain Thomas Jefferson Powers, U. S. A., and Mrs. Powers, who are en route to Manila, were the complimented guests last week at a dinner given hy Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Fraser Douglass.

Mrs. Frederick Fenwick has issued cards to a hridge tea October 17.

Miss Jennie Blair entertained a number of friends at an informal tea Friday at the Palace Hotel.

The Society of Colonial Dames of America held a reunion last week at the home of Mrs. Osgood Putnam.

Buford Kindergarten Annual Bazaar

The managers of the Buford Free Kindergarten announce its annual hazaar for the sale of hoth useful and fancy articles on Saturday, October 21, at the home of Mrs. George H. C. Meyer, 2030 Lyon Street, from one to five o'clock. The Buford Kindergarten has heen maintained for many years in the Potrero district and has done and is doing a useful work. It not only maintains a school for the care and instruction of very small children who would otherwise have scant attention during the hours when their mothers are at work, hut maintains a centre of civilizing influences where such an agency is very greatly needed. A mothers' club, botb hoys' and girls' musical clubs, etc., are housed in its school. The enterprise depends for its support upon voluntary contrihutions and upon the earnings of a hazaar held annually. The cause is one essentially worthy, and the ladies who give so much labor and time to it deserve the coöperation of all the charitably minded.

The first concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society will he given October 31, when Mme. Emma Eames and Signor Emilio de Gogorza will he heard in repertory. The series will present a number of artists, among whom are Calvé, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Mr. John McCormick, Vladimir de Pachmann, and Bonci, who appeared here last season.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali has heen hrightened hy the advent of a daughter.

For Hallowe'en Parties—Grinning Jack-o'-Lanterns, strange Gohlin Candy Boxes and appropriate Dinner Favors—all these for the Hallowe'en party on Oct. 31st. At Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores in San Francisco: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near the Ferry.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Gertrude Hoffmann has supplied the English-speaking world with a great stage sensation in the hringing to this country of the Russian imperial artists, who will appear at the Cort Theatre for an engagement of two weeks, heginning Monday, October 16. During the all-summer sensational triumphs of this organization at the New York Winter Garden the metropolis took to its heart the dancers and mimes from the kingdom of the Czar.

"Le Saison des Ballets Russes" does not consist of the presentation of Russian dances, as those dances have heen known to America. They are poetic interpretations hy a gigantic organization of imperial artists of the plastic drama. What the sculptor and the painter have attempted from the primary inception of the art of representation hy means of pigments and marhle, these Russian artists accomplish through the medium of chorographic mimodrama, hringing to its final perfect realization an art which dates hack countless decades on the continent of Europe. Three hallets, constituting the entertainment, are "Cleopatra," a mimodrama, telling a love tale concerning the famous queen; "Les Sylphides," a romantic revelry, and "Sheherazade," which has been called a night in a Persian harem.

As an extra added feature during her San Francisco engagement, Miss Hoffmann will appear in her revue, including her impersonations of such stage celehrities as Ethel Barrymore, George M. Cohan, Eddie Foy, Harry Lauder, Ruth St. Denis, Isadora Duncan, Alice Lloyd, Anna Held, Eva Tanguay, and Valeska Surratt. Each impersonation is complete with scenery and costumes, and in some of them Miss Hoffmann is assisted hy her twelve "Hoffmann girls."

Matinées will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

"The Commuters," the farce comedy by James Forbes, is crowding the Columbia Theatre, and will continue through this and next week. The piece and the company are reviewed at length on another page. San Francisco never fails to appreciate a laughing festival, and this offering seems to he among the hest of its kind.

Odiva, "the water queen," comes next week to the Orpheum with an act of novelty, heauty, and skill. This attractive little woman was taught the art of swimming by the pearl divers of Samoa. She eats, sews, sleeps, and disrobes heneath the surface of the water. Her dives are executed with grace and daring and her swimming is a revelation. Her stage setting is elahorate, massive, and picturesque. Agnes Scott and Henry Keane will appear in the idyllic episode "Drifting." In this little comedy Miss Scott distinguishes herself hoth as autboress and actress. Mr. Keane is remembered here favorahly as leading man in several important productions. Sammy Burns and Alice Fulton entertain with dancing, snatches of song, and character impersonations, including a Parisian novelty whirl dance by Miss Fulton, and English vaudeville performers' idea of American coon songs hy Mr. Burns. Mme. Panita, the celebrated European flute virtuoso, who on the occasion of her appearance here nearly two years ago achieved a hrilliant triumph, will be a feature of next week's programme. She has an exceptional technic and produces from the flute a soft, sweet, and strong tone. Her repertory is very attractive and exhihits her versatility.

Next week will conclude the engagements of Charles and Fannie Van, the Nichols Sisters, and the Four Floods. It will also he the last of Paul Armstrong's dramatic production, "A Romance of the Underworld," which is creating one of the greatest sensations ever known in vaudeville.

"Seven Days," the comedy which held sway at the Columhia Theatre for three weeks last season, is to play a return engagement at that playbouse, opening on Monday, October 23. A strong company will be sent here hy Wagenhals & Kemper for the presentation of the comedy. Seats go on sale next Thursday.

Leonard Borwick, Pianist.

Manager Greenbaum confidently expects Leonard Borwick, the English piano virtuoso, to create a sensation among those who are truly music lovers. His playing is described as wonderfully heautiful and intensely musical, and devoid of any attempts at claptrap effects to catch his audiences. He plays with a deep insight of the composer's thoughts and possesses the faculty of imparting these inner meanings to his auditors.

Mr. Borwick's first appearance in America will he made at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoon, October 22, when, among other works, he will play Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, "Theme Varie" in A major hy Paderewski, and numhers hy Bach, Graun, Sgambati, Rachmaninoff, and Moszkowski.

At the second concert, Thursday night, October 26, he will offer Bacb's "Italian" Concerto, Chopin's "Sonata," with the glorious "Marche Funehre"; a Mozart "Air and Variations," originally composed for a music-hox, and numhers hy Dehussy, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Liszt.

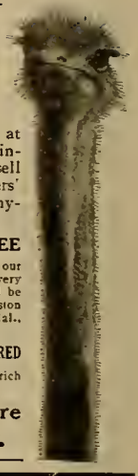
The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, where mail orders may be addressed to Will L. Greenhaum.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will he found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereahouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker will spend two weeks witb Miss Jennie Crocker in Burlingame before moving into their home on Laguoa Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud have returned from Europe, where they spent the summer.

Miss Susan Watkins has been the guest recently of Mrs. M. M. Tompkins in San Anselmo.

Mrs. James Coffin, Miss Natalie Coffin, and Miss Sarah Coffin will spend the winter in town. They bave taken the bouse at Buchanan and Washington Streets of Mrs. F. W. Tallant.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and Mrs. M. P. Jones are established for the winter at the Hillcrest.

Mrs. Hope Glenn left Thursday for the East with Miss Mary Glenn, who will spend the winter at Briar-Cliff on the Hudson. Miss Glenn's début will be deferred until next winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl have engaged apartments at the Fairmont Hotel for the winter months.

The Misses Grace and Madge Wilson are visiting relatives in the East, and will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stillman (formerly Miss Mildred Whitney) in New York before returning home.

Major Charles H. McKinstry, U. S. A., arrived last week from Manila.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lombard of Portland will spend the winter at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Lily Hitchcock Coit is rapidly recoveriog from a recent illness which for several weeks has confined her to her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Dr. Samuel E. Simmons and Mrs. Simmons have returned to Sacramento after baving spent a year in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph P. Sebeld returned Monday to Sacramento after a week's visit in town.

Mrs. Charles Stoney and her daughters, the Misses Helena and Katherine Stoney, bave returned from Lake Taboe, where they were the guests of Mrs. C. B. Brigbam and Miss Kate Brigham.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Jobnson and Miss Emily Jobnson are established in tbeir bome on Pacific Avenue near Bucbanan Street.

Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver and Miss Isabel Beaver have returned from a brief visit to Inverness.

Mrs. India Scott Spear bas returned to ber home in Los Angeles after visiting ber aunt, Mrs. Willis, in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard and tbeir daughter, Miss Sophie Beylard, bave returned to tbeir bome in San Mateo after spending tbe summer in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Lewis bave returned from a montb's trip through Britisb Columbia and Canada.

Miss Ernestine McNear was the guest tbis week of Miss Harriett Alexander at her bome on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron bave returned from tbeir summer outing and are occupying their apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Emma Sbafter Howard bas given up ber apartment on Pacific Avenue and is established at the Hillcrest.

Mrs. Selden S. Wright has returned from San Jose, where sbe bas been visiting ber son and daugbter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Hammond Wright, and Judge S. F. Lieb and Mrs. Lieb.

Mr. and Mrs. Tbomas Grabam Crothers have leased tbeir bome on Pacific Avenue and will spend the winter at the Bellevue Hotel.

Mrs. Ella Rodman Ayres and ber brother, Mr. Thomas Rodman, will sail October 25 for Honolulu, where they will spend several weeks with Mrs. Rudolph Buckley (formerly Miss Lucinda Buckley), en route to Schofield Barracks to visit Captain Edward Sturgis, U. S. A., and Mrs. Sturgis. They will be accompanied by Miss Florence Butler, who has recently been the guest of Miss Lutie Collier at her bome on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. John B. Polhemus bas gone to Guatemala. During his absence Mrs. Polhemus will remain in Coronado.

Mr. Hamilton Fisb of New York will go to the Orient as private secretary to Mr. Charles Page Bryan, ambassador to Japan. Mr. Fish is a brother of Mrs. Lawrence Breeze of San Mateo.

Mrs. James Cunningham and tbe Misses Sarah, Mary, and Elizabeth Cunningham, left Tuesday for their home in New York after occupying their house on Broadway since the middle of September. They were accompanied by Mrs. James Potter Langborne, who will join her daughters, Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Julia Langhorne, in New York.

Tbe Messrs. Arthur Brown, Chauncey Goodrich, William Duncan, and Dr. James Wbitney have established bachelor quarters in the home on Fillmore Street of Mrs. Joseph Trilley.

Mr. Capel Beckett bas come out from tbe East to attend the wedding of his brother, Mr. Bergie Barry Beckett, and Miss Lutie Collier.

Mr. and Mrs. Tbeodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. Henry Alexander were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker in Burlingame.

Mrs. Mountenay Jebpson (formerly Miss Anna Head of this city) bas been the guest for the past two weeks of Mrs. Pbebe A. Hearst at her home in Pleasanton. Mrs. Jepbson will leave tbe end of this month for her home in London.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and the Misses Katbleen and Phyllis de Young left Tuesday for a tour of tbe world.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin and tbeir little daughters bave gone to Monterey, where little Miss Mary Martin is rapidly convalescing from ber recent serious accident.

Mrs. George Doubleday arrived from New York Tuesday and is tbe guest of ber mother, Mrs James Moffitt, in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker were the guests over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at their home, Beaulieu.

Tbe Misses Cecilia and Cornelia O'Connor have returned from Burlingame, where they were the guests of Mrs. Max Rothschilds.

Mr. William Marsteller, stepson of Mr. Brutus Clay of Kentucky, former minister to Switzerland, has arrived in tbis city and contemplates residing here permanently. He is living at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Silas Palmer bas returned from Fort Hamilton and New York, where sbe bas been visiting Mrs. Robert McMillan, witb whom she went East a mootb ago.

Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and ber daughter, Miss Marion, bave returned from a brief visit in the East, where Miss Kate Crocker and tbe Messrs. Harry and Clark Crocker are at school.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blancbard Chase and Miss Ysobel Cbase will spend tbe winter in tbis city. They will occupy the house on Buchanan Street of Mrs. Walter W. Felton.

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder and the Misses Janet and Edith von Schroeder and Mr. Henri von Schroeder, will spend tbe winter at the Hotel St. Francis.

Vicomte P. de Kergarion of Paris has arrived in tbis city for a sbort stay before touring the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams bave opened their Pacific Avenue home for the season after having spent tbe summer on the McCloud River.

Miss Sydney Davis bas returned from Europe and is visiting relatives in Boston. Miss Davis will spend the winter in this city witb her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. William Weir have closed tbeir home at Woodside and are establisbed for tbe winter in the Whittier residence on Jackson Street.

Monsieur Edmond Pizzella arrived Tuesday from Paris and will spend several weeks at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker bave engaged apartments at the Fairmont Hotel, where tbey will stay on occasional visits in town during the season.

Dr. Carl Power Jones has returned to his bome in Grass Valley after a brief visit in this city.

Mr. Charles Page Bryan, ambassador to Japan, arrived in San Francisco Thursday and will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan until October 25, when he will sail for his new post.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin will sail October 25 for a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle are contemplating a trip to Europe and will spend tbe winter in Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter and Miss Nina Jones have returned to Santa Barbara after spending a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Robert N. Graves has returned from Los Gatos and will spend the winter at the Santa Barbara, on California Street, where she has taken an apartment.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall has recently been the guest of Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson at her home in Burlingame.

Dr. Albert Baker Spalding and Mrs. Spalding are at present in London and expect to sail for home October 27.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton and Mrs. Worthington Ames bave returned from a two months' visit in Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. Dutton will spend the winter at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. William C. Peyton is expected home next week from New York.

Miss Mary Helen Carlisle has returned from a trip through Canada, and is again at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Kate Stone and her niece, Miss Dorothy Baker, have returned from a visit in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., bave arrived in London, where they have been entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fermor-Hesketh.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Magee, Jr., arrived Tuesday from Europe after an absence of six months.

Colonel W. K. Wright, U. S. A., in command at the Presidio, Monterey, spent a few days last week at the Palace Hotel.

Major John Murtagh, U. S. A., joined his family last week at the bome of Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb, with whom they have been spending the summer. Mrs. Murtagh returned with Major Murtagh to Fort Leavenworth, where they bave been stationed for several years.

Major W. E. Vose, U. S. A., and Mrs. Vose have been recent guests at the Palace Hotel.

Captain Frank Wilcox, U. S. A., who has been visiting friends in Washington, D. C., is at West Point, where he is an instructor at the Military Academy.

Captain Mortimer O. Bigelow, U. S. A., who has been acting as aid to Major-General Murray, U. S. A., sailed last week to join bis regiment in the Philippines.

Captain Clarence Deems, Jr., U. S. A., Mrs. Deems, and their children sailed on the *Sherman* for Honolulu, where Captain Deems will join his regiment. Mrs. Deems is a daughter of General Brush, U. S. A., commander of the Department of California.

Lieutenant Ralph Brush, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio, Monterey, after spending a few days in town with his parents, General Brusb, U. S. A., and Mrs. Brusb.

Captain J. M. Ellicott, U. S. S. *Maryland*, will be in charge of the naval brigade which is to take part in the ground-breaking ceremonies October 14.

Lieutenant H. W. Stephenson, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio after a ten days' leave of absence.

Mrs. J. J. Hogan will leave October 17 for Europe to join her husband, Dr. Hogan, U. S. N., who went abroad recently to take a post-graduate course.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Avery Campbell are occupying their new bome at Green and Baker Streets.

The Nordica Concerts.

The concerts to he given hy America's own prima donna soprano, Mme. Lillian Nordica, assisted hy Myron W. Whitney, the distinguished hasso, and E. Romayne Simmons, the eminent pianist, at the big Pavilion, corner of Sutter and Pierce Streets, this Saturday and next Monday evenings, are of course attracting attention among the thousands of music lovers of San Francisco and vicinity. Mme. Nordica, one of the world's foremost singers, is at the height of her wonderful career, and her programmes have heen chosen with peculiar care. On Saturday her numbers will include the aria from "Madame Butterfly," Schubert's "Erlking," two Japanese songs hy Wakefield Cadman, in addition to that composer's Omaha Indian trihal melody, Leoncavallo's "Mattinata," two songs by Hammond, and works hy Schumann, Stange, Debussy, and Wehher. With Mr. Whitney she will sing the great duet from "Le Nozze di Figaro," and the hasso's versatility will be displayed in songs hy Gounod, Berlioz, Schumann, Tirindelli, White, Turnhull, and Molloy.

On Monday evening there will he a complete change, Mme. Nordica's numhers including Elizaheth's aria from "Tannhauser," Schumann's "Waldesgesprach," and songs by Strauss, Tschaikowski, Grieg, Bemherg, Wehher, Duparc, Rachmaninoff, and Mrs. Beach, while with Mr. Whitney she will sing the duet from "Don Giovanni." Mr. Whitney's songs will he selected from the compositions of Bizet, Reger, Molloy, Godard, Valente, Moir, and Hatton.

The prices of seats range from one dollar to two, and reservations may he made at Kohler & Chase's and the Owl Drug Company, 778 Market Street.

The Amato Farewell Concert Sunday.

The last concert hy Pasquale Amato, the Caruso of the haritones, will he given at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

No grander singer has ever visited this city, and both of his assisting artists, Mme. Longari, soprano, and Signor Tanara, accompanist, have proved themselves worthy of heing associated with such a star.

Mr. Amato's numhers on this occasion will include the aria from "The Masked Ball," hy Verdi; "Drinking Song" from "Hamlet," hy Amhrois Thomas; "Cavatina of Figaro," from Rossini's "The Barher of Seville," hesides some classic songs, and, of course, the "Prologue" from "I Pagliacci."

Mme. Longari will also be heard in similar numbers, and with Mr. Amato will sing the duo from Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and a "Serenata" by Johannes Brahms.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and the hox-office will he open at the hall on Sunday after ten o'clock.

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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

Action brougbt in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the county clerk of said city and county.

The People of the State of California send greeting to: CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brougbt against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within teo days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this city and county; or if served elsewbere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of tbis court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, oo the ground of defendant's desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear io the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BUSH FINNELL, Attorney for Plaintiff, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Did yon include Switzerland in your travels?" "No; I always was so afraid of falling down a cravat."—*Baltimore American.*

Week-End Spartsman—I just sbot a deer, old chap! *His Pal*—Gweat! Kill them? *Week-End Spartsman*—I think not. He shot hack!—*Puck.*

Mrs. Benham—What is the meanest thing a woman can say to a man? *Benham*—"Yes"—when he is fool enough to propose.—*Town Topics.*

"Does your hushand ever lose his temper?" "Not any more. He lost it permanently ahout two years after our marriage."—*Chicaga Record-Herald.*

Custamer—Waiter! this is an ahsurdly small steak you've given me. *Waiter*—Yes, sir, hut it'll take a wonderful long time to eat, sir.—*Everybady's Weekly.*

"Do they quarrel a great deal?" "No, not a great deal. He leaves home at seven o'clock in the morning and doesn't go home to lunch."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Friend—What were your sensations in the wreck? *Victim*—Just the same as in foothall. Three coaches passed over me, and then the doctors came.—*Punch.*

Raunder—Wonder who said, "Home is what we make it." *Mrs. Raunder*—I'll warrant it was some man who couldn't make it hefore three a. m.—*Bastan Transcript.*

"He never makes any promises he may not be ahle to keep." "So?" "No, when he horrows money from you he never tells you when he'll pay it hack."—*Detroit Free Press.*

She—There is one state, at least, where women can do the bossing without tbe hallot. *He*—Which one might that he, pray? *She*—The state of matrimony.—*Baltimare American.*

Farmer Hayseed (in the city)—I want ter find an eatin' house. *Accasted Pedestrian*—Are you looking for any particular place? *Farmer Hayseed*—Wall, not too durned p'tickler.—*Bastan Transcript.*

"Is young Everyhody going to marry that girl he rescued from drowning?" "I don't know. He has just found out that the girl is the champion swimmer of the North Shore."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Horrors, John! We have come off and left the cat and the parrot with nothing to eat." "Well, I wouldn't worry. These things generally adjust themselves. Mayhe the cat will eat the parrot."—*Puck.*

"Seven years ago I landed in this town with only $1, hut that dollar gave me my start." "You must have invested it very profitably." "I did. I telegraphed home foi money."—*Lauisville Courier-Jaurnal.*

"Did you know," said the excited friend, "that your wife had eloped with your chauffeur?" "Too had!" exclaimed Mr. Flimgilt. "The recklessness of these chauffeurs is something awful!"—*Washingtan Star.*

"Does your wife go to services to see what other women wear?" "No," replied Mr. Cumrox. "We are now sufficiently prosperous for her to go in order to let other women see what she wears."—*Washingtan Star.*

Suspicious Neighbar—Did your mother have a rooster for dinner yesterday, sonnie? *Sannie*—Yes'm. *Suspicious Neighbar*—A hig one with hlack tail feathers? *Sannie*—Dunno. Mother didn't cook the feathers.—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"Why didn't you ask for your transfer as you entered the car?" demanded the conductor. "Because I saw a seat and wanted to get it hefore the man hehind me could get to it," the woman replied, calmly.—*Buffala Express.*

"My future mother-in-law is really a hit too careful. So that my fiancée shall know what to huy after we are married, she takes us hoth with her to the market every morning." "Well, hut what use are you?" "Oh, I pay."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"I thought you told me this place was so healthy that nobody ever died here?" ohjected the prospective purchaser to the real estate agent. "I did, and I'll stick to it." "I'll het you will. You also told me that people in this suhurh didn't have to pay grocery hills, hecause the ground raised their vegetahles for the——" "I told you that, too." "How do you account for the fact that one of your prominent citizens died of starvation yesterday?" "That was a doctor."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Doctor, I want you to come and examine my hushand." "What seems to he the matter with him?" "I am afraid he is losing his mind. Last night we were talking about the necessity of reducing our living expenses and he said I would have to spend less money than I've heen spending for clothes and help in the house." "There's nothing strange ahout such a declaration." "I know; hut after he had made it be said: 'Get that imbedded in your bean.'"—*Chicaga Record-Herald.*

"Where, oh, where is Little Elsie the Six-Year-Old Wonder of the World?" cried the stage manager frantically. "She—she's gone down to the station," explained the call-hoy. "Her second daughter's hein' married today, and she wants to see her off on her boney-moon."—*Answers.*

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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"The Sacred Principles of Free Government."

The remarks of Judge W. W. Morrow at a dinner given to President Taft by citizens of San Francisco on the 13th instant—printed elsewhere in this issue of the *Argonaut*—are impressive, not more by their dignity and the weight of the protest implied in them than by the circumstances of their utterance. The occasion was one of compliment to the President of the United States, himself a man of long experience and high rank in judicial service, likewise a man committed to an earnest and patriotic disapproval of any and all plans or schemes tending to limit the independence and to thwart the courage of the judiciary. The time was immediately upon the heels of a perfervid agitation and a special election in California, out of which had come a constitutional change subjecting the judiciary, with other state officials, to popular recall.

It would perhaps have been outside the lines of propriety for a man in Judge Morrow's position to take public part in a pending political campaign. Be this as it may, it was clearly within the lines of propriety for him to register a protest against an innovation of such portentous and demoralizing significance. "Shall justice be deemed infallible and be worshiped as such?" asked Judge Morrow. Answering his own question, he replied: *"Justice as administrated by human beings is beset by human frailties. Justice does not deny a proper and timely criticism of her administration. She does not deny that the weak, indolent, and unworthy judge should be removed from office by judicial methods, but she does deny that her judgments should be influenced or controlled by any consideration other than that of right reason or that she should have in view any purpose other than that of declaring what the law is, and not what the public or a majority of the voters think it should be. Without this freedom and independence, the administration of justice is a failure and the government itself a delusion and a snare."*

Truly, a protest nobly conceived and nobly declared! It ought to sink into the consciousness of all who read it. It should be an inspiration in a movement sure to come with the return of sanity and the judgments of common sense for reëstablishment of what Judge Morrow aptly characterizes as the "sacred principles of free government."

The President's Visit.

President Taft's visit to San Francisco will be numbered among the many successes of his journey. After two strenuous days of ceremonial and speech-making he left the city well pleased both with its guest and with itself. He touched no sore points, aroused no controversies, and if there were political animosities below the surface, as there must always be, they were kept out of sight by his unfailing tact, his suave kindliness, and a certain domestic diplomacy that is always effective when it is prompted by sincere good-will. The full measure of Mr. Taft's statesmanship may have to wait upon time and perspective for adequate recognition. Statesmanship must always wait upon time and perspective, but there will be no delay in according to Mr. Taft an unusual power to say the right thing at the right time, to say it in a gracious way, and to meet the conventional demands of the moment in a spirit and temper that are perfect.

The President's mission to San Francisco was not entirely or even mainly, a political one. Still less was it controversial. His journey happily coincided with the beginning of work upon the exposition, and there could be no better augury of success than the charming ceremony of which he was the centre. He said that he was glad that San Francisco had been chosen because San Francisco was destined to a peculiar relationship with the Panama Canal and also because it was representative of the whole Pacific Coast. The tumultuous applause that greeted his speech at the Stadium was a tribute quite as much to his own popularity as to the ceremonial occasion. In a sense it was a conventional ceremony, but conventional things can be done in an unconventional and spontaneous way, and certainly the President conveyed the impression of a personal enthusiasm both for the exposition and for the future of the city. He will remember no heartier reception than was accorded to him in Golden Gate Park, and it had about it a sincerity that matched his own.

That the President should refer somewhat extensively to the canal itself was along the strict lines of relevancy. Probably it is not possible at this time of day to add very extensively to general information on the subject or to enhance the trade expectations already created. But if this could be done there would be no more effective way than by some of the terse illustrations that sprinkled the President's speech. That the canal will be capable of forty-seven lockages a day, for example, has an illuminative power all its own, and so has the further summary that between forty and fifty million tons of freight can be passed through the canal annually. Such facts as these, and many others like them, may be already known, and doubtless are known, but they were well placed in the President's speech and served admirably to give emphasis and to arouse interest. There may be some differences of opinion as to the form in which preferences will be shown to American ships passing through the canal, and it will be noted that the President spoke guardedly upon this point and suggested various alternative ways by which our own ships can be made to feel that they are in home waters. There must either, he said, be a reduction or a wiping out of the tolls, or if that can not be done, then there must be a contribution from the treasury equal to a subsidy, amounting to as much as the tolls. The word subsidy is not, perhaps, an ingratiating one at the present time, nor a particularly welcome one to those who are unduly impressed by terminology, but that some way will be found to emphasize the welcome of the canal to American ships is a foregone conclusion. Another vivid passage of the President's speech was his cautious and unofficial prediction that the canal will be ready for traffic somewhere about January, 1913, instead of January, 1915, the date to which the engineers are committed. Mr. Taft does well thus modestly to discount his own prediction, but it is very certain that he would not have said what he did unless he had been reasonably sure of his ground.

Although Mr. Taft's programme in San Francisco was of the uncontroversial kind, it was hardly to be expected that he would refrain from some reference to the arbitration treaties. Indeed these are not controversial in any general sense. On the one hand they are sustained by the American nation as a unit and on the other hand they are opposed by the Senate and by Mr. Roosevelt. Indeed it may be said that Mr. Roosevelt alone takes up an attitude of actual hostility toward these agreements, the Senate merely reserving its judgment until it shall be satisfied as to its own prerogatives. It may be doubted if there is any other statesman in civilization who would thus wantonly throw such a bolt into the slowly constructed machinery of peace as Mr. Roosevelt has done or who would make so frank an appeal to the worst passions of humanity. But the amenities of political life as well as Mr. Taft's innate courtesy demand a serious treatment for such explosions of mediæval jingoism, and we may be thankful that such causes were operative in the production of so fine a plea for international common sense and for a display of tolerance and good sense between the armed powers of the world. Certainly Mr. Taft could have chosen no more popular subject nor could he more unerringly have struck a chord to which the whole community and the whole nation responds. The President went over the matters at issue with elaborate care. He explained the points that seemed to be ambiguous, he defined the terms that were technical or judicial, and he showed the practical working of a scheme upon which three great nations are in agreement. He was listened to with an eager attention that proved his hold not only upon the minds, but upon the consciences of his hearers. Not that the average citizen attaches any weight to the rather absurd punctilios of the Senate or to the bellicose vaporings of Mr. Roosevelt. He is not waiting to be converted. He is converted already. He is willing and anxious that America shall treat other nations, and be treated by them, in the light of the same common sense that regulates the behavior of two shopkeepers in a back street, and he is not particularly concerned with the precise wording of agreements. He wants international decency and he wants it now, and he knows that he can have it and that he ought to have it or else cease to prate about the glories of civilization. But if there were any uncer-

among Mr. Taft's hearers they must have been satisfied with a presentation of the case that was enthusiastic enough, but that above all else was statesmanlike and judicial. Mr. Taft never struck a surer note nor made a happier combination than when he coupled the Panama Canal with the cause of international peace.

Post-Election Reflections.

Complete though still unofficial returns of the recent special election make it certain that all of the twenty-three constitutional amendments—including woman suffrage, first thought to have been beaten—have carried. This result amounts to a practical reconstruction of our basic law at essential points. Besides widening the suffrage it gives to the voting body a considerable measure of direct power hitherto exercised by officials under no other restraints than those implied in the laws and in the specific limitation of official terms. Under the new scheme, all officials excepting railroad commissioners—most curiously excepted—will be subject to recall under conditions easily arranged. Even the judges of our state courts must render decisions agreeable to the popular will or be called down from the bench. The change is a sweeping one, involving a long step in an obviously calculated movement to put conditions and checks upon the representative principle and to establish in very considerable measure the democratic principle in its place.

The *Argonaut* makes no scruple of declaring its doubts and fears in relation to this new order of things. Taken in conjunction with our still new primary law, it is destined, we think, to seriously weaken judicial and administrative powers. Under a scheme calling for self-nomination of candidates we shall certainly not find the spirit of modesty in our future officials. Nor are we likely under the club of the "recall" to find courage and hardihood. Subserviency will now best serve the interests of the man in office. Almost certainly the new order of things will give us in official life in all its ranks weak and yielding men rather than men of strong conviction and determined spirit.

Probably the course of events for a long time to come will not obviously be disturbed. The system will work well enough, even though it may lack dignity and prove costly, in normal and fortunate times. The menace of the new régime lies in its manifest inadaptability to those crises which come now and again, and which call imperatively for the qualities of determination and force. Frankly, we fear that just when strength is most needed in our administrative affairs we shall find weakness enthroned in its place. History, even our relatively brief state history, is full of illustrations directly leading to this suggestion. We are not likely in the long run to avoid conditions calling for the high qualities of resolution and fixed determination in public office; and when we do encounter them, how are they likely to be met when the machinery of protest and obstruction shall stand ready to the hand of emotion, ignorance, petulance, or malevolence.

The *Argonaut* will not disguise its apprehensions in the matter of woman suffrage. It neither denies nor wishes to minimize the weight of arguments based on considerations of abstract right. It concedes that the right of women in the political sphere, especially of women owning property subject to taxation, is as good as the right of men. But it remembers that nobody is entitled to urge a private right as against the public welfare; and this consideration reduces the question to one of simple expediency. So regarding it, we fear the effects of political differences and contentions in relation to family life. Likewise we fear that womanhood, under the stress of political obligation and practice, may lose something—we fear much—of its finest flavor. Three months of campaigning, we have observed, have worked a marked deterioration in the manners if not the morals of some women. What will happen to those—and inevitably we shall have the professional politician among women as among men—who shall concentrate their energies and vulgarize their habits to meet the demands of the political game?

But woman suffrage is no longer a controverted issue. It is a fact in the political sphere; and the practical question now is how to make the best of it. President Taft struck the nail fairly on the head in a remark at Seattle some two weeks ago. Woman suffrage, he said, will be a success, politically at least, if women will take their new duties seriously—if they will inform themselves and take the trouble to vote. There are many who believe that women, especially the better sorts of women, will lightly regard their political obligations. The hope is that these critics are mistaken. Whether she he favorable to the principle of woman suffrage or not, whether the exercise of the political function be agreeable or not, whether the interests and associations of politics be agreeable or otherwise, it is none the less the duty of every good woman to take the new condition seriously, to seek to inform herself and to cast her ballot. Now that the burden of political responsibility has been put upon women, there is but one reasonable course—every woman ought to register and cast her vote. Sympathizing absolutely with the protest of feminine-minded and home-loving women against the new order of things, we have no sympathy at all with the false sentiment and false delicacy which now in the face of duty would bid women to treat the franchise with neglect and contempt.

It is a great pity that we could not have tried out the theories and principles so suddenly put upon us in an experimental way before fixing them in complete development in our state constitution. It would have been easy to test woman suffrage in relation to education, sanitation, public beneficence, and other relatively feminine spheres before going the full length of constitutional revision. And so in some of the other ideas involved in the new enactments. But those who were managing the movement, notably Governor Johnson and his recklessly "progressive" associates, would not have it so. With intemperate insistence they urged the whole scheme of constitutional revision. In their precipitancy they would not even wait upon orderly and prescribed courses. They wanted to go forward while the tide of emotional agitation was at full stream; and having affairs in their own hands, they compelled the issue. The special election was not necessary. It would have been much better to wait upon the prescribed order of events and the cautious inspirations of sober second thought; and if wisdom and the spirit of statecraft rather than passion and vanity had been at the head of affairs, there would not have been such furious and reckless haste. Now we have a situation almost impossible of correction. The scheme, entrenched in the state constitution, even though it may prove a practical failure, must remain until some great convulsion shall establish a new order of things.

It is to be remembered, however, that while laws may profoundly affect fortunes of a people, they can not immediately alter public character. A wise and worthy population will live wisely and worthily under any system of laws; and ultimately, through one process or another, laws whatever they may be at any special period will be brought in their working applications to match the common spirit and the common character.

The *Argonaut* ventures this prophecy: After the first period of exultation shall be passed, those responsible for changes involved in the results of the election will be regretful, even remorseful. They will turn upon their leaders and denounce them as false guides and disturbers of social order and prosperity. Then there will follow either through contemptuous or positive treatment of the hastily accepted scheme, a tedious and painful process of correction. Community interest and common sense will work together to restore, in some sort at least if not in its full integrity, the representative system devised by the fathers of the republic. The people of California, when it comes to actual practice, will not throw over a system of proved efficiency to follow the plausible but false theories of merely "popular" government.

Pure Food Laws.

The *Argonaut* is not in favor of paternal legislation. It detests whole-heartedly all that body of law-making now so much in vogue that forces its protection upon individuals who are quite able to protect themselves. It is opposed to the legal regulation of personal affairs, and it looks with extreme suspicion upon mandatory or prohibitive laws that would make us healthy, wealthy, or wise against our will. Some such laws are doubtless necessary, since no one can live wholly to himself, but they ought to be watched with jealousy lest we surrender individual liberty for something of lesser value. And most things are of lesser value.

But no stricture upon paternalism can apply to the pure food laws. In this respect the individual can no more help himself than he can make a spectroscopic analysis of the constituents of the planet Saturn. In the matter of food and drugs the consumer must take what is offered to him and do the best he can to believe its label. In the presence of the adulterator he is as helpless as a new-born infant. He has neither the knowledge nor the time to protect himself. Actually and practically he must live by faith—or die by it, which was the more usual proceeding before the law took a hand in the game. Every man has a right to know what he is eating and to penetrate the disguises of flavors and coloring matter. The Pure Food law gives him that right and imposes penalties upon those that deceive him.

But the law is not of much value without a real cooperation from the courts, and it would seem from a circular just issued by the California state board of health that the courts have a very inadequate theory of their duties in this matter. The penalties that they impose are not penalties at all. Professing to punish fraud, they are no more than an insignificant percentage upon the profits of fraud, and the guilty manufacturer can hardly be blamed if he looks upon his fine as something in the nature of a license fee that gives him a sort of right to continue on his evil course. What, for example, are we to think of a fine of $50 imposed upon a large preserving company for selling "tomato catsup" that was found upon analysis to be a "product containing bacteria estimated at 75 million per c. c., decayed tissues present and molds abundant. Product consisted in large part of putrid, decomposed, and filthy animal or vegetable substance"? What shall we say of another manufacturing company that was fined $2 for the sale of a popular headache remedy that was found to contain a combination of opiates well calculated to produce the drug habit? Or of that company that was fined $10 for selling cheese under a "false and misleading" description and also of short weight? It seems hard to discriminate between these criminals and the better known and far more courageous burglar who attacks the pocket only instead of the pocket and the health combined. And who would think of fining the burglar $2?

The fact of the matter is that poisoning the people was becoming a vested interest. Almost, if not quite, it belonged to the kind of "business" that must not be interfered with. We have come perilously near to legitimatizing any method for making money that did not actually use violence. For a long time we winked at the bucket shop just as we winked at the food poisoner. Fortunately we have retraced our steps and are now showing a better disposition to protect helpless people who can not by the very nature of things help themselves. But it is of no value to pass Pure Food laws and the like so long as the violators of those laws are practically encouraged to continue their frauds by penalties that are ludicrously inadequate, that can not have the slightest deterrent effect, and that they are almost justified in regarding as license fees. Congress has done its part in enacting the laws, the President has firmly supported Dr. Wiley in his vigorous crusade, and we have a right to expect of the courts that they will not so far weaken their link as to make the whole chain useless.

The Rebellion in China.

We have grown so used to wars and rumors of wars in China that we may easily minimize the importance of the present disturbance. And yet the fact that China has been in a state of incipient revolution for years is the best possible proof that there must be a destination somewhere, that sooner or later the fire must break out volcanically. It may be now or it may be in the future, but there seems to be no particular reason why we should hope for the delay of the inevitable. The present revolutionists appear to have no spite against the foreigners. They profess their willingness to proceed in an orderly and responsible way and they will probably do so unless some suppressive interference from outside is allowed to arouse the fury of the dangerous hordes in the great cities. Some kind of a revolution in China is as certain as the sunrise. Japan passed through a similar crisis before she could break away from her feudal system, and in fact all nations have faced the same ordeal on their way to autonomy. China's real danger is not from her own revolutionists, but from the greed of other countries, who are ready enough to find excuses for interference, and who already assume a sort of proprietary right over Chinese territory and its resources.

To say that the present struggle is dynastic is to use words that have very little meaning. It is true that the Manchus dispossessed the Mings and have ruled the

country ever since, but there is no rival to the Chinese throne in the sense that the Orleans and the Bonapartist families are rivals in the French republic. No one ever suggests that a Ming be placed on the throne of China. Indeed there are no Mings of the ruling caste in the whole country. The word is used as a rallying cry for all Chinamen who identify the national misfortunes with the ultra conservatism of the Manchu invaders. It is an appeal to the popular mind that can feel but that can not reason. It is a focus point for reformers of all parties and of all programmes.

Roughly speaking, it may be said that China is now divided into two parties, the conservatives and the progressives. At the head of the conservatives are the Manchus, who represent the whole vast system of what, in any other country, would be called graft, but that hardly deserves that name in China, seeing that it has the legitimacy of long usage. The Chinese province has much more independence than an American state. It makes its own laws, levies its own taxes, and accords to the central government the recognition of a tribute. The provincial authorities exact as much as they can from the people and pay as little as they can to the government, and they keep the difference. That is the secret of all government in China. Every official extracts as much as he can from the man below him and pays as little as he can to the man above him. A long and descending scale of "differences" represents the emoluments of the official world. The average Chinaman has no particular objection to the system, but he does object to the intense conservatism that is necessary to its preservation. It implies a preservation also of all those evils that have led the foreigner to regard the Chinaman as a barbarian, that have inflicted upon him the humiliation of extra-territoriality, that have robbed him of his provinces and of his ports, and that are likely at any time to result in further degradations and in still greater losses. Intelligent China now recognizes that it must either reform itself or continue to be treated as a barbarian. But it can not reform itself so long as the Manchus are wedded to the old system, so long as they are that system itself. Hence the rallying cry which is only pro-Ming as a matter of sentiment, but that is anti-Manchu as a matter of national preservation. The present rebellious movement is essentially one of fear—fear of national disintegration, of foreign aggression, of the loss of whatever independence still remains to the country.

It is only the most short-sighted who can look upon the Chinese as a race doomed to extinction or absorption. The self-complacency of the West is of course equal to anything, but a due perspective of the facts seems to point to a very different conclusion. The Chinese people are in somewhat the same condition as a Colorado desert before irrigation. So far from having exhausted their capacities they have never even been developed. Judged by our own most approved theories they have all the elements of success from the moment when they shall start in the race. They are frugal, temperate, and endowed with the hardy virtues of perseverance, energy, and thrift. They have an enormously rich country with mineral and agricultural values past all computation and they have cheap labor in inexhaustible quantities. Certainly their condition is more promising than was that of the Japanese a hundred years ago, and they have all the virtues of the Japanese and few of their faults. Whatever may be the outcome of the present struggle, whether it be decided now or whether the decision be postponed for a while, the ultimate settlement can be of only one kind. China is preparing to place her colossal bulk in line with the other world forces, she is about to play the game according to the rules, and the size of her country and the characteristics of her people are not such as to be ignored. She has been flouted and bullied because her national sentiment has never been unified into patriotism. If she can overthrow the Manchus and weather the storms of reconstruction she will find herself in possession of a national spirit that is well worth the price to be paid.

Editorial Notes.

The death of Judge Harlan removes a figure of exceptional integrity and weight from the higher public life of the country, but viewed practically it will not weaken the supreme bench. At seventy-seven Justice Harlan's work was already done. Indeed he would have retired some years ago but for a very natural ambition to take rank among Supreme Court Justices of long service. Only two others—Chief Justice Marshall and Associate Justice Field—ever sat for longer periods on the supreme bench. For the fourth time within less than three years President Taft is now called upon to select a Supreme Court Justice. It is a duty of high gravity and great delicacy; and it is indeed fortunate that it is in hands so inspired by conscientiousness and judgment of men.

It is reported that Jean Thurnherr is once more in trouble owing to her fatal disposition to appropriate the property of others. It will be remembered that this interesting young woman attracted some attention in San Francisco through the assurances of a local physician that dishonesty is actually a disease of the brain and that the Ten Commandments are best enforced by means of the surgeon's scalpel. The operation was duly performed, and Jean Thurnherr was supposed to be as effectively converted as though she had been through the old-fashioned formulas of the penitent's bench. Seeing that she is now once more in trouble, we are disposed to say a word for the penitent's bench that has a fairly creditable record behind it and may have been discarded too soon. That brain diseases may produce moral obliquity is too well established for denial, but that all moral obliquities are caused by brain disease is perilously close to quackery. The theory belongs first of all to a sickly sentiment that discredits our whole criminal system and secondly to a domination of the scientific expert that is unwilling to leave any department of sociology outside of his particular sphere of influence.

"THE JUDICIARY."

Speech by Hon. W. W Morrow, Judge U. S. Circuit Court, at a Dinner to President Taft, October 13, 1911.

At a dinner given to President Taft by citizens of San Francisco Friday night of last week, Hon. W. W. Morrow, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, responding to a toast—"The Judiciary"—spoke as follows:

Mr. President, Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen, and above all, our new voters [indicating the ladies in the galleries]. Ladies, we are glad you are with us.

It is a great pleasure, as well as a privilege, to participate in this cordial welcome to our distinguished guest; and especially is this so when coupled with the sentiment to justice which has just been read by our toastmaster.

The President himself for eleven years was charged specifically with the duty of administering justice. For three years he was a superior judge in Cincinnati, and for eight years a United States circuit judge for the Sixth Judicial Circuit, comprising the states of Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and during that period that court had before it some of the most important questions involved in controversies relating to labor disputes, railroad transportation, interstate commerce, and in prosecutions under the anti-trust law. And I think the decisions in those cases, without a single exception, have been approved for their wisdom and justice, and have become the established law of the land.

Judge Taft has rendered eminent service to his country in solving some of these new and difficult problems in the administration of the law. Indeed it may be said of him as it was said of Goldsmith:

> He has touched nothing that he has not adorned.

He has been true to the highest ideals in whatever position he has been called upon to act, whether in the practice of his profession as a lawyer, holding the office of Solicitor-General of the United States, United States Circuit Judge, Governor General of the Philippines, or Secretary of War, in a most strenuous administration, or himself President of the United States, and among the manifold duties of that office seeking the peace of nations by the establishment of an international tribunal of justice for the determination of all controversies between the nations of the world. [Applause.] But candor compels me to say that those who were familiar with Judge Taft's judicial services did not expect that his career would be extended to such a variety of subjects and duties. They did expect that he would, in the due course of events, round out his exceptional career as a judge by becoming Chief Justice of the United States—an office second to none anywhere in the world in power and dignity. But events shaped themselves otherwise, which seems to show that the conscientious discharge of judicial duties is not such a wholly disqualifying service for public favor as some would have us believe. But whether Judge Taft's relations to public and political events have been providential, or the result of cool, calculating judgment and foresight, we may never know. It is an interesting fact, however, that Judge Taft escaped from a judicial office with distinguished honors before the late upheaval, and before the rest of us even suspected that the office was in the earthquake zone. [Applause.] I infer from what he has said that those of us who did not escape have his best wishes, if not his sympathy, and that he would be disposed, if it were in his power, to save the rest of us who are worth saving. But there is a serious side to this question. I am inclined to think that what he would do would be to save the independence and integrity of the judicial office for the safety and welfare of the country. [Applause.]

As said by the late Mr. Justice Brewer in the sentiment to which we are now responding:

> For it is true that it is written by the finger of Almighty God upon the everlasting tablets of the universe that no nation or state can endure or prosper into whose life justice does not enter, and enter to stay.

Justice, equal and exact, impartial and undefiled, is a fundamental principle in our form of government.

In 1780 Masachusetts, fresh from the fires of the Revolution and actuated by the highest spirit of independence, declared in its constitution that it was "essential to the preservation of the rights of every individual, his life, liberty, property, and character, that there should be an impartial interpretation of the laws and administration of justice; that it was the right of every citizen to be tried by judges as free, impartial, and independent as the lot of humanity would admit."

In 1792 New Hampshire made the same constitutional declaration, and the principle is implied in the constitutions of all of the states.

What do these declarations mean? What did the fathers of our country have in view when they made these solemn covenants for themselves and for the generations that were to come after them? They meant and had in view the fact that the administration of justice should be absolutely free from the influence of power—from whatever direction it might come, whether from the government itself, on the one hand, or from the cry of the mob on the other. [Prolonged cheers and applause.]

But they say: "He who made can unmake." It was said by the people of this state on last Tuesday in the constitutional amendment providing for the recall of the judges. I have no controversy with the voters upon that subject, but I venture to call your attention to the fact that it is an old world taunt with which we are familiar; a taunt that unbridled power has always flung in the face of justice. It was heard in England prior to the Revolution of 1688, but it passed with the Divine Right of Kings. It has been the theme of dramatists for ages. It was with this threat that Bulwer Lytton imagined Louis the Thirteenth of France undertook to overawe and intimidate his minister, the independent and sovereign-minded Richelieu, whose authority was at that time tremhling in the halance.

"Remember," said the king, "he who made can unmake."

And what was the reply of that great cardinal?

"Never," he said. "Never. Your anger can recall your trust, annul my office, spoil me of my lands, rifle my coffers, but my name—my deeds—are royal in a land heyond your sceptre." And pointing to his achievements in behalf of France, he utter that impassioned and suhlime defiance and protest: "Would you now revoke your trust? So he it. And I leave you sole supremest monarch of the mightiest realm from the Ganges to the icehergs."

But the cardinal demanded justice. The king refused. "It was not the time or place," he said. Then came from Richelieu that celehrated appeal: "For justice all place a temple and all season a summer."

Mr. President, this may he dramatic, but it is truthful. Well, it will he asked, "Shall Justice be deemed infallible and be worshiped as such?" By no means. Justice as administered hy human heings is heset hy human frailties. Justice does not deny a proper and timely criticism of her administration. She does not deny that the weak, indolent, and unworthy judge should be removed from office by judicial methods, hut she does deny that her judgments should he influenced or controlled hy any consideration other than that of right reason or that she should have in view any purpose other than that of declaring what the law is, and not what the public or a majority of the voters think it should he. Without this freedom and independence, the administration of justice is a failure and government itself a delusion and a snare.

As was said by either Mr. Hamilton or Mr. Madison in one of the papers of the *Federalist:* "Justice is the end of government, it is the end of civil society. It ever has heen, and ever will he pursued until it be ohtained, or until liberty is lost in the pursuit."

Mr. President, we indulge in no evil forehodings concerning the future. We have an ahiding faith in the integrity and final soher judgment of the people. We helieve that the course of this nation is onward and upward and that our people will never long or seriously depart from the well-established and sacred principles of a free government.

Mr. President, on behalf of the judiciary, we extend to you a most cordial welcome. [Great applause.]

An appalling number of ships is lost every year, though the world knows of only a few of the more important disasters. French statisticians who compile a record of the accidents and losses suffered for a twelvemonth by the merchant marine of all nations from which data is obtainable present some startling figures. Nine hundred and eighty-six of the world's merchant marine—steam and sail—totally lost in the year 1908, say these careful French statisticians, and this tally recognizes only steam vessels of over 100 tons' burden. Such the record of complete destruction and the following the count of damage not irreparable: Four thousand two hundred and seventy-three steamers injured by fire, collision, stranding, stress of weather, and other causes. The destruction varies from year to year; in 1907 there were 1104 total losses among merchant ships; in 1905, 1038 steamships and sailing vessels were gripped by the sea.

When the finishing touches are put to the huge Bassano dam across the Bow River, up in Alberta, Canada, the greatest irrigation project in America will have been completed, which will also be the second largest in the world. The enterprise will water a tract of land 150 miles in length, which will be converted into farms and grazing lands. At present it is barren prairie.

Denmark has probably the finest natural outdoor theatre in the world. It is situated in the royal deer park, about six miles out of the capital. There the avenues of mighty trees serve as wings and background to a stage fronted by a beech-encircled slope that forms a perfect auditorium. Eight thousand people can be accommodated at every performance.

A pipe said to be worth $50,000 is owned by the Shah of Persia. It is adorned with all kinds of precious stones. It is constantly guarded by a high court functionary.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Mayor Gaynor of New York dispenses justice in a way that reminds us somewhat of an Oriental cadi whose happy combination of law and paternalism is usually effective in securing a substantial measure of fair play. His latest exploit is to bring to hook the taxicab highwayman who extorts illegal fares from the unwary. Appeals to the police and to the bureau of licenses had been unavailing. Inability to find the offender was always the excuse for inaction, but Mr. Gaylor was fully equal to the occasion. He sent a notification to the livery owner that the guilty man must be produced under pain of forfeiture of all licenses issued to that particular establishment, and it need hardly be said that the threat was effective. Mr. Gaynor's inspiration is a simple one. He is more concerned to do justice than to find reasons for not doing it, the latter course being the one that usually appeals to officialism. There are very few of the minor wrongs that plague modern communities that could not be rectified if there were any honest desire to rectify them. If there is no direct way there is usually an indirect one. A vulnerable point can he found if it is looked for, or some weak spot where effective pressure can be applied. Mayor Gaynor has shown himself to be one of the few strong men of the country, and the secret of his success is his willingness to render substantial justice to the community rather than substantial and furtive favors to small sections of the community.

Dr. Orville W. Owen has been in obscuration during the last few months. It will be remembered that he was unsuccessful in his efforts to discover a storehouse of Bacon-Shakespeare manuscripts in the bed of the river Wye, although he did discover an interesting old Roman bridge. He was also unsuccessful in his further operations near the castle of the Duke of Beaufort, although he did find some curious subterranean chambers. Dr. Owen has a kind of genius for finding what he was not looking for, but since the last exploit some months ago we have heard nothing of him. But he seems now to he on deck once more, and he is just as confident and hopeful as ever. Nothing can daunt that gallant soul or dim its enthusiasm. He has just delivered a lecture at Newport, and he is said to have "delighted a skeptical audience," but whether he convinced them is another matter. He was certain that if the Duke of Beaufort would but allow him to dig near the castle walls he would find the elusive documents. Dr. Owen then went on to display some of his evidence, but unfortunately the reporters have presented this in a fragmentary way. In Henry IV, Part I, Act II, Scene 4, we have these pregnant words, "And call them by their names, Tom, Dick, and Francis." Tbat seems conclusive enough. Of course Francis means Francis Bacon, and Tom may mean Tom Paine, and for Dick we may read Dick Turpin. But to make assurance doubly sure we may turn to page 56—First Folio presumably—and there we shall find the name Francis repeated twenty times, while on page 54 there are two Bacons, and on page 53 one, all beginning with a capital letter. Then, too, we find in "Coriolanus" a statement of the circulation of the blood, although Shakespeare died three years before its discovery by Harvey. And so on. No wonder the audience was delighted. And now it only remains for Dr. Owen to find those manuscripts. If he will but do this we will dispense with all other evidence.

There may be some among us who, by a strong effort of memory, can recall the factory fire that occurred some few months ago in New York when 145 young girls were burned alive or crushed to death in their efforts to escape. It is with a sense of profound satisfaction that we learn of the measures to be taken to prevent a repetition of an unfortunate incident. Chief Kenlon of the fire department has just announced tbat two thousand violations of the regulations have been discovered in this particular building, and we can not sufficiently admire the energy and the mathematical accuracy indicated by such a result. The fire commissioner was no less felicitous in bis recommendations for the future safeguarding of factory and other buildings. He advocated a general increase in tbe salaries of his department, and his tact in avoiding any direct reference to the proposed increase of his own salary to $15,000 was much admired. An additional vote of $3,800,000 for the fire department was advocated, this sum to include the aforesaid increase in salaries as well as the erection of new fire houses and the employment of a large number of new men. Henceforth it will be impossible to say that New York displays an apathy toward the lives of her workers. The discovery and enumeration of two thousand violations of the law and the prompt increase in the official salary list are a triumphant vindication of civic benevolence.

Representative Bartholdt of the German Reichstag was distinctly guilty of clumsiness in his address to the German emperor on the occasion of the presentation to the nation of the great Steuben statue. When Herr Bartholdt said that if loyalty were not as old as the world it might he considered as a German invention he was surely unaware that his quotation was from Heinrich Heine, whose statue has lately been removed from the emperor's park by the emperor's own emphasized order. The Emperor William has done many wrong-headed things, hut he has rarely heen guilty of stupidity. And it was certainly stupid thus to place his own brief fame and authority against the immortality that belongs to Heine. Posterity will know the Emperor William as a name in a history book, hut it will laugh and weep with Heine as long as the German language lives.

The prominence of Sun Yat Sen as a leader and inspirer of the Chinese rebellion recalls an incident that befell him some twenty years ago in London. The Chinese government naturally anxious to secure the person of the man who had been a thorn in its side for years, and he was actually abducted by agents of the embassy and confined in an underground cellar. Doubtless he would soon have been on his way to China in a piano case or as a concealed prisoner in the hold of some Chinese ship, but the rebel leader is a man of resource. He managed to scribble a note to his friend, Dr. Cantlie, one of the surgeons of Charing Cross Hospital, and to throw the note through the window into the street. It was found by a passer-by and taken to its destination. Dr. Cantlie went at once to Lord Salisbury, who was prime minister at the time, and as a result twelve armed policemen presented themselves at the Chinese embassy and demanded the liberation of the prisoner. Their orders were to bring him away with them and to bring him at once and they did so. Of course the Chinese officials were in a state of bland innocence. If there was actually any one in the cellar they were quite unaware of the fact nor could they understand how he came to he there. Until his time actually comes Sun Yat Sen will never again be quite so close to death as he was during his enforced visit to the Chinese embassy in London.

The accidental death by drowning of Miss Anna Parnell discloses the existence of one of those domestic mysteries that usually remain insoluble. Miss Parnell was the sister of the Irish leader and a woman of great literary ability. For several years she has been living at Ilfracombe as Miss Palmer, and it may be supposed that the assumed name was the result of the tragedy that overshadowed her brother's life. This may be so, but it has now been shown that for years before the death of her brother Miss Parnell was living under an assumed name at Brockley, near London. Parnell himself often visited her, but always under the name that, for some strange purpose, she had assumed. Anna Parnell, according to her brother, was the ablest of the family. There was another sister, Fanny, who died at the age of twenty-eight, a beautiful girl who wrote fierce nationalist poetry in the old Land League days. Anna Parnell was a fearless and powerful swimmer, and it was while she was engaged in some reckless feat of the kind that she was drowned.

Mr. Chesterton has something to add to the controversy now being waged in London as to whether Mr. Jack Johnson shall or shall not be allowed to fight with a certain Mr. Wells. Mr. Chesterton can see no moral evil whatsoever in allowing two men to damage themselves. Violence, he says, is not evil because it hurts the body. It becomes abominable only where strength is used against right, and there is no more wrong in one pugilist hitting another than there is in a bat hitting a ball. But it is an evil that people should wish to see violence while taking no risks themselves, and here we show that we are less fundamentally healthy than the people of the Middle Ages, who loved violence only when they themselves engaged in it. "Today . . . men are to fight in order that comfortable people may be amused. . . . It is a morbid and decadent thing for well-fed folk to see two men hammering each other, though the hammering itself as a moral act seems to me to be not wrong at all."

Poets and philosophers have always been supposed to draw a certain inspiration from the stars, and indeed it has been said that no man can be an astronomer unless he is also a poet. Sir Norman Lockyer in his reminiscences tells us that Tennyson was a frequent visitor to the observatory and was fond of using the great six-inch Cooke Equatorial. "One night when the moon's terminator swept across the broken ground round Tycho he said, 'What a splendid hell that would make.' Again, after being shown the clusters in Hercules and Perseus, he remarked musingly, 'I can not think much of the county families after that.'"

The Britisb Court of Criminal Appeals was founded in 1907, and now after four years of activity the first death sentence has been quashed. The court finds that there was a substantial miscarriage of justice in the fact that undue weight was attached to the evidence of a witness who by his own confession was an accessory to the crime. The fact that this is the first death sentence to be reversed is a sufficiently striking one, and one that carries small consolation to the heart of the criminal. The court of appeal usually renders its judgments within a few days of conviction, sometimes even upon the following day, and no plea is allowed to have any weight unless it involves a possible miscarriage of justice.

If we were interested in the things that matter instead of in the things that do not matter there would be a tendency to check the growing practice of experimentation upon school children. America is not wholly guiltless in this respect, and now comes a flourish of trumpets from Sweden. Professor Svante Arrhenius is enthusiastic for a new way to stimulate the minds of children. The new way is to saturate the air of the schoolroom with electric waves, and of course we bave the usual expedient of dividing the class into halves, one-half to he "stimulated" and the other to be left in its normal condition. The professor states that the results have surpassed his expectations, and this may be true enough without providing any justification for the test. It may in itself he a harmless one, but the principle involved is not a harmless one, and it is capahle of insidious amplification. It marks a growing tendency to regard the public school child as so much raw material that is always at the service of any scientist with a high diploma who wishes to test a theory hy practical experiment. The child's mind that was "stimulated" by the innocent and wholesome processes of the old-fashioned village school often resulted in a highly satisfactory finished product, hut we may have to wait for the next generation before we have full cause to deplore some of the more modern methods that are like nothing so much as persuading a flower to grow hy putting dynamite under its roots and attaching a steam derrick to its buds.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

OLD FAVORITES.

Woods of Warwick.

Pleasant, pleasant woods of Warwick, when the shaws are thick with summer:
Green and golden, gloom and sunshine, leafy wealth of wilderness;
Velvet mosses plashing rainbows round the feet of any comer
Lingering where the dew still lingers, branches droop, and odors press;
High above the castle towers; down below the wild brook brawling;
And across a dream of sorrow, hark! the nightingales are calling
Far away in long-drawn depths of dusky dell and dark recess.

I was never there, were you, dear? Yet at once, my eyelids closing,
Thrice a hundred years are vanished and a tender hand I lay
On this ancient tree-bole's furrows, crooked gnarls and knots, supposing
When 'twas young a lad I know of chanced to stroll this self-same way;
Warbling wood-notes as he loitered, and, the blood in blushes bringing—
While a cuckoo mocked, and madly many thrushes burst out singing—
Here Will Shakespeare, it may happen, cut the name "Anne Hatheway!"

Thrush, or cuckoo? Nay, beshrew me! did he see that cuckoo mocking
When he turned his bead to listen and his fancy felt the spell?
In his hand—its sweetest secrets under old black-letter locking—
Chaucer's was the verse he carried, opening where the pages tell
Of the elf-queen and her people when the land was full of fairy.
Thrush, or cuckoo? Nay, a gladsome spirit, delicate and airy,
Nay, an airy spirit was it of the name of Ariel!

On the turf he threw him gaily with old Chaucer for his pillow;
Far along the level greenwood where he sent a happy eye
Wind and boughs and latest sunbeams swept in billow over billow,
Oxlips and the nodding violets danced between him and the sky.
Wild thyme and the sweet musk-roses sent their fragrance out to find him,
There a jeweled snake slipt leaving his enameled skin behind him,
Bees with brimming honey-bags, and big and burly, blundered by.

Was he sure it was a snake then wore the gilded weed and cleft it?
"Weed," he murmured, "wide enough to wrap a fairy in." And might
That Titania be, who doffed the gauzy coverlid and left it,
Hovering in the gentle gloom, and shining there in sheer delight?
Was the bee that just sung by him, where the shade was deep and mellow,
Kind Hobgoblin, loved of firesides, he the shrewd and knavish fellow,
Was that Puck, the loh of spirits, merry wanderer of the night?

Evening sun forsook the forest, twilight gathered in the hollows;
Winds went rustling, dewy coolness fell like shadow on the air;
Where the new moon hung, the leaves stirred like the wings of darting swallows;
Where the new moon, slight and glorious, hung a sudden silver flare,
In its lovely crescent swiftly stole a glimmering apparition,
Lost among the tossing branches, half a dream and half a vision,
Oberon, the king of fairies, in that moment passing there!

Hist! No whisper! In the royal lustre who were these came trooping?
What gay swarm of silken banners, wings, and scarfs of damask eyes?
Topsy-turvy, hurly-hurly, tripping, tumbling, soaring, swooping,
All the elves in humming murmur of light laughs and rippling cries!
Cobweb, floating through the darkness, filmy as a bat and slender;
Balancing ahove a poppy, Moth with wings of downy splendor;
And Peasblossom, flower or fairy, fluttering with the butterflies!

"Master!" 'Twas the cry of music, Queen Titania's voice, oh, hearken!
"Though, indeed, you know the summer still doth tend upon my state—"
Breathe not, think not! She all rosy glows while shadows round her darken!
"Yet I fain of other lands would tempt the pleasures, try the fate.
Running stream no fairy ventures, witch nor warlock crosses water,
Woe betide the sorry elf if urchins of the great seas caught her!
Yet, beyond them, richer roses, sweeter nightingales must wait."

Have you, with a south-wind blowing, heard a harp-string's silver shiver?
Oberon, the king, was speaking: "Fairy-land obeys my nod.
And, though like a forester I these groves may tread forever,
Let me break a lance, I pray you, with some chapleted Greek god!
Into lands of antique story, Master, you alone can send us,
Onc midsummer night's mad revei in Athenian forests lend us!
We are Gothic fairies, take us where the fauns of Greece have trod!"

"Master, Master," chimed the chorus, "we are bomebred English fairies,
We the little people who, the old dame tells you, bless the hearth,
Sweep the dust behind the door, and churn the cream in lucky dairies,
Dance within the nine-men's-morris, haunt the nigbtside with our mirth,
Light us tapers from the waxen thighs of humble-hees, and cheery
Blow our elfin horns and scatter when the stars do. But we weary,
Long for other sports, and weary of this corner of the earth!"

Night came sweeping through the forest, soft her somhre garments trailing;
With a sound of gallant chiding distant hounds hegan to bay;
Like a shoal of dancing waters in the moon, the crew went sailing,
Like a cloud of flying rose-leaves when the wind's up and away.
"Following darkness like a dream," sighed Will Shakespeare half in sadness,
Underneath his hreath, and spelled in this midsummer night's dream madness,
All the woods of Warwick ringing with the elfin roundelay.

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

DR. BUTLER OF COLUMBIA.

Alumni of the University Celebrate the Tenth Anniversary of His Administration.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler has been president of Columbia University for ten years, the most prosperous decade in the history of that institution, which was organized in 1754. He succeeded Seth Low, who was drafted for municipal service as mayor of New York in 1901. During Dr. Butler's administration the university has more than doubled its attendance. There were 3500 students when he came, there are more than 8000 now. Columbia has become the largest university in America, logically, though one of the most important influences on that growth is the character of its head.

Statistics are dry reading usually, but those I have given fitly preface this brief account of a celebration held in the ballroom of the Waldorf last Saturday evening. The alumni of Columbia gave a dinner in honor of Dr. Butler, and gathered 350 strong to speak and sing his praise, to revive memories of student days and nights, and commemorate worthily a milestone in the progress of their college. It was a distinguished but no less a joyful occasion. A volume could easily be made of the wit, wisdom, and poetry poured out at the feast. Those cryptic utterances, class "yells," punctuated the steadier flow with bold exclamation marks, every one ending with the name of the president.

Fifty tables were surrounded by the diners, and had those been material guests who were present only in spirit, signified by telegrams of regret and congratulation, another half-hundred would have been required. Dr. Butler sat at the right hand of Toastmaster Charles P. Sawyer, of the class of '81, Ex-Senator John C. Spooner sat at Mr. Sawyer's left, and George L. Rives, chairman of the board of trustees of Columbia, John W. Burgess, dean of faculties, William H. Maxwell, city superintendent of schools, Bishop David H. Greer, and six others completed the oval of the guest table.

Names of men who are known everywhere could be taken in paragraphs from the complete list of those present, but a few must suffice as representatives of varied interests. Brander Matthews, essayist and playwright; Isaac N. Seligman, banker; Dr. George F. Kunz, expert mineralogist; Dr. Friedrich Hirth, expert in Chinese affairs; Isaac L. Rice, the inventor; Dean George W. Kirchwey, R. Fulton Cutting, St. Clair McKelway, Justice James A. Blanchard, William M. Ivins, Judge P. Henry Dugro, Thomas Ewing, Jr., Edwin Gould. At the pharmacy table sat the oldest alumnus present, Ewen McIntyre, of the class of '47.

Toastmaster Sawyer began the addresses with a brief tribute to the honored guest, and was followed by Chairman Rives of the board of trustees. Mr. Rives told the assembly little they did not know before, but they listened with marked interest and applauded vigorously at the rounding of his periods. He said that his remarks should be in answer to two questions of his own shaping—"Why is Butler president?" and "What's he done?" At the resignation of President Low, the trustees ended a long search for "the best man in the world to succeed him," and that man was Dr. Butler. Much of his recital concerned university affairs intimately, and as a whole it was as pleasing to the alumni as it could have been to its subject. Dean Burgess and Superintendent Maxwell spoke along the same lines. Dr. Butler responded with feeling at the end. Old and new songs of Columbia had been heard through the evening, and the supply seemed unlimited and especially appropriate. James Duane Livingstone was prominent among the cheer leaders, enthusiastic from before the event to its close, as he was head of the committee that planned the celebration.

There are no occasions just like college meetings, even of the more serious sort, but this was a particularly notable affair. It was a family gathering, however, and there are phases of Dr. Butler's activity as an educator that were hardly touched upon in this outburst of admiration. Important changes have been recognized in university ideals and tendencies during the past ten years, and no leader in this development has been more prominent than the head of Columbia. At a meeting of the Royal Commission on University Education in London three months ago Dr. Butler was one of the experts called, and his views of modern principles of administration were elicited by many questions. One of the greatest problems of recent growth was discussed by him there, and his clear sight and firm grasp were made evident.

European universities have seen institutions which devote themselves specifically to placing higher science in closer contact with modern industries develop swiftly, and a line of positive demarcation becomes visible between these and the institutions devoted to academic training, though with pure and applied sides. They have hesitated over the growing desire to make university administration comprehensive enough to include these technical institutions of a high order. Dr. Butler declared it to be not merely possible but most advantageous. He recalled Dr. Eliot's effort to bring together Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, believing that the university would profit as well as the institution which had prospered separately for forty years. He spoke of the important results from departments of applied science in the universities of Kansas, Wisconsin, and Illinois, and sketched the history of the development of agricultural and mechanical schools in America following the passage of the Act of Congress of 1862, called after its progenitor, Senator Morrill of Vermont.

Columbia, which was originally founded as a college of liberal arts, was solicited to establish a faculty of applied science in the year 1864 by a number of brilliant young men who had been trained at the Ecole des Mines in Paris. They wished a school on that model. They were able to obtain a small financial support for it, but the authorities of the college at the time looked upon the undertaking with so much lack of sympathy that they made for it most inadequate preparation and provision. Nevertheless it grew, and it is today, as the faculty of applied science, one of the strongest, most distinguished, and most useful parts of the university. There is no difficulty in so widening the scope of the university scheme as to offer opportunity for instruction in applied science of every form, both as regards research and inquiry at the higher end, as regards the training of technical men in applied science, and as regards provision for the exceptional man who wishes admission to undertake a particular and highly specialized piece of work.

Dr. Butler has made the manifold advantages of this wider plan evident abroad as well as at home. His energy is as marked as his scholarship and his philosophy of life. FLANEUR.

New York, October 10, 1911.

Almost alone among seafaring nations, Germany has refused to write the epitaph of the deep-water sailing vessel. The trading Germans have created a modern steel fleet of much larger vessels than any of their kind afloat, engaged, for the most part, in the South American trade. Of these, the *Preussen* attracted notice not long ago by stranding in the English Channel. Her sister ship, the *Potosi*, has broken all sailing records between Peru and Europe during voyage after voyage, her average speed as fast as that of most cargo steamers and surpassing the historic achievements of the American sky-sail clippers of the last century. Equipped with all manner of auxiliary engines for handling heavy sails, for lighting by electricity and heating by steam, these huge five-masted ships seem to have revived an almost vanished epoch. Their crews are no broken, drunken pier-head jumpers and greenhorns swept up from the scum of the water-front, but sturdy, ruddy German younkers, every man of them. They take fiddle, trombone, cornet, and accordeon to sea with them, and it does the heart good to hear one of these forecastle orchestras, perhaps twenty strong, playing lustily and with no small skill wherever these ships cast anchor. American boys forsook the sea largely because American ships were floating hells, an ugly truth too often glossed over in discussing our lost merchant marine.

A people without any form of religion, without superstition, devoid of any thought of the future state, has been found in the interior forests of Sumatra, according to Dr. Wilhelm Volz, the geologist of the University of Breslau, who made extensive journeys through the island. There he found the Kubus, as he named them, who are scarcely to be distinguished from the small man-like ape of the Indo-Malayan countries. They are wanderers through the forest seeking food. They have no property. They are not hunters, but simply collectors. They seek merely sufficient nuts, fruits, and other edible growths to keep them alive. The Kubus wage very little warfare upon the small amount of animal life in their silent and sombre land. The only notion he could get from them of a difference between a live and a dead person was that the dead do not breathe. He infers that they are immeasurably inferior to the paleolithic man of Europe who fashioned tools and hunted big game with his flint-tipped arrow and knife. Intellectual atrophy is the result of the Kubus' environment. The words they know are almost as few as the ideas they try to express.

Although the Hudson's Bay Company is not the power it once was in Canada, it is still a flourishing institution, and owns 50,000 choice acres. In 1869 the company yielded title to all its territory, with the exception of the acreage stated, receiving from the Dominion government $1,500,000 indemnity for its monopoly rights and political authority. Since that time it has been conducting its operations like an ordinary mercantile corporation. It was organized in 1760 by Prince Rupert and a company of noblemen, and was given extraordinary powers by its operating charter.

Strong-backed laboring men take the place of moving vans in Mexico. There are huge, flat trucks with four bandles into which things are piled and lugged along the city streets. On moving day the household furniture may be seen paraded in full gaze of the curious from street to street to the new destination. These men are called *cargadores*, and combine the usefulness of the messenger boy and the porter of the Old World. The great burdens borne thus by the strength of a single carrier are amazing. A piano will be carried along by two men on one of the strong trucks.

Despite the great acreage devoted to apples in the United States, the crop seems insufficient to meet demands. Hobart, Tasmania, shipped over $56,000 worth of the fruit to this country during the first four months of the present year.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Arthur M. Asquith, son of the British premier, has gone to Buenos Ayres, where he will work for a salary, in the employ of a commercial concern, to learn practical business methods and fit himself for a busy career.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood, twice nominated for President of the United States by the Equal Rights party, is now a practicing attorney in Washington, D. C. She was the first woman to be admitted to practice at the bar of the United States Supreme Cour.

Lord Glenconner, recently made high commissioner to the general assembly of the Church of Scotland, receives $10,000 a year for his work, which consists in the main of one speech a year at the opening of the assembly. He is a brother-in-law of Premier Asquith, and until raised in rank, not so long ago, was Sir Edward Tennant.

Prince Thomas, Duke of Genoa, commander of the Italian navy, is an able sea-fighter and a tactician of unusual ability. He has directed Italy's sea forces since the declaration of war with Turkey, and his shrewdness is evidenced by the preparedness of the navy for immediate action and the perfect distribution of his vessels.

Judson Jones, of Mankato, Minnesota, who has completed a translation of the Bible in phonetic spelling after laboring on it for twenty years, is aged eighty. It required fifteen years of incessant labor to write the book out. The remainder of the time was taken up with reading proof and correcting mistakes of various kinds. There are no silent letters in the syllables.

Bion J. Arnold, the Chicago traffic expert, who has agreed to come to San Francisco in an official capacity, passed his boyhood in Nebraska. He is a post-graduate of Cornell, and was in charge of the reconstruction of the Chicago street railway system, which was completed at a cost of $40,000,000. He has assisted New York and Pittsburgh to unravel complicated transportation problems, besides finding time to become an inventor in the electric machine world.

Chief Clerk Rudolph Forster is the one important official of the President's staff who never appears when the chief magistrate goes traveling. He remains in Washington, works hard, and is seldom heard of, but he "runs" things in Washington when the President is away. He keeps the channels open to the President's train, stops all unimportant matter before it reaches Taft, and handles the strings that touch the special car wherever it may be. Chief Clerk Forster was assistant also to President Roosevelt.

Judge Edgar Jay Sherman, statesman, soldier, author, and jurist, who has just resigned from the Massachusetts superior bench, was admitted to the bar in that state fifty-three years ago. He is now seventy-seven. His early life was a struggle for education and recognition. He went through the public schools and studied at Wesleyan Seminary, Vermont, but for the rest he was self-educated. His father could not afford to send him to Dartmouth, and the youth was unable to raise the necessary funds himself. Later in life Dartmouth conferred the degree of M. A. on him, in the belief that he had earned it outside the college. During the Civil War he served with distinction. Judge Sherman has been successful and is wealthy.

Ransford D. Buckman, an American, formerly mate of the steamship *City of Pekin*, which plied the Pacific, is vice-admiral of the Turkish navy, on which the eyes of the world are centred at present. For eight years he has been naval adviser to the Sultan. He was born in Nova Scotia, went to sea at fourteen, and became a captain at seventeen, passing the required examination at Manila after the captain and chief officers of the ship had died of cholera. He proved his seamanship by sailing the vessel back to New York. While mate of the *Pekin* he resigned to go with the Cramps, and was commander of the new battleship *Maine* during her trial runs. Then he went to Turkey to train a native crew for a cruiser—and remained. He was made a pasha and vice-admiral, and the Sultan conferred on him the Order of Osmanlieh. His wife was a San Francisco girl.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, defeated, and perhaps a little dismayed, possibly wishes now more than ever that he had remained unknighted (says London *Sketch*). He did not desire the honor bestowed upon him at the Diamond Jubilee. "I would have preferred to remain plain Wilfrid Laurier," he has said. "I began my political career under plain Alexander McKenzie, who began life as a stone-cutter, and who lived and died plain Alexander McKenzie." It is to quite a modest home that he retires. An enemy charged him once with having received as a gift from a corrupt corporation a handsome, well-furnished dwelling. He told the Dominion Parliament what the facts were. Sir Wilfrid explained that he had bought the house himself, paying £1100 cash down and furnishing it, except for a few gifts from personal friends to Lady Laurier, raising the money on his own personal note, and giving a mortgage for the balance, £800, on the house itself. "I bought the house in the name of my wife," he said, "because, being poor, and well knowing that if I died I could have nothing to leave her, I thought it right to give her a home." That modest dwelling has ever since been the abode of the man with whose name and programme two continents have rung.

THE INEVITABLE.

Though to the Bachelor It Was the Unexpected.

It happened on my street, the very ordinary event which I tell simply to get off my mind. For somehow it haunts me. What a little thing it takes to disturb a man's quiet when he comes to be my age! I'm an old bachelor in easy circumstances, content with my lot, given to watching life go by my windows, unwilling to exchange my humble quarters for all the better halves in the world.

My street is an avenue that begins where Lobos Creek turns abruptly on its way to the Pacific Ocean, that immeasurable salt waste which swallows sweet rivulets as Eternity lifetimes. Ever being born, ever dying, like humanity's self, the stream runs its little course, its birthplace and deathplace both visible from my habitual point of view.

Having no business of my own to mind, I naturally concern myself with my neighbors. They seem one and all minded to make up for my shortcomings. Never in all your born days did you see such a neighborhood as is mine for "kids," as they call themselves. The place is unfairly deluged with them. Merciful Heaven, hereabouts it rains not cats and dogs so much as kids. The very clotheslines flaunt in my face the fact of the immediate presence of these marauding, yelling savages, all the more dangerous because of their diminutiveness and guise of civilization. It never rains but it pours. Rain or shine, blueing Monday sees the twins' wash hanging dejectedly or fluttering defiantly in the back yard but partition fenced from mine. Happily, I am free to confess that I do not hesitate a moment to show the white feather when it comes to facing canton flannel, the Irish piano, and the music of marriage generally. Vainly I turn my back on realities inimical to my peace, blind myself to the facts of existence as they exist in back yards. Scarce can I open my front windows of nights to thank my lucky stars but the bill-laden bird of ill omen gets between them and me.

The one other exception to the "pianer"-playing, cradle-rocking rule was the widow who lately vacated "The Cottage" in the expectation of joining her husband, the passion-vine covered cottage where for five years she had waited till death did them reunite. She had nor chick nor child to bless herself withal and curse her next-door neighbor, namely, your most humble. Hence I was used to look on her with such favor that——!

But to our miserable mutton: kids. The sidewalk I paid for dearly must needs yield them while they scoot noisily past in their coasters, on their skates, regardless of life and limbs, legs and neck—especially mine. Roses and geraniums, strawberries and blackberries, I grow painstakingly but for their picking. Little wretches! Shamelessly they lick their telltale thumbs at me, and ask me if my own choice flowers, as held up for admiration in their ungodly hands, aren't pretty. Such an amount of fun they have at my expense as I can shake a stick at—no more. Much good my stick-shaking does me! I might just as well shake my sides and have done with it, or, for that matter, a leg. What a dance they do lead me! Sorely am I taxed for that bedlam two blocks away they miscall a schoolhouse.

The residence park upon which, thanks to "improvements," my retreat at present gives, appeals in particular to young married couples bent upon further disturbing the peace. When first I retreated here, mine was the abode of the singularly blest. Then but one lullaby was ever heard, that of the surf. Undreamt-of those ignominious littlenesses that, thrust upon us, make floor-walkers of us all. Having grown up with it, I am attached to this soil, as I were a tree, and would die, uprooted. In these my days of sere leaf, I put my for-the-most-part sorry bald pate out of the window, only to be mocked of young mischiefs, a luckless wight in a pillory, punished, so to say, of Heaven for my unpardonable sin of omission. I have the wherewithal to support three modern wives and their respective families. The mere thought, however, is insupportable. I'm a miserable old sinner. It behooves a man, says in effect the childless "father of synthetic philosophy," to pass on the torch of life, nor let it, alight from time immemorial, go out in his hands. None of my myriads ancestors, not the humblest, was ever thus guilty. To die a bachelor is to differ from all a man's progenitors in one essential respect, to be the first delinquent torch-bearer in a line so long as to reach from him to the primordial living speck.

What was I thinking of to go off on such a tangent? Oh, yes—kids! Time and again, detected *flagrante delicto*, I ask them to wait till I catch them. But they won't, not they. Nowadays, the virtue of obedience is become obsolete. What is the world coming to? Not to an end—not hereabouts. Never mind; age will catch you, disobedients, one of these fine days—and Death!

Which reminds me. Vacated thus of the widow—God rest her!—the cottage was to let. How I missed her solemn footstep. She walked as if the world was a vasty churchyard—which it is—all soil returned dust. You'd hett.r believe I kept an eye out, nay, a whole head, for possible tenants and impossible. Did mine enemy with her poisonous quiverful much in evidence at . . . t, I was duly surprised in the act of taking a con- . . . ona. To the end of maintaining a sound mind in a body. Well I knew from bitter experience that women will waive the formality of an introduction in favor of old age—a kithogue compliment, I take it.

Would I be kind enough to give her some information anent the vacant cottage. I would. The late occupant had died of a mysterious malady. Surely something must be radically wrong when the doctors say there's nothing the matter with you—and you die. Did she care to see the cottage! I held the key. Thus shamelessly spoke with her enemy in the gate. No, thanks, she did not care to see the cottage. She wished me a very good-day. Her wish was granted.

They came, they saw, and it conquered them—the cottage, the newly married pair. All unbeknownst to me, they had received the duplicate key at the hands of the real estate agent, but at his mouth, never a word of the widow moved, goodness only knew how, to Heaven.

Of a sudden one morning I woke up to the disconcerting fact that the cottage, whose occupancy concerned me mightily, was no longer vacant. Without my open window, on the sidewalk sounded a strange step. At once I was all ears. It lacked the pedantry of the professor's, the sobriety of the retired judge's, the weight of the solid business man's, the thoughtfulness of that of the poor paterfamilias. It was the resilient step of youth careless of the cost of living. Riotous, it ran. I rose to the occasion. It ran because it was late for work, it ran for the sheer love of running, it ran to give Her pet dog a run, it ran because sudden partings were alone possible to it. It was the step of the foot of the young man lately married.

The dog soon had enough of it and returned, panting, blue-ribboned, to its mistress. The youth turned as if to return, and waved a well-gloved hand. Responsive, his lady waved a so-called handkerchief at the end of an arm that from the point of view of the young man must have seemed designed of Heaven for embraces. Thanks to gravity and the most kindest cut of kimonas, it was revealed in all the length of its loveliness. Bravely till he was out of sight, it flew the white flag, a bit of lace-embroidered immaculateness scarce big enough to hold a tear.

The lowering of the flag was sad to see, even from the point of view of age. Youth was then no longer there to see or be seen. He was fairly on his way to engulfing, all-absorbing "downtown."

Every morning the joyous yelp of the dog, bedight with baby ribbon pink or blue, woke me afresh to a realization of how happily the cottage was tenanted. It would follow the prince consort a frantic hundred yards and then return to its proper allegiance. Well it knew who was queen *per se*.

That one-yelp-a-day dog was not so bad but that it might easily have been worse. In fact things in general began to brighten up. Kids in quest of flowers, giving me "the go-by," went farther and fared better. The sadly neglected garden of the cottage, lately overrun as it were with weeds, was now flowerful and trim as wifehood well could keep it. The pale passion-vine had been crowded out by the resplendent pink one that is truly none. Prolonged though it was beyond all reason, the cottagers' honeymoon did not seem in the least to interfere with gardening and housekeeping of a certain exquisite sort. What miracle-working voice had bade the moon stand still in the valley of Ascalon in favor of these chosen children? The thing was unheard of, unhorsing an old man from his hobby—an old man too set in his ways to come a cropper gracefully, without undue loss of dignity.

Already it had showered linen. Their golden wedding day was distant but forty odd years, odd months, weeks and days. The bride as good as told me so herself, and she ought to know, so much more reliable than men's are women's memories of such matters. She asked "Nietzsche," as I nicknamed the blonde beast, if it weren't so, and that intelligent friend of man's yapped an unmistakable yes. That dog, believe me, was having its day, bless its itty heart! Metaphorically, myself took it to mine, and waited—the inevitable.

"Wait till you see!" I said to my by proxy disillusioned self, and possessed my solitary soul in patience.

Now, under the circumstances narrated, what from the viewpoint of a gouty sophisticated old bach was the inevitable?

The inevitable was this: One fine morning (or wet) I would wake up, through sheer force of habit. The pampered dog-of-race would yelp not, hopelessly in the rear, but easily keep up. For the young man would run not, but walk, march straight for the cars, nor once look back to wave a glove. None would come to the sidewalk to watch him out of sight, see the last of him, as the phrases are. The inevitable in a word was no less than this: Love would die the death—first his; then, hers? first hers; then, his? The question of priority I waved, content to ride my hobby to death without going so far as to hold a post-mortem examination.

One foggy morning, the young man running as yet no less riotously than at first, fell, and was overtaken by "Nietzsche," which in its turn was overtaken by Delight. Then came Consternation in the person of the perennial bride and heroinically sacrificed the whiteness of the kerchief to the needs of the disastrous occasion. Before the fall of that young man went my pride. Somehow I felt hurt. To see her kiss the dent the glove-button had made in his manly wrist was a sight for sore eyes. And then, the way she would wait for him of evenings in the little bakery on the near corner of the car-line street and our avenue was enough to make the joys of old bachelorhood assume the proportions of a delusion and a snare.

Another morning—neither fine nor wet, as it turned out—I woke up suddenly to hear the absence of his step as one hears that his grandfather's clock has stopped ticking. Then it dawned upon me that I hadn't heard it yesterday nor the day before. The inevitable, had it at length come to pass? No. The pair of them had merely gone to the country for their formal vacation.

"They will leave love behind them in the country!" I prophesied. But they didn't. They brought the perverse fellow back, him and "Nietzsche," hale and hearty, safe and sound, large as life, and all the alliterative rest of it. Together they and love called me to all intents and purposes a liar, at least, a false prophet. As arm in arm they passed, they grinned all over at me, as much as to say: "Get out, old baldhead!" even as aforetime the disrespectful Hebrew gamins: "Go up!" Alas that these days she-bears should go needlessly hungry!

Was I nonplussed? Did I give in? Not a bit of it. Was I not a rich old bachelor who could afford to bide his time? Were not my judgments used to be justified of events? I had but to sit by my window and await developments. Old as I was, I would, I well knew, live to see many a radiant love underground. Love is a hazard no life insurance will take.

To me thus biding my time the expected happened. The young man did walk past, haughty, erect, nor—though late—ran a step, nor once looked back to wave a hand well-gloved or otherwise, nor yet, as was more likely, shake a fist. Her dog, unloved, neglected, denied its matutine run, followed abject, deject, trying vainly to hide its diminished tail. Just to make sure, I looked to see what I knew wasn't there. It wasn't.

All at once, justification, reaction, and mortification set in. It was terrible to be so doggoned prophetic. Far liefer had I been for the second time called in effect liar and false prophet. The humiliating fact is: Without being aware of it, I had looked to see them prove to be the rule-proving exception. Insidiously, not by precept but by example, they had converted me from the error, if not of my wifeless ways, then of my pet belief. After all, I was more than willing to be proved in the wrong. Not often, if I do say it myself, is threescore years thus magnanimous.

As a matter of fact, I took to my single bed and stayed there. For a day and a night I had no heart to eat, drink, or sleep. With my unkissed lips I cursed my ungodly gift of seership till I tasted the soap wherewith my mother was wont to wash out my epithetic mouth. Blessed were the unprophetic blind, the blind-drunk love-blind.

Thus things—man and dog—went for a week. At the end of which time the unexpected happened to me convalescent—reading, marking, learning, and inwardly digesting Elia on the joys of convalescence; not one of which fell to my lonely lot.

Man and dog ran more riotously than ever, like one possessed and one dispossessed. And lo and behold, there again was She; only minus the tiny handkerchief. In its stead she used a tiny hand, the tiniest imaginable. You never in all your born days saw such a tiny hand on a woman. It wasn't more than an inch long. A fool could see that—did, in fact. Then he went back to his unjustified bed. The times, like "Nietzsche's" nose, were plainly out of joint. That old fool—would you believe it?—has half a mind to pay his noisy neighbors back in their own coin. Better late in life than than never. The gift of prophecy is long in his family, not if he knows it shall it pass with him. No need of second sight to see his inevitable finish.

Harry Cowell.

San Francisco, October, 1911.

In the old days of the navy many ingenious methods were devised to enable the men to smuggle liquor aboard, such as emptying the milk out of cocoanuts and filling them with whisky, imitation Bibles filled with the like fluid inspiration, but especially sausage skins, not stuffed with swine's flesh, but well filled nevertheless. In the patent office in Washington is (or was) a navy cap with a wide, hollow metal band with the smuggled contents of which the owner would get boozy to the great mystification of his vigilant superiors.

In twenty-five years electric railways in the United States have grown from nothing to their present splendid proportions, which it is estimated by experts give support yearly to about 800,000 people. These figures include families of employees, but the number of actual employees is somewhat short of a quarter of a million.

Its cheerful rays having guided mariners ever since 1680, the St. Agnes lighthouse, Scilly Islands, claimed to be the oldest lighthouse in existence in point of continuous service, has been shut down. It has recently been replaced by a modern iron automatic structure on the neighboring island of St. Mary's.

British India not only supplies Japan with raw cotton, but in turn it purchases immense quantities of cheap cotton underclothing.

Peru is a country without paper money. Gold, silver, and copper coins are the mediums of circulation.

THE LATEST IN BRITISH ANTIQUES.

With a Mysterious American in the Background.

Were Barnum alive, the mystery would be solved. And how his shade must grieve that his bodily presence left this mundane sphere out of due time. For, stupendous as were the achievements of the great showman, there is no denying that he never attained his greatest ambition. It was soothing, no doubt, to become the sole owner of George Washington's nurse, to make a corner in Tom Thumb, and have the exclusive rights of Jenny Lind for a hundred and fifty nights, but all that glory could not compensate for his unrealized ideal. Barnum never owned a castle. That is, an English castle, hoary of age and eloquently historical in every stone. His special taste was for a Mary Stuart building; by preference Holyrood with Rizzio's gore thrown in, or, failing that, the Lochleven fortress in which the lords clapped her to cool off her heated ardor for Bothwell, or even the gray shell of Niddry, where she made her midnight pause on her ride towards Langside. As these were eliminated one by one from his list, Barnum became less particular, and would have been satisfied with any old castle provided it were a castle and old.

And now he might have had his choice for a song! It's too bad he did not survive to the Lloyd-Georgian period, when ancient estates are tumbling into the salesroom every day and antique castles have their price, and that a modest one, in the market. Even an abbey may be available ere long—who knows? Not Glastonbury; the "rich American lady" who was on the point of buying that for removal to American soil was too pre-Lloyd-Georgian in her offer; but Melrose, say, or perhaps Netley. And as to castles—well, if ducal owners are not above accepting sixpence for a peep and a shilling extra for permission to take a few photographs, there can be no indignity in compounding a life interest in such a revenue for a pile of American dollars, cash down.

Besides, my lords and dukes can cover up their tracks and disburden themselves of responsibility. Here is the case of Tattershall Castle, for example, which has been annoying British antiquarians for a fortnight past. No one seems to know where to place the blame for the sale of that venerable structure to an "unknown American." For a wonder, Lloyd-George has not been mentioned, and up to the present no peer has been pilloried. Perhaps that is because the scribes of the press are not strong enough in family history. As a matter of fact, however, the culprit is a peer, the Earl of Fortescue, to-wit. As that nobleman's seats are in Devonshire, no one suspects him of having any connection with a castle-selling transaction in Lincolnshire. But he has. Long generations ago an ancestor of his married a daughter and co-heir of Theophilus Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, by whom the Tattershall estates were added to the possessions of the Fortescue family.

Now, as is the case with many of his order, Earl Fortescue is "land poor." Hence his sale, early last year, of the Tattershall domain to a son of that shining patriot and adroit money-maker, E. T. Hooley. If the earl imagined, however, that Hooley II was purchasing the estate with the laudable ambition of providing himself with a family "seat" and building up a lineage that might, by the aid of pedigree-mongers, be eventually traced back to a came-over-with-the-Conqueror ancestor, he is now sadly undeceived. After the manner of his noble sire, Hooley II was simply out for "a spec," and he speedily disposed of one little lot to Albert Ball, a former mayor of Nottingham, for some five thousand five hundred dollars.

That's where all this present trouble began. For the unfortunate thing is that Mr. Ball has family-founding ideals. And he cast a kind of mediæval eye on the venerable Tattershall Castle which stood on the eight acres he purchased from Hooley II. Why should he not restore that ancient building—mend its roofs and windows and doors, clothe its walls with arras, deck its entrance hall with rusty armor, procure a set of family portraits, buy him a crest and a motto, and lay out the gardens in old-world style with a sundial all complete? The ex-mayor glowed with romantic pride at these visions, and already imagined himself installed in his ancient abode as a veritable lord of the manor with eaitiffs and the rest at his heck and call. But then he took a false step. Anxious that his restorations should not be anachronisms, he called into council all his archæological friends, who, however, instead of entering enthusiastically into his day-dream, promptly urged him to leave the castle in its pristine ruination and allow it to become national property.

At that the ex-mayor's business instinct got the mastery of his mediæval sentiment. Even Hooley II had not thought of such a scheme. Instead of a lordly manorial home, Tattershall Castle might prove an "interesting speculation." So at this juncture Mr. Ball entered into communication with that formidable organization known as the National Trust. He had a castle for sale, he wrote, none other than Tattershall Castle, one of the earliest brick buildings in England, dating from 1440, with a hall of state rich in heraldic shields, and, above all, famous for its four superb carved mantelpieces. Ten thousand dollars would buy the lot? Was it a deal? Of course Mr. Ex-Mayor made no allusion to his having recently purchased this rare treasure for a little more than half that sum.

Barnum would have closed with such an offer on the spot. Not so the National Trust. What would Mr. Ball say to giving them an option at seven thousand five hundred dollars? That was as far as they could go; "an option to purchase," and no more. Mr. Ball said "no"; nothing under ten thousand would be considered; why, he had been offered that sum for the mantelpieces alone.

For it was now the mysterious American appeared on the scene. The matter had got into the papers, and the ex-mayor became indifferent to pounds when dollars were in the wind. The letters to the press multiplied; irate old colonels with a bent for antiquities gave warning of the "millionaire's hot-potch of curios in America" which was to be enriched by the famous mantelpieces, or dilated upon the "surly reticence" of the "gang of experienced burglars from Whitechapel" engaged in prising those precious treasures from the walls. In the background a little comedy was being enacted. Some one had discovered—not Hooley II, but probably Mr. ex-Mayor—that one of the perturbed letter-writers was a man of wealth, and to his club consequently was dispatched an epistle saying that the writer could introduce him to the purchaser of the castle if he wished to save it from exportation to America. This patriot was more generous than the National Trust; he would give twelve thousand five hundred dollars for the castle and its contents, cash down. But the price had gone soaring in the interval; fifty thousand dollars was the figure now.

This attempt at large profits and quick returns prompts the suspicion that in the meantime an expert in "corners" had got control of the property. Not Mr. ex-Mayor nor even Hooley II would have the spacious idea represented by such speedy enhancement of value. But, as aforesaid, who he is is the deep mystery. Several of the agitated antiquarians shake their heads and "could if they would"; but the unknown remains unrevealed to the time of writing.

Perhaps it's J. Pierpont Morgan. It is well known he has a pretty taste in antiques, and he may have in hand some scheme for which he needs New England support. New England is suggested as the most probable destination of the castle because the building was once the home of that Earl of Lincoln—the Theophilus Clinton above named—who was the boon companion of John Winthrop, Roger Williams, John Cotton, and other founders of the new Boston across the seas. To rebuild Tattershall Castle on Boston Common would open all New England hearts and pockets to Mr. Morgan. If it is not he, who is it?

London, October 3, 1911. Henry C. Shelley.

The "Peruvian rain-tree" is not a rain-tree at all, and is denounced by scientists as having no practical value, despite claims of an astonishing nature made by writers who knew nothing of the actual character of the South American product. Instead of the tree yielding many gallons of water a day, as legend has had it, which would have rendered it invaluable for the transformation of arid sections, it is found to be more efficacious in condensing the atmosphere than any other freely growing tree. It appears that at times swarms of cicadas settle upon the trees and extract their juices, which are showered copiously upon the ground. This gave rise to the belief that the trees in some mysterious manner shower the earth about them with water. Unfortunately the myth has gained credence, with the result that the tree is being widely exploited and sold in Australia, where it is expected to work wonders in the dry regions.

Adjoining Lake Titacaca, in Peru, lie the ruins of a great city, whose origin was as much a matter of conjecture 900 years ago as it is today, according to the records of the Incas. The stone walls of the largest buildings were of excellent workmanship, and the gateways were elaborately carved. Evidence in abundance exists that the inhabitants were skilled masons. At present the region is cold and arid and entirely incapable of ripening cereals. It is inhabited by a few hardy mountaineers. It is evident that the climate is entirely different from what it was when the plateau was the centre of a large population.

Japanese paper suitable for bank notes, stock certificates, and bonds, such as is manufactured from the bark of the mitsu-mata tree, is not to be had in sufficient quantities to meet the demands of the United States and other countries. This paper trade, including various other varieties, amounts to about $1,500,000 a year.

Peaches from the State of Washington are now offered for sale in London. A trial consignment of 2000 cases arrived there recently, thirteen days from the date of their despatch, and were found to be in excellent condition. The best peaches on the English market are selling for 48 cents each retail.

Thousands of reindeer are now in Alaska and are multiplying rapidly. The Eskimos and others who own them find them indispensable for food and useful for transportation of their produce. The meat of the reindeer is used extensively for food in the cities, and it is said to be as good as the best beef.

An artificial cliff has been built at Niagara Falls to hide from view the group of power plants which have disfigured the beauty of the spot.

DISHES OF MANY LANDS.

How San Francisco Caters to Cosmopolitan Taste.

Perhaps no state in the Union can boast of as much variety and as many surprises in its cuisine as California (says a writer in the *Epicure*). Ships from every port pass the Golden Gate and their crews bring to many of the little restaurants new ideas in cookery. The Spanish and Mexican cuisines are most prominent, but with the great numbers of Chinese and Japanese the cooking of Oriental lands has also come to be known and adopted by Californians.

From Australia and New Zealand, from the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands, from India with the new invasion of East Indians into the state, and from many another far-away land have come new dishes that have found their way into California menus, and with the dash of Creole cookery and the New England dishes that are clung to by the '49ers and Easterners who have migrated to this sunny clime one has much to choose from.

If perchance he strays into a California restaurant and has a keen-edged appetite, as likely as not he will glory in the possibilities of a California crab, which he may elect to follow with Boston baked beans and Virginia waffles with Vermont maple syrup, then end his repast with some wonderful strange fruits from Hawaii and wash it all down with a glass of native or Mexican wine.

San Francisco was a city of restaurants before the great calamity which befell it and wiped out the temporary existence of such famous restaurants as Zinkand's, the Techau Tavern with its Hawaiian dishes, its velvet-voiced Hawaiian singers and sadly beautiful native music, Tait's mammoth underground palace, the Palace of Art with its collection of paintings, including a Rosa Bonheur, the old and new Poodle Dog—the latter one of the show places of the Coast—and the Oyster Grotto, where nothing save shell fish was served and where mammoth specimens of the California crab served four persons each.

Bohemians will recall the Italian café of one Coppa on Montgomery Street that had been decorated by the famous San Francisco artists and where painters, writers, and musicians met to drink Chianti and eat spaghetti, ravioli, and frittura, and admire through their wreaths of smoke the wonderfully clever and suggestive frescoes and mural decorations recalling Gelett Burgess and his "Goops," Jack London, and other celebrities. The restaurants of the Flowery Kingdom and the Celestial Empire passed by: there was the famous Mexican restaurant of one Matia, which was unique of all dining places in the Golden West.

Passing through the Barbary Coast to the Telegraph Hill region one found Matia's place, where the little Austrian presided proudly and served his patrons in two clean, shabby little rooms. They smelled of garlic and were decorated with colored prints imported from Spain, which showed bullfights in every stage, from portraits of handsome matadors awaiting calmly the onslaught of Taurus to the gory finish with rivers of blood and hundreds of women shrouded in mantillas leaning over the sides of their boxes and applauding.

From without through the open windows echoed the clattering tongues of Italian and Greek, Mexican and Portuguese, denizens of the Barbary Coast. In the little alcove kitchen in the rear of the first room stood Matia's wife, a handsome, liquid-eyed woman of thirty, busily cooking the albundigos and tamales, stirring the chile con carne and rolling the enchiladas for the señor, who sat in the next room, drinking copiously of the heavy, puckery Mexican wine.

With the second course of delicious fish from the bay, with a sauce even hotter than the soup which had preceded it, Matia would bring in the register, or guest book, first cousin to that in which Americans proudly inscribe their names in the Cheshire Cheese off Fleet Street, in Wine Office Court in London. Filled with autographs of famous people and clever drawings by artists, verses by poets and descriptive articles by writers, it was a worthy tome and interested one for longer than the space of his dinner. And then before leaving one would proudly leave his autograph and his very politest sentiments in the book and sally out upon the Coast with a feeling of well-being which can be left only by a satisfactory dinner.

A method for sterilizing milk without heating or adding preservatives is claimed to have been effectively demonstrated recently in Holland. An apparatus has been constructed, it is explained, whereby the milk flows in a thin stream along an electric light, the ultra-violet beams working on the bacteria. The result is attributed to the quality of the ozone formed under the influence of the light.

People who have been automobiling in Europe over the best roads in the world are coming back and asserting that the great trouble in this country, so far as roads are concerned, is that Americans, after building good roads, let them deteriorate for want of care; that on this side of the Atlantic we do not understand the necessity of vigilant maintenance of our roads after they have been built.

Artificial silk, owing to its superior lustre and dyeing qualities, and improvements in its manufacture, is taking the place of real silk in Germany.

AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Mrs. Marian Gouverneur Recalls Some of Her Experiences During the Last Half of the Nineteenth Century.

Mrs. Gouverneur needs no such apology as is conveyed in her preface for the delightful volume of reminiscences that has just come from her pen. No one with a memory so richly stored as hers could write other than entertainingly, and when to this is added a style that is always vivacious and often humorous we are assured of an exceptional pleasure. Mrs. Gouverneur gives us nearly four hundred pages without a dull line, and of the hundreds of names that she mentions there is hardly one without some national significance.

Mrs. Gouverneur's grandfather was Captain John Hazard, who commanded a privateersman during the Revolution. While she does not actually remember her grandfather, he was still alive when she was born and from her mother she heard stories of his adventures and escapes. Captain Hazard married a Miss Blackwell, and the author gives us a love letter written by the lady before her marriage and which may serve as an illustration of maidenly propriety now extinct:

> Miss Blackwell's compliments to Captain Hazard and desires to know how he does—and if well enough will be glad to see him the first leisure day—as she has something of consequence to communicate and is sorry to hear that he bas been so much indisposed as to deprive his friends of the pleasure of his company for this last fortnight. May you enjoy every happiness this imperfect estate affords is the sincere wish of your friend, L. B.
>
> Let me see you on Sunday. Burn this.

A reference to the Frelinghuysen family reminds the author of a story that will be read with delight in Newark, New Jersey:

> When the late Secretary Frelinghuysen presented himself at the gates of Heaven he was surprised not to be recognized by Saint Peter, who asked him who he was. "I am the Hon. Frederic T. Frelinghuysen," was the response. "From where?" "Newark, New Jersey." "Newark?" quotb Saint Peter; "I never heard of that place, but I will look on my list. No, it isn't there. I can not admit you, Mr. Frelinghuysen." So the old gentleman proceeded and knocked at another gate in the boundless immensity. The devil opened it and looked out. The same conversation occurred as with Saint Peter. Newark wasn't "on tbe list." "My Heavens, Mr. Satan, am I then doomed to return to Newark?" exclaimed the New Jersey statesman, and went back to the Newark graveyard.

Mrs. Gouverneur vividly remembers the great quarrel between Macready and Forrest. The latter was the favorite with a section of the New York populace, and upon one occasion when Macready was playing Macbeth a mob attacked the theatre, and before it could be dispersed twenty-one persons were killed and thirty-three wounded. Forrest was subsequently divorced, after a two years' suit. There were faults on both sides, and James Gordon Bennett said of Mrs. Forrest that "being born and schooled in turmoil and dissioation and reared in constant excitement she could not live without it." Forrest's attorney was John Van Buren, son of the ex-President, who seems to have had a happy knack of repartee:

> I have heard it said that one day John Van Buren was asked by a disgruntled friend at the close of a botly contested suit whether there was any case so vile or disreputable that he would refuse to act as counsel for the accused. The quick response was: "I must first know the circumstances of the case; but what have you been doing?" Dr. Valentine Mott, who for many years was a resident of Paris, gave a fancy dress ball in New York in honor of the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe. At this entertainment John Van Buren appeared in the usual evening dress with a red sash tied around his waist. Mucb to the amusement of tbe guests whom he met, his salutation was: "Would you know me?"

Mrs. Gouverneur says that she seldom hears the name of John Slidell without being reminded of a witticism that she heard from her mother. The author was Louisa Fairlie, the daughter of Major James Fairlie, who served upon General Steuben's staff during the Revolution:

> During the youth of John Slidell be attended a dinner at a prominent New York residence and sat at tbe table next to Miss Fairlie. In a tactless manner he made a pointedly unpleasant remark bearing upon the marriage of her sister Mary to the distinguished actor, Thomas Aptborpe Cooper, a subject upon whicb tbe Fairlie family was somewhat sensitive. Miss Fairlie regarded Mr. Slidell for only a moment, and then retorted: "Sir, you have been *dipped* not *moulded* into society"—an incident which, by the way, I beard repeated many years later at a dinner in China. To appreciate this witticism, one may refer to the New York directory of 1789, which describes John Slidell, the father of the Slidell of whom we are speaking, as "soap boiler and chandler, 104 Broadway." Miss Fairlie's pun seems to me to be quite equal to that of Rufus Choate, who, when a certain Baptist minister described himself as "a candle of the Lord," remarked, "Then you are a dipped, but I bope not a wick-ed candle." It is said that upon anotber occasion, after he was asked by Miss Fairlie whether he had been to Greece, he replied in the negative and asked the reason for ber query. "Oh, notbing," sbe said, "only it would have been very natural for you to visit Greece in order to renew early associations!"

The author knew both Washington Irving and Thackeray and, curiously enough, she met them both upon the same evening. It was in 1855, when Thackeray was on his second visit to this country, and the place was her sister's drawing-room. She had scarcely welcomed Irving when Thackeray was announced, and it fell to her lot to introduce the two distinguished but dissimilar men:

> Later I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Thackeray quite a number of times during his sojourn in Washington, where he was much lionized in society. One evening we were all gathered around the family tea-table when he chanced to call and join us in that cup which is said to cheer. He entered into conversation with much enthusiasm, especially when he referred to his children. He seemed to bave a special admiration for a young daughter of his, and related many pleasing anecdotes of her juvenile aptitude. I think he referred to Anne Isabella Thackeray (Lady Richie), who gave to the public a biographical edition of her father's famous works. I remember we drifted into conversation upon a recently published novel, but the title of the book and its author I do not recall. At any rate, he was discussing its heroine, who, under some extraordinary stress of circumstances, was forced to walk many miles in her stocking-feet to obtain succor, and the whole story was thrilling in the extreme; whereupon the author of "Vanity Fair" exclaimed, "She was shoeicidal." Although he was an Englishman, he was not averse to a pun—even a poor one! I remember asking Mr. Thackeray whether during his visit to New York he had met Mrs. De Witt Clinton. His response was characteristic: "Yes, and she is a gay old girl!"

In September, 1849, Mrs. Gouverneur was invited to stay at Albany with Mrs. Hamilton Fish, whose husband was at that time the governor of New York. Life was simple in those days and the breakfast hour was at seven o'clock. Mrs. Fish was a model mother, and perhaps this also was a somewhat primitive characteristic:

> Apropos of the Fish children, an amusing story is told of the keen sense of humor of the late William M. Evarts, who presented in every-day life such a stern exterior. When, on one occasion, he was a guest of the Fish family at their summer home on the Hudson, his attention was called to a large and beautifully executed painting of a group of children which, as was quite apparent, was greatly treasured by the ex-governor. Mr. Evarts gazed upon the portrait for some minutes in silence and then exclaimed in a low tone, "little Fishes." Mr. Fish stood near his guest, but, not catching the exact drift of his remark, replied: "Sir, I do not understand." The bright response was: "Yes, I said little fishes, sardines"—reminding one of Artemus Ward's definition of sardines, "little fishes biled in ile."

The author remembers William E. Burton, and describes him as the greatest comedian New York had ever known. Those, too, were the days of P. T. Barnum's beginning:

> P. T. Barnum was a conspicuous figure about this time. His museum was on Broadway, at the corner of Ann Street, and not far from the City Hall. He was considered a prince of humbugs and perhaps gloried in his reputation as such. I distinctly remember the excitement which he created over a mummified old colored woman, who, he asserted, had been a nurse of Washington, and to whom he gave the name of Joice Heth. She was undoubtedly a very aged negress, but she still retained full powers of articulation and was well coached to reply in an intelligent manner to the numerous inquiries respecting her pretended charge. It is needless to add that she was only one of Barnum's numerous fakes.

We have some interesting gossip about Major-General Alexander Macomb, commander-in-chief of the army, and of his son, Major Macomb, who bore a striking resemblance to Prince Albert. Major Macomb's wife was the sister of General Philip Kearney, who served throughout the Mexican War and was subsequently killed at the battle of Chantilly:

> Speaking of General Macomb, I am reminded of a social *on dit* of many years ago. Mrs. August Belmont (Caroline Slidell Perry) lived in a fine house on Fifth Avenue and frequently gave large receptions. His sister, Sarah Perry, subsequently Mrs. R. S. Rodgers, was an early friend of mine. The elegant Major Alexander S. Macomb, who was his father's namesake and aide, on entering Mrs. Belmont's drawing-room, was unfortunate enough to brush against a handsome vase and completely shatter it. It was generally conceded that his hostess was conscious of the disaster, but "was mistress of herself though China fall" and appeared entirely unconscious of the mishap. Some months later at tbe bouse of Lady Cunard (Mary McEvers), a similar accident happened. Tbe unfortunate guest, however, in this case was immediately approached by his hostess, who witb mucb elegant grace begged him not to be disturbed, as the damage was trifling. Immediately society began an animated discussion, when even the judicial powers of Solomon might have found it embarrassing to decide which of the two women should be accorded the greater degree of *savoir faire*.

Mrs. Gouverneur tells us something of General Sam Houston, whom she met at a congressional ball. He was arrayed in a blue coat, brass buttons, and ruffled shirt, and "his appearance was patrician and his courtesy that of the inborn gentleman":

> I have spoken of General Houston's appearance. I now wish to refer to his fine sense of bonor. He was married on the 22d of January, 1829, to Miss Eliza Allen, daughter of Colonel John Allen, from near Gallatin, the county town of Summer County in Tennessee, and separated from her directly after tbe marriage ceremony under, as is said, tbe most painful circumstances. The wedding guests bad departed and General Houston and bis bride were sitting alone by the fire, when be suddenly discovered that she was weeping. He asked the cause of her tears and was told that she had never loved bim and never could, but had married him solely to please ber father. "I love Dr. Douglas," she added, "but I will try my best and be a dutiful wife to you." "Miss," said Governor Houston, even waiving the fact that he had just married her, "no white woman sball be my slave; goodnight." It is said that he mounted bis horse and rode to Nashville, where be resigned at once his office as governor and departed for tbe Cherokee country, where and elsewhere his subsequent career is well known. Having procured a divorce from his wife, be married Margaret Moffette in the spring of 1840.

Rufus Choate has an exceptionally warm spot in Mrs. Gouverneur's heart. It seems to her that "words of law flowing from such lips might have been suggestive of the harmony of the universe," and it was said of him that even one's name uttered by him was in itself a delicate compliment:

> He had a fund of bumor wbich was universally applauded by an admiring public. Once, in replying to a toast at Yale College at the "Hasty-Pudding" dinner, he said that "everything is to be irregular this evening." He followed this remark by poking a little fun at the expense of the college by reading a portion of the will of Lewis Morris, one of the Signers and the father of Gouverneur Morris. This document was executed in 1760 in New York, and in it he expresses his "desire that my son, Gouverneur Morris, may have the best education that is to be had in Europe or America, but my express will and directions are that be be never sent for that purpose to the Colony of Connecticut, lest be sbould imbibe in his youtb that low craft and cunning so incident to the People of that Colony, which is so interwoven in their Constitutions that all their art can not disguise it from the World; tbough many of them, under the sanctifyed garb of Religion, have endeavored to impose themselves on the World for honest men." The laughter which followed the reading of this extract was as *regular* as the remarks were *irregular*.

Here, by the way, is a curious speculation that it would be interesting to hear more of. The author heard a statement to the effect that some of the descendants of Ignatius Gurowski were living in the United States. Gurowski was the gallant who eloped with the Infanta Isabella de Bourbon, and if their descendants were living in America, and if the Rev. Eleazer Williams was actually the "lost Dauphin," as he himself claimed, then there were two Bourbons who had found asylum here at the same time. But the sequel is still more surprising:

> Several years ago I was surprised to hear it stated that the father of Kuroki, the famous Japanese general, was a brother of Adam and Ignatius Gurowski. This information, I am informed, came from a nephew of General Kuroki who was receiving his education in Europe. "My uncle Kuroki," he is said to have written, "is of Polish origin. His father was a Polish nobleman by the name of Kourowski, who fled from Russia after the revolution of 1831. He finally went to Japan and married a Japanese. As the name of Kourowski is difficult to pronounce in Japanese, my uncle pronounced it Koroki. The general's father, upon his deathbed, said to him that perhaps some day he would be able to take vengeance upon the Russians for their cruel treatment of unhappy Poland."

The author's Civil War experiences were not very numerous, but they included an encounter with Mosby:

> During the month of August, 1863, we had just gotten fairly settled when the Confederate guerrilla chieftain, John S. Mosby, appeared at our door with his band of marauders. Their visit was brief and we were spared the usual depredations—why, we knew not, unless it were owing to the fact that Mr. Gouverneur's nephew, James Monroe Heiskell, a mere boy of sixteen, who ran away from home and swam across the Potomac to join Mosby's band, possibly accompanied him. Mosby's men in the east and Morgan's rangers in the west represented a species of ignoble warfare. In reality they did not benefit the cause which they professed to serve, but merely molested inoffensive farmers by carrying off their stock and thus depriving them of their means of livelihood. In recent years I discussed with a Confederate officer, the late General Beverly Robertson, Mosby's method of warfare, and he surprised but gratified me very much by saying that in his opinion it was a great injury to the Southern cause. It seems hardly just that, during President Grant's administration and later, official positions should have been bestowed upon Mosby while the interests of other Confederate officers who had fought a fair and honorable fight and had battled, moreover, for their country during the Mexican War, should have been neglected.

It is to Mrs. Gouverneur's credit that she has a word to say for Tom Paine, who can hardly be said even now to have come into his rightful heritage of national honor:

> To use a terse expression of Hamlet, I have often heard that Paine was one of the unfortunates who were not treated by our government "according to their deserts." It is now conceded by students of our national history tbat no man rendered more effective service to the American Revolution than "Tom" Paine. His devotion to the cause and his conspicuous sacrifices in its behalf were repeatedly acknowledged by Washington, Franklin, and all the lesser lights of the day. After independence had been secured, still imbued with the spirit of liberty, his pen and his presence were not wanting when required in behalf of the libertics of tbe French people. He was imprisoned with hundreds of others in the Luxembourg, where he languished for nearly eleven months in daily expectation of being hurried to tbe guillotine. Following the fall of Robespierre he was liberated througb the kindly offices of James Munroe, who bad succeeded Gouverneur Morris as our minister to France, and was at once crowned witb honors by the government in whose behalf he had suffered. During the term of his imprisonment, it was his belief that a single word from Washington would effect his release, and he had a right to expect it, but he waited in vain. He was wholly unconscious, meanwhile, that the mind of Washington had been poisoned against bim by one high in public counsels, and while still in ignorance of this fact addressed him the well-known denunciatory letter which evoked sucb widespread criticism. Washington, bowever, was not to blame, for he had been deceived in the house of his friends; but of this Paine was entirely ignorant. Delaware Davis, a son of Colonel Samuel B. Davis of Delaware, who rendered such distinguished service during the war of 1812, told me a few years ago that his father was present at a dinner where Paine was asked what he thought of Washington. Doubtless in a spirit or acrimony he uttered tbe following lines:
>
> Take from the rock the rough and rudest stone,
> It needs no sculptor, it is Washington;
> But if you chisel, let the strokes be rude,
> And on his bosom write ingratitude.

Mrs. Gouverneur may be assured that her book will be a delight to thousands and that it will form no slight addition to the historical literature of the country. It is sparkling with vitality from cover to cover, full of a kindly unconventionality and of a humor that never falls below its own high plane.

As I Remember. Recollections of American Society During the Nineteenth Century. By Marian Gouverneur. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $2.

Commercialism has somewhat dimmed the romance of the Island of Patmos, to which the Apostle John was exiled. There he saw the visions of the Apocalypse. The island is rocky and barren, containing sixteen square miles. On a mountain stands the monastery of John the Divine, built in 1088. Greek sponge-fishers, to the number of about 4000, inhabit the island, which is now under Turkish rule, and by unremitting energy manage to earn little more than enough to eke out their existence.

Automobiles worth $14,000,000, made in the United States, will be exported this year according to indications. This is an increase of a million dollars over the record for 1910.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Women and Poetry.

Mr. Edward Thomas gives us a substantial volume on "Feminine Influence on the Poets." Without entering deeply, or indeed at all, upon the philosophic aspects of poetic inspiration, he invites us to survey the poets of the world and to note the influences that women have brought to hear upon them. Sometimes it has been a direct inspiration from lover, wife, or mother. Sometimes it has been the colder fires of friendship, sometimes the encouragement and protection of the patroness. But women bave always played the greater part. If they themselves have created little enough, they have been the main inspiration of creation hy others.

Mr. Thomas divides bis work into nine chapters. The chapter on "Women as Poets" might have been omitted as hardly relevant. It might almost he said that there have been no women poets, and certainly none of the first rank, a fact sufficiently strange in view of the excellence of women's literary work in other directions. Women who write love poems, says the author, usually write upon a masculine model, and so far there has been no distinctively feminine thought or emotion expressed in poetry. Whether this has been due to the status of women or whether we must find an explanation in an essential difference of genius remains to he seen.

The author's best chapter is on "Women and Inspiration" hecause here he gives us the testimony of various living poets as to the sources of their illumination. One of them speaks of his verses as written "out of emotion as white hot as his nature was capahle of." Another says that the divine spark was struck by a Beardsley illustration of one of Chopin's ballades. Still another confesses that he can write no love poem without the picture of some real woman in his mind, and, curiously enough, a single glance at an unknown woman might he enough to produce the poetic conflagration. Others seem to lay stress upon the necessity for memory and for a certain ripening process in the mind and for the processes of a kind of suhtle mental alchemy that works in the dark and that suddenly presents a finished product.

On the whole, we wish that the author had given us more of speculation and less of mere record, interesting as tbe latter is. There is no such mystery in nature as the appearance in the mind of a beautiful image like an accidentally detached fragment from an invisihle archetypal world, gold dust from some mysterious mother lode. What would we not give for access at will to that world, for ahundance instead of doled-out scraps?

It is a pleasing hook that the author has given to us, although here and there it is marred by conventional theories. For example, he says that in ancient Greece man saw in woman "no other end than to minister to his pleasure and to hecome the mother of his children." A few lines further on he says that the position of women was no hetter in Rome. Greece and Rome used as time periods are large terms, hut surely a more liheral study of ancient history has shown us that the women, at least of imperial Rome, enjoyed a status equal in many respects to that of women today, and often superior. The women of Pagan Rome certainly were never called upon to suffer the ignominies imposed upon them hy the Christianity of the early church.

Feminine Influence on the Poets. By Edward Thomas. New York: John Lane Company; $3.50.

Leila.

The average reader will feel that Fogazzaro's last novel has left hoth heart and mind untouched. The western world is now too far along tbe path to view with any partisan ardor a struggle hetween two schools of religionists, tbe one determined that intellectual life shall recognize some eternal houndary already reached, the other reverentially pleading to he allowed to go a little further. The quarrel is an incomprehensihle one from either side. It is incomprehensihle that any one should dare to set such a houndary. It is incomprehensible that any one else should care whether it had been set or not.

All the characters in "Leila" are religionists, and thanks to the author's elahorate care we know the precise shade of religion that each professes. These are the parts that we are tempted to skip, having an initial difficulty in believing that they matter. But they do matter. They constitute the spirit of the story, which is centred around tbe modernist movement, around the human right to a religion which neither terrifies nor hribes. But why the Italian modernist should continue to he a suppliant of the church for a gift that is as free and as hountiful as the air we find no explanation in Fogazzaro.

The hero of "Leila" is Massimo Alherti, who falls in love with Leila under the impression that he is an adventurer who is seeking a rich wife. Then there is the inevitahle priestly plot to get Leila into a nunnery, so that her fortune may be applied to priestly purposes. This is foiled hy a friend who persuades Leila of Massimo's good intentions and so brings the lovers together with fortunate results. The general ecclesiastical tone may he gathered from the letter written hy Leila to Massimo. "I ask of you a God," she says, "whom I can worship in the woods of Dasio, in the gorge of the cascade, on the waves of the lake, in a wedding chamher, who does not impose official intermediaries, who asks me only for love and forbids me only hate; who does not torture my intelligence with incomprehensible dogmas nor annoy me with tedious ohservances; who does not undertake to attract me with heavens nor terrorize me with hells."

Leila. By Antonio Fogazzaro. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.35.

Brother Copas.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's latest story will bardly be popular in America. Probably in England it will appeal to a much smaller circle than his other and less symholic stories. Indeed it is hard to suppose that those who thoroughly enjoyed "Major Vigoreux," for example, will find that "Brother Copas" is equally to their taste. It is a story of two orders of bedesmen inhahiting the ancient city of Merchester. Brother Copas helonged to the Beauchamp Brethren, otherwise the Collegians of Nohle Poverty, while across the road were the Blanchminster Brethren, and hetween the two orders a certain rivalry might be detected. Brother Copas is certainly a remarkahle and admirahle character, and in a less ecclesiastical setting be would make a very presentahle hero. He was a scholar, could write Latin verses and English verses, too. Old French and Anglo-Saxon were at his fingers' end, and what he did not know of history was bardly worth knowing. When we add to these accomplishments an ardent interest in politics, much skill as a fisherman, and a general capacity to do nearly everything else, it will be seen that Brother Copas was no ordinary man. And indeed no ordinary man could carry the weight of such a story as this, for he may he said to he the whole story. The only other character of note is a little American girl who would certainly not he identified as American if she were not so clearly laheled. The politics, ecclesiastical and mundane, of this curious story will make no impression upon the American mind and we may wonder if the delineation of Brother Copas himself is worth quite so large a hook.

Brother Copas. By Arthur Quiller-Couch ("Q"). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.30.

A Living Without a Boss.

This story hears all the signs of an actual experience. Certainly its first portion has heen the actual experience of thousands, and there are thousands more who have good reason to fear that it may he theirs. It is the story of a star reporter, accustomed to earn $100 a week or more, and who now, with dulled physical capacities, is approaching the time when some younger man will push him from his seat. The time actually comes. He receives the fatal hlue envelope which marks the end of the world, and he must face a future wherein he is "too old to work."

Nine men out of ten would have helplessly taken their place on the tohoggan that leads to the social depths. But this was the one man out of ten, and be has the strength to hammer opportunity out of extremity. He and his wife select a little village a few miles from New York and start anew as small farmers. They have difficulties and debts, but they triumph over them, and in a few years' time they have an ideal country bome, self-respect, and an income, and they are "living without a hoss."

It is an inspiring little story and it may be the means of persuading others to go and do likewise. Unfortunately the majority of men who reach a similar crisis find too late that they have lost the pliability of mind that makes such an enterprise possihle. They have heen so molded by their environment that any other becomes unthinkahle. But those who are capahle of receiving a new inspiration will find it in this stimulating little record of courage and accomplishment.

A Living Without a Boss. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.

The Burlington Library.

This series should be welcomed hy those looking for gift hooks that are both inexpensive and thoroughly good. So far five volumes have been puhlished, and if the good taste shown in their selection and preparation is maintained a valuable shelf will he tbe result. The five now issued are as follows: "Cranford," hy Mrs. Gaskell; "The Vicar of Wakefield," hy Oliver Goldsmith; "The Essays of Elia," hy Charles Lamh; "Of the Imitation of Christ," hy Thomas à Kempis; "A Tale of Two Cities," hy Charles Dickens.

Each volume contains twenty-four colored illustrations hy competent artists, and is hound in decorated cloth with gilt tops.

The Burlington Library. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25 per volume.

Abroad with the Fletchers.

The combination of the guide-hook and the novel is usually not a desirahle one, especially when the characters are commonplace and the information trite. Most of the characters in this particular volume are not merely commonplace. They are uncommonly commonplace, from the insufferahle Mr. Fletcher bimself to that other member of the party who has no douht that the guide to the Tower of London sometimes adds a few unauthorized names to the list of the celebrities executed upon Tower Hill.

Abroad with the Fletchers. By Jane Felton Sampson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $1.75.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

One of the handsomest volumes of the season, as well as one of the most entertaining and historically valuahle, is "The Women of the Cæsars," hy Guglielmo Ferrero, the Italian historian. The illustrations are especially notahle, heing from paintings by Castaigne and Alma Tadema, and from fine photographs. The Century Company, its puhlishers, have given to the work every detail that makes an important volume a treasure of hookmaking art.

Richard Wagner's "Tannhauser," translated by T. W. Rolleston and illustrated in color hy Pogany, is to he one of the most sumptuous of holiday offerings in the book world. The hook is a quarto in various styles of hinding, at $5, $10, and $15, and is hrought out hy the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

An important work on the Laws of Japanesc Painting, by Henry P. Bowie, is to he puhlished early in Decemher hy Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. Mr. Bowie studied in Japan under celehrated Oriental masters for nine years and gained great distinction in art. His work will give most valuahle hitherto unpuhlished information. The volume will be profusely illustrated with, among others, a series of over fifty reproductions of original studies demonstrating the laws on the lines of the garment, on dots for trees and grasses, on rocks and ledges, on water, hirds, bamhoo, orchids, lines and curves for trees and rocks, etc.

Arnold Bennett's latest work is "The Truth ahout an Author," puhlished hy the George H. Doran Company. This hook, originally puhlished anonymously in England, is now rewritten and acknowledged to he autohiographical; it has special interest in view of Mr. Bennett's visit to America this month.

A new book by J. M. Barrie will he puhlished soon by Charles Scribner's Sons. Written with all tbe indescrihable charm that has endeared him to so many thousands, it tells the story of Wendy and her two hrothers, and how they flew to the "Never, Never Land" with Tinker Bell the fairy, and the hoy "Who Never Grew Up"; of the adventures that there hefell with wolves, and redskins and pirates; of the building of Wendy's house, and the delight of all the little hoys. who now had a mother at last. In short, it continues the Peter Pan fantasy in the same delightful spirit.

Andrew Lang, writing in the *Illustrated London News*, has a personal complaint to make. "I reckon it a grievance," be says, "that private epistles hy men of letters should he puhlicly advertised for sale. One of mine, at five and sixpence, contains in the hookseller's catalogue this passage: 'That the lady should drag off your hedclothes was to he expected, hut why should she assault the slavey?' The lady, I know from the context, was a ghost, concerning whom the percipient had consulted me, but that would not be guessed hy every reader." Clearly it would not, and this extract from a letter might give people who did not know Mr. Lang a very unusual idea ahout him (observes *Publishers' Weekly*). The bookseller who has the letter and is willing to sell it for five and sixpence should certainly explain that the ohstreperous lady was a ghost. The grievance which Mr. Lang takes lightly enough is, however, a serious one, and his case is merely one of many.

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HARALD, FIRST OF THE VIKINGS. By Captain Charles Young. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.50.

The life and adventures of Harald Fairhair, the first great Viking.

THE LAST LAP. By Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.25.

A story for boys.

PADRE IGNACIO. By Owen Wister. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents.

Otherwise entitled "The Song of Temptation."

HUMAN CONFESSIONS. By Frank Crane. Chicago: Forbes & Co.

A volume of essays on the inner problems of daily life.

THE NAVIGABLE RHINE. By Edwin J. Clapp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.

The development of its shipping and basis of the prosperity of its commerce and its traffic in 1907. Issued in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics.

SOCIAL CUSTOMS. By Florence Howe Hall. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; $1.50.

A new edition of a standard work on social observances.

THE COPPER HANDBOOK. By Horace J. Stevens. Published by the author at Houghton, Michigan; $5. Sent on approval.

A review of copper and copper mines throughout the world.

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT LOSE. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25.

A new novel.

HAVOC. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.

"A brilliant and engrossing story of love, mystery, and international intrigue."

THE MAN IN THE BROWN DERBY. By Wells Hastings. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.25 net.

A new novel by the joint authors of "The Professor's Mystery."

"SON." By Ethel Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.20 net.

A novel that centres around the doings of a boy.

SOME CHEMICAL PROBLEMS OF TODAY. By Robert Kennedy Duncan. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.

The author shows how chemical invention is getting away from the purely scientific into the wider fields of every-day problems.

JANE DAWSON. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.30.

A new novel by the author of "Abner Daniel," etc.

COMRADES. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents.

A short story, with illustrations by Howard E. Smith.

THE PRINCESS KALLISTO AND OTHER TALES OF THE FAIRIES. By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.50.

A book for children.

SURFACE JAPAN. By Don C. Seitz. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.60.

A journey through Japan and the things that meet the eye.

CHARLES DICKENS. By Belle Moses. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.25.

A consideration of the girl heroines of Dickens.

FINKLER'S FIELD. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.25.

A story of school and baseball.

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A new novel by the author of "Cy Whittaker's Place."

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THE MAN WHO LIKES MEXICO. By Wallace Gillpatrick. New York: The Century Company; $2 net.

A unique and lively chronicle of a Gringo's travels and adventures among the Mexican people.

ÆSOP'S FABLES. New York: The Century Company; $2 net.

With forty drawings by E. Boyd Smith. Every page with a border in tint.

JUST PATTY. By the author of "When Patty Went to College." New York: The Century Company; $1.20 net.

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The story of a girl who is suddenly introduced into the heart of South Africa.

THE BLIND WHO SEE. By Marie Louise Van Saanen. New York: The Century Company; $1.20 net.

The story of a blind violinist, his wife, and some one else.

THE SECOND BOY'S BOOK OF MODEL AEROPLANES. By Francis A. Collins. New York: The Century Company; $1.20 net.

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A picture of ancient Rome, with forty illustrations.

POEMS OF REVOLT AND SATAN UNBOUND. By G. Constant Lounshery. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.

"These poems attempt to formulate the various cries of the victims of life for liberty."

THE MAN IN THE SHADOW. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

A new novel by the author of "Jim Hands."

AVERAGE JONES. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.25.

A detective story by the author of "The Great American Fraud."

Following the success of Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe," in both the New World and the Old, Henry Holt & Co. bring out this week "Jean-Christophe in Paris," consisting of three books, respectively entitled, "The Market Places," "Antoinette," and "The House."

Down the Peninsula

Nowhere in this part of California is there such a delightful ride by trolley car as one finds in the run down to San Mateo. It offers city and country as attractions and all the way, going and returning, the constant changing scenery is a delight to the eye.

No visitor to San Francisco should depart without making this trip. The time consumed is very short, and what is to be observed along the way will always remain one of the most cherished recollections of the trip to the Golden Gate City, which will soon be humming with preparation for the 1915 exposition.

At Market and Fifth Streets the big, comfortable car of the United Railroads is hoarded for the ride of some twenty-five miles or more. The fare is only 25 cents each way, and the jaunt is worth much more in the keen enjoyment obtained as the car whirls out through the old, historic part of the city before reaching the open country.

It turns into Mission Street, and soon leaves modern San Francisco behind, as the older part of the town is reached—the part which escaped the devouring fire of 1906. For many blocks the old Mission Road is followed, and one may he fortunate enough to have some of the landmarks pointed out. It was this road, which, in the earliest days of the city's infancy, was the great highway to the south. It is alive with historic interest.

Passing through the Mission, Daly City, at the top of the hill above Ocean View, a lively town, is the first stopping place of importance. The country begins to open and the rolling hills are dotted thinly with cosy homes. Colma is not much farther along. It holds some interest because of its connection with the making of a boxing champion.

Peacefully the dead sleep in their city on the sloping hills, some distance southward down the peninsula. There the great cemeteries are located—Holy Cross, Mt. Olivet, Home of Peace, Cypress Lawn, Salem, I. O. O. F., and Masonic. Skilled gardeners give them unstinted care, and the most beautiful flowers bloom in well-planned designs throughout the year. Undoubtedly these are the largest cemeteries in the West.

The hamlet of Baden nestles among its trees at the next stopping place, and then comes Tanforan, some years ago famous as a racecourse, and lately as an aviation field.

At San Bruno and around there, gardening is carried on. It is the junction town of the Bay Shore cut-off and the old main line steam line.

Some of the most attractive homes in the state are to he seen at Millbrae. Fruits, flowers, and vines grow there in profusion, and the town is happy and prosperous.

Burlingame has been written of time and again. Stately it stands back among its magnificent trees, "far from the madding crowd," and the fact that it is altogether a residence town, chiefly the home of San Francisco business men, gives it a distinctive air.

But pages could be written about San Mateo and then the half would not he told. It is a bower of vines, roses, and shading trees; fruit grows in profusion; it is a charming city of charming people and is also the home of many busy San Franciscans who enjoy the quiet of the green country after the day's grind in the throbbing city. One can return at will, as the car service is splendid.

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A RUSSIAN BALLET SEASON.

San Francisco has found great delight in dancing during recent years. Her taste in this exercise, her invention and development in variety of the pastime, have carried her fame far and wide. There is a firm foundation for the belief that no possibilities in gymnastic evolution or emotional expression here remain undiscovered. Thorough understanding of even one of the great arts is a proud achievement.

Chorographic drama is the newest of our pleasures—at least in name. Lulli and Moliere, in the early days of the seventeenth century, collahorated in producing spectacular amusements of this sort, hut they did not give them the modern name. All along the course of grand opera, from its first vigorous impulse hy Palestrina a hundred years earlier, the ballet has heen an appreciated ornament of the musical drama—not an indispensahle adjunct, but a grace note of its most artistic expression. It is to the hallet without the opera, dancing with pantomime and melodramatic situations, that the up-to-date term is applied.

With little effort the distinguishing feature of this newly laheled divertissement may be apprehended, and for its full realization credit must he given to Miss Gertrude Hoffmann, who opened Monday night at the Cort Theatre a season of the Russian Ballet. Her show is a costly one in the details of large cast and expanded orchestra. In genuine artistic effort and achievement the laurels are won hy a small hand of well-trained dancers, who would he lost in the aggregation did not their ahility detach and elevate them ahove their mediocre and repelling accompaniments.

Press agent descriptions of Miss Hoffmann's show, preceding its opening at the Winter Garden in New York last June, told of her delight in the Russian Ballet in Paris and her determination to organize a company of these artists with herse'f as a feature, and to give America the pleasure our European cousins had found in their art. Her company hegan its career according to schedule. At its head were Lydia Lopoukowa, a heautiful nineteen-year-old *premiere,* and Alexander Volinine, no less famous as a dancer. These had heen seen the winter hefore in New York, hut under inauspicious circumstances. They were more successful in Miss Hoffmann's company. Their dancing was highly praised hy the professional critics of Manhattan, hut Miss Hoffmann's part in the show was severely censored where it was not passed over with hare mention. The New York *Evening Post* reviewer said: "Miss Gertrude Hoffmann writhed through Cleopatra in a series of contortions which were neither pleasing nor graceful, and were a distinct hlot upon the performance." "She could he spared from hoth hallets." "If she would refrain from taking actual part she would add to the ohligation of the audience, and it would redound to her credit." The *Theatre Magazine,* which is seldom vigorous in dispraise, mentioned Lopoukowa, Volinine, and Alexis Kosloff with appreciation of their artistic dancing, and contented itself with saying that Miss Hoffmann appeared as Cleopatra.

Unfortunately, the attention of the public did not end with criticism, opposing or favoring. Protests against the character of the exhibition grew in volume until the authorities took notice and brought the matter hefore a court. It is said that the features most loudly condemned were toned down. Be that as it may, the show went on. To the credit of the Russian dancers, they wrote to the newspapers, declaring with truth that there is no relation between Russian dancing and indecency. It was a timely reference, hut it should have heen unnecessary. That it was provoked is not the fault of any Russian participant or feature in the show.

Later the three solo dancers, Lopoukowa, Volinine, and Alexis Kosloff, left the company. They are not now numhered among Miss Hoffmann's forces. The two chief dancers now, Maria Baldini and Theodore Kosloff, were with her at Winter Garden and played the same parts they now assume in "Cleopatra," but their dancing evoked no comment in the company of the three stars of so much greater magnitude.

Even if those remaining are subordinate artists, from among the "ladies of the front row," their art is notahly effective. It is not equal, even in ensemhle work, to that of the Russian dancers here a year ago. Tbere are no rivals of Pavlowa or Mordkin among them. 'Arduous study and practice have given them lightness, grace, and swiftness of motion, and there is harmony and rhythm in its beauty, but therc are no marvels of skill in their poses or pirouetting.

As was pointed out hy critics who saw tbe show at its hest, Miss Hoffmann's part in the hallets is an .infliction. It is not in keeping with the spirit or the accomplishment of the other actors. Perhaps it is in recognition and extenuation that Miss Hoffmann has added to the hallets a numher of "imitations" of theatrical peop'e, with two exceptions much hetter known to the Great White Way than to the hinterland. Even these are hardly equal to the vaudeville efforts to which they are intimately related. She makes the hit of her "imitation" of Ethel Barrymore hy spanking an undressed doll and folding a napkin cornerwise to wrap it in.

Big enough in every way is the orchestra; it fills the pit, familiar faces showing here and there. But it does not give a good account of itself. It is hrassy to the extreme, including among its instruments the E-flat tuha of the street hand, and compressing without difficulty the utmost dissonances of Egyptian and Indian melodramatic crises. Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" is played as a 'cello solo with full orchestra accompaniment, and for a few bars there is evidence that not all the director's p's are douhle-f's, hut the exceptions seem painfully rare.

Miss Hoffmann has not hrought to San Francisco the organization witb wbich she appealed to fame in the East, and what she offers is not of artistic value except here and there, and never in her personal contrihutions. She has furnished an example not a standard for future comparisons.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

The Serious Drama's Foe.

Walter Prichard Eaton is a writer on topics of the theatre whose views are usually of value, hut he has attempted a task in his advocacy of the coarser "realistic" plays that is much heyond his powers. Police restriction is not required to prevent the presentation of such shows anywhere except in the fifteen larger cities. A clean-minded public that furnishes the patrons of the theatre in the thousands of smaller communities, and that pays the real profits of nearly all successful plays, will not accept the tenderloin exploitations. Mr. Eaton's essays, however, gain attention, and. the suhjoined article, from the editorial columns of the New York *Globe,* is an answer that is conclusive though hrief:

"In the Octoher numher of the *American Magazine* Walter P. Eaton uncovers the identity of 'The Real Foes of the Serious Drama'—in America, of course.

"It isn't the 'syndicate,' or the frivolous thousands, or the lack of competent playwrights or actors. Mr. Eaton considers and dismisses these customary identifications. 'No,' says Eaton, 'the real foes of a serious, effective drama in America, which shall rank as literature on the one hand and as a social force on the other, are the thousands of good men and women—more women than men, unfortunately—whose attitude toward the stage is represented hy their reiterated remark in the face of a serious drama, "There's enough unhappiness in the world without showing it on the stage."'

"In other words, the way to develop good things is to occupy our minds with bad things. If we wish to he tender and kind we should gaze on scenes of cruelty. The young savage who is taken to see a prisoner tortured is educated concerning the wickedness of inflicting pain. The judgment passed on the Roman circus is erroneous. Its hrutal spectacles, in fact, uplifted and hettered the Roman masses. Likewise the licentious drama of the Restoration made for purity and chastity among those hrought under its influence. Cruelty, hrutality, crime, and vice—these arc unquestionahly realities of life. Art is nothing if not selective, and it must consider the prohahle effects of its selection if it is to he of social use.

"Mr. Eaton should look for the enemies of the serious drama elsewhere than among those who do not think that constant gazing on the ugly is the way to develop appreciation of the heautiful."

Emma Albani, who has become almost as much of an institution in England as the Albert Memorial or Sims Reeves, is at last to retire to private life. Like many other singers who have earned large sums she is not rich now. Unfortunate speculation swept away her fortune and not long ago she was singing in a music hall in order to collect some sort of nest-egg on which she could go into retirement. She is a pupil of the older Lamperti and will teach, now that her own career on the stage has come to an end. She was the Elsa of the first production of "Lohengrin" in London, in Italian, of course, and was at her best when she sang in this country for the first time as Senta. Her operatic dehut was made in 1872 as Amina in "La Sonnamhula." She sang the classic *légère* repertory in Italian and later appeared in the dramatic rôles.

Ferris Hartman and his company opened a new season in Los Angeles this week.

CURRENT VERSE.

Let the Shadow Go.

I loved thee, Atthis, once—long, long ago,
Long, long ago; the memory still is dear.
Stand face to face, friend, and unveil thine eyes,
Look deep in mine and keep the sweet past clear
Of all regrets; what matter if love dies?
I loved thee, Atthis—let the shadow go.

I loved thee, Atthis—let the shadow go.
Cloud not the glad young past with troubled tears;
Why shouldst thou think to touch the far-off sky
With thy two arms, or measure love hy years,
Or hold the swallow when it fain would fly?
I loved thee, Atthis, once—long, long ago.

There was a blossom on the topmost hough
The gatherers could not reach, Atthis, and so
There was a love, perchance heyond our reach,
But yet I loved thee—let the shadow go.
I loved thee, Atthis, once—long, long ago.
—*Anne Bunner, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Parting of the Ways.

At the bottom of the cañon, far below my window seat,
Through the crash of cah and trolley, down the ribhon of a street,
Endless crowds are pouring forward on their flaring, fevered way
From factory or office to the tenement or play.
And I linger, half expectant, with this scented note in hand
That has bid me to a woman's side in tinsel fairy-land;
Half expectant, half consenting, when ahove the farthest roofs,
Swinging out in all the glory of a night in early June,
The herald of high memories, majestically moves
Across my patch of heaven night's calm miracle, the moon.

I remember how it shone thus in a winter long ago,
When the skies were cold with starlight and the fields were white with snow,
And there fared hy that kind lantern, hand in hand, a boy and girl—
I have seen its face reflected where the Xingu's eddies whirl;
I have had its ray to guide me down a Colorado trail;
It has led me through the desert where a Bedouin would fail;
In the great Northwestern country it and I have stood alone
In a wilderness of mountains, underneath the eyes of God,
In the midst of leagues uncharted, black defile and silver cone,
Where the red men's tents have vanished, where no white man ever trod.

It has called, and I have followed; and tonight a woman's word—
Oh, the sweetest and the subtlest that my ears have ever heard—
Bids me stay; and if I tarry, I shall nevermore depart,
Only linger by her always, lips to lips and heart to heart.
Shall I heed her? Shall I slumber on a lily couch of love,
While the Open Road is calling to the mountain peaks above?
No! I take the higher thralldom, and tomorrow's sun shall see
Once again my wandering footsteps on the time-tried trail beat true,
Toward the ultimate wild spaces, where to love is just to be,
Where all service is but freedom underneath God's sky of blue!
—*Reginald Dwight Kauffman, in Smart Set.*

The Paris Grand Opera Season.

At the Valencia Theatre the electric work is heing overhauled, new scenery and hangings placed, the orchestra pit trehled in size to accommodate the half-hundred players, and the entire house put into condition to receive the Paris Grand Opera Company due here on Monday, Novemher 13. This will he San Francisco's first extensive opera season on a large scale, and the outcome is heing watched with interest.

With a complement of principal artists, a capahle and seasoned chorus of sixty, an adequate corps de hallet headed hy three star danseuses, a splendid orchestra with three capable directors in charge, competent stage management, brand new scenery, properties, and costumes, and in fact with everything required for splendid productions therc is no reason why this great undertaking should not meet with unqualified success. The repertory is quite unhackneyed. Many of the works, including "Thais," "Herodiade," "The Juggler of Notre Dame," "Sigurd." "Werther," etc., will he beard here for the first time, and others, such as "Lakme," "Romeo and Julictte," "Manon Lescaut," "L'Africaine," "La Juive," etc., all of which are standard at the Paris National Opera, are comparatively new here. Then we are promised that quite a number of the modern Italian and Wagnerian works will find a place in Impresario Grazi's extensive scheme.

Manager Will Greenbaum is now receiving orders for season coupon hooks at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where full details are explained to all interested.

Leonard Borwick, Master Pianist.

In Europe the name Leonard Borwick stands for the best and most heautiful in the art of pianoforte playing. A man of high ideals, which he is fortunately ahle to live up to, Mr. Borwick has avoided the usual road traveled by the virtuoso. Sensationalism in playing, programme making, or advertising, has no part in Mr. Borwick's plans of life; to play to those who really love music and to play the works he himself loves is what this artist strives for.

The only fault that the best critics of the Old World find with Borwick is that he plays all too seldom, and they declare that it is a duty positively laid upon such a genius to appear oftener hefore the puhlic. Manager Greenhaum says "If half what he has been told ahout Borwick be true, that San Francisco music lovers have an exceptional treat in store for them."

Mr. Borwick's first appearance in America will he made this Sunday afternoon, October 22, at Scottish Rite Auditorium at 2:30, and on this occasion the following works will be offered: Fugue in G minor and Choral-Prelude, Bach; "Waldstein" Sonata, Beethoven; three old masterpieces by Graun, 'Sgambatti, and Scarlatti; Barcarolle in F sharp major and Scherzo in C sharp minor, Chopin; and modern works hy Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, and Moszkowski.

The second Borwick concert will he given Thursday night, October 26, when Bach's Italian Concerto, Mozart's "Andante and Variation," composed for a music hox, Chopin's Sonata Op. 35, with its beautiful funeral march, and numhers hy Schumann, Mendelssohn, Dehussy, and Liszt will he given.

The sale of seats is now open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday the hox-office will be open at the hall after 10 a. m.

The Health of President Taft

was drunk at the Taft lunchcon at the Cliff House on Sunday with the Italian-Swiss Colony's new hrand of California Champagne, GOLDEN STATE, EXTRA DRY, which is to he put on the market shortly.

AMUSEMENTS.

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, $1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C1570.

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VANITY FAIR.

A little biographical sketch of Mr. Arnold Bennett professes to explain that author's uncanny knowledge of women. We may leave undiscussed the question if Mr. Bennett actually has such a knowledge, if indeed any man has it, if indeed there is any such knowledge to acquire, speaking generically. A man may have a great knowledge of ten separate women, but when he meets the eleventh he may find that his ignorance is abyssmal, and as a matter of fact it is such an eleventh woman of whom we would willingly know the most and of whom we actually know the least. But then it is the custom to talk about women generically, as though they were all cut from the same piece and could all be depended upon to deceive us in the same way.

But to return to Mr. Bennett, who has a reputation for understanding women. It seems that he used to be assistant editor of a ladies' paper. There was the editor, Mr. Bennett, and the editor's lady secretary. They constituted the office staff. Then there were certain radiant beings who flitted in and out and who brought department articles on the toilet, and cookery, and the fashions, or excuses for not bringing them. Mr. Bennett himself, among a multiplicity of similar duties, wrote social paragraphs which the editor said would do well for "Gwendolen's column." "Who is Gwendolen?" asked Mr. Bennett. "You are," answered the editor. "Now that," says Mr. Bennett, "was what I call journalism."

It was amid such delightful scenes that Mr. Bennett imbibed his knowledge of women. He learned most of the mysteries of the sex in the editorial rooms. To quote his own words:

> I learnt a good deal about frocks, household management, and the secret nature of women, especially the secret nature of women. As for frocks, I have sincerely tried to forget that branch of human knowledge; nevertheless the habit, acquired then, of glancing first at a woman's skirt and her shoes, has never left me.

When Mr. Bennett became editor-in-chief he found that he was much exposed to feminine flattery. Some women, he says, have an extraordinary belief in, and make unscrupulous use of, their feminine fascinations. They practice the art of being "nice to editors," and sometimes with brilliant results. He himself would sardonically reflect as he sat in his office with some charmer opposite: "You think I am revolving round your little finger, madam, but you were never more mistaken in your life." And yet, he asks, breathes there a man with soul so uniformly cold that once or twice in such circumstances the woman was not right after all?

Mr. Bennett's habit of glancing appraisingly at a woman's skirt and her shoes is not merely a personal idiosyncrasy. They are both eloquent of the wearer, but perhaps the shoes more so than the skirt. Of course the really well-dressed woman is immaculate at all points, but a good many women who are scrupulous in the matter of dress in general will yet allow themselves a certain negligence about their shoes. Either they will be ill-fitting or they will be insufficiently polished, and that gives away the whole show. It may be taken as an axiom that as are the shoes so is the underwear. The woman who is dainty about her underwear will be dainty also about her shoes. It is by such trifles that we form judgments that haunt our lives. Of course if a woman has feet that refuse to conform themselves to dainty shoes there is no more to be said. She is afflicted of God and must not expect to fascinate. Was it not one of Oscar Wilde's characters who justified the murder of his wife on the ground that she had fat ankles? The plea ought to have been successful, but none the less he deserved punishment for marrying a woman with fat ankles. Or he should have obtained a divorce before the arrival of the murderous instincts that were inevitable.

We must remonstrate with Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin. Really we must. We had hoped better things of her, but actually we are fast approaching a stage where the announcement of some utterance by a public woman makes us blush in anticipation.

Mrs. Wiggin has a reform to advocate. Of course she has. All women have, and their reforms always involve the passing of a law. Mrs. Wiggin says that what every city needs is a municipal school where every young woman who intends to be married should be taught the rudiments of child raising. In our innocence we had supposed that what every city needs is a large commodious jail for the accommodation of the municipal officials that already exist, rather than the creation of new ones, but then we admit that we have not the feminine point of view, glory be.

Now just think of that. There was a time, away back before the war, when we resented the remark of a profligate wretch who said that women have no sense of modesty, but the woman reformer of today is edging us along unwillingly to that same view. We may well ask where are the girls of long ago? Imagine their feelings at such a proposal. And what would the girls of today say to it? Imagine the damsel of sweet seventeen wending her blushing way to the city hall the day after Edwin had proposed and entering her name on the municipal register for a course of lectures on child-raising. Imagine her delicious embarrassment when she explains to the said Edwin that she can not go with him to the matinée because she has to hear a discourse by Professor Sairey Gamp on the virtues of peppermint or how to clean a feeding bottle. Why, Mrs. Wiggin, it really wouldn't do. These young things have their feelings, or at least they like to pretend that they have. It never occurs to them that marriage means babies. And indeed why should it? It doesn't.

Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin has been threatening us with a book for quite a long time, and now at last the book has come. And yet it is so easy not to write a book. It is among the temptations that almost any one can resist. The only excuse for writing a book is the possession of information that is not usually accessible and that ought to be made known, but Mr. Martin seems to have no such fund of knowledge. As a society man he tells us how silly a thing society is, but we knew that already. The Sunday supplements have told us all about it. We had already heard about the dinner on horseback, the banquet to the dog, the cigarettes rolled in hundred-dollar bills, the pet monkey who costs $15,000 a year, and the cradle worth $10,000. We have read about these things again and again, moralized over them, gloated over them. Certainly they were not worth writing a book about. And yet Mr. Martin has put them all into his story. All the old familiar friends are there, and what to do about it we really don't know.

It is to be feared that Mr. Martin is suffering from an enlarged class ego. For the matter of that we all are. We all of us suppose that the progress of the nation, of civilization, of the world, depends in some way upon the phenomena of our particular caste, that we are at the exact centre of things, and that as we sway one way or the other so will the world. But it really is not so. We are not nearly so important as we think. It will not make very much difference whether, as individuals or as castes, we make asses of ourselves or wise men. But Mr. Martin has the prevailing heresy. His own particular society class is the lever of the solar system. If it will but behave itself all may yet be well. If it continues to give monkey dinners there can be nothing ahead of us but the crash of a ruined continent. Do not let us laugh at Mr. Martin more than we can help. He means well, and we are all doing the same thing.

The idle rich, says Mr. Martin, are an obstacle in the way of progress, so Mr. Martin is very sorry for progress. He does not see how there can be any progress so long as there are idle rich. Well, we are very sorry, too, but not for progress. We are sorry for the idle rich. Mr. Martin looks at the fly on the wheel and wonders how the wheel can ever expect to revolve with such an incubus and encumbrance. We also look at the fly upon the wheel and wonder what will happen to the fly. Or rather we don't wonder. We know.

Orders have been given that no women shall be allowed to meet trains at the Chicago terminal. They must stay in the waiting-rooms. Men may continue to have free ingress and egress, but not women.

Is this an act of base discrimination? Not at all. It merely means that women now dress themselves in such a way that they can not face the ordinary conditions of a railroad station without injury to themselves. The Pennsylvania Railroad has stated that fashion alone has been the cause of nearly a hundred accidents to women at their stations during the last year, and the Chicago authorities have evidently awakened to the situation so far as it concerns themselves, and the present order is the result. Women who bandage their ankles and do a sort of tight-rope trick upon high-heeled shoes are evidently irresponsible and should be confined to waiting-rooms and other safe enclosures as though they were children—as indeed they are, mentally.

Therefore we are in favor of the emancipation of women, enthusiastically, riotously, in favor of it. We are in favor of their emancipation from the hat that blinds them, from the corset that strangles them, from the skirt that hobbles them, and from the heels that lame them. And after that, if they are still in need of emancipation, we will see what we can do for them. But one thing at a time.

Miss Cornelia Sorahji, an Indian lady of some distinction, has just delivered a lecture in London on the status of her sex in the Far East. It was somewhat of a surprise to her audience, who were fully prepared for terrible disclosures of ignominy and subjection. But there were no such revelations. Miss Sorahji seemed to think that the Indian women had things pretty much their own way and that if any pity were called for it should be directed rather to the West than to the East. Even the seclusion of the purdah was not a hardship. The women themselves preferred it, and at that announcement there was naturally a gasp of amazement from an audience to whom it was as the very breath of life to see and to be seen.

But the women of the purdah had amazing power. They might wear the external marks of subjection, but it was only a guise. They ruled their husbands and their households with a rod of iron, and the priests helped them by teaching the men that the best way to please the gods was to please the women. The women, on their part, would reciprocate by telling the priests all the secrets that they had extracted from their husbands. This alliance between women and priests is by no means confined to India. The discerning eye may see something of the same kind in the West.

The favorite weapon of the Indian wife is to sulk. She keeps a room for the purpose. In every old Indian home, says Miss Sorabji, there is a sulking room, and when a husband finds that his wife is in that particular room he had better make up his mind to capitulate, for she will assuredly stay there until he does. Here, once more, we have the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, but the Western wife does not reserve a room for the purpose of sulking. She sulks all over the house.

When women awake to the fact that they are paying a good deal more for their perfumes than they used to it will be small consolation to know that the Messina earthquake and the disturbed situation in Bulgaria are responsible for this outrage upon the sex. But such is the fact. The bergamot trees of Messina were all destroyed by the cataclysm and they take several years to grow, while the rose gardens of Bulgaria are partly neglected and moreover have suffered from a partial crop failure. Both bergamot and roses can be imitated by the chemist, but the imitation is not perfect. The odor is not so lasting nor quite so delicate and therefore my lady suffers, and it's a shame. But now that they have the vote we may see things go at a different gait. Artificial perfumes are called synthetic, which means exactly the same as artificial, but sounds better. The true flower perfumes are made from the essential oils, and these are now worth very much more than they were.

A London perfumer says that fashions in scents change from year to year, but no one seems to know why they change nor who sets them. Two years ago every one was buying sweet pea, but now the rage is for lily of the valley. Old-fashioned people stick to violet, and Eau de Cologne and lavender water are used chiefly for the bath. The same perfumer says that scents are used today more than they ever were before, and that some people use them to such an extent as to be offensive. Most of us know that to be true enough. Nothing makes such an impression upon the memory as to sit in a street-car between a lady who is overperfumed and a gentleman who gives olfactory evidence of having eaten something high. Either by itself might be bearable. In combination they make the world seem a false and hollow snare.

It is the overdressed and the overjeweled woman who is usually also the overperfumed woman. It is a part of the prevailing vulgarity that must be aggressive at all costs. Now the aim of a woman in using perfume should be to hide the fact that she is using it, to produce a perception of fragrance so elusive, so faint, as to be mistaken for the odor of her own loveliness. But how many women have the sense to be restrained in this way? Another London perfumer draws attention to the increasingly common use of perfumes in baths. Personally we have not experimented much in this direction, having an old-fashioned preference for soap and water unadulterated, but it seems as though it might be a pleasing custom so long as the perfume is used nowhere else. It might give just that suspicion of a perfumed atmosphere that is so desirable and that will neither stun nor strangle the innocent passer-by. Another fashionable craze is to burn perfumes in the room, and this is done in a special lamp without a flame. Oriental scents are used for this purpose. They are brought to the surface by an ordinary wick and then volatilized by a red-hot needle.

"You say he has untold wealth?" "Hasn't filed a tax statement for years."—*Washington Herald.*

MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect Secret of Its Liqueur.

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as Chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade-mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade-mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.—*New York Herald,* June 20, 1911.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Once a year the newsboys of London are given an outing some place on the Thames River where they can swim to their hearts' content. As one little boy was getting into the water his little friend said: "Johnnie, you're pretty dirty!" "Yes," replied Johnnie, "I missed the train last year."

A Maine clergyman, living at the hotel in his town, ordered a typewriter and had it sent to his rooms. It came when the clergyman was out, and the proprietor took charge of it. When the minister returned the proprietor led him behind the desk and whispered: "That case of yours is on the ice, parson. I guess it will be all right by dinner-time."

Some good luck had come to him in business that day and he felt as if he wanted to share it with others. So when he reached her house and dismissed the station hack with its two sorry horses he joyously handed the driver two dollars. The driver looked at the money, then at the man, and then at his horses, and finally said: "All right, sir, which horse do you want?"

A captain of the martinet stripe strode up to one of his men and said with fearful frown: "Who's the idiot that ordered you to leave that mess of empty meat cans right here in front of headquarters?" "It was the colonel, sir?" the man replied. "Very well, then," said the captain, sharply, "let it stay there. And your leave's stopped for a week, my man, for calling your colonel an idiot."

A Maryland assemblyman says the boys up his way begin to learn politics as soon as they leave the cradle. "By ten," he states, "a boy knows the game pretty well. For instance, one day in school the teacher was asking the pupils about South America. 'Explain the government of ten of the countries down there,' she said to one of the little fellows. 'They're republics,' he quickly replied. 'What are the other three?' 'Democrats.'"

In Savannah, Georgia, some visitors chartered an old sea-going hack driven by a negro. The driver was a knowing old fellow and pointed out all the places of interest along the route. As they were nearing Mrs. Bannon's place, which is four miles from Savannah, a squirrel appeared in the road. "George," said one, after all had noticed the squirrel, "do you have any big game around here?" "Yas, indeed, sah," replied the negro. "We has baseball."

Skibo Castle has entertained many prominent politicians. Among these is Lord Morley, with whom the Laird of Skibo has enjoyed many a verbal tussle. It is said that one morning Lord Morley was asked by a fellow-guest at the castle how he had been spending his time. "Oh," he replied with a smile, "just exposing some of Carnegie's sophisms." Half an hour later, some one asked Mr. Carnegie if he had seen Lord Morley. "I guess he's laid up for repairs," was the reply. "I've been arguing with him."

An Englishman was recently invited by a New Yorker to accompany him on a hunting trip on Long Island. "Large or small game?" laconically asked the Briton, who had hunted in every quarter of the globe. "You do not expect to find lions and tigers on Long Island, do you?" queried the New Yorker. "Hardly," responded the other, with a laugh; "but I like a spice of danger in my hunting." "If that's the case," answered the American with a grin, "I'm your man all right. The last time I went out I shot my brother-in-law in the leg!"

The late Sylvanus Miller, civil engineer, who was engaged in railroad enterprises in Central America, was seeking local support for a road, and attempted to give the matter point. He asked a native: "How long does it take you to carry your goods to market by muleback?" "Three days," was the reply. "There's the point," said Miller. "With our road in operation you could take your goods to market and be back home in one day." "Very good, señor," answered the native. "But what would we do with the other two days?"

Mr. Heyburn, of Idaho, sometimes has trouble in getting a large audience of his fellows when he speaks on the floor of the Senate. One day last July, he rose to make a speech, and, seeing that there were only three men besides himself in their places he moved to adjourn. This was prevented by the assembling of a quorum of senators who had been sitting in the cloakrooms. In beginning his delay speech, he said: "I do not understand the conduct of senators. I have seen them under all phases. I have seen a senator leave this chamber when he should stay here to receive good advice. I have seen him leave this chamber when, by remaining, he could have given good advice. The only thing I never saw a senator do was to back out of the door in the middle of his own speech."

He stepped from the stairs leading to the cells into the dock as though to the manner born. Did he want the gaoler to show him where to stand? Not he! He gazed up at the familiar face of the magistrate, and half smiled. But his worship's face wore a frown. "This is the seventeenth time I've seen you in the dock," said the cadi sternly. This was not the sort of reception he had expected. He was hurt. "Well, yer worship," he said slowly. "I've seen you sittin' in that chair for eight years, but I've never thought of complainin'!"

They were trying an Irishman, charged with a petty offense, in an Oklahoma town, when the judge asked: "Have you any one in court who will vouch for your good character?" "Yis, Your Honor," quickly responded the Celt, "there's the sheriff there." Whereupon the sheriff evinced signs of great amazement. "Why, Your Honor," declared he, "I don't even know the man." "Observe, Your Honor," said the Irishman, triumphantly, "observe that I've lived in the country for over twelve years and the sheriff doesn't know me yit! Aint that a character for ye?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Romance of To-Day.

He was a handsome, tall brunette,
She was a blond and pert coquette,
He saw her first in a laundaulette;
She looked at him through her lorgnette;
They gazed, they loved, in time they mette
And then the wedding day was sette.
They took a flat with kitchenette
Where she cooked many an omelette
And many a doughnut and hisquette
And other things her husbandette.

Ere long she sewed on a layette
(The baby's name was Olivette)
Alas (I state this with regret),
The years with troubles them besette;
For hubby found a gay soubrette
Whose name was known as Mignonette
Who chanted at a caharette
And often smoked a cigarette.
He spent his money, ran in debtte—
When wife heard this scandalette
She used her silver vinaigrette,
Then said, "A full divorce I'll gette,
I'll make this flighty husbandette
Pay alimony, too, you bette!"
So now she is a widowette
A cynic and a suffragette—
Thus ends my little storiette.

—Berton Braley, in Woman's World.

Curiosity.

They speak of Yankee lust for gain,
Of endless work and mental strain,
Of lack of pleasure, lack of ease,
Of unrelaxing energies.
They tell us that the young and old
Are in a mad pursuit of gold.
But have you ever seen the gang
That gathers at a fire-bell's clang?
Or men on information bent
Who throng to see an accident?
A punctured tire, a runaway,
Will make them linger on their way;
They even stop before a shop
To rubber at a razor-strop;
They stop before a window-pane,
Forget their so-called greed for gain,
Or linger for an hour or more
To ponder on the baseball score.
Ah, yes, we are a busy race,
So wrapped up in the dollars' chase
That we have not an hour to spare—
Go tell it to the copper there.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Pastoral Limericks.

A maiden yclept Adelaide,
To climb up a peach tree essayed;
  I chanced to be there
  And I really declare
That a very good showing she made.

Another one known as Hortense,
Attempted to scale a high fence;
  I was passing that way
  And I really must say
She displayed very poor common sense.

A lady decidedly fat,
In a hammock contentedly sat;
  I was motoring by
  And this comment made I:
"There is really quite something in that!"

A lady's red skirt was turned toward
A bull who terrifically roared;
  I saw it, did I,
  And I said with a sigh,
"That skirt will be beautifully gored!"

—Carleton Garretson, in New York Globe.

The father was in his study at the back of the house looking out on the garden, when he saw his angel child in his little nightshirt come secretly down the steps and steal to a corner of the garden behind some shrubs. He had a garden fork in his hand. After a lapse of some minutes he came out again and stole quietly upstairs. The father's investigations revealed some freshly turned earth. Some few inches down was a closed envelope which the child had buried. On opening it he found a lucifer match and a slip of paper, on which was written in pencil, in a sprawling hand: "Dear Devil—Please take away Aunt Julia."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Myra Josselyn, and Mr. William Duncan. Miss Josselyn is the youngest of five daughters, the others being Mrs. Ettore Avenali, Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, and Miss Marjorie Josselyn. Mr. Duncan is a brother of Mrs. Richard Girvin, Jr., and came out here from Detroit three years ago to reside.

The engagement of Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen and Dr. George D. Lyman has been announced by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Van Sicklen of Alameda. Miss Van Sicklen made her début four years ago and has been identified with the young people on both sides of the bay. She is a sister of Miss Hilda Van Sicklen and the Messrs. Frederick W. Van Sicklen, Jr., and Horace Van Sicklen. Dr. Lyman is a graduate of Stanford and a member of the University Club, where he has resided since coming to this city from Nevada. He is a nephew of Mrs. George King of Oakland. The wedding will take place in December, and the young people will leave soon afterward for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William D. Keyston have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Antoinette Keyston, and Mr. Otto Karl Grau. Miss Keyston graduated at Miss Hamlin's school and has since been abroad. Mr. Grau is a Stanford man and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Grau of Sacramento and a brother-in-law of Mr. Frank Keesling.

An engagement announced in Tucson, Arizona, is that of Miss Jean Hunter Cameron and Mr. Leland Drew Adams, a University of California man. Miss Cameron is the daughter of the late Senator Colin Cameron and a sister of Mr. Brewster Cameron, who will be married this winter to Miss Elena Robinson, daughter of Mrs. James A. Robinson.

From New York comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Harriet Allen and Mr. Marshall Williams of San Jose. Miss Allen has hut recently returned to New York after having spent the summer with Miss Williams at her country home. Mr. Williams is the son of Mrs. E. G. Williams and brother of Miss Margaret Williams, both of whom will go East to attend the wedding on November 17.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stein have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Julie Stein, and Mr. Norbert Shorh. Mr. Shorb is the son of Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb and a brother of Mrs. Carroll Buck, Mrs. John Murtagh, Mrs. James King Steele, and Miss Ethel Shorb.

The engagement is announced of Miss Janey Dudley and Mr. Louis Tainter of Pelham Manor, New York. Miss Dudley spent several years in Menlo with her mother, the widow of the late Dr. Palmer Dudley, of New York, at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. William Adams. She is a sister of Mrs. Oliver Kehrlein and a niece of Mrs. Ansel Easton, Dr. William Adams, and Mr. Charles Adams.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Kohler Bohrmann and Mr. John James Scott of New York took place last Saturday at the home in Sausalito of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Miller. Only relatives were present at the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Mr. Miel of Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. Scott left Monday for New York where they will reside in the future.

Miss Marian La Tourette and Paymaster Edward Stainaker, U. S. N., were married Wednesday, October 11, at the bride's home in Philadelphia. Mrs. Lawrence Fuller went East to he her sister's matron of honor. Paymaster Stainaker and Mrs. Stainaker will reside in Brookline, Massachusetts.

The wedding of Miss Jane Selby, daughter of Mr. Percy W. Selby, and Mr. Robert Y. Hayne, Jr., son of Mrs. Robert Y. Hayne and the late Mr. Robert Y. Hayne of San Mateo, took place at high noon Thursday at the Roman Catholic Church in Menlo. Miss Myra Josselyn was the bride's maid of honor, and the Misses Ethel Mary Crocker, Elena Eyre, Josephine Parrott, and Frederika Otis were the bridesmaids. Mr. Hayne was attended hy Mr. Horace Miller of Los Angeles, and the ushers were the Messrs. Eugene Murphy, Prescott Scott, Christian de Guigne, and William Duncan. Only relatives and intimate friends were invited to the wedding breakfast, which was given at the home in Menlo of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore. Mr. and Mrs. Hayne have gone to New York, whence they will sail in December for Europe.

Miss Helen Smythe and Mr. Alexander Rutherford were married today in New York. Mr. Rutherford is the son of the late Mrs. George Crocker, and a nephew of Mr. Lewis E. Hanchett of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford will come to California to live.

The wedding of Miss Louise McCormick and Mr. Robert Henderson will take place November 28 at Trinity Church.

The marriage of Miss Lolita Burling and Ensign Henry Gehring will take place Novemher 4 at the home in Coronado of Dr. John Evelyn Page, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Page.

Miss Muriel Steele will he married Tuesday to Mr. J. Wesley Gallagher at the home in Oakland of Mrs. E. L. G. Steele, mother of the bride-elect. Mr. Gallagher and his bride will sail Wednesday for their future home in the Orient.

The first reception of the season at which débutantes will he presented to society will he given in the white and gold room at the Fairmont Hotel Wednesday afternoon, when Mrs. Eugene Bresse and Mrs. George Tyson will introduce their daughters, Miss Metha McMahon and Miss Marie Louise Tyson.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker will give a reception today, when their daughter, Miss Marian Crocker, will make her formal début.

Miss Isabel Beaver will be presented to society next Saturday at a tea which will he given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, at Century Hall.

Mrs. Stetson Winslow will issue invitations to a tea which she will give at her home on Pacific Avenue Novemher 4 in honor of her daughter, Miss Ruth Winslow.

The Tuesday Fortnightly and the Saturday Evening Dances have been added to the dancing series for 1911-1912. Mrs. Gailliard Stoney is reorganizing the former and Mrs. Wellington Gregg and Mrs. Seth Mann are arranging the latter.

Much interest is heing taken in the charity ball to be given in Scottish Rite Hall, Novemher 17, for the benefit of the Mount St. Joseph Orphanage. Among the matrons who are lending their support to the event are Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. John B. Casserly, Mrs. Frederick Pickering, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin, and Mrs. Daniel Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Captain Charles Harlow, U. S. N., and Mrs. Harlow.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury entertained at a dinner and later took their guests to the Valencia Theatre, where they enjoyed the musical extravaganza, "Shopping."

Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle gave a luncheon in honor of Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer, who has recently returned from an extended residence ahroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin chaperoned Miss Phyllis de Young and a few of her young friends at a theatre and supper party Saturday evening.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker was hostess at a luncheon recently at the Francisca Club, in honor of Mrs. H. M. A. Miller.

Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel entertained a number of friends at a luncheon and bridge party at the Francisca Club.

Miss Lutie Collier was the guest of honor at a tea given hy Mrs. Carroll Buck.

Captain Charles Harlow, U. S. N., and Mrs. Harlow gave a tea on board the flagship *California* and entertained thirty guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Dibhlee entertained at a dinner at their home in Ross, complimentary to Miss Natalie Coffin and Mr. Crawford Greene.

Miss Elva De Pue has issued invitations to a dance Friday evening, Octoher 27, in honor of the Misses Edith and Ruth Slack.

Mrs. Edgar M. Wilson and Mrs. Effingham Bowne Sutton entertained at a tea Wednesday at Mrs. Wilson's home on Walnut Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Dorothy Page and Miss Marian Dickens.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith gave a dinner recently at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mr. William Marsteller of Kentucky.

Mrs. Frederick R. Day, wife of Major Day, U. S. A., entertained at a bridge tea in honor of Mrs. Arthur Sidney Murray.

Opening of the New Children's Hospital.

The Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses, 3700 California Street, will officially open the new huilding this Friday, Octoher 20, from 10 a. m. until 10 p. m. The board of managers cordially invites the entire San Francisco puhlic, and will hid each man, woman, and child in our community welcome on that day. The puhlic has time and again proved its appreciation of and confidence in the work of the Children's Hospital. This is the opportunity to personally inspect the concrete results of wide generosity. The new building contains children's wards, private suites, and rooms for adults, operating rooms, etc. Beauty of style has heen maintained in the exterior, making the huilding an ornament to the city.

The talented American soprano, Miss Flora Wilson, who made so excellent an impression at her concert at the St. Francis Hotel last season, is heing hooked for another Coast tour during the holidays. Miss Wilson has added some new English and Scotch airs to her list.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

From New York, where it has a record of three successful years, that clever collahoration of Mary Roherts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood, "Seven Days," with Wagenhals & Kemper's Broadway cast and production complete, comes to the Columhia Theatre next Monday evening, Octoher 23. Memories of the piece as the hrightest and swetest farce-comedy of the season have persisted since its former visit. Through the play love runs gayly, and when it stabs sharpest, laughter is merriest, as is the way in this generation. And whether the persons in "Seven Days" are making love, or an omelet, or hunting a ghost, or staving off starvation with hird-seed, there is laughter—laughter for all in the cleverest, wittiest, and most hilarious comedy now on the stage. "It is," said the New York *World*, "a veritable conspiracy of fun. It contains every element of uncommonly good entertainment. The wonder is that the authors could have started their fun flowing so spontaneously and kept it going so unflaggingly."

Gertrude Hoffmann and her Imperial Russian Dancers have created a genuine sensation at the Cort Theatre. Much had heen heard here in advance of this organization, hut every expectation has heen more than realized. They are marvelously poetic interpretations that these Russians give. "La Saison des Ballets Russes" is the crowning achievement in the career of Gertrude Hoffmann, an achievement to which she has devoted all the resources that she could command. She has hrought to America the storied wonders of the Thousand and One Nights with all their atmosphere of Oriental mysticism, classic splendor, and harharic heauty. The settings are lavish to an extreme; the costumes are exquisite comhinations of color—daring, defiant, yet always effective. Monday starts the second and last week of the engagement on its way, and from the advance sale, the same crowded houses will he in evidence as during the past week. The same programme is given at each performance. It comprises "Cleopatra," "Les Sylphides," "Sheherazade," and Gertrude Hoffmann's revue with her imitations of stage favorites.

Nat M. Wills, the Happy Tramp, and one of the most famous of vaudeville artists, will make his reappearance in this city at the Orpheum next week after an ahsence of seven years. His monologue in the character of the dilapidated hut care-free tramp is irresistihle in its humor and has never heen equaled, although many have tried in vain to copy his style of speech and mannerism. His success has not heen confined to this country, but has extended to every city of importance in the English-speaking world. La Titcomh, who last appeared here as headliner of the 1909 Road Show, comes for next week only. She is a handsome woman and presents an attractive appearance as she sits on the hack of one of her heautiful milk-white horses. Her act consists of five sections and introduces songs, serpentine dancing, and high-school riding. The saxophone has probahly never heen made so effective and pleasing as it is by the Six Brown Brothers, who will play a number of selections on it in the coming hill. These young men, who are in reality hrothers, display great versatility and are proficient on the cornet, trombone, and miamhaphone. If for no other reason than that they introduce new tricks of their own invention, the Pedersen Brothers are sure to attract attention. They are daring, original, and funny, the most striking feature of their performance heing the "Pedersen" trick. Victor Pedersen catches a horizontal har with his feet, one on each side of the pole, and in seeming defiance of natural laws, whirls ahout with his hody horizontal. Carl Pedersen distinguishes himself particularly on the flying rings. Next week will he the last of Agnes Scott and Henry Keane, Sammy Burns and Alice Fulton, Madame Panita, and the greatest sensation in her line that has ever appeared in this city, Odiva, "the Water Queen."

The book of the musical-comedy hit, "Bright Eyes," has heen taken from Charles Dickson's "Mistakes Will Happen," and in conjunction with the music from the pens of the men who prepared the gems of "Three Twins," is said to make a fine entertainment. Lean and Holhrook appear in the stellar rôles. The first scene of the piece represents the stage of a theatre during a rehearsal and displays a decided scenic novelty. Coming soon to the Columhia Theatre.

On Monday night, October 30, the famous funmaker, Sam Bernard, who has never appeared in the West, comes to the Cort Theatre. Bernard has a strong supporting company and an elahorate production. His musical comedy vehicle, "He Came from Milwaukee," is declared to he the hest he has yet had in his merry career.

Anna Held will hring with her to the Columhia Theatre a company numhering nearly one hundred and fifty people. Her production of "Miss Innocence" will he seen here in all its Broadway attractiveness.

Robert Homans, formerly a valued memher of the Valencia Theatre stock company here and later with the New York New Theatre forces, is to play in "The Million," an adapted French farce, this season, under W. A. Brady's management.

For Hallowe'en Parties—Grinning Jack-o'-Lanterns, strange Gohlin candy hoxes and appropriate dinner favors—all these for the Hallowe'en party on Oct. 31st. At Geo. Haas & Sons' four candy stores in San Francisco: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

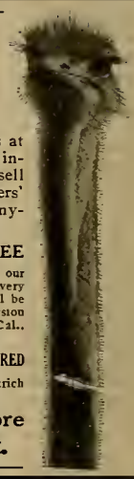
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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan moved Wednesday to Burlingame from Beaulieu, their country home near Saratoga, where they have been living since their return from Europe. Ambassador Charles Page Bryan will be their guest until October 25, when he sails for his new post in Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard are established in their new home in Woodside, where they will remain until the holidays. They will also occupy their home on Broadway during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader have rented their home on Jackson Street and are settled for the winter in an apartment at the Santa Barbara on California Street.

Mrs. S. S. Greaves and Miss Dorothy Greaves of Woodside spent a few days last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. William Thomas and her daughter, Miss Gertrude Thomas, are expected home next month from Boston.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper has returned to her home in Burlingame after a visit to the ranch in San Luis Obispo County of Baroness von Schroeder.

Dr. David Starr Jordan and Mrs. Jordan are en route home from the Orient, where they have been spending the past six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone and Mr. Allan Kittle have returned from a ten days' outing at Wehber Lake.

Mr. Archibald Roosevelt arrived from the East last week and is the guest of his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., has returned from Washington, D. C., after a brief visit with relatives.

Miss Kate Stone and Miss Dorothy Baker have returned from a week's visit in Monterey.

Mr. Gardner Williams and his daughters, the Misses Gertrude and Dorothy Williams, have arrived in Washington, D. C., after having spent the summer in California.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn returned to Woodside Sunday after a two weeks' visit in Grass Valley, where she was the guest of Mrs. William B. Bourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin (formerly Miss Virginia Hohart), who have been spending the past two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, will sail Wednesday for the Orient and will tour the world before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller will leave tomorrow for New York, where they contemplate spending several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin are en route to New York for a month's visit.

Miss Marian Newhall was the week-end guest of Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Miss Jennie Crocker in Burlingame.

Mr. Douglas Alexander has returned from Lake Tahoe, where he spent two weeks with Mr. Lloyd Tevis and Mr. William S. Tevis, Jr.

Mr. John Parrott, Miss Josephine Parrott, and Miss Evelyn Dick arrived Monday from Europe and are guests at the home in San Mateo of Mrs. A. M. Parrott.

Miss Virginia Joliffe spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guest of Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Mr. Claus August Spreckels returned to New York Monday after a few days' visit, having been summoned to this city by the serious illness of his brother, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, who is now convalescent.

Mr. Edgar Carolan arrived Sunday evening from New York, and will spend several weeks with his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan of this city, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett of San Mateo, and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan of Burlingame.

Mrs. A. Mountenay Jephson (formerly Miss Anna Head) came to town Monday from Pleasanton, where she has been spending two weeks with Mrs. Hearst, and will be at the Bellevue Hotel until her departure for her home in London.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin has returned from New York, where she placed her daughter, Miss Arabella Schwerin, in school.

Mr. Louis Findlay Monteagle left Thursday for New York.

Mr. Horace Hill, Jr., has arrived from the East on his annual visit to his friends in this city.

The Rev. David M. Crabtree and Mrs. Crabtree have taken a house in town for the winter. They expect to return from Bakersfield in December.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond B. Splivalo of San Mateo have gone to San Jose, where they will spend a month at the Hotel Vendome.

Ex-Senator Charles Felton and his son, Mr. Charles Felton, Jr., will close their home in Menlo November 1, and will spend the winter in the home at Broadway and Buchanan Street of Mrs. C. H. Huffman.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule have arrived from New York to reside permanently in this city.

Miss Augusta Foute spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon in Menlo.

Miss Ruth Winslow was the guest over the week-end of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt, wife of Major Roosevelt, U. S. M. C., accompanied by her two children, sailed on the *Manchuria* for Manila, and will be absent two years.

Mrs. A. M. Lawrence and her daughter, Miss Edna Lawrence, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld, 1809 California Street.

Dr. Clark Burnham and family of Berkeley left last Saturday for Berne, Switzerland, to be absent until next April.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquarson have rented for the winter the house on Pacific Avenue and Baker Street of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Graham Crothers.

Dr. Kaspar Pischel, Mrs. Pischel, and their daughters are enjoying a few weeks' visit in Switzerland after a tour of the Italian lakes.

Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Miss Helen Tallant, and Mr. Drury Tallant will spend the winter at the Santa Barbara on California Street.

Mrs. George Stoney and the Misses Katherine and Helena Stoney have gone East to spend the winter and contemplate going abroad at the close of the season.

Mrs. Amy Talbot and her daughter, Miss Amalita Talbot, have returned to their home in Washington, D. C., after having spent the summer in California.

Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore and Miss Elizabeth Livermore spent a few days last week in town and returned Saturday to Montesol, Sonoma County, to close their country home for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. John James Scott (formerly Miss Elizabeth Bohrmann) left Monday for their future home in New York.

Mr. Edward W. Hopkins and Miss Florence Hopkins have returned from the East, where they have been spending the past six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Bowne Sutton (formerly Miss Maud Wilson) will leave October 26 for New Orleans, where they will reside indefinitely.

Miss Jennie Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard are in New York enjoying a visit before the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle have rented the home on Broadway of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kimball.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott left Tuesday for New York, where they will spend several weeks

Mr. Lloyd Tevis and Mr. William S. Tevis, Jr., have come down from Lake Tahoe for a week's visit.

Mrs. A. N. Buchanan and her daughters, the Misses Gladys and Linda Buchanan, have returned from Europe.

Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., and Mrs. Sands W. Forman have returned from a three months' visit in the Orient.

Dr. Edward Janss and Mrs. Janss (formerly Miss Florence Cluff) will visit Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff en route to Los Angeles from New York, where they have been spending their honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Cerf have closed their home in Belvedere for the season and are occupying their town house.

Mrs. William H. Sutherland and her daughters will return to Washington, D. C., where they will remain during Rear-Admiral Sutherland's trip to Honolulu with the fleet.

Captain J. B. Murphy, U. S. A., has gone to San Diego with General Brush, U. S. A., on a tour of inspection of the artillery posts of California.

Lieutenant Francis P. Hardaway, U. S. A., has gone to St. Louis, where he will be married this month to Miss Lucille Cates.

Captain Pourie, U. S. A., now stationed on Puget Sound, and Mrs. Pourie have recently been visiting Lieutenant Niles, U. S. A., at his quarters in Seattle. Mrs. Pourie will leave shortly for Alaska, where she will visit friends at the post.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Dassonville (formerly Miss Gertrude Perry) have taken a house in Berkeley, where they will reside indefinitely.

Miss Alyse Warner has been entertaining Miss Rita Brown of Boston, who, with her sister, Miss Lois Brown, will spend the winter in California.

Colonel Charles Mifflin Hammond and Mrs. Hammond came down from Lake County to visit this city during the festivities.

Mrs. W. J. Cuthbert sailed last week for her home in the Orient. Mrs. Cuthbert came to San Francisco to attend the wedding of her sister, Mrs. William E. Hough (formerly Miss Amalia Simpson).

Miss Helen Elizabeth Cowles will leave November 1 for Atlanta, Georgia, where she will spend the winter with her father, Mr. Paul Cowles.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, the Misses Kathleen and Phyllis de Young, sailed Wednesday for the Orient. They will make a tour of the world and expect to return home in April.

Mr. Wakefield Baker, Jr., returned Saturday from the East and was accompanied by two college friends, who are at present his guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain of New York are visiting Mr. and Mrs Selah Chamberlain.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Lukens will remain at their country home in Siskiyou County until November.

Mrs. A. L. Gump has returned from San Rafael and is at home at 2559 Green Street.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. and Mrs. Alex Allison, Mrs. Charles E. Parent, Mr. C. J. Neleigh, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Farish, Jr., Mr. F. E. Harris.

The Roos Reception for President Taft.

President Taft's only ceremonial visit to a private residence during his three days' stay in San Francisco was paid Sunday afternoon to the home of Mme. Adolphe Roos, 2000 Jackson Street. Invitations to the affair were issued in the names of Mme. Adolphe Roos and Mr. Robert A. Roos.

In the receiving line were Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. John Drum, Miss Alice Hager, Mrs. E. S. Heller, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. J. J. Mack, Mrs. M. Meyerfeld, Mrs. H. D. Pillsbury, Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., Mrs. George H. Roos, Mrs. Leon L. Roos, Mrs. F. Schloss, and Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Allen, Miss Jennie Blair, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Brandenstein, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. Charles de Young, Miss Kathleen de Young, the Misses Dinkelspiel, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Ehrman, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Ehrman, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Fleishhacker, Mr. and Mrs. T. Carey Friedlander, Mr. and Mrs. William Fries, Mr. and Mrs. Leon S. Greenebaum, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Heller, Mr. and Mrs. Moscs Heller, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Hornick, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., Dr. M. Hertzstein, Mr. and Mrs. L. Harris, Congressman and Mrs. Julius Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph King, Mr. Percy King, Mrs. A. M. Lawrence, Miss Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lilienthal, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mack, Captain and Mrs. W. Matson, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, General and Mrs. A. T. Murray, Judge W. W. Morrow, Mme. Lillian Nordica, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George H. Roos, Mr. and Mrs. Leon L. Roos, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Schlesinger, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Sesnon, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. James Tyson, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney, the Misses Wolff, and Mr. and Mrs. Mel Schweitzer.

Included among the guests also were the army and navy officers traveling with the President, directors of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and members of the President's party from Washington.

The Eames-De Gogorza Concerts.

The prominent events in both musical and social life for the coming week will unquestionably be the two concerts to be given by Mme. Emma Eames, who has justly been called "the incomparable," in conjunction with Emilio de Gogorza, the foremost living concert baritone, and M. Henri Gilles, a young French pianist.

The recent romantic marriage of Eames and De Gogorza has added to the interest in their first joint concert tour, and their combination programmes are quite out of the ordinary and a temptation to every lover of the beauties of the human voice. They have devoted considerable time to ensemble singing, and as a result we are to hear these two beautiful voices blend in no less than six duets at each concert.

Of course Mme. Eames will offer arias from her famous operatic successes, besides songs in German, French, Italian, and English, and Mr. de Gogorza will offer a similar variety of numbers, adding some of those delightful Spanish melodies which no one else can sing as he does.

The first concert will be given this coming Tuesday night, October 24, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, and the second and last concert will be given Sunday afternoon, October 29, with an entire change of programme.

The seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, where complete programmes may be obtained. Mail orders will receive prompt attention if addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

The splendid opening programme will be repeated in Oakland on Friday afternoon, October 27, at Ye Liberty Playhouse at 3:15, and for this event the box-office will open next Monday morning, October 23.

These artists have been secured to open the St. Francis Musical Art Society's fifth season.

That the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, which will appear here on Thanksgiving afternoon and night, November 30, captivates the heart of the people, needs no other certificate than the fact that the choir on its third tour is receiving a warmer reception than it ever received on its previous tours. The daughters of Wales have found that Americans and Canadians are truly a musical people. Hence the third visit of the choir and the invariable warm reception it has met with so far at every appearance on its present itinerary.

David Bispham, the greatest of American singers, will give concerts in this city during the latter part of November or early December.

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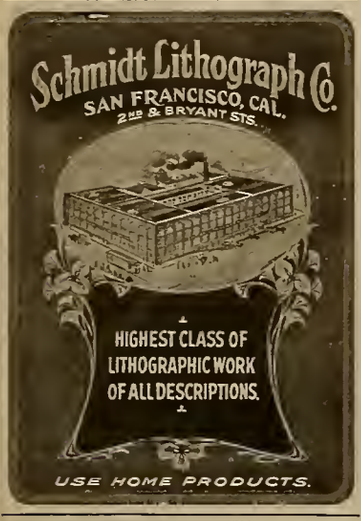
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Mrs. A—Your hushand always dresses so quietly. *Mrs. B*—He does not. You ought to hear him when he loses a collar button.—*Milwoukee Daily News.*

The Tall and Aggressive One—Excuse me, hut I'm in a hurry! You've had that 'phone twenty minutes and not said a word! *The Short ond Meek One*—Sir, I'm talking to my wife!—*Puck.*

"I don't suppose the war between Italy and Turkey will curtail the output of Turkisb cigarettes?" "I hardly think so. The war will not be fought in New York."—*Birmingbom Age-Herald.*

"So you have quit laughing at your wife's hats?" "Yes," replied Mr. Growcher. "Tbe funnier tbey seem to me the more convinced she is that they must he correct in style."—*Woshington Star.*

"I know he's a darling, hut I'm afraid it's no use—my hushand doesn't like dogs." "You huy 'im, lydy. You can easy get another 'ushand, hut you won't git another dorg like 'im!"—*London Opinion.*

"When I visit the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone I realize the insignificance of man. Ever heen there?" "Never. You can get the same sensation by going to a suffragette meeting."—*Washington Herald.*

"Still in politics, Ruggles?" "Yes; I've been in politics for twelve years, hut I'm about to quit it." "What's the reason for tbat?" "Haven't you read the election returns?"—*Chicogo Tribune.*

"I've lost the baby!" shrieks the nursemaid. "Heavens! Why don't you hurry out and speak to a policeman?" "It's no use, mum. That's what I was doin' when I lost tbe haby!"—*Cleveland Plain Deoler.*

Gritty Pikes—It's a heartless world, pard. Think what a woman done when I asked her to give me something to keep body and soul together! *Muddy Lanes*—Can't imagine. *Gritty Pikes*—She gimme a safety-pin!—*Chicago News.*

Mr. E. N. Quire—What are those women mauling that man for? *Mrs. Henballot*—He insulted us hy saying that the suffrage movement destroyed our naturally timid sweetness and robhed us of all our gentleness.—*New York Sun.*

"I suppose you will miss your boy while he is at college." "Yep," replied Farmer Corntossel. "I dunno what I'll do without him. He got the live stock so they wouldn't move unless he give 'em the college yell an' I can't remember it."—*Washington Star.*

"After all," observes the thoughtful man, "there's always a lot of difference hetween expectation and realization." "You het," answers the man with the cbenille whiskers. "For instance, reading a seed catalogue in the spring and looking at your garden in the fall."—*Life.*

Pilgrim—If I come in will thet dorg hite me? *Mrs. Howkins*—We aint no ways sure, mister. But the feller that let us take him on trial said he'd chaw up a tramp in less'n two minutes, hut, land sakes, we aint goin' to believe it till we see it done.—*Chicogo Daily News.*

"You still assert that competition is the life of trade?" "Oh, yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "But we don't care to compete for a chance to sell our goods. What we want is to find people with their money out competing for the privilege of huying them."—*Washington Stor.*

"I tell you," said Farmer Corntossel, "bein' a sheriff around here is a mighty hard joh." "You never arrest anyhody." "No. But there's an awful lot o' false alarms. Every time one o' these summer girls sees a caterpillar you think there's murder hein' committed."—*Washington Stor.*

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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the county clerk of said city and county.

The People of the State of California send greeting to: CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you hy the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this city and county; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to ohtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing hetween plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is herehy made.

And you are herehy notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BUSH FINNELL, Attorney for Plaintiff, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Will of the People.

Speaking broadly—the returns are not even yet completely formulated—about half of the citizenship of California participated in the election of two weeks ago. By that election twenty-three constitutional amendments were adopted, amounting in their sum to a radical reconstruction of our basic law. The vote by which these amendments were carried, while a majority of all votes cast and therefore "regular" under the law, was only about one-fourth of the total registered vote. As a net result, therefore, we have a constitutional revolution at the hands of approximately 25 per cent of the voting element. Presumably somewhere about 70 per cent were not favorable to the changes involved, approximately one-third actively and two-thirds passively.

Plainly there is something wrong in political arrangements which permit a relatively small minority of the voting population to effect such sweeping modifications. Plainly again, the situation demands constitutional changes which will guard against this kind of thing in times to come. It should be made impossible for a fraction of the people to carry forward sweeping proposals even as against public ignorance and public indifference.

It is fair to presume in matters involving constitutional amendment that whoever is not for change is against it; for it is almost a fixed principle that those favorable to change will give themselves the trouble to go to the polls and vote. A proper modification of the law would be another constitutional amendment requiring that any future amendment must have the favoring vote of at least a majority of the whole registration. This of course would make constitutional change more difficult. But few will wish to make revolution so easy that a minority of the people can bring it about.

The quackery involved in most of the changes enforced by the recent election is demonstrated by the fact that in all but a few cases the same results could have been brought about by legislative enactment. The right way to get at these things, assuming them to be right in themselves, was through legislative action than by change in the constitution. But the proposers, much as they prate about the will of the people, were not content to leave the fate of their whimsies to the public will. The trick of their scheme—the policy upon which they pride themselves—was that of putting into the constitution matters which should have been subjects of legislative action and therefore revocable. What they really wanted and what they have practically achieved was to so establish their theories as to put them practically beyond the will of the people.

China and Sun Yat Sen.

The Chinese empire has so far modernized her methods that the money bag is likely to be the arbitrator between the Manchus, who are now fighting somewhere in the proximity of the last ditch, and the revolutionists, who seem to be under full sail toward success. The government has just made application to the four great financial powers of the world for a special loan of $3,000,000 for the purpose of suppressing the rebellion. The amount seems pitifully small, but it was promptly refused by America, England, France, and Germany. When China wanted $50,000,000 for the reform of her currency it was granted at once, but apparently there is no money available for a cause that seems to be already lost. It is certain that the revolutionists, if successful, would feel under no obligations for the repayment of money borrowed for their own suppression, and the financiers of the world are hardly likely to lend money on a security that would disappear after a decisive battle.

On the other hand, the revolutionists are well equipped with funds, thanks to the extraordinary energy displayed by Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who has been preparing for the present emergency for years and who long ago predicted the events that are now taking place. Dr. Sun has been traveling up and down in the world enlisting the sympathy and aid of wealthy Chinamen everywhere. He is well known in San Francisco and New York, and although his countrymen in the East are said to have given him a cool reception he is supposed to have been more fortunate in California. A year ago he wrote to a group of English bankers describing his success with Chinese merchants in Bangkok, Siam, and in Singapore and the Malay Straits. From these men he had secured a loan of $2,500,000, and he said that this would be enough to enable his friends to capture two rich provinces at the first surprise. Evidently this money was well spent, for the programme then outlined by Dr. Sun has been carried out. With two provinces in their hands it would be possible to declare a provisional government and to give adequate security for further loans. The provisional government has now been declared and its proclamations may be seen in San Francisco today. There are rumors of other and still greater successes, but the news is evidently being censored and we may have to wait a while for anything definite. But Dr. Sun has shown himself to be a true prophet. Not only did he make an accurate forecast of the campaign in its first stages, but he secured the necessary money for its accomplishment. To finance a revolution before the first blow has been struck is a considerable achievement, and especially among a people who are not noted either for public spirit or for enthusiasm. It would seem that we have overlooked some of the possibilities of the Chinaman.

Dr. Sun's correspondence with the English bankers showed that he was quite sure of the imperial forces south of the Yangtse River. He says that they were even then commanded and manned by revolutionists and that the cities of Wuchang and Nanking would declare in their favor. This seems to have been strictly true, and it speaks volumes for the patient secrecy with which the revolution was planned. Of the troops around Peking Dr. Sun was not so sure. They were the creation of Yuan Shi Kai and became disaffected when that official was degraded, but it was doubtful how they would act in an emergency. Here, too, Dr. Sun seems to have been well informed. We do not know exactly what is happening in Peking, but we do know that Yuan Shi Kai has been hurriedly recalled from exile, and this looks like a desperate move to retain the loyalty of the soldiers. We are also told that Peking is panic-struck by the rebel successes, and this may mean that the garrison of the capital is still wavering. But however that may be, the Manchus seem to be in desperate straits. Dr. Sun has shown himself to be so well informed that we may believe him when he writes to his English friends a year ago that the whole of south China is ready for revolt and that the best fighting elements of many provinces were already enrolled.

Dr. Sun is probably astute enough to know that his real difficulties will begin and not end with his complete military success. The dragging down of an ancient building is a small feat in comparison with the erection of a new one, and this, by the way, is a lesson not yet learned by our own revolutionists. Dr. Sun is said to have a constitution already cut and dried, a constitution that shall have all the virtues and none of the faults of American and European governments. These things are delightfully easy to do upon paper. We can all of us make a new earth with our pens and expunge every kind of evil by legislative acts, but legislative acts are noticeably inoperative over the human heart, which is credibly said to be desperately wicked. It may be doubted if 2 per cent of the Chinese revolutionists have the faintest notion of representative government or of the democratic institutions that Dr. Sun is said to have elaborated, and he is therefore likely to find that his real enemy is not so much the Manchu dynasty as the conservatism and political ignorance of his own followers. Everything will of course be adjusted in good time, assuming the ultimate success of the revolution, but it will be a mistake to suppose that the echo of the last gun will signalize the sudden emergence of China out of darkness into light.

The Spring Valley Adjudication.

Judge Farrington, United States district judge of Nevada, sitting in San Francisco as United States circuit judge, has achieved the amazing success of rendering a judgment in relation to the Spring Valley Water Company which satisfies everybody. The Spring Valley Company has been constantly in court for nearly half a century, but has never before been the subject of a judicial finding which satisfied anybody. Our congratulations to Judge Farrington! If there was the [illegible]

of gratitude in republics, he would be rechristened Daniel the Second!

The question before Judge Farrington was that of the right of the Spring Valley Company to exact certain service rates which under allowance of court they have been doing now for eight years past in defiance of restrictions by the San Francisco board of supervisors. The claim of the water company was that the rates imposed by the supervisors were too low. Upon showings in court they were permitted to collect the higher rate, at the same time "impounding"—subject to return to consumers in the event of final adverse judgment—the amounts in excess of the supervisorial rate, the sums impounded now amounting to approximately $600,000. The adjudication presumably awards this large fund to the water company and therefore in one sense amounts to a victory for the company.

But the real issue was not the impounded money. It was as to the value of the varied properties which go to make up the Spring Valley Company's total investment. The company itself offered so recently as two years ago to sell its holdings, including water sources, lands, reservoirs, pumps, aqueducts, distributing system—everything, bag and baggage—to the city for the lump sum of $35,000,000. At the same time it submitted as a matter of argument that the property was worth a vastly larger sum. The company's own engineer, Mr. Schussler, estimated the value to be $51,500,000. Other estimates by engineers in the employ of the water company named various figures, ranging from $70,000,000 to $44,770,900. On the other hand, experts engaged by the municipality estimated the value in various sums from $28,024,389 to $22,736,643. The point was to get at a basic sum upon which the company might legitimately demand rates that would yield 5 per cent annually to the stockholders. The supervisors in 1903 arbitrarily fixed the value at $24,673,212, for all that part of the company's property used in supplying the city with water. Judge Farrington finds and determines that the value is $25,771,984. This is the sum upon which the water company had the right to demand interest in 1903. Judge Farrington also finds that the value of other properties of the company not in immediate use for supplying water to the city is $5,101,132. Therefore, according to Judge Farrington's decision, the value of the properties of the Spring Valley Water Company in total in the year 1903 was $30,873,116. Those who speak for the company declare that increases of investment and other forms of development within the past eight years will bring up the value today not only to the price asked from the city two years ago ($35,000,000), but considerably beyond it.

Leaving speculative considerations entirely out of the question, this judgment makes a basis which is happily satisfactory all around. There will be small difficulty now in adjusting water rates, since nobody will wish to enforce rates below the limits of equity. The fact fundamentally requisite—the value of the property—has now been determined, under a judicial finding which supplies a method of calculating increased value from time to time. This adjudication ought to take the whole matter of the water company's charges out of politics and to leave it a mere matter of bookkeeping to determine what the service charges should be.

Circumstances and events have made plain the desire of the people of San Francisco to own their own water supply system. Like the baby in the bath, reaching out for a widely advertised brand of soap, San Francisco won't be happy till she gets it. As everybody knows, there has been a world of projecting, serious but not wise, determined but not practical, to bring in water from the Sierra and elsewhere. At the same time all men of judgment have understood that a preliminary and essential requisite is the acquisition of the Spring Valley property. This has been proposed in many shapes and forms, but has always hung fire at the point of price. It has been as easy for politicians and demagogues to "bear" the property as for the Spring Valley Company to "bull" it. A deal on the basis of $35,000,000, submitted to the public, failed two years ago by only a few votes, even though it had the support of many who at other times had been savagely opposed to any kind of a trade with the Spring Valley Company.

There seems now no reason why a deal so long discussed and so hotly controverted should not be made on the basis of Judge Farrington's calculations. It would give the city what it seems determined to have and what imperatively requires if it must own its own water system; and it would give the company approximately what it has demanded in its more liberal moods for its properties. One advantage of such a deal would be to substitute an era of peace for one of intensely embittered political, financial, and personal warfare. Another advantage would be to put a quietus upon the imposing but impractical Hetch Hetchy project. The existing Spring Valley system is amply able to supply the present needs of San Francisco, and developments easily practicable will make it sufficient for a good half-century to come.

At the same time the *Argonaut* must repeat what it has said many times before, namely, that the soundest policy for San Francisco would be to keep out of the water business, for the present at least, in any other relation than as a consumer. If the city of San Francisco were a private organization, conducting its business on business principles, it would leave the business of water supply in private hands, meeting its requirements for water by purchase at fixed and legitimate rates now easily to be determined. If the city shall, as we believe it will, insist upon owning its own water system, it will unfailingly involve itself in extravagances and probably in scandals. If efficiency in water supply is the only consideration, it can be had more surely and at less cost through the agency of the Spring Valley Company than through the scheme of public ownership. Until such time as it shall be possible to buy a length of hose or lay a brick or drive a nail under direct municipal authority without waste and scandal, we would better in business prudence and common sense put to one side the proposals of the theorists and politicians who are forever urging upon us Utopian schemes of municipal ownership.

The Special Session.

Governor Johnson is certainly "making haste slowly," to use his own words, in the matter of the special session of the legislature. The session is to open in about a month or five weeks, but no official summons has been issued, nor are we allowed to know the nature of the propositions to be submitted. The governor himself has only just returned from his electioneering campaign in favor of the amendments, but beyond saying that the matter of the special session is a "weighty problem" he refuses to commit himself. Possibly he finds it necessary to consult a lawyer.

But it will be safe to assume that the business of the session will divide itself into two main heads—the amendments themselves and the redistribution of representation. Even supposing that the constitutional amendments were in legal and comprehensible form it would still be necessary to secure some sort of legislative ratification and to pass various enabling laws before they can be applied. But there is good reason to believe that the amendments are not in any orderly shape and that they will have to be tinkered before they can be used for their intended purposes. It is not given to ordinary human intelligence to understand the real inwardness of the recent quarrel between the governor and the secretary of state, but at least it was easy to see that there was something wrong somewhere and that zeal had been allowed to outrun such trivial considerations as legality. No doubt all such matters will be straightened out in the forthcoming session after the governor has had time to find out what they are and to consult some one who understands the law as to the remedy.

The matter of the redistribution of representation is highly technical and is not likely to arouse much general interest, although promotion committees and boards of trade will probably lodge the usual number of claims and protests. The constitution requires that there shall be such a redistribution at the first meeting of the legislature after every census in order so to adjust the electoral districts as to preserve them as nearly equal in population as may be. Under ordinary circumstances there would, of course, be no need to call a special session for such a purpose. It could await the ordinary session. But if a special session is called for some other purpose it must at the same time devote itself to the redistribution problem.

It will not be an easy one to solve. In the first place the fluctuations in population have been very pronounced. The San Francisco fire went far to remodel the population map and its effect was felt all over the state. Southern California has been making heroic efforts to attract residents, and they have been by no means fruitless. Nor is the matter wholly one of mathematical calculation. The law allows of a certain latitude in the method of reapportionment, and it is understood that various experts are in the field, each with a pet scheme intended to advance either urban or rural interests. The governor intends to make the session as short as possible, but a special legislature is always something of an unknown quantity. Moreover, there will be a great temptation to include still more "reform" legislation in the crazy quilt under which the state will lie unrestfully for many years to come. The governor is even said to be elaborating some new brand of presidential primary that will be unlimited in its possibilities for stump speaking and that will place the delegates in a sort of straitjacket of compulsion. A special session is an occasion not to be lost at a time when the whole state is supposed to be looking feverishly to the governor to save it from something.

Passing the Buck.

The always diverting but not unfamiliar game of *cultus klonas wawa,* which may be freely translated as passing the buck, is now being played in the face of the San Francisco public in the matter of that bright but elusive dream, the Geary Street municipal railroad. So far back as December, 1909, the dear people provided funds for this project by the easy process of taxing their neighbors, and commissioned that peerless patriot, P. H. McCarthy, mayor, to carry on the work. The Geary Street project had been one of Mr. McCarthy's campaign specialties. It helped him to ride into office, and it fitted his purpose, he declared, as hand to glove. With many poundings on the executive table to the accompaniment of fearsome oaths, he vowed that the job should be carried through "on the dead jump."

Why, after McCarthy had been in office more than a year and a half, nothing at all had been done in the matter of the Geary Street enterprise, we can only surmise. But the fact was that nothing had been done up to a few weeks prior to the 26th ultimo. Then under some influence which it might seem impertinent to identify with the then approaching mayoralty election, there was a tremendous exhibition of energy in the buying of picks and shovels and in the hiring of men. The plan was to be that of day's labor, so it was announced—in other words light work, heavy pay, and a long job. Despite the fact that a generous payroll was provided, not much actual work was done on Geary Street, only just enough to tear up the roadway and obstruct team traffic and to give the poor old Geary Street Cable Company another in a long series of spinal chills. By this time the election was past and the work naturally ceased. The flurry, if it had not exactly served its purpose, had fulfilled its intent—a difference which will not be lost upon those who have minds for delicate distinctions.

Now we have come to an interchange of courtesies between city officials in explanation of why nothing is doing in Geary Street and why nothing can be done for months to come. The mayor refers to the board of works. The board of works refers to the city engineer. Then everybody refers back to the original starting point. And there you have it. Everybody passes the buck. Just nothing at all has been done in or about the Geary Street project, except to buy picks and shovels and to pay a lot of laborers immediately prior to the election for breaking up and obstructing the street. The work of preparing the roadway and laying tracks could be done in a very short time, but there has been no provision for power houses, no construction of cars. There is not even so much as a draftsman's plan for anything in sight. The whole project is precisely where it was twenty-one months ago, excepting that the city is paying interest on bonds sold and that generous sums have been paid out in the form of salaries on construction account.

In the meantime the old Geary Street road bumps along after its familiar fashion, giving to the district to which Geary Street is the line of travel a fairly regular means of transportation. It is in order for the proper authorities to stop the Geary Street cars, but if this should be done it will make trouble among the Geary Streeters, who are curiously unwilling even in the cause of municipal progress to exchange their present facilities for none at all. The most favorable estimate postpones the actual opening of the municipal system till midsummer next, while other authorities less optimistic believe that it will take upwards of a year to get the projected road actually in operation. A period of nearly two years has been completely lost, the only visible achievement, as already stated, being some stretches of broken roadway in Geary Street. The only other tangible result is a long and steadily growing interest account and a sheaf of promptly canceled salary war-

rants, bearing the signatures of members of the P. H. McCarthy Social Club. All this plus the scandals involved in nearly two years' delay and in the shamefully wasteful ways in which money has been paid from the construction fund upon political account.

When the Geary Street scheme was authorized by popular vote two years ago the *Argonaut*, commenting on the fact, among other things said:

> Municipal engineers have estimated that the work will cost in round numbers two millions of dollars and that it can be completed within a year. The *Argonaut* prophesies that the cost will be nearer four millions than two and that the time of construction will be nearer two years than one. * * * Our municipal railroad will cost unreasonably because there will be incompetence and jobbery all along the line of construction. There will be delay following delay, with a long period during which the Geary Street people will be without a facility which now serves them reasonably well—this because the enterprise will lack the driving energy essential to the prompt execution of great tasks. When the road is completed—if ever it really gets completed—it will be inefficiently manned and inefficiently managed. Devices of politicalism will besmear its service at every point. The cost of everything, including labor, will be expanded, the service will be slovenly and insolent. Dissatisfaction will be universal. The road will not be able to earn its living, but will become a burden upon the public purse and the public patience. The district adjacent to Geary Street will suffer the manifold evils of inefficient transportation and will cry out in resentment and reproach of a system tending to retard development and reduce property values. The street railroad department of the city government will become one of the pawns of professional politics, tending to jobbery and corruption. If labor troubles arise the street transportation department will yield us another grievous problem. * * * We will rue the day when this unspeakably foolish thing was done. We will suffer until multiplied hardships and resentments shall prompt us to rise up in righteous wrath and undo that which carelessness, malice, and stupidity have forced upon us.

Not all the mischiefs set forth in this prophecy have yet come to pass Still the game has gone far enough to justify the boast that a fair beginning has been made. It will all duly work out according to above outline before we are done with the job.

Scientific Management.

A report from Washington speaks of strenuous labor effects to prevent the introduction of "scientific management" into the navy yards and arsenals. Other reports announce a conference of workmen that has been called by the National Association of Machinists in order to denounce the new methods. The navy and arsenal men are to be present, and when the conference is over the work of protest and resistance will be handed on to the biennial convention of international officers of machinists' unions at Davenport, Iowa. It is evident that there must be more in scientific management than meets the eye, and it may be useful to ascertain what that is.

Scientific management seems to be no more than the doing of things in the best way and with the utmost economy of physical motion. Its chief exponent is Mr. Frank B. Gilbreth, whose attention was first drawn to the almost incredible wastage of energy involved in every kind of routine manual work. He found that eight or ten motions are usually employed where one or two would suffice, that by the scientific economy of such motions a workman could do twice as much work, could earn twice as much money, and would be only half as fatigued at the end of the day. Mr. Gilbreth's investigation was started by a casual observation. It resulted in a minute and elaborate study of motions, and it has now reached so practical a shape as to excite the hostility of the unions. Organized labor is unalterably opposed to anything that cheapens production or that saves time and labor, even though at the same time it raises wages. It is a cardinal principle of organized labor that if a man wishes to cross a public square he must traverse its two sides. If he takes the diagonal course—the short cut—he is an enemy of humanity.

Mr. Gilbreth's central idea is easily illustrated. It is found that a girl stamping envelopes in the ordinary way can easily double her output by arranging the envelopes in a certain way, by tearing the stamps into strips of a given length and order, and by so placing a receptacle that the stamped envelopes shall fall into it by their own weight and without a special motion of the hands. That is scientific management upon a small scale. Mr. Gilbreth found that it could be extended to every branch of activity and that the benefit to employer and to workman was almost incalculable. His own experiments were carried out mainly with bricklaying. He drilled a number of men in making a minimum of motions and no more. He showed them how to grasp the brick so that it could be laid at once in position with a single motion, how to temper the mortar so that a single tap with the trowel would be enough to "bed" the brick, and he devised a table that would keep the supply of bricks and mortar always on a level with the work and so obviate the need to stoop. In short, he so simplified the work of bricklaying that it consisted only of essential movements, and involved only a minimum of effort and fatigue. The double result was a largely increased production and a largely increased pay. The method was so surprisingly successful that it attracted attention all over the country. It was seen that all routine work could be simplified in the same way and that it increased alike the profits of the workman and of the employer.

And now it seems that the unions have interfered in defense of their favorite theory that all work must be done, not in the simplest way but in the most difficult, not by the quickest route but by the slowest, not at the smallest cost but at the highest. Admitting that the pay of the drilled workman is better than that of the undrilled, they yet have the incredible stupidity to maintain that if the men work too fast they are liable to work themselves out of a job, that it is to their interest to be dilatory, incompetent, and clumsy, that it is to their advantage to raise each brick separately from the ground and to their disadvantage to take their supplies from a table that is waist high. Presumably it would be still more to their advantage to walk half a mile to fetch each brick and to discard the trowel in favor of the teaspoon.

The resistance of the unions is not surprising. It is a part of their avowed policy to draw, in some mysterious way, an enlarged profit, not from the work that is done, but from the work that is not done, to secure a larger share of the results of labor by seeing to it that there shall be no results, or as small results as possible. A policy so insensate can not, of course, be long lived. Sooner or later even labor unionism will awake to the fact that for every cent obtained in wages by a limitation of production two cents must be paid back in higher prices to the grocer and the butcher.

A Forecast.

The McNamara trial on the charge of blowing up the *Times* Building at Los Angeles a year ago, involving the death of twenty-one non-union printers, is in slow progress, the business of getting a jury not yet being complete. The facts, even as they have been developed before the public, are conclusive to unprejudiced minds. At the same time it is unlikely that anything will come out of the trial. Long before the time for judgment arrives the members of the jury, whoever they may be, will be profoundly impressed with the individual menace to themselves involved in a conviction. The evidence will probably leave no real doubt in their minds, but it will be suggested to them in a thousand ways that it will be better for themselves, for their families, for their property, to let the culprits go. The insatiate malice which blew up the *Times*, it will adroitly be suggested, is ready for new enterprises, and it is not likely to overlook whoever may cross its path. Every juror will become impressed with the idea that he is under observation and that a judgment against the defendants will surely be followed by reprisal in cruel and perhaps murderous forms. In other words, the jury, however it may be composed, will be so tortured and intimidated that it will not dare to register a conviction, no matter what the evidence may be. The culprits may and probably will escape. But it is not believable that this trial can go to its finish without enforcing its own moral convictions in the minds of intelligent men. That it will show the hand of murderous criminalism in alliance with organized labor, there is hardly the shadow of a doubt. The extraordinary efforts of unionism in behalf of the McNamaras will of itself be accepted as evidence of guilt by all men who understand the connection between cause and effect.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Rolph is entirely right in his attitude of "hands off" in the pending municipal campaign, and he is happy in the phrase in which he declares that he "was elected mayor, not boss." At the same time, Mr. Rolph is properly solicitous that those who voted for him in the primary shall go to the polls on November 7 and cast their votes in favor of candidates who are in sympathy with the principles and purposes which he represents. Mr. Rolph's injunction to this end is a word timely spoken. Now that the issue of the mayoralty is off hands, there is danger through indifference of failure to elect proper men as supervisors. It would be truly a pity and a shame, after so great a success in the matter of the mayoralty, to permit the supervisorial election to go by default. It is as important now to elect worthy men to the municipal board as it was a month ago to elect a worthy man to the mayoralty. There is no question about the result if voters will turn out and vote. This is now the all-important consideration.

Inquiry into the election of Mr. Isaac Stephenson to the United States Senate from Wisconsin under the direct primary law furnishes edifying evidence as to the working value of a principle recommended for its especial virtue of registering the will of the people. Rodney Sackett, one of Stephenson's campaign managers, testifies that $107,000 was expended in the primaries, but that the amount was not enough. The sum of $200,000 might, he declares, have been spent legitimately. A system under which $200,000 may be spent legitimately in a primary election is, we should say, hardly in keeping with the brag that it enforces equity and purity. At least it is hardly a system under which a candidate without money can hope to have an equal chance. Manifestly something must be done with the primary election law in Wisconsin and elsewhere if it is to give the poor man an even break with the rich man. Another suggestion arises in view of Senator La Follette's activities in Wisconsin. It is due, it appears, to this seasoned reformer that a condition has developed in Wisconsin which makes it possible or "legitimate" to capitalize a primary election.

The pension bureau at Washington announces that by a clerical device it has contrived an annual saving of $1,000,000 to the beneficiaries of the pension fund, and $180,000 to the United States government. If the energies of the bureau would go a little further to the extent of preparing and publishing a list of pensioners it might result in very much greater saving. It is a curious fact that while many times proposed, publication of the pension lists has never been carried into effect. There is always influence enough from some source to prevent it. The number of soldiers and sailors on the pension roll at the close of the fiscal year was 570,050; dependents and widows, 321,642, and army nurses, 406. There were 529,884 survivors of the Civil War, 35,243 having died during the year. It is believed that only about 25 per cent of the estimated 2,213,365 individuals in the United States service during the Civil War are living, the death rate of the survivors being now slightly in excess of 6 per cent yearly. The average age of survivors is about seventy years. The last pensioner of the Revolutionary War, Mrs. Phœbe M. Palmeter, daughter of Jonathan Wooley, who served in a New Hampshire company, died at Brookfield, New York, on April 25, 1911. She was ninety years old. Mrs. Britannia W. Kennon, of Washington, a great-granddaughter of Martha Washington, who died during the year, drew a pension as a widow longer probably than any other person in the history of the Pension Office, having received $50 a month for almost sixty-seven years.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Gresham Hotel, Dublin, October 10, 1911.

Editor Argonaut: I am spending my holidays as usual in Europe and this especial one in Ireland. On a number of unemployed evenings I have gone into the very popular cinematograph halls. These are quite attractively gotten up and have a good orchestra playing constantly, not as in New York (where I now live) interspersed with cheap vaudeville and piano accompaniment. The charges are from 3d. to 1 and 6d. reserved section. On the programmes are many American subjects, most of them giving us rather a vulgar name. The best are cowboy scenes with a "heart interest." Now, to get to the cause for this letter: It has occurred to me that a better idea might be given it—say—California had films produced under artistic theatrical supervision, with a story of popular interest showing backgrounds of California farm life, etc. (small fruit farms), in fact anything that would advertise the state in Ireland and Scotland. Even one story showing Monterey's Spanish past, as in a dream, and the present of the Salinas Valley with its productive acres (I have no property there). One hears nothing but the manner of advertising that Canada has in hand to get the English, Scotch, and Irish. Would it not be better for us to have that class of intelligent emigrant than the Indian riffraff that I saw last summer while passing through Sacramento? I present you this idea. Must I add that I read your paper constantly? 'Tis true. Native Son.

New Zealand dealers recently shipped several consignments of frozen ducks to London, with good results. They sold for about 75 cents each, and when ready for the table are said to have averaged up to the English product.

Canada has completed its census and finds that the population is a little more than seven millions, not the hoped-for eight.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Mr. Ernest Savage, who has just published a volume on "Old English Libraries," seems to dispose of the idea that mediæval literature consisted only of a small number of hand-written volumes laboriously manufactured by a few industrious monks. The monks were both more numerous and more industrious than is usually supposed, in spite of the testimony of Richard de Bury, who says that in his time the monks were employed "in the emptying of cups and not in the emending of books." But then Richard de Bury may have been an anti-clerical. It is certain that an enormous number of volumes was produced, and it is depressing to think of the numbers of these hand-written volumes that were ruthlessly destroyed. The destruction of libraries began before the dissolution of the monasteries, proving that the latter were already in a degenerate state. The library of the Abbey of Malmesbury was burned or sold as rubbish. Years after we are told by Aubrey that he saw the broken windows patched with vellum and the bakers were still lighting their own fires with the books, which must indeed have been plentiful. John Bale, who held strenuous opinions of the monasteries and calls them "these superstitious mansions," says with a sort of exultant regret that whole cargoes of volumes were sent away to the bookbinders on the Continent, not to be bound, but to be used as binding material for less worthy tomes. He tells us of a merchant who bought the contents of two noble libraries for eleven shillings. The Austin Friars at York had a library of six or seven hundred books, but all of these except five were destroyed. The Oxford library was well equipped, but many of the books were burned and others sold as rubbish and destroyed. Only eighteen of its treasures are known now to be in existence. If Hallam were still alive he might find reason to modify his opinion that the stream of mediæval literature was a thin one. It was certainly thin compared with the literary product of today, but it may be that our own books would improve somewhat in quality if their production involved the same immense labor as the literature of the middle ages.

When it was decided to send Lord Kitchener to Egypt it was generally predicted that the appointment would be resented by the native races, who would draw invidious comparisons between the distinguished soldier and the civilians, such as Lord Cromer, who had preceded him. But such predictions were evidently based upon an ignorance of the Oriental character. Lord Kitchener himself seems to have had a shrewd idea that the imagination was the doorway to the native heart, for instead of arriving by railway, as his natural inclinations would have prompted, he boarded a cruiser at Malta and so arrived in something like state. As a result of this and of his own reputation, he was accorded a popular welcome without precedent in the history of the country. Every native within sound of the saluting guns at Alexandria turned out to get a glimpse of Aba Shenab or the Father of the Mustaches. Even Lord Cromer, who probably did more for Egypt than Lord Kitchener can ever do, was never greeted with such spontaneous enthusiasm as his successor, which goes to prove that the differences between East and West are something more than geographical.

The enthusiasm of the bookbuyer is something that lesser mortals can never understand. Of this a writer in the London *Daily Chronicle* gives us an illustration from the records of Charles Mouselet, who tells us of a friend living at Bordeaux who, glancing through the catalogue of a Paris bookseller, saw the title of a book which he had searched for sorrowing during thirty years. Looking at the clock, he found there was just time to catch a train for Paris. Taking some money from his cashbox, he rushed off to the station and arrived at the book shop in time to secure the prize. As the shopman wrapped up the book he remarked, "I suppose you live in this street, monsieur?" "No, I have just come from Bordeaux," was the reply. The man's look of astonishment caused the bibliophile to realize the fact that he had traveled 360 miles in his dressing-gown and slippers and had never noticed the deficiency in his attire. Perhaps the bitterest moment in the life of the collector is when he finds that his treasures are despised by every one but himself. It is related of Mr. Churton Collins that he once proceeded to weed out his books after he had been tardily persuaded that he himself or the surplusage of volumes would have to vacate the premises. It was a painful process, but at last the second-hand book dealer was invited to name his price for the uprooted "weeds." "They're no good to me," was the disconcerting reply. "What, none of them?" "No, not one." Some one then suggested that as the books would have to go the dealer had better have them for nothing. It was a bitter moment for Mr. Collins, but finally he assented. The man then remarked: "That'll be half a crown." "What do you mean—what for?" exclaimed the victim in a restrained tone of voice. "For taking them away," said the man. That was too much for Mr. Collins. The dealer was driven forth with objurgations, and with a sigh of relief the owner replaced them upon his shelves.

The religiously faithful of Naples are pointing with some triumph to the fact that the blood of St. Januarius did not fully liquefy when it was exposed to the public on September 19. This ceremony takes place every year, and a failure to liquefy is always assumed to presage some sort of calamity, such as war, pestilence, or an eruption of Vesuvius. And now the war between Italy and Turkey has justified the proceedings and proved the benevolent interest taken by the saint in Italian affairs. It all seems very conclusive, but now the skeptical are pointing out that Vesuvius was already in eruption and that the cholera had actually appeared at the moment of the miracle and that possibly the saint was referring to these calamities rather than to the war, which was not then known. But then skepticism will always find something to cavil at. At the same time, and without wishing to be hypercritical, it might be thought that St. Januarius might give a still more striking proof of his benevolence by not only indicating the coming disaster, but also by the suggestion of a remedy. Perhaps even a saint could hardly be expected to curb Vesuvius, but some efficient quarantine proceedings might have prevented the cholera, while a forewarned public opinion might have acted as a check on the fire-eating statesmen who have embroiled the nation with Turkey. Moreover, one might suppose that a saint who could thus liquefy his blood at will might be equal to some form of communication more explicit and direct. Nothing is so disquieting as vague prognostications of unspecified evil. We can do nothing to forestall it, and to the terrors of the actual event are added the unhappinesses of apprehension. On the whole, it would seem advisable to put the blood of St. Januarius somewhere where its peculiar performances will be unobserved.

Mr. Arnold Bennett is in flat disagreement with Professor Brander Matthews, who said recently that it is so easy to write a novel that clever men will be forced into the drama to find an exercise for their powers. Now Mr. Bennett, who can write both novels and dramas, says that the drama is the easier of the two. "It takes fewer words to write a play," he says, "and, really, any one with an eye for situation and stage effects and a knowledge of stage technic can write a play. The same person could not probably write a novel." Where experts differ it would seem almost an impertinence to express an opinion, and yet the layman may be pardoned for believing that both the plays and the novels of the present day are hardly such as to tax any ordinary intelligence—that is to say, any ordinary authorship intelligence. It is the intelligence of the reader and of the theatre-goer that suffers.

A correspondent of a London newspaper has a good word to say for the Turk. He says he went to Constantinople imbued with the current opinion of the "unspeakable Turk" and fully prepared to endorse Mr. Gladstone's verdict that he should be invited to evacuate Europe, bag and baggage. He was first impressed by the "respectful, unflinching, steady gaze of the dockers and the people generally, which made me question whether I was not mistaken in the character of them. From there I went to Smyrna, and the same feeling arose, and from the same reason." Conversation with non-Turkish merchants hastened his conversion from the popular view. The head of a large commercial house trading in Turkey said to him: "I have been in business here thirty years and had many contracts with Turks. I never had one written and I never had one broken." Other merchants expressed themselves to the same effect, and so the correspondent in question is led to the opinion that the animus against the Turk is due to his Mohhammedanism and not to his morals or lack of them.

The course of lectures on "Love, Morals, Music," lately delivered in London by Dr. William Brown under the presidency of Professor James Sully, seems to have attracted a good deal of attention, but so far as the reports may be trusted they do not seem to have been productive of any very original thought. Analyses of states of mind are usually unfruitful, as the terms themselves seem to need as much analysis as their objects. Thus we are told that love consists of sorrow, joy, fear, anger, and gratitude, all tinged with pleasure. With all respect to the lecturer, this seems to be rubbish. There is no reason to suppose that love is more complex than any of its supposedly complex parts. Indeed it is quite easy to imagine a combination of sorrow, joy, fear, and the rest of them that do not produce love. Similarly inconsequent is the definition of passion as a "prolonged and specialized emotion dominated by a central idea." Surely passion is not necessarily prolonged, while it, and all its class of emotions are necessarily specialized and are necessarily dominated by a central idea. Nor can we see that either passion or love need definition any more than the terms used to define them. If we do not know what passion or love are, then neither do we know what an emotion is, nor an idea, nor gratitude, nor pleasure. We may equally differ with the lecturer's further *obiter dicta* that only generalized emotions can be expressed by music and not the emotions of daily life. What is the difference between the two? We may justifiably believe that music has the same potentialities of expression as the language of words, that it is capable of the same precisions and complexities.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Interest is attached to the decision to excavate Uriconium, a Roman city which lies buried on Lord Barnard's estate, four miles from Shrewsbury, England. The city was a place of importance. It was destroyed in 584. The ground promises a rich field for exploration, and the Society of Antiquaries, which has arranged to take up the matter, explains that the excavations will be the largest ever undertaken in England. The agreement with Lord Barnard provides that when the finds have been secured, and the plans of the city, its streets, palaces, and baths have been uncovered, the dirt shall be replaced, that once more corn-fields and vineyards may flourish in the sunshine.

An insane asylum in Jerusalem is one of the latest philanthropic conceptions. The father of this Christian movement is the Rev. J. Berendt, who is now pastor of a similar institution in Berlin. During a recent visit to Palestine his soul was deeply stirred by what he saw of the needs of the people there.

At the last reunion it was announced that only twenty-two of the original crew of the warship *Kearsarge*, which sank the ram *Alabama* in the memorable fight off Cherbourg, were living.

OLD FAVORITES.

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,
And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?—

"Me and you"—And the morning fair,
With the dewdrops twinkling everywhere;
The scent of the cherry-blossoms blown
After us, in the roadway lone,
Our capering shadows onward thrown—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

It all comes back so clear today!
Though I am as bald as you are gray,—
Out by the barn-lot and down the lane
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

The few last houses of the town;
Then on, up the high creek-bluffs and down;
Past the squat toll-gate, with its well-sweep pole;
The bridge, and "The old 'Babtizin'-hole,'"
Loitering, awed, o'er pool and shoal,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture, and through the wood,
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
And the huzzard "raised" in the "clearing"-sky
And lolled and circled, as we went by
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Or, stayed by the glint of the redbird's wings,
Or the glitter of song that the bluebird sings,
All hushed we feign to strike strange trails,
As the "big braves" do in the Indian tales,
Till again our real quest lags and fails—
Out to old Aunt Mary's.—

And the woodland echoes with yells of mirth
That make old war-whoops of minor worth!
Where such heroes of war as we?—
With bows and arrows of fantasy,
Chasing each other from tree to tree
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.—

For only, now, at the road's next bend
To the right we could make out the gable-end
Of the fine old Huston homestead—not
Half a mile from the sacred spot
Where dwelt our Saint in her simple cot—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof!—And her face—ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?—

The jelly—the jam and the marmalade,
And the cherry and quince "preserves" she made!
And the sweet-sour pickles of peach and pear,
With cinnamon in 'em, and all things rare!—
And the more we ate was the more to spare,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

Ah! was there, ever, so kind a face
And gentle as her's or such a grace
Of welcoming, as she cut the cake
Or the juicy pies that she joyed to make
Just for the visiting children's sake—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

The honey, too, in its amber comb
One only finds in an old farm-home;
And the coffee, fragrant and sweet, and ho!
So hot that we gloried to drink it so,
With spangles of tears in our eyes, you know—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And the romps we took, in our glad unrest!—
Was it the lawn that we loved the best,
With its swooping swing in the locust trees,
Or was it the grove, with its leafy breeze,
Or the dim hay-mow, with its fragrancies—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Far fields, bottom-lands, creek-banks—all,
We ranged at will.—Where the waterfall
Laughed all day as it slowly poured
Over the dam by the old mill-ford,
While the tail-race writhed, and the mill-wheel roared—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

But home, with Aunty in nearer call,
That was the best place, after all!—
The talks on the back-porch, in the low
Slanting sun and the evening glow,
With the voice of counsel that touched us so,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then, in the garden—near the side
Where the bee-hives were and the path was wide,—
The apple-house—like a fairy cell—
With the little square door we knew so well.
And the wealth inside but our tongues could tell—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And the old spring-house, in the cool green gloom
Of the willow trees,—and the cooler room
Where the swinging shelves and crocks were kept,
Where the cream in a golden languor slept,
While the waters gurgled and laughed and wept—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And as many a time have you and I—
Barefoot boys in the days gone by—
Knelt, and in tremulous ecstasies
Dipped our lips into sweets like these,—
Memory now is on her knees
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.—

For, O my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you—she waits *today*
To welcome us:—Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come" . . . And all is well
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

MARY ANDERSON AND ROBERT HICHENS.

The Dramatization That Has Brought the Collaborators Across the Atlantic.

When Mary Anderson (Mrs. Antonio de Navarro) appeared on the roof of the Century Theatre yesterday morning one of the group of players waiting to rehearse "The Garden of Allah" rushed impetuously forward to meet her, and then stopped abruptly and stared. (This is from the reporter's account in the New York *Sun* of October 15.)

"You're too wonderful to be real," he said as she held out both hands to him with a radiant smile. "Why, you're just as young as you were twenty years ago and more beautiful. Some one said you had some gray hairs, but it was a base lie. And your eyes are the same heavenly blue that made the part of Romeo so easy in the old days. Why Mary, I——"

And then the man couldn't say any more, but he shook hands all over again. He was Arthur Lewis, who was playing in "A Winter's Tale" with Mary Anderson in Washington on the night of March 6, 1889, when the actress fainted on the stage.

"I have never seen her from that day until now," he explained afterward, "and I expected to see a great change in her. But it isn't there. Of course she has matured, but only in a way that makes her more lovely than ever. Time has just strengthened the line of character in her face without snatching the roses from her cheeks. Her smile is just as girlish as it ever was and her voice hasn't lost a bit of its rich velvet quality.

"For six years I was in the cast of every play in which Mary Anderson appeared and I saw her in a great many different moods. No one is better qualified than I to say how much she has changed, and I tell you I just couldn't believe my eyes when I saw her. It seems strange that I should have a part in this play, of which she is part author."

Mme. de Navarro looked even more fit than when she came off the *Baltic* on Friday afternoon. She wore a black cloth tailored suit, relieved with white revers braided in black, and a black velvet picture hat with a long white plume. She was intensely enthusiastic over the play, for which she is largely responsible, since Robert Hichens wouldn't even have thought of dramatizing his book if she hadn't suggested the idea to him; but she finally decided that she wouldn't follow the rehearsal, which was just beginning.

"I think I will wait until Monday, when they have the first dress rehearsal," she said. "I can get so much better an impression of the whole thing. I have been told that the scenic effects are simply marvelous, and of course they make the play seem bigger, more vital."

"And is it true that you have no desire to play Domini?" she was asked.

"Quite true," she responded with a broadening of the smile she had been wearing all through the interview. "Domini has for me a tremendous psychological appeal, but my interest in her is rather an intense human interest in the development of her character and the outcome of her struggle than the personal interest of an actress who yearns to depict the emotions she feels. It seems to me that the problem which confronts Domini possesses many of the characteristics of those conceived by the Greek tragedians. Her religious convictions are pitted against her love for her husband and her duty to her child. I do not know whether in her case I should have decided as she did. Nevertheless I admire and respect her decision. Her dilemma was surely a noble one, and I think no woman can fail to sympathize with her in her determination to sacrifice everything she held most dear.

"I am so glad," she added, "that I was the one to discover the song in the lark's egg. I am sure the public will appreciate this play; it simply must have a stronger appeal than the everlasting triangle."

Mme. Navarro will go to Daly's tomorrow night to see Mme. Simone's opening performance in "The Thief." She will give most of her attention during the coming week to the rehearsals of "The Garden of Allah." Her stay in this country will be a brief one, as she has decided to give up the idea of visiting California and will sail on the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* on October 24.

"Perhaps I am more indifferent than I ought to be," she said, when some one at the mention of California asked what she thought of woman suffrage, "but really I can not manage to excite myself very much over the question. My home and my children take up so much of my time and I have so many lovely friends that I can't quite get the viewpoint of women who feel that they need politics to broaden the scope of their activities. As for the working women, it does not seem to me that left to themselves they would imagine that the vote would better their condition. No, I will not say that I am an 'anti.' That wouldn't be quite true. I haven't given the subject enough study."

After two years of work on the dramatization of "The Garden of Allah" all is in readiness for the opening at the Century Theatre on Saturday afternoon, October 21. The matter of casting the various characters took up much time. It has finally been arranged by the selection of Miss Mary Mannering for the part of Domini Enfilden; Lewis Waller, the London actor-manager, for Boris Androvsky; Eben Plympton for Count Antoni, and Arthur Lewis for Father Roubier. The story is probably well known to the majority of Americans. It concerns Domini Enfilden, a girl who has gone to the desert to escape the narrowness of a society for which she does not care, and who meets Boris Androvsky, a man who holds for her a singular attraction. Their hearts are joined in the magic of "The Garden of Allah," as the Arabs call the great waste, and their married life is ascendingly happy until the sudden disclosure to Domini that her husband has been a Trappist monk, who has deserted the monastery and broken his vows. An exceptional scenic presentation is promised.

Today, with its Chinese connections imperfect and incomplete, the Transsiberian Railroad has become an active competitor of the British marine to Oriental markets (says the French *Depeche Coloniale*). On the water British supremacy remains unshaken, the multiplication of German steamers has been rapid, but the superiority of the British tonnage is still large, and from the competition of the German commercial fleet the British have small reason to fear. But tomorrow, when the Transsiberian is a double-tracked road—it is that now to Lake Baikal, and $7,500,000 has recently been appropriated to double the line about the lake—when the Peking-Kalgan Railway is finished back across the Mongolian desert to Irkutsk, then the situation will be changed. Already the British merchants at Shanghai and Hongkong have begun to use the Siberian railway for that portion of their exports or imports which needs rapid transportation. They use it themselves to avoid the monsoon and the Red Sea horrors of the Sea route. In war time the Transsiberian can daily send out forty-eight trains in each direction. By rail it is now fifteen days from Paris to Shanghai, including the water trip at the Chinese end; by steamer from Europe it is thirty-five days.

Captain John Backland, with the four-masted schooner *Transit*, recently arrived at Seattle from the Arctic with news that the Kubak River, hitherto believed to he a small Arctic stream, is a mighty river, navigable for at least 300 miles from its mouth. News of the navigability of the Kubak River was given to those on board the *Transit* by miners and traders, who for the first time had thoroughly explored its main reaches for a great distance inland. While they say it is navigable for good-sized vessels for at least 300 miles, it is their opinion that any vessel which could get over the bar probably could make its way at least 500 miles up the stream.

Motion-picture shows now sustain many enterprises of vast importance in the manufacturing world. Many millions of dollars are invested and thousands of men and women are employed in the film-making part of the business alone. It is said on the authority of Richard G. Hollaman, president of the Eden Musee (the first place where motion pictures were exhibited for entertainment), and vice-president of the Associated Motion-Picture Patents Company, that last year the 20,000 motion-picture exhibitors in the United States took in at the box-office the enormous sum of $300,100,000, practically a million dollars for every working day in the year.

The tendency now is to rob the North American Indian of the credit of having given to civilization the boon of tobacco. Some ascribe its origin to the Medes and Persians, others to the inhabitants of the Malay archipelago, and still others to the Arabs in general. There appears to be an Arabian word "sakara," meaning to smoke, from which our words cigar and cigarette may have been derived.

Since September 1 it has become lawful in New York State for any one to tear down advertising signs attached to trees and fences along the public ways, and automobilists have entered upon the work of destruction with much enthusiasm. But the job is a big one. Along one road on Long Island a crew of three men worked all day and cleaned up only six miles.

Among the students registered this quarter at the University of Chicago is Eisho Otani, a priest in the East Honguangi Temple, of Kyoto, Japan, who is pursuing a course of sociological studies. Mr. Otani is a son of Count Otani, a leader in the Shinshu sect of the Buddhist religion. His brother is high priest of the Honguangi Temple.

Aluminum has become indispensable in the construction of automobiles, dirigible balloons, and aeroplanes. One of its uses in the textile industry is the making, in combination with silk, of a brilliant fabric, which can be given any desired color and which can not be excelled for making ceremonial costumes and theatrical wardrobes.

In the civil service commission the United States government has the greatest employment bureau in the world. Over half a million people are on the government pay-roll, including soldiers of the standing army, and of these employees nearly half are receiving pay as the result of competitive examinations.

Far up Potaro River in British Guiana are the Kaieteur Falls, among the most wonderful in the world and among the least known. Though discovered forty years ago, the falls have been visited very seldom by white men, yet they are five times as high as Niagara.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Alfred Tennyson Dickens, son of the great English novelist, now lecturing in the East, has for years been a successful sheepman in Australia, where he has large holdings.

Mayor Nathan, of Rome, Italy, is a Jew, having shattered the tradition that the mayor of the Eternal City must be a member of one of the old noble families and a clerical. He is six feet tall, of athletic build, independent and determined, hopeful and eager, a believer in democracy and advanced ideas.

Dr. Guy Potter Benton, the new president of the University of Vermont, in his speech accepting the keys of the institution said that a man's best work is done at the age of sixty-five years. "This is not the age of the young man," he said. "It is the age of the prepared man. Preparation for largest usefulness is hindered by prematurity."

Frank H. Waskey, former Alaskan delegate in Congress, who spent his first fortune, made at Nome, in endeavoring to obtain needed Alaskan legislation, threw comfort to the winds and not a whit discouraged set out two years ago to make another. He has just been heard from in the wilderness, and is said to have made discoveries which will bring him another fortune.

Colonel William T. Day, of Jasper, Georgia, known as "the king of the moonshine lawyers," is winding up his affairs in the Federal court and will retire from practice, having reached the eighty-third milestone. He has been a practicing attorney for fifty-seven years, and for thirty-five years has appeared at every session of court on behalf of men charged with illicit distilling. During that period he has defended 3500 of these cases.

Sir Thomas Boor Crosby, recently elected lord mayor of London, is the first medical man who has ever held that important office, though he has had at least 722 predecessors. He has reached the age of eighty-one years, still practices, but is gradually withdrawing from professional life. He has been interested in the city government for over thirty years and has held other offices. As he is a widower, the duties of lady mayoress will be performed by his daughter.

Miss Emily Metcalf, the oldest active schoolteacher in Ohio, and perhaps in the United States, is as enthusiastic as ever about her work, despite her eighty-one years. She lives at Hudson, and for considerably over half a century has been instructing classes. She has taught in private schools, seminaries, grammar schools, and has given private lessons. She is as active as a woman of fifty. Every day she takes a long walk, works in her garden, and does her housework.

Dr. Wilson Phraner, whose eighty-ninth birthday anniversary was recently celebrated, is still one of the most active workers in the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and is not more disposed to ask relief from his annual home mission pilgrimage among the synods than he was when he had just passed fifty-nine. No man in the church has spoken before so many sessions of Presbyterian synods as Dr. Phraner. This year his schedule includes the synods of Illinois, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Baltimore.

Samuel W. Williston, who is said to have recently found the skeleton of a reptile in New Mexico representing a genus not recorded in the annals of science, has been professor of palæontology of the University of Chicago since 1902. He is one of the leading palæontologists in this country, and spent the greater part of the summer in the famous geologic deposits in Rio Arriba County, New Mexico. His find is of the Permian period, and it is estimated lived not less than six million years ago.

J. W. Worcester, of Columbia Falls, Maine, aged ninety-one, enjoys the distinction of being a pensioner for services in a war which was never fought. He receives $4 a month from the State of Maine for shouldering his musket in the "Aroostook War" of 1839, when troops were called out owing to the bitter feeling over the disputed boundary between Maine and New Brunswick. Actual hostilities, however, were never reached. Despite his extreme age, Mr. Worcester is vigorous and busies himself about the farm.

Yuan Shi Kai, formerly commander-in-chief of the Chinese army, but who was shorn of his honors and banished not quite three years ago, has been recalled to power by an imperial edict since the uprising. He is a Chinese and has been frequently referred to as the "strongest man in China," but his power is said to have aroused the jealousy of the Manchus to such a pitch in 1909 that he was removed from office. He has been mentioned as the possible successor to Prince Ching as prime minister. Before dismissal he labored for better educational facilities and many other reforms.

Augustus O. Stanley, congressman from Kentucky and chairman of the steel investigating commitee, when a lad had to battle royally for the success which he has attained. By working and practicing rigid economy he graduated from Center College, at Danville. Then he taught school in the country, read law, and was admitted to the bar. Deciding to settle in the town of Henderson, he made the trip by boat, arriving with less than $30 in his possession. By degrees he forged ahead, got into politics, received the nomination, made a whirlwind campaign, and landed in Congress, where he has been for several terms.

NOBLE LADIES OF ROME.

Professor Ferrero Writes on the Status of Women Under the Caesars.

Professor Ferrero's fine volume on "The Women of the Cæsars" comes opportunely at a time when woman's status is the subject of general debate and when appeals to history are notable rather for their frequency than for their accuracy. In the light of much that the author has to tell us it would seem that here at least we have no orderly progression to record. If the woman of today can recover some of the dignities that her sisters enjoyed under the Roman Cæsars she will indeed have done much. Her task is rather to retrace her steps and to find a lost trail than to push her way into new territories or an unexplored domain. If there was ever a time, says the author, when the Roman woman lived in a state of perennial tutelage, under the authority of man from birth to death, that time belongs to remote antiquity and not to the periods of Roman power and dominance:

> When Rome became the master state of the Mediterranean world, and especially during the last century of the republic, woman, aside from a few slight limitations of form rather than of substance, had already acquired legal and economic independence, the condition necessary for social and moral equality. As to marriage, the affianced pair could at that time choose between two different legal family régimes: marriage with *manus*, in which only the dower became the property of the husband, and the wife remained mistress of all her other belongings and all that she might acquire. Except in some cases, and for special reasons, in all the families of the aristocracy, by common consent, marriages, during the last centuries of the republic, were contracted in the later form: so that at that time married women directly and openly had gained economic independence.

A perfect freedom of choice in marital relationships was not the rule in ancient Rome, and the author does well to point out that this was not necessarily due to an inferior civilization, but rather to the exigencies of a civilization different from our own. The ideas of a free choice in marriage, a choice depending entirely upon personal attraction are "the supreme blossoms of modern individualism" and are due to the relaxations of a salutary discipline. The Romans sought for success in marriage not merely in the satisfaction of a single passion, usually as brief as it is ardent, but according to "a calculated equilibrium of qualities, tendencies, and material means":

> The principles regulating Roman marriage may seem to us at variance with human nature, but they are the principles to which all peoples wishing to trust the establishment of the family not to passion as mobile as the sea, but to reason, have had recourse in times when the family was an organism far more essential than it is today, because it held within itself many functions, educational, industrial, and political, now performed by other institutions. But reason itself is not perfect. Like passion, it has its weakness, and marriage so conceived by Rome produced grave inconveniences, which one must know in order to understand the story, in many respects tragic, of the women of the Cæsars.

There was, says the author, a contradiction in the Roman family that must be kept carefully in mind. The woman was granted entire liberty to live for her family and for herself, but from her was expected a total self-abnegation for the public weal, and an utter obliviousness to her own aspirations and passions, in behalf of the race:

> This contradiction explains to us one of the fundamental phenomena of the history of Rome—the deep, tenacious, age-long puritanism of high Roman society. Puritanism was the chief expedient by which Rome attempted to solve the contradiction. That coercion which the Oriental world had tried to exercise upon woman by segregating her, keeping her ignorant, terrorizing her with threats and punishments, Rome wrought to secure by training. It inculcated in every way by means of education, religion, and opinion the idea that she should be pious, chaste, faithful, devoted alone to her husband and children; that luxury, prodigality, dissoluteness, were horrible vices, the infamy of which hopelessly degraded all that was best and purest in woman. It tried to protect the minds of both men and women from all those influences of art, literature, and religion which might tend to arouse the personal instinct and the longing for love; and for a long time it distrusted, withstood, and almost sought to disguise the mythology, the arts, and the literature of Greece, as well as many Asiatic religions, imbued as they were with an erotic spirit of subtle enticement. Puritanism is essentially an intense effort to rouse in the mind the liveliest repulsion for certain vices and pleasures, and a violent dread of them; and Rome made use of it to check and counterbalance the liberty of woman, to impede and render more difficult the abuses of such liberty, particularly prodigality and dissoluteness.

Professor Ferrero follows the plan of selecting a certain number of noble Roman ladies and depicting their lives in such a way as to convey a notion of their status and dignities. Thus we have a short description of Cicero and of his wife Terentia, who were divorced because Terentia refused to risk her patrimony on the uncertain political fortunes of her husband, but Cicero had to return his wife's dowry, and so was reduced to grave straits from which he rescued himself by a second marriage. Then we have the curious story of Augustus and Livia, whose sudden marriage depended on the knotty point of whether a divorced woman who was expecting to become a mother might contract a marriage with another man before the birth of her child. The pontifical college answered in the affirmative providing there were no doubt of the fact. There seems to have been no doubt, since Drusus Claudius Nero was born three months after the wedding and was sent at once to the house of his father.

The picture of the home life of Augustus and Livia is a pleasing one:

> We know—it is Suetonius who tells us—that this house on the Palatine built by Augustus, in which Livia spent the greater part of her life, was small and not at all luxurious. There was not a single piece of marble nor a precious mosaic; for forty years Augustus slept in the same bedchamber, and the furniture of the house was so simple that in the second century of our era it was exhibited to the public as an extraordinary curiosity. The imperial pair had several villas, at Lanuvium, at Palestrina, at Tivoli, but all of them were unpretentious and simple. Nor was there any more pomp and ceremony about the dinners to which they invited the conspicuous personages of Rome, the dignitaries of the state, and the heads of the great families. Only on very special occasions were six courses served: usually there were but three. Moreover, Augustus never wore any other togas than those woven by Livia; woven not indeed and altogether by Livia's hands—though she did not disdain, now and then, to work the loom—but by her slaves and freed-women. Faithful to the traditions of the aristocracy, Livia counted it among her duties personally to direct the weaving-rooms which were in the house. As she carefully parceled out the wool to the slaves, watching over them lest they steal or waste it, and frequently taking her place among them while they were at work, she felt that she, too, contributed to the prosperity and the glory of the empire.

It seems that we must revise the current ideas of the virtue of these high-born ladies. The poet Ovid was exiled not for political reasons nor at the caprice of tyranny, but because his verses were considered unsuitable for the perusal of the Roman ladies. The Roman puritans objected to his graceful and erotic style, because it was likely to wean his readers from the virtues esteemed as necessary to the well-being of the state:

> The Roman ladies of the aristocracy, as we have seen, received considerable instruction. They read the poets and philosophers, and precisely for this reason there was always at Rome a strong aversion to light and immoral literature. If books had circulated among men only, the poetry of Ovid would perhaps not have enjoyed the good fortune of a persecution which was to focus upon it the attention of posterity. The greater liberty conceded to women thus placed upon society an even greater reserve in the case of its literature. This Ovid learned to his cost when he was driven into exile because his books gave too much delight to too many ladies at Rome. By the order of Augustus these books were removed from the libraries, which did not hinder their coming down to us entire, while many a more serious work—like Livy's history, for example—has been either entirely or in large part lost.

The abominable aberrations of the Emperor Caligula are explained by the author on the ground of insanity and also as an attempt to introduce into Rome the Egyptian practice of marriage between brothers and sisters which prevailed in Egypt for centuries and that was extirpated only after the destruction of the Ptolemies. Caligula did actually marry his sister Drusilla and on her death he deified her:

> Alone, with no sisters now to elevate to the divine honors of the Roman Olympus, Caligula was reduced to hunting for wives in the families of the aristocracy. But it seems that even there could he found no great abundance of women who had all the necessary qualities to make them the Olympian consorts of so capricious a god. In three years he married and repudiated three—and in a very strange manner, if we are to trust the ancient accounts of Caligula's loves. The first was Livia Orestilla, the wife of Caius Piso. The emperor, who had seen the woman at the marriage celebration, became, we are told, so infatuated with her that he obliged the husband to divorce her; he then married her, and a few days later repudiated her. Caligula is said to have compared himself on this occasion to Romulus, who ravished the Sabine woman, and to Augustus, who raped Livia. The second was Lollia Paulina, wife of Caius Memmius, proconsul of a distant province. Caligula heard of the prodigious beauty of Lollia's grandmother. The portrayal of her charms made him fall in love with her granddaughter, though absent and distant. He gave orders for her immediate recall to Rome, and as soon as she could he divorced from her husband he married her. This union, like the former one, lasted only a brief time. The third wife was Milonia Cæsonia, and to her Caligula was more faithful, though from the accounts of ancient writers she appears to have been much older than he, rather homely, and already a mother of three daughters when he first loved her.

The marriage of a Roman emperor was no easy matter. The advent of Caligula had served as a reminder to the people that while it was comparatively easy to find an emperor it was by no means so easy to find an empress who should be worthy of the high place assigned to her. The emperor and even the senators were compelled by law to be married, and the requisites in the case of the empress are well set forth:

> Therefore in Caligula's time the Roman public became aware that the problem confronting it was a most difficult one. A most exacting public opinion, hesitating between the ideals of two epochs, wished to see united in the empress the best part, both of the ancient and of the modern customs, and was consequently demanding that the second Livia should possess virtually every quality. It was necessary that she should be of noble birth; that is, a descendant of one of those great Roman families which with every year were becoming less numerous, less prolific, less virtuous, and more fiercely divided among themselves by irreconcilable hatreds. This latter was a most serious difficulty; for by marrying into one of these lines, the emperor ran the risk of antagonizing all those other families which were its enemies. The empress, furthermore, must be the model of all the virtues; fruitful, in order to obey the *Lex de maritandis ordinibus;* religious, chaste, and virtuous, that she might not violate the *Lex de adulteriis;* simple and modest, in deference to the *Lex sumptuaria.* She must be able to rule wisely over the vast household of the emperor, full of his slaves and freedmen, and she must aid her husband in the fulfillment of all those social duties—receptions, dinners, entertainments—which, though serious concerns for every Roman nobleman, were even more serious for the emperor. That she should be stupid or ignorant was of course out of the question. In fact, from this time to the downfall of Nero the difficulties of the imperial family and its authority arise not so much from the emperors as from their wives; so that it may truly be said that it was the women who unwittingly dragged down to its ruin the great Julio-Claudian house.

The difficulty of a wise choice was again to be exemplified in the case of Claudius, who seemed to be an imbecile, but who is described by the author rather as a man half grown and undeveloped. He had intellect, but no virtue, and fell a ready prey to the ever-scheming mind of his wife, Valeria Messalina. But even for Messalina the author has an extenuating word to say:

> We must admit in his justification that in this matter he had not been particularly fortunate; for fate had given him to wife a lady who, notwithstanding her illustrious ancestors—she belonged to one of the greatest families of Rome, related to the family of Augustus—was not exactly suited to be his companion in the imperial dignity. Every one knows that the name of Valeria Messalina has become in history synonymous with all the faults and all the vices of which a woman can be guilty. This, as usual, is the result of envy and malevolence which never offered truce to the family of Augustus as long as any of its members lived. Many of the infamies which are attributed to her are evidently fables, complacently repeated by Tacitus and Suetonius, and easily believed by posterity. But it is certain that if Messalina was not a monster, she was a beautiful woman, capricious, gay, powerful, reckless, avid of luxury and of money, who had never scrupled to abuse the weakness of her husband in any way either by deceiving him or by obliging him to follow her will and her caprice in everything. She was a woman, in short, neither very virtuous nor serious. There are such women at all times and in all social classes, and they are generally considered by the majority not as monsters, but as a pleasing, though dangerous, variety of the feminine sex. Under normal conditions, nevertheless, when the husband exercises a certain energy and sagacity, even the danger which may result from them is relatively slight.

Messalina played a notorious and evil part in reversing the puritannic traditions of Rome and in the introduction of the corruption and the pomp of Asia. Her prodigality was a source of scandal to the middle classes, who had been taught to regard the emperor as the sacred custodian of domestic purity and simplicity of life, and who now to their amazement saw in the wife of the emperor the chief agency for dissipation and perversion. The public feeling was so strong that Claudius himself was in danger. If he could not rid the empire of Messalina it might be well to rid it of Claudius:

> It finally resolved itself into a tragic scandal, which, if we could believe Suetonius and Tacitus, would certainly have been the most monstrous extravagance to which an imagination depraved by power could have abandoned itself. According to these writers, Messalina, at a loss for some new form of dissipation, one fine day took it into her head to marry Silius, a young man with whom she was very much in love, who belonged to a distinguished family, and who was the consul-designate. According to them, for the pleasure of shocking the imperial city with the sacrilege of a bigamous union, she actually did marry him in Rome, with the most solemn religious rites, while Claudius was at Ostia! But is this credible, at least without admitting that Messalina had suddenly gone insane? To what end and for what reason would she have committed such a sacrilege, which struck at the very heart of popular sentiment? Dissolute, cruel, and avaricious Messalina certainly was, but mad she was not. And even if we are willing to admit that she had gone mad, is it conceivable that all those who would have had to lend her their services in the staging of this revolting farce had also gone mad? It is difficult to suppose that they acted through fear, for the empress had no such power in Rome that she could constrain conspicuous persons publicly to commit such sacrilege.

Perhaps the most remarkable story of all is that of Agrippina and Nero, the mother who was the focus for all the virtues of the age and the son who was the focus for its worst vices:

> There resulted in Rome a most extraordinary situation: a youth of seventeen, educated in the antique manner, and, though already married, still entirely under the tutelage of a strict mother, had been elevated to the highest position in the immense empire. He was ignorant of the luxury, pleasure, and elegance which were becoming general in the great families; outside of a lively disposition and docility toward his mother, he had up to this point shown no special quality, and no particular vice. Only one peculiarity had been noticed in him: he had studied with great zest music, painting, sculpture, poetry, and had made himself proficient in these arts, which were considered frivolous and useless for a Roman noble. On the contrary, he had neglected oratory, which was held a necessary art by an aristocracy like the Roman, whose duty it was to use speech at councils, in the tribunals, and in the senate, just as it used the sword on the fields of battle. But the majority believed that this was merely a passing caprice of youth.

That Nero should have wished the death of his mother is not surprising, inasmuch as her life must have been a perpetual reproach to him and a restraint upon his excesses. That he should actually have ventured to murder her is surprising. The undertaking was as dangerous as it was abominable. Agrippina was the daughter of Germanicus and she was regarded with a semi-religious veneration as a portent of fortune:

> It was the freedman Anicetus, the commander of the fleet, who in the spring of 59, made the proposal when Nero was with his court at Baiæ, on the Bay of Naples. They were to construct a vessel which, as Tacitus says, should open artfully on one side. If Nero could induce his mother to embark upon that vessel, Anicetus would see to it that she and the secret of her murder would be buried in the depths of the sea. Nero gave his consent to this abominable plan. He pretended that he was anxious to become reconciled with his mother, and invited her to come from Antium, where she then was, to Baiæ. He showed her all regard and every courtesy, and when Agrippina, reassured by the kindness of her son, set out on her return to Antium, Nero accompanied her to the fatal vessel and tenderly embraced her. It was a calm, starry night. Agrippina stood talking with one of her freedwomen about the repentance of her son and the reconciliation which had taken place, when, after the vessel had drawn some distance away from the shore, the plotters tried to carry out their infernal plan. What happened is not very clear. The seemingly picturesque description of Tacitus is in reality vague and confusing. It appears that the ship did not sink so rapidly as the plotters had hoped, and in the confusion which resulted on board, the emperor's mother, ready and resolute, succeeded in making her escape by casting herself into the sea and swimming away, while the hired assassins on the ship killed her freedwoman, mistaking her for Agrippina.

Agrippina arrived safely at one of her villas, and although she knew that her son had attempted her murder she sent him a message apprising him of her escape and in such a way that he might know her forgetfulness and pardon. But he could not believe in a magnanimity to which his own nature was a stranger. He imagined his mother as hastening to Rome to appeal to the Senate and to the people, and so, under the prompt-

ings of Seneca, he determined to make a further attempt and in such a way that Anicetus should bear the penalty of failure:

As a matter of fact, Anicetus accepted. The freedman whom Agrippina had sent to announce her misfortune was imprisoned and put in chains, in order to convey the impression that he had been captured carrying concealed weapons and in the act of making an attempt upon the emperor's life by the order of his mother. Anicetus then hastened to the villa of Agrippina and surrounded it with a body of sailors. He entered the house, and with two officers rushed into the room where Agrippina, reclining upon a couch, was talking with a servant, and killed her. Tacitus tells us that when Agrippina saw one of the officers unsheathe his sword, she asked him to thrust her through the body which had borne her son.

Thus died the last woman of the house of Augustus and the greatest of them all.

These heroines of ancient Rome suffered more, says the author, than her heroes. They were expected to possess all the rarest and the most difficult virtues and they were rewarded with ingratitude and aspersions. The days of Augustus were not wholly unlike our own, and we may read with a peculiar interest the summary of the author on the struggle between the old and the new, the struggle that is now being waged before our eyes and that must be repeated as long as human progress shall persist:

He who has not lived in those years when an old world is disappearing and a new one making its way can not realize the tragedy of life, for at such times the old is still sufficiently strong to resist the assaults of the new, and the latter, though growing, is not yet strong enough to annihilate that world on the ruins of which alone it will be able to prosper. Men are then called upon to solve insoluble problems and to attempt enterprises which are both necessary and impossible. There is confusion everywhere, in the mind within and in the world without. Hate often separates those who ought to aid one another, since they are tending toward the same goal, and sympathy binds men together who are forced to do battle with one another. At such times, women generally suffer more than men, for every change which occurs in their situation seems more dangerous, and it is right that it should be so. For woman is by nature the vestal of our species, and for that reason she must be more conservative, more circumspect, and more virtuous than man. There is no state or civilization which has comprehended the highest things in life which has not been forced to instil into its women rather than into its men the sense for all those virtues upon which depend the stability of the family and the future of the race. And for every era this is a question of life and death.

Forty-seven illustrations complete a volume of unusual interest, a record of some noble women whose lives should inspire the future as well as illuminate the past.

The Women of the Cæsars. By Guglielmo Ferrero. New York: The Century Company; $2.

Eighteen years ago the Walla Walla (Washington) Savings Bank failed and depositors received nothing. The president of the bank, J. K. Edminston, is sending $100,000 in installments from Cairo, Egypt, to pay every depositor in full. The money is sent to Judge John Sharpstein of Walla Walla, former counsel for Edminston, and at the latter's direction Sharpstein is looking up every person who had money in the bank when it failed in the summer of 1893. Widows and aged persons in poor circumstances are receiving their accounts first. By another year all claims will have been paid. Edminston has developed a cotton plantation in the Nile Valley and from its net receipts come the funds he is sending to Walla Walla month by month.

San Salvador is perhaps the most interesting historical point on the American side of the world, as it is the island upon which Columbus first landed. Yet it has lost its name. In view of the history not only of the Bahamas group, but of the American continents as well, it is far from surprising that the identity of the famous island should have been long lost; or that the reidentification should have been delayed until the middle of the last century, when Captain Becher of the British navy, by application of the description, contained in Columbus's journal, to the course from Gomera to the Bahamas, determined clearly that Watling's Island alone met all requirements of the case.

When President Taft visits Chicago next Monday he will be invited to cut the largest cheese ever made. It was produced at Appleton, Wisconsin, fifty cheese experts being employed in its manufacture. Weighing over 12,000 pounds and costing practically $6000 to build, the monster will be exhibited at the approaching national dairy show.

Italics were first used about A. D. 1500 by Manutius, a Venetian printer, who dedicated them to the Italian states. Hence the name. The first book set up in italics was an edition of Vergil printed at Venice by Aldus in 1501. A copy of this rare book is preserved in the British Museum.

Picking fir cones is a new industry, due to the forestry bureau of the United States, and in the dense fir sections of the State of Washington women, girls, and boys are actively engaged in the work. Seed is extracted from the cones for reforestration purposes.

In a marvelously short period of time thirty-three sugar factories have been built in the little island of Formosa and the revolution of the industry has been complete under Japanese rule, and threat is now made to invade the sugar market of India.

IN ARCADY.

The Outdoor Delights of Rural England.

How London is spreading out its tentacles for miles around, to the distress of those who would fain live the "simple life" in the old-fashioned style of Merry England, is described with humor and pathos by an anonymous contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. The narrative of house-hunting will appeal to all those peaceful spirits who have tried to escape the turmoil of modern city life, and such will envy the fortune of the writer when at last he discovered an ideal resting place in a fair county of red earth and green banks and winding lanes. Even there, however, Socialistic taxation and the influence of the "People's Budget" could not be escaped:

The landlord can occasionally shift the burden. I met a friend of mine at the club the other day, who thus addressed me: "I've given up trying to live on my ancestral acres; I've raised all my rents, and put in as hard-fisted a nut of an agent as I could find. I've sacked half the gardeners and all the grooms, and got rid of the estate masons, bricklayers, and carpenters. No more subscriptions, village nurses, flower-shows, cricket clubs, and extravagance of that kind for me. The house is empty, and don't pay tax. The furniture is in the Pantechnicon, and I'm not the popular hero I was. I tried to sell the place, but could not get a bid—no buyers in the market nowadays." "And what do you do with your miserable self?" I asked tenderly. "Oh, the wife and I spend Christmas to Easter abroad, hire a little flat in town for the season, and live with other people the rest of the year. But that's not so easy as it used to be; every one is cutting something down, and they usually begin on their house-parties." I expressed my sympathy and left him.

Many a squire nowadays vows at times that he will do as this man has done. But for most of them such an existence would be intolerable. The country and the surroundings in which they were born and bred are the very life to them, and there is, moreover, a feeling of defiance: they will stay and fight it out, though they die at their posts. It is not generally realized as yet, but there is a very bellicose spirit abroad; the Cavaliers of today have still some of the hardihood of their forebears, and the people around them are perfectly ready to back them up. Our legislators are laying up a store of trouble for their poor country; and if you ask me for a sign, I would point to the wonderful turnover of votes in country constituencies at the last election. The squires of England are moving—slowly, but they are moving, and they have great forces behind them. Before the last of their acres and their sovereigns is taken from them there will be more than a spilling of ink over the fields of Merry England. If it is asked, with what weapons will the countryside rebel against the town, I would say, English yeomanry regiments are about the best irregular cavalry in the world; and if I were a Social Democrat I would use my best endeavors to abolish them, and to bring about universal service, that the swarming towns may be drilled and armed against the Cavaliers of England.

But, to be sure, the water is getting too deep. "Minora canamus." We pride ourselves on the wildness and natural character of our hunting in the West. Here are no imported litters of Scotch foxes, no swarms of hard-riding sportsmen and troops of second horsemen. Some fifty or sixty men and women assemble at a good meet of the foxhounds, of whom at least twenty are farmers—a better proportion than you will find almost anywhere else in England. Our beloved old Master arrives with seventeen or eighteen couple of as good hounds as you can wish to look at; and if you try to follow him across the appalling bogs and banks of this rough country, you will not greatly dwell upon his age, for spare he is, and hard as nails, and fitter for his work than most of the amateur huntsmen I can think of. We are not very smart to look at, for we do not wear our pink coats more than we think proper, as the mud of the moorlands leaves a stain that nothing will remove. I believe it has a touch of yellow ochre in it; and if you take an involuntary roll therein, back must go your coat to the dyers, and "things are never the same again."

It is a difficult country to kill a fox in. Often the boldest rider can not get to hounds; the big overgrown hanks are not seldom entirely impracticable, and off the moors the hills are heart-breaking. When scent is good it is the easiest thing in the world to lose hounds altogether, thrust you never so valiantly. Most strangers get bogged once or twice, then learn to ride cunning over doubtful places in the wake of a farmer who knows the way. The foxes are wild animals, and stauneh as can be; but, alas! of late too many have been slain after a brief dash, maimed by traps or the equally deadly wire snare, which, when it is once tight fixed round a limb will eat it right away. The advent of the professional rabbit-trapper has proved an evil day for fox-hunting. Such a man hates foxes, for they destroy his goods; and when he catches one, short is the poor brute's shrift. The farmers do not always know of the misdoings of the trappers. They pocket the £10, or whatever it is, that the trapper pays them, and shut their eyes to the rest. As far as I can see, the only certain remedy is for the hunt to buy up the trapping, and employ some one to carry it out whom they can trust. The farmers, to do them justice, do not like the idea of fox-slaying by trap; but they are either too busy or too lazy, and prefer the sum down which the trapper offers them to the trouble of killing and marketing the rabbits for themselves. Palliative measures are patent wires, which drop off the captured animal if the peg to which they are fastened is pulled from the ground—a fox will, of course, pull out a peg that no rabbit can move—and relentless prosecution of the trapper if he is found using steel gins in improper places. But the first remedy is considerably discounted by the increased cost of the patent wire, and the trapper is too wily to bring himself within the operation of the second.

But the hunting of the wild red deer is the cherished and distinctive sport of the West country. A noble sport it is, and few things in this troublous little life are better than a fast gallop over the best parts of Exmoor. Let me tell you of the best day I had last August with the Devon and Somerset.

It is a bright sunny morning, and down in the low country it will be very hot long ere noon. But up here on the moor, a thousand feet above the sea, there is always a cool air, and it is never too hot for galloping, if your horse is fit. The Meet is at Larkbarrow Farm, and by eleven o'clock a field of between two and three hundred horsemen and horsewomen, dressed in every variety of rat-catching costumes—for only the hunt officials wear pink—have assembled at the little isolated moorland homestead, which is set in the midst of a rolling wilderness of heather and peat, of reed and grass—the scanty sweet-grass which feeds the famous moorland breed of little sheep. We inspect the pack, and agree that the hounds look fit for anything. Great big brutes they are, many of them full of the best blood in England. They are here "for no fault," but have been drafted from all over England on the score of size. A staghound must be big, or he is not likely to stand the terrific pace through the tall heather; and a good foxhound, who has no fault except that he is too big and is always a field in front of the pack, is just the hound for the West. There is no definite breed of staghound, as some folk seem to imagine. All hounds love to hunt deer.

Presently the pack is kenneled in a shed, and one by one the "tufters" are called forth. Old, sagacious hounds these, easy to stop and to handle. Five couple are chosen, and Tucker the huntsman trots off over the heather, the little cluster of hounds at his horse's heels.

If you want to see the "tufting" (and you miss much of the prettiest part of the sport if you do not see it), you should have two horses out, as after galloping for perhaps an hour after the tufters no horse is in the best fettle for beginning a long run with the pack. This time I am lucky enough to have two, so with fifty or sixty other sportsmen I follow Tucker. The rest of the field get off their horses, smoke, chatter, or make for points of vantage where they may be able to see something of the tufters without too much galloping about. There is little fear of heading ("blanching" it is called) a big August stag, who usually seems to take no notice of horses or men. The note of a hound, however, soon sets him thinking.

We trot for a mile or so over the springy heather, going carefully where the reeds lift up warning fingers; this part of the moor is not very soft, however. Presently Tucker breaks into a gallop, and the hounds race off to the right, down towards the Long Combe Water. There are the deer: one, two, . . . seven stags, all warrantable, a striking picture of graceful movement. They seem to lollop along so easily that you do not realize that they are moving as fast as a Derby winner. Overnight the "harbourer" marked them down, and his moor-craft has enabled him to tell Tucker exactly where to look for them in the morn.

The tufters' business is now to cut out one of these big fellows from the band, to press them until they scatter. We are galloping now in earnest; across the water with a scurry and a scramble, up a steep bank the other side, and then for a mile or so over rough and barren ground. Never mind the holes and pitfalls, it's soft falling here; there's a horse down on the left, but no damage done, and the chase sweeps on down Hoccombe Water into the Doone Valley. Here there is a scatteration, but the tufters, or most of them, are stopped, and laid on to the line of a single stag who has swung right-handed as if for the Deer Park and Black Barrow. A sharp turn, and back he comes, the tufters not far behind him, down the steep hill to Badgeworthy Water (where Lorna and the "girt Jan Ridd" first met), and in the water the tufters are stopped. "Did you see him?" calls out a friend. I confessed that I had been much too occupied in picking my way over the rough ground and in keeping an eye on the hounds to pay particular attention to the hunted stag. "It's old One-horn, and we shall have a gallop. He's beaten Tucker twice last year, and once this season already." By our watches we have been galloping for forty minutes, and right glad am I that I have a trusty groom and a second horse quietly waiting at Larkbarrow.

Christians use the term Holy Land to designate Palestine, as being the scene of the birth, ministry, and death of Christ, but, interestingly enough, other religious sects employ the same term for places sacred to them from association. Thus the Mohammedans speak of Mecca as the Holy Land, it being the birthplace of Mohammed. The Chinese Buddhists call India the Holy Land, because the founder of their religion was born there; while the Greeks bestowed this same title on Elis, where was situated the temple of Olympian Zeus.

SHANGHAIED.

What Came of a Landsman's Love for Wanderers of the Sea.

Until he was thirty-five, Thomas G. Bates—the "G" stood for Goodman, by the way—had lived a rather colorless and humdrum existence, doing his duty monotonously in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him—said duty consisting in the meticulous looking after a wife and two kiddies over in the decorous cross-the-bay section, and the daily care of the "S" ledger in a big wholesale dry goods house. Then, like the traditional levin-bolt out of a clear sky which nobody ever saw or felt, the life of Tom Bates was seared by an adventure as strange as it was cruel and unexpected. After which—but let the story tell.

All his life Tom Bates had been obsessed by the romance and a love of old ocean. He reveled in Dana, Michael Scott, Herman Melville, Stevenson, Clark Russell, and W. W. Jacobs. Whenever he crossed the ferry to and fro, he craned his neck if some big square-rigger happened to be berthed along East Street; he could name every spar, sheet, and halyard of a skysail-yarder and box the compass forward or back as well as, or better, than any middy out of Annapolis—for I'm told they don't box the compass any more. But the nearest Bates ever came to being a sailor was when he learned to handle a catboat on San Pablo Bay during his summer vacations. Yet he secretly hugged the belief that he would have "made good" and cut a heroic figure on the bridge of a liner or on the quarter-deck of some windjamming clipper, had fate or fortune cast his life-line differently. In which, of course, he was not unlike Wells's "Mr. Polly."

One morning in the pleasant month of May, Tom Bates noticed a big four-masted ship lying at a pier well below the Ferry station. For a couple of weeks he watched the unknown vessel, until on the morning of the twenty-ninth he saw that the riggers were aloft bending her canvas. Evidently sailing time was near. Next day happened to be a holiday—Memorial Day, in fact—and Bates took a sudden resolution to run over to the city, stroll down East Street, and have a look at the ship—perhaps he might be invited aboard by skipper or mate for a "yarn." Stranger things had happened.

It was afternoon of the thirtieth before Tom Bates could put his plan into execution, owing to the fact that he had to take "the missus" and the aforesaid kiddies to view the Memorial Day parade—which no loyal suburbanite ever thinks of missing. After a rather late noon dinner he sallied forth and crossed the ferry, noting with inward satisfaction that the four-master was still at her dock. Silhouetted against the sky he could see the towering masts and spars of the ship he was going to visit; he felt like a boy out for a lark.

He found her a big brute of a vessel, steel hull and lower masts with wire standing-rigging. He had previously noted that she carried double topsail and t'gallant yards and royals on fore, main, and mizzen; the jigger-mast, he could have fluently told you, was fore-and-aft rigged, like a bark's. Viewed close at hand, *Vesta*—that was the name painted on her name-boards on either bow—looked a very powerful boat, her immense width of yards promising a noble show of canvas even under plain sail; what she would look like with all her kites spread Bates could well imagine.

He had walked the ship's length along the dock; her decks seemed to be deserted; then, while he stood gazing up and around opposite the sky-lighted poop, the half-expected happened. A man came out of the companionway—by his dress and bearing Bates judged him to be one of the mates, perhaps *the* mate—lighted a pipe, and perched himself easily on the ship's rail right abreast of where our landsman stood. With the enthusiasm of the novice Tom Bates drew near and said: "I've been admiring your ship, sir, she's certainly a beauty!"

The mate—Bates had guessed right—looked him over deliberately, removed his pipe, spat overside, and answered laconically: "So-so."

This reply did not seem to invite conversation, and Bates had about decided that the adjective "bucko" might probably be tacked on to "mate," when the latter, who had been eying our friend furtively, called out in more friendly fashion: "Like to come aboard?"

This was exactly what Bates had pictured as happening, and ardently desired, so he replied with alacrity: "Why, I'd like nothing better if it won't trouble you too much."

Vesta was loaded pretty deep and the tide was low, so it was an easy matter to step from the string-piece of the dock to the top of the bulwark, and then, steadying himself by a backstay, to jump on deck, which Tom proceeded to do, rather proud of his sailor-like agility. The mate met him on the main-deck and led the way forward, pointing out pumps, windlass, galley, deck-house, and hatches as they went. Bates recognized all of these things from his reading, and could have named them readily. So, perhaps to show that he was not entirely ignorant of nautical lingo, he began to make a few technical observations, such as "I see you carry three royal yards?" or "Double t'gallants, eh?" or "No flying jibboom—why's that?"

"Ever been to sea?" queried the mate.

"Never," laughed Bates, rather shamefacedly, "but I've always been crazy about deep-water ships."

The mate looked him over rather strangely, then led the way aft, and through a door opening from the main-deck into the cabin. Here again Tom Bates fairly reveled at the actual sight of what he had so often pictured—a real ship's cabin with its fidded table running on upright stanchions, horse-hair swinging chairs bolted to the deck, a lamp hung by gimbals overhead, a brass-rodded and red-curtained skylight, with sundry doors opening on each side and astern—which latter, Bates knew, led to the skipper's room right aft and the mates' berths to port and starboard. At last he beheld the real thing!

The taciturn mate proved to be quite hospitably inclined. From a locker, after some fumbling around, he produced cigars, a bottle of Scotch, and a siphon, bidding Bates "Help yourself an' drink hearty!"

The unsuspecting guest did as he was bid, pouring a generous two fingers, and politely drinking to the health of the ship. It was the fieriest Scotch he had ever tasted, and something worse than smoky. The cigar, too, was a fat black cheroot, strong enough to knock a man down. In a few moments the landsman felt most confoundedly sleepy and queer. He ascribed his sensations to the stuffy ship-smell of the cabin, and muttered something about "going on deck for a bit of fresh air."

But, on attempting to stand, his feet and legs crumpled up; his head swam; the half-smoked cigar dropped from his nerveless fingers, and Tom Bates collapsed on the leather-covered transom—drugged and insensible—aided by a rough push from the friendly mate.

When he came to his senses the cabin was in darkness; on attempting to get to his feet the deck seemed to slip away at a queer angle; this was followed by an unfamiliar heave the other way which threw the novice back on the transom; the effort to rise was followed by acute nausea. But his brain was not too dulled to realize one thing: His reading told him that the heaving deck and the hitherto strange sound of water washing along the ship's bends could mean but one thing—*Vesta* was at sea and under a press of sail! Then he resigned himself helplessly to the pangs of seasickness, in his agony dimly and grimly recalling the story of a Frenchman under similar conditions who at first thought he was going to die, and then feared he wasn't.

The next thing Bates knew, day was all abroad and he was lying out on the main-deck sputtering and drenched from the drastic effects of a bucket of seawater which had been brutally flung over him. Rising on one elbow, he beheld the friendly mate looking on, arms akimbo, while a crowd of tatterdemalions, busied about the decks, grinned furtively.

Staggering to his feet, gasping and shivering, Bates sensed his situation at once from his reading of sea stories. He was at sea—shanghaied! But why?

The mate—he was really a "bucko"—helped him to rise with a well-placed kick.

"Thought that'd fetch yer!" he snarled. "No shamming, d' y' hear! Get up on y' hind feet an' turn to! What's y' name? Bates, hey? Well, Mister Bates, you better get a move on—see? Bos'n, take him forrard an' put him t' work." With "them very words" the bucko mate turned on his heel and went aft, contemptuously deaf to poor Bates's expostulations.

The bos'n was more receptive, and listened not unkindly to the protests of the "new hand." "I've got to get home, I tell you," almost whimpered poor Tom. "What'll my wife think? What'll my employers say? Can't I send word? Won't the pilot take a message? This'll ruin me! I'll sue the owners! I'll——"

"See here, bo'," said the bos'n, clapping him on the back roughly yet not unkindly. "I know jest how y' feel. But we're off soundin's since eight bells. You're here, an' here you'll stay till we gets in port. Then you goes ashore an' straightens out them things you're gassin' about."

"But why——" Bates was beginning.

"'Cause th' ship's short-handed, that's why, bo'. You aint th' first greenie what's been shanghaied, not by a long shot, an' y' won't be th' last. Better make th' best of a bad job. Don't fall foul o' th' mate—he's a holy terror when he's mad."

"How long before we make port?" Bates wanted to know, pulling himself together manfully.

"I give th' old hooker 'bout four weeks with good luck. I see how it is with you, matey. You're in my watch, an' I'll show you th' ropes. But you gotter do y'r trick same as all hands. Here's where y' bunk; take any berth that's empty."

They had entered the fo'c'stle, dimly lighted by a stinking smoky lamp fed with common slush out of the cook's grease-tub; on either hand two tiers of bunks—mere nests of naked boards—ran nearly to a point toward the bows, terminating in the forepeak, where were stowed paints, oils, tar-buckets, spare gear, and coal for the galley. The place smelt vilely and the looks and language of the watch off duty tended not a whit to sweeten the den.

However, in a measure, Tom Bates had been prepared for such a sea interior; time and again he had read of such ill-smelling quarters, though he had little expected ever to form one of the storm-beaten units inhabiting this and ten thousand similar holes. "Buck up!" had been the bos'n's final words, and buck up he would.

Yet he went through an agony of anxiety. What would Lizzie think? How would she manage? Luckily there was a few hundred dollars in the savings-bank, so that she and the babies need not starve. Would he be regarded as that most contemptible of curs, a wife-deserter? Again, what would the firm do—would they keep his job for him?

These and a score of similar galling thoughts harassed his brain, but luckily and mercifully the cruel-hard physical tasks to which he was put dulled his sensibilities. For the first day or two, until he got his sea-legs, he was kept busy on deck, doing all sorts of hateful and dirty but none the less necessary work—painting, slushing the masts, scrubbing decks, tarring down the standing rigging.

Then he was ordered aloft with the rest of his watch, at first squeezing ignominiously through the lubber's hole, reefing topsails and t'gallantsails. At the end of a week he could shin up the sheer-poles—at the loss of much cuticle—with the best of the lighter weights among the crew, handling the royals; by the end of two weeks, thanks to the kindly tutelage of the bos'n, he could pass an earring and ride the flemish horse. On his watches below he slept like a dead man, often in wet clothes—which would have given his Lizzie a fit had she known it—and could "scof" the vile victuals like a hungry scavenger.

When *Vesta* berthed in a Hawaiian port he was paid off to the tune of twelve dollars for his month's work, and promptly went ashore in quest of the American consul. Counting in the few bills he had with him on that fateful Memorial Day afternoon, Bates had exactly sixteen dollars and forty-eight cents. Sartorially, he was a disreputable wreck, not to write scarecrow; his once natty blue-serge suit was stained, shrunken, and misshapen; he had grown a month's beard, which did not add to his beauty; his once immaculate bookkeeper's hands were gnarled and knotted and tar-stained; his derby hat was battered out of shape, and altogether poor Tom Bates looked the dirty ruffian he felt himself to be. But the American consul would fix all that, he told himself. What else were consuls for?

He had promised himself that he could cable home the first thing—"collect"—but he soon learned that no cable company would trust such a trampish-looking customer, and he did not dare to pay the tolls out of his scanty funds. So he hunted up the consul's office. That representative of the glorious Stars and Stripes turned out to be an offensively coarse "Dutchman," who listened in contemptuous scorn to Bates's tale of woe.

"Git owit mine offiz!" was the response to his appeal for help. "You are a skin, a bum, a dom fraud! Owit you go before I hof you arrested!"

"Guess it's the street for mine!" sighed poor Bates—friendless and alone in a strange land, ignorant even of the language. It began to look as if he'd have to re-cross the Pacific as he'd come—in that hated fo'c'sle of the *Vesta*. What to do, where to turn, he knew not. He was afraid to spend his little store of money; the cable toll for the briefest sort of intelligible message would leave him with less than ten dollars; he must eat and sleep somewhere pending the arrival of funds unless he could get a job—and that was hopeless, looking as he did like a hobo. He almost grudged the money for a shave and a hair-cut—but finally decided to indulge, hating and hardly knowing himself under that frowsy growth of whisker.

And it was lucky he did so, or he might have tramped the inhospitable streets indefinitely. He had made his way to the quay side, and there noticed a smart steam-yacht anchored in mid-stream flying the Stars and Stripes over her taffrail. The dainty craft looked mighty "homey" to poor stranded Tom Bates.

As he gazed, a smart gig put off from her side-ladder bearing two men passengers. She made for the landing-stage where Bates was forlornly standing. When she rounded to, he read the name *Alicia* on her bow, at first dully and without realizing its significance.

Then there leaped into the mind of the castaway the remembrance that the senior partner of his dear old firm owned a yacht named *Alicia*, and that he was cruising somewhere in Oriental waters. With popping eyes Bates ran down the gang-plank and stood on the float shaking like a reed. It seemed almost too good to be true—a veritable God from the machine. For there, just stepping ashore, was the ruddy-faced and ever-genial senior partner himself!

Tom Bates staggered forward and touched the great man on the arm. "Oh, Mr. Cochrane!" was all he could gasp, but it was enough.

"Why, God bless my soul! It's—it's—why it' Thomas Bates! What in the devil's name are yo doing here, Tom?"

Of course you can guess the rest. Explanations followed in the *Alicia's* luxurious cabin. The yacht' steward was sent ashore with orders to "rush" tw cables—one to Lizzie and the kiddies, the other to "th firm." Two days later saw Tom Bates going home i the first cabin of the *Nippon Maru*, once more proper clothed and in his right mind.

And although he was thenceforth a hero among th "boys" in the store and to his neighbors—no man c be a hero even to the best of wives, although Liz graciously forgave him for the fright he had caus her—Tom Bates has ever since eschewed romance a resolved never more to wander from his ain firesid

Frederic Reddale.

San Francisco, October, 1911.

India maintains its position as the home of the m deadly snakes. Last year 22,478 deaths from snal bites were recorded.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Iron Woman.

We know at once that the chief characters of this strong story are the four children to whom we are introduced on the first page. Before we have read the first chapter we can forecast the main lines of their destinies.

The adults, with the exception of Mrs. Maitland, the "iron woman," are less interesting. Mrs. Maitland is the widow of a man of artistic temperament who has been misplaced by fate at the head of an Eastern foundry. On his death Mrs. Maitland displays all those stern business faculties in which her husband was lacking. Feminine and maternal characteristics are not absent; they have simply been ignored until they have nearly atrophied. Her son Blair takes after his father, and even as a child he rebels passionately against the ugliness of his home and the grim unloveliness of his mother. Naturally enough, he is utterly spoiled by Mrs. Maitland, who gratifies an occasionally insurgent and crude maternalism in the easiest way, by unlimited indulgences and gifts of money. The heroine of the story is Elizabeth, niece of Robert Ferguson, Mrs. Maitland's manager. Elizabeth is a winsome little maiden when we first know her and a conscienceless tyrant over Blair and their mutual friend, David Richie, and with the eye of faitb we see that there will be trouble between Blair and David in the years to come. Mrs. Richie is a lady with a nebulous past that has developed in her all that is beautiful in womanhood, but we seem to feel that whatever lapse she may have committed is bcing morally exaggerated not only in her own mind, but in that of the author. And when the truth is finally made known by Mrs. Richie herself we are rather inclined to think that there has been much ado about nothing.

The development of character is effected with great skill, often with dramatic emphasis, and always with a warm personal solicitude that is contagious. All the honors are with Mrs. Maitland and Elizabeth, and we should have to go far to find anything stronger or more convincing. If the story has a weak point it is a conclusion that almost suggests a certain weariness of imagination on the author's part.

THE IRON WOMAN. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.35 net.

Dawn of the Morning.

The author, Grace Livingston Hill Lutz, is fond of marriage situations that are delightfully novel and romantic, but that slightly strain the probabilities. In "Marcia Schuyler," if we remember aright, we had a bride who was deserted at the last moment by her intended husband and who permitted a substitute to take his place at the altar so that the family honor might be saved. And now we have a variation even more startling. Dawn Van Rensselaer has been courted much against her will by Harrington Winthrop, and yielding to her father's dictation she consents to marry him. But on the day before the wedding it becomes evident that the faithless Harrington already has a wife and children, and so it is evident that he is unavailable. In this emergency Harrington's brother Charles steps to the front. He has seen Dawn once only, hut once was enough, and he now wishes nothing hetter than to marry the maiden all forlorn who had captured his heart. He is given to understand that the suggestion has been conveyed to Dawn and that she has consented. As a matter of fact she knows nothing of it, but nevertheless she is married to Charles in broad daylight without discovering the substitution. It is true that she is in a state of terror and has been warned by her stepmother that modest maidens always keep their eyes lowered upon such occasions, as no doubt they do. But one would have supposed that the voice and even the magnetism of the man by her side would have betrayed the situation. But they did not, and it is not until many hours after that Dawn discovers that she is not married to the dreaded Harrington, but to the much more desirable Charles. Which is what she would have wished. But even then only half the story has been told, and the latter part is as good as the first, and it contains no further shock to our credulities.

The story is a charming one. All tbe stories by this author are charming. They smell of lavender and clean things. They are redolent of the fresh pure life of the country village when the railroad was an infant. Their heroines are delicious girls of the olden times, when girls still knew how to blush and to be maidenly. The author's name on a title-page is a guaranty of something sweet and good—and also clever.

DAWN OF THE MORNING. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. With illustrations in color hy Anna Whelan Betts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Kennedy Square.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith has written a novel that can he read with unalloyed pleasure, that is as tender a portrait of the old chivalrous life of the South as has ever been given to the world. And yet he employs none of those overworked arts that are the stock in trade of the modern storyteller. There are no unexpected developments, we can guess accurately how everything will finish, and there are no tangled webs of fate and fortune to be unraveled. It is merely a section in the lives of half a dozen people whose characters are of the ordinary human kind, but made beautiful by the artistic analysis and perception of the author.

And yet the men are more convincing than the women. Indeed, the men are nearly perfect. The hero is St. George Wilmot Temple, who has that exquisite kind of breeding that can enslave the hearts of all ages and of all estates and who is equally idolized by his peers and by his slaves. When Harry Rutter is driven from his father's house for the unpardonable crime of fighting a duel with a guest it is St. George who receives him as his own son and sticks to him even when his own fortune disappears in a bank failure.

The heroine is the beautiful Kate, and we are inclined to wonder how much of her charm is due to the exaggeration of Southern chivalry. Personally we are inclined to feel that Kate needs a good talking to by some one on whom the obligations of chivalry do not weigh quite so heavily. She was engaged to Harry, who is very much of a man and whose only faults are those of hot-headed youth. It is to avenge a gross insu't to Kate that Harry fights the duel, and yet when the poor boy is sent from home, disinherited and presumahly ruined, for an excessive zeal in her defense, she takes sides against him and vows that she can never, never, never speak to him again after such a lapse from hospitality. That may be Southern, but it is hardly womanly, and we feel that Kate's punctiliousness verges upon cruelty. When Harry finds that St. George is actually ruined he takes the step that finally completes his manhood. He engages himself as a sailor, goes to South America, and works at anything and everything rather than be a burden upon his protector. We know, of course, that he will come back, that his absence will have softened the obdurate heart of Kate, and that the curtain will fall in the only way that we would have it fall. And we feel relieved that Harry commits no further hreach of etiquette and so avoids another season of retribution.

The introduction of Edgar Allan Poe is an excellent piece of work. With Poe once upon the stage a less skillful author would have been tempted to keep him there with incongruous results. But we see Poe once only, and then in a finely dramatic way. We hear of him indirectly on other occasions, and that is all. But it is a feature of the story that we should have been sorry to miss.

The author's style is admirably consonant with his subject. He meanders along with a delightful leisureliness, and while he is discursive, he never loses sight of his narrative. Altogether he has given us one of the successes of the year, a novel that leaves a mental deposit behind it and the pleasant memory of a feast of good things.

KENNEDY SQUARE. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

The Book of Job.

Dr. George A. Barton contributes the latest addition to the Bible for Home and School series, a series marked as much by breadth of view and an absence of prejudice as by a ripe scholarship.

Dr. Barton has no hesitation in saying that the prologue and epilogue of the Book of Joh are not the work of the poet who wrote the bulk of the book. There are not only marked differences in composition, but the body of the hook seems carefully to avoid the Jehovistic terminology found in the epilogue and prologue. With one or two exceptions, the divine name is given as El, Eloah, and Shaddai. There are also such differences in the point of view as to suggest strongly the conclusion that the epilogue and prologue belonged to some old folk tale that was used by the author as a basis for his more modern religious theories.

The volume contains 318 pages, the first fifty-five being devoted to a critical examination of the conditions under which the Book was written, its integrity, date, authorship, and argument. Then follows the text in full with copious and explanatory footnotes. As indicating the high-water mark of modern research and of hiblical erudition the work has no competitor. Nothing could be more appropriate to a scries tbat "is intended to place the results of the best modern biblical scholarship at the disposal of the general reader."

COMMENTARY ON THE BOOK OF JOB. By George A. Barton, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 90 cents.

Briefer Reviews.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has now puhlished the seventh volume of Oliver Huckel's translations of Wagner's Ring cycle. Like its predecessors, the "Götterdämmerung" makes an attractive volume, decoratively printed with colored marginal titlings and with well executed illustrations. The price is 75 ceuts.

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By Margaret Deland

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My Three Loves.

Bishop Beverley Dandridge Tucker would be better known as a poet of distinction had he published at some earlier date such a volume as that now before us. It is a small volume, but it contains all that the bishop has written, and where there is such restraint we may reasonably expect excellence. Certainly we find it here. The author's verse is marked by unusual dignity. Every stanza bears the impress of a cultured and a lofty mind that expresses itself naturally in terms of deep sincerity and therefore of strength. The poems are divided into three sub-heads. "In Camp and Field," "In Love's Garden," and "In the Sanctuary." In part 1, among other well-known war poems, are the lines called "The Days When We Followed Robert Lee" and the verses read at the dedication of the monument to the Confederate dead at Portsmouth, Virginia. Bishop Tucker is the grand-nephew of John Randolph of Roanoke and served in the Army of Northern Virginia.

In Camp and Field. By Beverley Dandridge Tucker, Bishop Coadjutor of Southern Virginia. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; $1.25.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

George Hamlin Fitch, literary editor of the San Francisoc *Chronicle* and author of "Comfort Found in Good Old Books," is away for a journey around the world, going first to Japan. A second volume of literary essays by Mr. Fitch is announced for the coming spring season hy Paul Elder & Co.

"Under Western Eyes," a novel by Joseph Conrad, author of "The Secret Agent," is announced for immediate publication by Harper & Brothers. The title suggests the strange revelation to Western people of the depths of Russian national temperament which Mr. Conrad, himself a Russian hy birth, here portrays.

"Me—Smith," the novel by Caroline Lockhart issued last spring by the J. B. Lippincott Company, has gained a larger circle of admiring readers steadily. Seven editions have been demanded in the seven months since its first appearance.

A new volume of essays by the Hon. Joseph H. Choate will be published by the Century Company this week. It gathers together addresses delivered by Mr. Choate at various times and places in America from 1864 to 1911. Rufus Choate, Admiral Farragut, Florence Nightingale, the Sanitary Fair in '64, trial by jury, and Harvard College commencements are some of the persons and events recalled in these essays.

New Books Received.

FICTION.

Tarantella. By Edith Macvane. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.20 net.

A new novel by the author of "The Black Flier."

Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A new edition with illustrations in color by N. C. Wyeth.

That House I Bought. By Henry Edward Warner. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; 75 cents.

A humorously told adventure in real estate.

The Far Triumph. By Elizabeth Dejeans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25.

"An enthralling novel of modern American life."

Philip Steele. By James Oliver Curwood. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.25.

A new novel by the author of "The Honor of the Big Snows."

The Song of Renny. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

A new novel by the author of "The Queen's Quair."

Ethan Frome. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.

A new novel by a popular author.

The Silent Barrier. By Louis Tracy. New York: Edward J. Clode; $1.25 net.

A new novel by the author of "The Wings of the Morning," etc.

Find the Woman. By Gelett Burgess. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.25 net.

The new novel by the author of "Vidette."

Adrian Savage. By Lucas Malet. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.35 net.

A new novel by the author of "Sir Richard Calmady."

At the Age of Eve. By Kate Trimble Sharber. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.25 net.

A new novel by the author of "The Annals of Ann."

His Rise to Power. By Henry Russell Miller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.25 net.

A political novel by the author of "The Man Higher Up."

The Fair Irish Maid. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.30 net.

A tale laid in that eventful time when Napoleon was the bogey of Europe, and when America and England were for a second time at odds.

Redeemed. By Mrs. George Sheldon Downs. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.25 net.

A novel dealing with divorce.

When Margaret Was a Freshman. By Elizabeth Hollister Hunt. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.25 net.

A story of college life.

The Following of the Star. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A love story by the author of "The Rosary."

When No Man Pursueth. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.35 net.

A new novel by a popular author.

The Shadow Men. By Donald Richberg. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; $1.25.

A novel of modern political conditions from the "reform" standpoint.

A Tour and a Romance. By Alice E. Robbins. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

A book of travels and also a novel.

BIOGRAPHY, DESCRIPTION, ECONOMICS.

The Germans. By I. A. Wylie. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2 net.

The impressions of "an ordinary private person, living the ordinary German life in an ordinary German town."

Criminal Statistics in the United States. By Louis N. Robinson. Boston: Hougbton Mifflin Company; $1.

Issued in the Hart, Schaffner, and Marx Prize Essays in Economics.

Spiritism and Psychology. By Theodore Flournoy. Translated by Hereward Carrington. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2.

A study of supernormal psycbology from the point of view of the "expert psychologist."

Women of the Bible. By John W. Chadwick, Rabbi Gustav Gootheil, Lyman Abbott, Henry Van Dyke, W. H. P. Faunce, Richard Green Moulton. Bishop John F. Hurst, Edward B. Coe, Bishop William C. Doane, Newell Dwight Hillis, Bishop Henry C. Potter, and Cardinal Gibbons. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1 net.

A Calendar for Saints and Sinners, 1912. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; $1.

When Neighbors Were Neighbors. By Galusha Anderson. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.20 net.

Professor Anderson tells from intimate knowledge the outer and inner life of an old-time country neighborhood.

Lincoln, Lover of Mankind. By Eliot Norton. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; 75 cents net.

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The Truth about an Author. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.

"In this remarkably frank and very instructive little essay the author treats himself and his own early literary career to the same ruthless realism which has brought him, through his fiction, to the forefront of living novelists."

Genius and Other Essays. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Edited by Laura Stedman and George M. Gould, M. D. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.50 net.

A collection of distinguished essays taken from the great body of material, the work of his maturity, left by Mr. Stedman at his death.

The Praise of Lincoln. Collected and arranged by A. Dallas Williams. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.

An anthology, with contributions from Aldrich, Bryant, Gilder, Holmes, Julia Ward Howe, Lowell, Riley, Stedman, Whittier, and others.

Checking the Waste. By Mary Huston Gregory. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.25 net.

A study in conservation.

The Great Wall of China. By William Edgar Geil, F. R. G. S. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company.

New edition. With one hundred full-page illustrations and maps.

The Record of an Adventurous Life. By H. M. Hyndman. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The autobiography of the most prominent among English labor leaders.

Myths and Legends of Flowers, Trees, Fruits, and Plants. By Charles M. Skinner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.50 net.

A volume of folk lore with many illustrations.

In the Footprints of the Padres. By Charles Warren Stoddard. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; $2.

A new and enlarged edition with an introduction by Charles Phillips and numerous illustrations.

Boat Building and Boating. By D. C. Beard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.

A practical manual, with many illustrations by the author.

Robert Louis Stevenson. By Isobel Strong. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 50 cents net.

An appreciation by the joint author with Lloyd Osbourne of "Memories of Vailima."

Recipe for a Happy Life. Edited by Marie West King. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; $1 net.

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Good Things. By Isahel Goodhue. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; $1 net.

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Buttered Toasts. By Fred Emerson Brooks. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; 50 cents.

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POETRY.

Summer of Love. By Joyce Kilmer. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; $1.

A volume representing the body of Mr. Kilmer's more serious work in poetry.

Helen of Troy and Other Poems. By Sara Teasdale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25.

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The Ingoldsby Legends. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2 net.

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Ben King's Southland Melodies. Chicago: Forbes & Co.

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Poems of Revolt and Satan Unbound. By G. Constant Lounsbery. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1 net.

"These poems attempt to formulate the various cries of the victims of life for liberty."

City Views and Visions. By William Griffith. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1 net.

A collection of verse.

The Lockerbie Book. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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The Poems of Henry Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons; $2 net.

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JUVENILE.

Konigskinder; or, The Royal Children. By Anna Alice Chapin. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.25.

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The Children's Book of Christmas. Compiled by J. C. Dier. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

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The Twelfth Christmas. By Marjoric Benton Cooke. Chicago: Forbes & Co.

Otherwise entitled "The Christ Child's Revelation."

Chatterbox, 1911. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

Winning the Junior Cup. By Norman Brainerd. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.25.

A story of school life.

Tony's White Room, and How the White Rose of Love Bloomed and Blossomed There. By Winifred Rich. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; $1 net.

An illustrated story for children.

Square Beasts and Curved. By George A. Harker. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.; 50 cents net.

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Briefly, the little journeys which enable one to see practically everything worth seeing follow:

First, visit Dolores Mission, famed for its sentimental and historical interest. Board Valencia Street car No. 9 at the Ferry and ride within a block of the Mission. Founded in 1776, built largely by the Indians under supervision of the Fathers. The old churchyard adjoins. A caretaker shows visitors about.

One can well spend a day in Golden Gate Park. The cars run direct from the Ferry. The grounds are among the most beautiful in the world, and contain a fine museum, art gallery, children's playground, baseball and tennis fields, drives and speedways. All this was once a sandy waste.

Two routes are offered to the Cliff House and the beach. One can take a car at the Ferry, ride up Market Street, see the splendid new business blocks, transfer at the Park, and after passing through a fast-growing section reach the end of the line. The splendid beach, the Seal Rocks, Cliff House, the *Gjoa*, which made the Northwest Passage some years ago, Sutro Baths and museum, and Sutro Heights with its wonderful flower gardens rivet the attention. Then the return trip, also for five cents, is made through an entirely different part of town, following for a way the high cliff which affords a magnificent view of the Bay and Golden Gate, the lighthouses and some of the fortifications. This is the Sutter Street line and brings one back to Market Street, after whirling through a splendid residence and business section.

"Little Italy" snuggles up around Telegraph Hill, and old Telegraph Hill must be climbed, for from its summit is obtained a view of San Francisco, bay and sweep of country beyond which beggars description. Away back in the '50s Telegraph Hill was a signal station, all incoming ships being reported by its lookout. The Kearny Street car lands the sightseer within a few blocks of the top of the Hill, and on the way back one can drop off and stroll through Chinatown, the car passing within a block of that picturesque quarter.

The searcher after color should visit Fisherman's Wharf, reached by the Powell Street line direct. There the great fishing fleet comes in from the ocean to supply San Francisco and many other parts of the state.

Very interesting in its way is the ride down Third Street, out through the great lumber yards, past the ship-building plants, past Butchertown and the Potrero, following the Bay quite closely, out into the country, and then returning through the Mission, enabling one to see miles of the southern section of the city.

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THE BECKONING OF VAUDEVILLE.

At this angle of Martin Beck's activities the view is not all-including, yet it is easy to decide that as general manager of twenty-odd Orpheums and more affiliated vaudeville houses, firmly planted all over America and England, he is the most powerful influence in the theatrical world today. And the word theatrical may be replaced by dramatic, if the change will adapt the assertion better to fastidious debaters. It is not the fashion among professional critics of dramatic art to write much about vaudeville, but they will change their mode some day; at least, those who continue clear-eyed in the service.

Just how Martin Beck is affecting the theatres can not be told completely in a column and a half, but some of the points may be marked. In the first place, he is the best judge of a show to be found in the business. Proof: the Orpheums are crowded from orchestra rail to gallery rear row twice a day the year around. They never know an unprofitable year, or month, or week, or day. Their profits enable Mr. Beck to pay high prices for unique and audience-delighting acts. It is true that these acts are diversified—they range from grand opera and classic instrumental solos down to clown and circus turns, but they are the best of the various kinds. B. F. Keith is said to have been the first vaudeville manager to bar indecency and profanity from the stage of his theatre. Martin Beck was an early follower, if he did not independently put in force the same restriction. That was the first intelligent impulse of vaudeville toward popularity. There have been any number of improvements in the business since that time.

Big pay for appearances in vaudeville has drawn many distinguished actors to the boards of these theatres. Two good results have followed: Vaudeville audiences have learned to like and judge good acting and good one-act plays, and their appreciation has been lifted to a higher plane. Great actors have discovered that their influence has been strengthened rather than weakened by these excursions to a deprecated field. More good, strong, concise dramas are demanded. During the past year Martin Beck has induced such dramatic authors as Richard Harding Davis, Paul Armstrong, Israel Zangwill, and Channing Pollock to write sketches for Orpheum use. Some of the best of modern acting will be seen in these pieces. They have long been favored on the legitimate stage as "curtain raisers." One aristocratic theatre in London makes its programme entirely of one-act plays. This is, after all, a harking back to old traditions. Fifty years ago nearly every theatrical performance ended with a farce.

Once more, as to Mr. Beck's influence: Let us keep in mind the fact that the theatre manager of any grade, is in the show business. All dramatic entertainments are as truly "shows" today as they were in the days when monks formed the only associations of imaginative and leisure-plagued people and dissipated their surplus energy in miracle plays. Shakespeare and Moliere produced shows, and one of the two, being a poet, produced literature for his shows, though it narrowly missed being discovered as such. The vaudeville manager of today gives his audiences more for their money than any other theatrical producer. And he is stimulated to greater effort continually by the only force that has ever encouraged great plays and great actors—the flow of profits from the box-office. He has the purse of Fortunatus. The more he spends the more he has.

Whether these are glittering generalities or prosaic particulars is a matter of prejudice. For the one who is still oppressed with an academic taste, a visit to the local Orpheum this week is commended. He will find there many things he can not resist, and one especially to his liking. That one is the least tenuous of dramatic compositions, an "idyllic episode" entitled "Drifting." It was written by Agnes Scott, and the author plays the part of the girl in the sketch. As a bit of sentimental comedy it would be irreproachable if it were not rounded off with a Laure Jane Lihby explanation, but that is a momentary if an exceedingly ill-placed irritation. The purpose is good, and the acting, especially by Miss Scott, delightful. Her appearance, her tones, her glances, her movements, are the refinements of art, too effective to be unstudied. Mr. Keane is scarcely less pleasing, though he has not been so skillfully fitted in the part of the lover. The scene is an orchard in springtime, and though the charm of the piece is as fleeting as the pink and white of the blossoms, for the moment it is as perfect.

Mme. Panita, flute soloist, fills a number on the programme with as genuine art. The flute is seldom offered as a solo instrument now, yet there need be no apology when it is in the hands of Mme. Panita. Never was a boy's whistle more care free, never a bird's notes more spontaneous and true, never did other voice of music hold more of wooing winds and laughing water. Who has not wished for more when the flute in the orchestra has on occasion patterned or echoed the trills of the soprano on the stage? Mme. Panita gives that more, and yet hardly enough, in well chosen selections that display a range of tone almost unbelievable to those unfamiliar to the possibilities of the flute.

In third place, for interest and beauty, one could not fail to choose Odiva, the girl swimmer. The mammoth plunge bath in which she disports has a glass front, and in the clear green water, surrounded by a school or bevy or tribe of golden perch, the natatorial performer makes actual the legends of the mermaid. Pearl-diver feats are among the accomplishments displayed, but above all are the swiftness, grace, and ease with which this slim figure, in shining black skin-tight swimming costume moves in its submerged evolutions. Those who haunt the pools of woodland waters, with a rod and line as a visible excuse, undoubtedly are secretly possessed with the hope of one day surprising such a piece of alluring witchery in their solitary quests.

La Titcomb has a handsome white horse that knows every movement taught by the trick trainers, and its assurance and courage equal its memory and protean ability. Nat Wills, the tramp monologist and singer, is not always fresh and original, but he offers enough new stuff to earn his place among the responsible laugh-getters. The Pedersens are actually comedy acrobats, with but one painful diversion in their act. Among brass hand entertainers on the stage the Six Brown Brothers rank fairly well. Sammy Burns and Alice Fulton are agile and muscular dancers, who win their heartiest applause with some remarkable topsy-turvy manœuvres of the girl by her partner. The motion pictures show world-scattered scenes that have been prominent in the news of the month, those of the flood disaster in Pennsylvania being especially curious.

Altogether it is not merely a good show, it is an ambitious and worthy achievement which works inevitably for progress theatrically. George L. Shoals.

An Imported Scotch Comedy.

Possibly after American writers for the stage have exhausted business, ceased to pose as shame finders among the captains of industry, finally abandoned the trail of Eugene Walter and discovered that what is the easiest way to him is by no means so facile for them, and recognized the power that resides in the different types of the American enclosed in the broad boundaries of their country, they may contribute to the theatre some result of a study of their own people (declares the dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*).

"Bunty Pulls the Strings" will enable them to realize how important the use of character may be. Information concerning Graham Moffatt, who wrote the play, is so slight that one may only surmise that he must have lived among these people that he has transferred to the stage with such photographic exactness. Without his simple but correct methods of building a play the principal charm of this Scotch drama would never be so clear and appealing to the audiences. Luckily the incidental beauties of character drawing, wit, and observation are framed within an adequate technical skeleton. "Bunty Pulls the Strings," which suffers from the baldest and most unimaginative title heard here since "Cupid Outwits Adam," is an illuminating example of the degree to which in a drama incidental qualities are important.

Mr. Moffatt's play is obviously an actor's work. There is one important element in dramatic writing which the actor usually contrives to impart to his work. He rarely fails to make a play end as the audience wants it to. Graham Moffatt has Bunty receive her reward, the bride deserted at the church gets her promised husband after thirty years, the intriguing old maid is punished; all incidents that correspond completely to the wishes of the audience. This may not be in the least like life, in which the good are rarely rewarded and the wicked sometimes seem to flourish discouragingly. But it is life enough for the theatre in which Mr. Moffatt is at present toiling. The most minute and accurate observation of humanity will not in itself gain success for a play. It is secondary to other qualities, of which the most important is the playwright's own skill in building the skeleton which his sentiment and humor are to clothe.

Mme. Simone, the French actress, appeared in New York in Bernstein's "The Thief," and justified her expectations.

CURRENT VERSE.

Heart of Autumn.

I leave these woods to Autumn's ancient flame:
The beryl-hearted lake; its bending frame
Of willowed, rush-bound shore; the shadowed road
Where yesterday the crimson sumac glowed;
Dull goldenrod aswing beyond the wall
Where thrills the lone cicada's haunting call;
Far hills that lean against unclouded skies,
Whence drop low winds to wander languidwise;
Leaf-latticed lanes where once you stood apart:
This do I leave, but—I have kept your heart.
—*Gardner Weeks Wood, in Harper's Weekly.*

The Gipsying.

I wish we might go gipsying one day the while we're young,
On a blue October morning,
Beneath a cloudless sky,
When all the world's a vibrant harp
The winds o' God have strung,
And gay as tossing torches the maples light us by
The rising sun before us—a golden bubble swung—
I wish we might go gipsying one day the while we're young.

I wish we might go gipsying one day before we're old—
To step it with the wild west wind
And sing the while we go
Through far, forgotten orchards
Hung with jewels red and gold;
Through cool and fragrant forests where never sun may show,
To stand upon a high hill and watch the mist unfold—
I wish we might go gipsying one day before we're old.

I wish we might go gipsying, dear lad, the while we care—
The while we've heart for hazarding,
The while we've will to sing,
The while we've wit to hear the call,
And youth and mirth to spare,
Before a day may find us too sad for gipsying,
Before a day may find us too dull to dream and dare—
I wish we might go gipsying, dear lad, the while we care.
—*Theodosia Garrison, in Everybody's Magazine.*

Lud Combe.

It lies as softly as a pipit's nest,
The trees are round its forehead like a crown;
I came with one star dying in the west,
Over the lip I came, and stayed, and then stole down.

Oh, but I came so softly nothing knew,
No tendril trembled, no dead briar broke,
I would not shake a web for its white dew,
Nor wake the sleeping squirrel in the low boughed oak.

Ere first the light retouched this dreamful peace
Charmed presences were fading from the ways.
Illusively, as thoughts of sleepers cease,
Went to their shy retreats the timid woodland fays.

A breath moves at the day's awakening
In pattering aspen and in lisping beech;
Then is the preening of a lifted wing,
And loud or gentle challenges, each answering each.

A flittermouse belated flutters round,
A furtive badger to his hurrow goes,
And shivering wings vibrate into the sound
Of bees that drowsed asleep upon the night cold rose.

Come, Morning, on! The limpid heights are green,
And higher yet the blue translucent arch
Proclaims the radiant sun, from here unseen,
Passing, a nomad king, upon his lengthening march.

Unseen, for he may rise and burn and set,
He can not pierce these depths with his bright sword,
The ages gone no waiting flower yet
Has seen the splendent face of her life-giving lord.

Only the moon looks down when she rides high,
All cold upon the white limbs of the trees
And on the clear spring's glittered ecstasy;
She is the only jeweler of depths profound as these!

There is a little stream born of this spring,
A tiny channel, but with every mood
Of the great rivers, and with everything
They are, from summer shoal to winter's tearing flood.

The ant goes to his death upon its wave,
Breaking across its pebbles is the press
Of cataracts, its rapids are as brave,
Its deeps as still as theirs, its falls as pitiless.

This is the Combe, the fount and crucible
Of elements, artificer of skies;
The clouds are craft of hers that rise and swell
From filmy wreathings to their white immensities.

She holds the storm in durance of her walls;
The thunderous challenge, like a lion bound,
Trying the chain and foiled, at length appals,
Raging in its release, the whole broad vale around.

This is the Combe, mother of mysteries;
That peace at evening cometh from her womb
The shepherd knows, unwitting whence it is,
Bringing content and restfulness. This is the Combe.
—*Saturday Review.*

Wiliam H. Crane will have a new play soon from the pen of Martha Morton.

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Henry Hadley and the Symphony Orchestra.

Henry K. Hadley, the young American composer, arrived in San Francisco last week to prepare his symphony orchestra for public appearance. The subscription list is now large enough to assure the support of a good organization for the next three years.

Mr. Hadley was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, December 20, 1874. He showed musical tendencies of a marked character when a child, and his father, well known as a musician, instructed him in piano and violin playing. His creative ability developed with his interpretative skill and even before taking up the study of composition young Hadley wrote characteristically in the lighter forms of music. His first studies in composition were under Stephen Emery and George W. Chadwick.

At the age of twenty he composed his first serious work for orchestra, an overture called "Hector and Andromache," which was performed in New York under Walter Damrosch at a concert of the Manuscript Society in Chickering Hall. He had carried on the study of violin coincidentally with composition, and in 1893 made a tour of the United States as leader with the Laura Schirmer Mapleson Opera Company. In the following summer he went to Vienna to study counterpoint with Eusebius Mandyzewski, and while there completed his Ballet Suite, No. 3, which was heard first at a concert of the Manuscript Society, New York, under the late Adolf Neuendorf, and was afterwards included in the repertory of Sam Franko's American Symphony Orchestra. Hadley was appointed director of the music department at St. Paul's School, Garden City, Long Island, in 1895, a position he held for seven years.

Howard Talhot, the composer of the new English operetta "Mousmé," which, he claims, is "the first opera written since Gilbert's 'Mikado' that depends entirely upon Japanese characters in its libretto," spent some weeks in Japan not long ago. He was pleased because, whenever he heard a native hand on a battleship or with a regiment, selections from Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" were invariably included in the programme. "The music of the English comic opera, which they regard as an amusing skit on their own manners and customs, is immensely popular with cultured Japanese people," he asserts. In his own opera Mr. Talhot has worked in a few genuine Japanese phrases and motives.

Lydia Lopoukowa and Alexander Volinine, the charming dancers, appear as members of the Russian company which is under the direction of Max Rahinoff, and which includes Mikail Mordkin. The season opened last week in Hartford, Connecticut.

Fritzi Scheff's new vehicle, "The Duchess," by Victor Herbert, is a success.

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VANITY FAIR.

We were fully prepared to believe that the college girl graduate makes an ideal wife until some one attempted to prove it hy statistics. Then we rebelled. We have had such experience of statistics that we can now detect the lie upon their brazen faces at a glance. We have adopted the general rule that whatever can he proved hy statistics is not true. We are sorry for the girl graduate, hut never again can we look upon her with the covetous glance of yore.

The statistical person whom we have just withered believes that he has made a discovery. Browsing amongst his detestahle figures and census returns, he emerges with the announcement that only one girl graduate out of fifty-seven is divorced as against one out of twelve of those who are not girl graduates. So he whoops in his delirious delight and urges us to walk up to the university counter and take our choice with the full assurance of perpetuity. Now we are not quite sure that we want too much perpetuity, and that, hy the way, is the worst of the morality enthusiast. We are moralists ourselves, and we work at it industriously, hut we are not "scabs." In such matters we believe in the eight-hour day and no overtime. Let there he moderation in all things, and above all—*pas de zèle*.

But to return to our statistician. We knew that there was a flaw somewhere in that argument, and we found it just in time to save us from a girl graduate. The statistician would have us helieve that had we yielded to the pleadings of the girl graduate our chance of disaster would have heen one in fifty-seven, hut that had we sallied forth into the great cruel world in search of a wife who had not graduated the risk would have heen one in twelve. But the argument will not hold water, and although any attempt to drive an idea into the head of a statistician is well nigh hopeless yet we will reason with him upon the "vilest sinner may return" theory.

As a matter of fact he has split upon the perilous rock of averages. Let us suppose that there is a small section of American society that makes what may he called a specialty of divorce. Let us suppose that of the persons comprising this small section one-half are eventually separated hy law. Now if the general average for the whole community is one divorce in twelve marriages, and for the small section referred to the average is one divorce in two marriages, it is evident that the general average for the vast hulk of the community that lies outside of the small section may he something like one in fifty-seven. It is only hy adding the two together that you get the one in twelve average. Now girl graduates are a part of that vast hulk of the community wherein the divorces are one in fifty-seven. But they are not the whole of it. It includes also newspaper editors, reporters, and other highly moralized people associated directly or indirectly with the printing trades. It may include even bishops and the like. If the statistician had heen intelligent—of course an ahsurd idea—he would have said that girl graduates are an insignificant part of an enormous and respectahle majority of the nation that resists a natural impulse to be divorced, and that actually is divorced to the tune of only one in fifty-seven. But instead of this—hut there, what's the use? Huckleherry Finn says you can't learn a nigger to argue. Nor a statistician.

The ex-Crown Princess of Saxony is once more the victim of unmerciful disaster. She has invited the whole world and his wife—especially his wife—to read the story of her disagreements with her royal hushand, and now she is once more in trouhle with her second spouse, Signor Enrico Toselli.

In point of fact Signor Toselli wishes to he divorced. His delicate and shrinking soul can not hear the puhlicity that has resulted from his wife's hook. Certainly there are some things in that hook suitahle only for the perusal of very old gentlemen and high school sorority memhers, hut then Toselli might as well let bygones he bygones. If he could forgive the things that his wife did surely he can forgive her for saying that she did them. But then men are like that, and especially celehrated musicians. The one thing they can not forgive is puhlicity.

But the princess has something to say for herself, now as ever. She says she had ambitions for her hushand and he has disappointed them. She wrote an operatic lihretto for him in order to inspire his genius, but she might just as well have written it for the cook. She went to Paris to secure his engagements, but it was all of no use. He preferred the idle life. He would rather cull flowers hy the wayside and spend his time in gentle dalliances.

And the princess tried to wean him to the strenuous life. She did what she could, and now she tells us all ahout it. She says, "I used to rise daily at five in the hope of inducing him to leave his hed." Now there she erred. We know. There are very few men who can be moved thusly. She should have tried the effect of matutinal conversation, steadily, patiently, and persistently applied. Or if she was determined to get up she should have taken the hedclothes with her. But there is nothing like conversation. Very few men feel real chatty at five a. m. It is not of our own volition that we offer this advice. Under other circumstances it might seem ohtrusive, hut there is a frank and engaging something ahout the Princess Louise that seems almost to compel a friendly candor, a hreaking down of the harriers of reserve, a putting aside of conventionality. If there are any other points upon which a somewhat varied experience would he of service to the princess she has hut to command. But really she should have tried conversation. Rightly applied, it would raise the dead.

Miss Ida Peploe is a lady of such gorgeous strength of mind that we forgive her lack of a sense of humor. She is English, quite English, is Miss Ida Peploe, and she writes a letter to the London *Standard* on the subject of national defense and on the prohahle invasion of the country hy Germany which may take place ahout next Friday. The letter appears in large type and it need hardly he said that the *Standard* is not exactly a frolicsome newspaper nor one given over to an exuherant and irresponsihle humor.

Miss Peploe, with the aid of two secretaries and some school friends, has formed herself into a league, and the first qualification for memhership is an undertaking "upon honor" not to marry for five years, "or until such time as this empire and country shall be placed in a posture of defense commensurate with its wealth and responsihilities and worthy of its history." How a posture can he commensurate with wealth is not explained, but ladies talk that way when under the influence of emotion.

Miss Peploe explains. "Sir," she says, "for us marriage implies motherhood," and we will never he the mothers of sons whose necks shall he howed to the foreigners, and whose daughters, etc. The remainder can he found in the school recitation hooks for fourth form, children twelve to sixteen. It's fine, but space forbids.

Now we wish Miss Peploe would walk warily in this matter. When we hear ladies say that they will never, never he married, either we agree with them for ohvious reasons or we hegin to worry about the wedding present. If only we had a portrait of Miss Peploe we could "place" her in the twinkling of an eye. Now there are some considerations that may not have occurred to her. Of course it is very nice to imagine that the youth of Great Britain will be frozen into horror by this portentous announcement, but then, on the other hand, suppose they are not. Suppose they take it with an irritating equanimity. And that is just how they will take it. They will snigger in their low and vulgar way, and when they take their walks abroad next Sunday afternoon they will not be unaccompanied. We should like to picture Miss Peploe and the two secretaries and the young lady friends surrounded hy a circle of despairing, frenzied youth who are imploring them to reconsider the matter, hut our imagination is limited. It will not rise to the occasion.

But seriously, Miss Peploe, is this fair? Is it right? Is it just? All Englishmen are not flanneled oafs at the wicket or muddied oafs at the goal. Why some of them are soldiers with lovely red coats, or hig, hrawny hare knees like the Highlanders. There are sailors, too, who already have a wife in every port. And there are hoy scouts, and volunteers, and riflemen, and pretty little "orficer hoys." Are they, to he punished, too? Are they not doing their best already? For their sakes will you not consent to be mothers, just this once?

But perhaps no plea can melt these adamant hearts, and let it he understood that any plea we may make is impersonal and without prejudice. And so we must look forward to five years of celihacy, and perhaps even longer. In our mind's eye, Horatio, we can foresee the expiration of that terrihle period. Miss Peploe and her little playmates will he once again surounded hy the expectant crowd. But they will have to wait. Let all things he done in order. Let the reports from the war office and the admiralty he duly read and entered upon the minutes of the society. Let us make quite sure that at last the empire is in a "posture" that shall he "commensurate with its wealth," and then let there be a triumphant advance toward the long delayed maternity that shall he free from the shadow of the invader's foot.

When the traveler in France inquires why it is that the people allow themselves to he so cheated hy the government in such petty matters as cigarettes and matches the patriotic Frenchman replies proudly that France is a democracy, that the government is of the people, hy the people, and for the people, and that people can not cheat themselves. The good American talks in somewhat the same way when some thirty-cents-a-dozen official addresses him as God might he supposed to address a cockroach. In the insolent arrogance of that official he sees the sovereignty of the individual, and he thanks Providence that he is not as other men. Over here we regard it as a sort of delicate compliment when the government insults us. In France they feel gently flattered when the government cheats them. *Chacun à son gout.*

But the American does not like to he cheated hy the French government. He feels hadly ahout it. He can not understand why it should he a criminal offense to own a hox of matches that was made elsewhere, nor why he should be regarded as a desperate character hecause he owns one of those detestable friction hoxes that are supposed to strike a light, hut that actually do so only when they go off accidentally in the pocket. But he acquiesces. His own police have accustomed him to ohey with alacrity whenever any one shouts at him, and although for a moment he is hewildered hy an official courtesy that he did not know existed upon earth he discards his own matches and hurries away to huy the French commodity. The official price is thirty wax vestas for two cents, hut when he opens the hox he will prohahly find that there are only twenty-seven there. Will he remonstrate? He will. Will it do him any good? It will not. He is dealing with the French government, which is the French people, and if the French people like to play a little game with themselves how can it he called cheating? The man who goes to his own cash-box to change a $5 piece and who takes out only $4.90 can hardly he said to he dishonest.

The same thing applies to the cigarettes. These, too, are a government monopoly. The government makes a cigarette of very dry, granulated tohacco that falls out of the paper as soon as you disturh the atmosphere by thinking. You know it is an official cigarette as soon as you look at it. It couldn't he anything else. After you have smoked one of them you hegin to think pleasantly and jovially about arson. Two of them suggest rollicking thoughts of burglary with violence, three of them cause genial promptings to murder, and it is said that a man who smokes a packet of them will lie gayly to the tax collector or break the Sahhath. But you can huy American cigarettes imported hy the government as a concession to anarchist sentiment, hut if you are seen doing it the police will hegin to make a *dossier* ahout you. And the cigarettes will he mouldy from long storage in the hed of the Seine. If they actually came from America they swam across. Do you complain at paying 35 cents for twenty mouldy cigarettes with a lihelous label? You do. Do you profit hy your complaint? You do not. You may take your grievance right up to the finance department. You can do this easily if you are in no hurry for a few years. And the courtesy, the assurance of distinguished considerations, the howings, the genuflections, the prostrations, the military salutes, will make your head whirl. But there will he no compensation, no redress, no exchange. My dear sir, France is a democracy. It pleases the people to make and to import cigarettes and to sell them to themselves. How can they cheat themselves? Is not the republic one and indivisible? It says so outside the Mairie. It has no parts.

Such are the pleasant little ways of democracies. Of course it is quite different under an effete monarchy. If a monarchical official cheats you or insults you it is quite easy to take him hy the throat, suspend him hy the seat of his privileged pants, and shake his ill-gotten gains from his pockets. You have a salutary sense of oppression hy some one who is not yourself. But in a democracy the official is yourself, and when he jams your hat down over your ears and uses opprobrious epithets while annexing your small change you have only to thump your hreast proudly and call the world to witness the free and independent hearing of those who have heen horn into an atmosphere of liberty.

"I've evolved a splendid idea," said a Reno lawyer. "Let's have it," replied his partner. "We'll see if we can't arrange to have divorces granted in a coupon form like 1000-mile books or meal tickets."—*Washington Star.*



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A military gentleman, who could swear hetter than he could play golf, was flattered one day to find quite a crowd of well-dressed strangers following him around. "I hope," he said gallantly, "that I play well enough to reward you?" "Oh, it isn't that, major," replied one, "we came out to listen."

Walter L. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior, is developing into a humorist. Rohert D. Heinel, who made the trip to Alaska with the secretary, says that while the party stood watching the "mountain-climhing salmon," leaping up a mountain stream in a manner hard to helieve unless you see it, Secretary Fisher said: "They remind me of the Democrats. The Democrats run up-stream every four years and then get 'canned.'"

Bismarck had a suhordinate named Kendell, who was an expert pianist (says the London *Chronicle),* and he, as Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff puts it, "used, it is said, to fulfill towards him the function which David fulfilled towards Saul." On one evening Bismarck was unusually moody, and Kendell surpassed himself at the piano. "Thank you, my dear Kendell," said Bismarck finally; "you have soothed me and done me so much good; my mind is made up—we shall declare war against Austria."

Not long ago the king happened to he visiting at a country house near the scene of one of Cromwell's historic hattles. Strolling out one day hy himself, he met the village hlacksmith returning from a shoeing expedition. "I say, my good fellow," said his majesty, genially. "I understand there was a hig hattle fought somewhere ahout here!" "Well—er," stammered the hlacksmith, recognizing and saluting the king, "I did 'ave a round or two with Bill, the potman, hut I didn't know your majesty had heard of it."

The only unoccupied room in the hotel—one with a private hath in connection with it—was given to the stranger from Kansas. The next morning the clerk was approached hy the guest when the latter was ready to check out. "Well, did you have a good night's rest?" the clerk asked. "No, I didn't," replied the Kansan. "The room was all right, and the hed was pretty good, hut I couldn't sleep very much, for I was afraid some one would want to take a hath, and the only door to it was through my room."

A colored man had heen arrested on a charge of heating and cruelly misusing his wife. After hearing the charge against the prisoner, the justice turned to the first witness. "Madam," he said, "if this man were your hushand and had given you a heating, would you call in the police?" The woman addressed, a veritable Amazon in size and aggressiveness, turned a smiling countenance towards the justice and answered: "No, jedge. If he was mah hushan', an' he treated me lak he did 'is wife, Ah wouldn't call no p'liceman. No, sah, Ah'd call de undertaker."

Standing in front of the kangaroo corral in the animal house in Central Park was a family of unmistakable Hihernian extraction, who gazed in open-mouthed astonishment at the toothpick face, hat-eared, and long-leg specimen from the Antipodes. "For the love of the Knights of Columhus, phwat in the divil is thim things?" asked Mike of Pat. "Thim," answered Pat, "he kangarooes." "Kangarooes, is it?" said Mike. "Phware do they come from?" "Sure, they be natives of Australia," said Pat. "Natives of Australia, he they? Wurra, wurra," wailed Mike. "Aint that the shame. Me sister Nora wint out there last week to ...rry one of thim."

...cton Davies, the dramatic critic, tells a ...y of Oliver Herford, the humorist. Her... never had a serious thought in his life. ...erford sat next to a soulful poetess at din... one night," Davies relates, "and that ...amy one turned her sad eyes upon him. ...ve you no other amhition, Mr. Herford,' ... demanded, 'than to force people to de...le themselves hy laughter?' Yes, Herford ... an amhition. A whale of an amhition. ...e day he hoped to gratify it. The woman ...ed her elhows on the tahle and propped ... face in her long, sad hands, and glowed ... Mr. Herford's eyes. 'Oh, Mr. Herford,' ... said, 'Oliver! Tell me ahout it.' 'I want ...hrow an egg into an electric fan,' said ...ford, simply."

...etivert, the French caricaturist, made this ...lent, fictitious or otherwise, the suhject ...me of his hest illustrations: A diffident ... embarrassed poet had been forcihly ...ged into a salon in the Fauhourg St. Ger... to he the lion at some social function. ...felt so out of place that he lost his tongue ...pletely. At last his hostess, who had ...d that he would show off hetter than he ... doing, tried to get him to say something ...cal. "Come, my dear poet," she cooed, "say something to us." The poet was entirely at a loss for a suhject of conversation, so he selected the first one that came to hand. "Have you remarked, duchess," he remarked hashfully, "that this year's pawn tickets are pink?" Vehert has a picture of a society episode which is in another spirit. A gentleman is shaking his cane at a calm and self-possessed man in front of him. "Is it true, monsieur," he asks, "that at a house where people were good enough to say that I had wit, you declared that I hadn't any?" "I assure you," returned the other, "that there is not a word of truth in it. I have never heen in a house where people said that you had wit."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Week in School.

Monday's Adenoidal Day—
Bring handages and salve;
For Doctor Jones will cut away
The adenoids you have.
No doubt you will he overjoyed,
When Doctor Jones is through,
To know no fretful adenoid
Again will trouhle you.

Tuesday will he Tonsil Day—
Of that please make a note;
For Doctor Brown will cut away
The tonsils from each throat.
Bring cotton, lint and vaseline.
This class meets sharp at ten,
And tonsils will he snipped off clean—
Nor trouhle you again.

Wednesday is Appendix Day
For Classes A and B;
When Doctor Smith will cut away
This superfluity.
Please don't forget the day, as said—
The classes meet at ten.
Bring needles and a spool of thread
To sew you up again.

Thursday's Antitoxin Day—
So kindly he prepared;
Bring gauze and antiseptic spray.
All right arms will he hared,
Or left arms if you so elect.
Be punctual, pray do;
For Doctor Puncture will inject
The serum sharp at two.

Friday's Vaccination Day
For fall and winter terms;
Those who have fresh scars will stay
For antityphoid germs—
Half a billion's the amount.
Classes meet at four.
Doctor Green will make the count—
Doctor Gray will pour.

Saturday's Reaction Day—
Thermometers at three;
Bring stethoscopes—and Doctor Gray
Will make blood-counts, to see
How science triumphs o'er disease—
How antitoxins rule.
Now mark the weekly programme, please,
And don't be late for school.

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Death of Time.

A PROFESSIONAL LECTURE.

Leaving, my friends, the world of mere conjecture,
And turning to the abstract world of fact,
I purpose in the course of this my lecture,
To give you what you hitherto have lacked,
A knowledge which will always he effective
Throughout this mortal life—in fact, to show
That Time is real only quà suhjective,
Since Kant killed Time a hundred years ago.

Chorus of Women—

How sweet it is to those with minds reflective
Such simple, homely truths as this to know,
That Time is real only quà suhjective,
Since Kant killed Time a hundred years ago!

The years, the months, the seasons come and go,
Mere idle phantoms of the human hrain:
And in their ignorance men think they know
That what has come hefore will come again.
But has it ever come? Does fancy fond
Delude the mind with self-created dreams?
Is Time so real that there's nought heyond?
Is everything exactly what it seems?

Chorus—

How sweet to those who seek the pure ideal
To know that things of sense are merely dreams;
And of all truths, this truth alone is real,—
That nothing is exactly what it seems!

The present, past, and future, all are one,
Or all are none—creations of the senses,
Yes; you and I, when all is said and done,
We have our moods, hut have not any tenses.
There once was Time; hut that has passed away,
Killed hy a clear perception of the truth.
Henceforth fear not the curse of its decay!
We've hut to grasp the eternal gift of youth.

Chorus—

All women fair this happy truth dispenses
From longings vain for merely temporal goods;
For women can exist without their tenses,
So long as they're allowed to keep their moods.

And what is true of Time is true of Space;
Both are the products of our own invention;
Although we think that we have each our place
Within a world without a fourth dimension.
Since Space, like Time, is wholly out of date,
We're here, we're there, in fact we're everywhere,
Why vex our souls with bodings of our fate,
Since it and we are neither here nor there?

Chorus—

How sweet to think that we can henceforth live
Untouched hy time, untouched hy any care;
For surely nought can matter to us if
Where'er we are, we're neither here nor there!

—*Westminster Gazette.*

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Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00
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Deposits June 30, 1911..... 44,567,705.83
Total assets 47,173,498.51

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

At a tea given last Thursday by Mrs. E. A. Van Bergen the engagement of her daughter, Miss Minna Van Bergen, to Mr. Donald Jadwin, of Brooklyn, New York, was announced, and at the same time Mrs. Charles J. Foster made known the engagement existing between her daughter, Miss Marie Louise Foster, and Mr. Eldridge Green. Mr. and Mrs. Foster with their daughter and niece have but recently returned from Europe, where they have been traveling since May. Mr. Jadwin and Mr. Green crossed on the same steamer and became engaged to the two cousins during the voyage. Mr. Jadwin is a son of the late Mr. O. H. Jadwin of Brooklyn, New York, and is the youngest brother of Mrs. Frank B. Anderson of San Rafael. Mr. Eldridge Green is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green, of San Mateo, a brother of the Messrs. Allan and Arthur Green, and a cousin of Mrs. James Jenkins and Mr. John Cushing, of Marin County. Miss Van Bergen and Miss Foster are related to the Bohrmann, Bauer, Bertheau, and Kohler families, and are cousins of Mrs. Pierre Moore and Miss Sydney Davis.

Dr. William A. Martin and Mrs. Martin have announced the engagement of Miss Wynn Martin to Lieutenant John E. Pond, U. S. N., son of Captain Charles F. Pond, U. S. N., and Mrs. Pond.

The wedding of Miss Lutie Collier and Mr. Bergie Barry Beckett took place Wednesday evening at the home on Pacific Avenue of the bride's father, Captain William B. Collier. Miss Sarah Collier and Mr. Capel Beckett were the only attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Beckett will reside in this city after a brief wedding trip.

Miss Marie Louise Elkins, daughter of Mrs. William Neilson of Philadelphia, will be married November 16 to Mr. Christian de Guigne, Jr., of San Mateo. Miss Katherine Donohoe has gone East to be Miss Elkins's maid of honor, and Mr. de Guigne will be attended by Mr. Frederick Frelinghuysen of New York. Mrs. Neilson will give her daughter in marriage. The young couple will go abroad to visit Mr. de Guigne's sisters, Viscomtesse Phillipe de Tristan and Viscomtesse Helie de Dampierre, and upon their return they will reside in San Mateo.

The wedding of Miss Muriel Steele and Mr. J. Wesley Gallagher of Shanghai took place Tuesday at the home in Oakland of the bride's mother, Mrs. E. L. G. Steele. Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher sailed Wednesday on the *Chiyo Maru* for their future home in the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs Francis Carolan entertained at a formal dinner Saturday at their home in Burlingame. The affair was in honor of Mr. Charles Page Bryan, former minister to Belgium, and recently appointed ambassador to Japan. Among Mr. and Mrs. Carolan's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, Mrs. James A. Rohinson, Mrs. Henry Alexander, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Genevieve King, Captain Payson, Mr. Seymour Blair, Mr. Edgar Carolan, Signor Lodi Fè.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope gave a dinner Monday evening at their home in Burlingame, complimentary to Mr. Charles Page Bryan.

Mrs. Frederick McNear was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party Wednesday at her home in Menlo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall entertained a number of friends recently at a dinner and theatre party.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver will give a reception this afternoon, when their daughter, Miss Isabel Beaver, will make her formal début.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page will introduce their daughter, Miss Dorothy Page, at a tea Saturday afternoon, November 18.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow to a tea from four until seven o'clock at her home, 1945 Pacific Avenue. The affair will be in honor of her daughter, Miss Ruth Winslow, a débutante of the season. Miss Winslow will entertain at a dinner and an informal dance which will follow the afternoon reception.

Mr. Harry Scott was host at an informal dinner-dance Saturday evening at his home in Burlingame.

Miss Elva De Pue was hostess at a dance Friday evening at her home on Sacramento Street in honor of Miss Edith Slack and Miss Ruth Slack.

Mr. and Mrs. William Denman gave a dinner recently in honor of Miss Helen Todd, who is here from Chicago.

Miss Marian Miller was hostess at a theatre party at the Cort.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King entertained at a dinner Thursday evening, October 19, in honor of Mr. Charles Page Bryan.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope gave a dinner Monday evening at their home in Burlingame, complimentary to Mr. Bryan.

Mrs. Philip King Brown was hostess at an informal tea last Sunday.

Mrs. Russell Selfridge gave a dinner recently, entertaining a number of her women friends, who wore fancy costumes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter entertained a number of friends at the Nordica concert Wednesday evening.

The Russian dancers at the Cort Theatre were the occasion of a number of theatre parties last Wednesday evening. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Howell, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, Miss Newell Drown, Miss Isobel Beaver, Mr. Arthur Brown, Mr. Bernard Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk entertained at a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker entertained their friends at a reception Saturday afternoon, when they formally introduced their daughter, Miss Marian Crocker, to society.

A charity hall will be given November 17 at Scottish Rite Hall for the benefit of St. Joseph's Orphanage. The patronesses are Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. T. F. Graham, Mrs. William O'Kane, Mrs. Edward Barron, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. T. O'Brien, Mrs. A. P. O'Brien, Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin, Mrs. James Athearn Folger, Mrs. E. O. McCormick, Mrs. Smith O'Brien, Mrs. D. A. Ryan, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. Ferry Eyre, Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Robert Y. Hayne, Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Mrs. Joseph Hooper, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mme. de Cazotte, Mrs. D. T. Murphy, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. Stanley Stillman, Mrs. Eugene Galois, Mrs. R. A. Queen, Mrs. Frederick Pickering.

Miss Louise Wallach was hostess Wednesday at a tea complimentary to Mrs. Effingham Bowne Sutton.

Mrs. Leon Greenebaum entertained a few of the members of the San Francisco Polyclinic at a luncheon last Thursday.

Miss Lutie Collier was the guest of honor at a luncheon and theatre party given Saturday by Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell.

The Misses Florence and Muriel Williams were hostesses at a Hallowe'en party Tuesday evening at their home in Berkeley. The affair was complimentary to Miss Lucy Harrison and her fiancé, Mr. Melvin Pfaff.

Miss Dora Winn entertained at an informal bridge party in honor of the Misses Louise and Sylvia Bowden of England, who have been visiting Miss Isabel Beaver.

Miss Emily Parrott and Miss Josephine Parrott, who arrived last week from London, have been entertained informally by Mrs. Edward Howard, Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, and Miss Aileen Finnegan.

Miss Dorothy Churchill gave a luncheon today at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Winona Derby, who will be married November 7 to Lieutenant Henry Tacitus Burgin, U. S. A.

Mrs. Thomas H. Williams was hostess at a luncheon Saturday at the Claremont Country Club. The affair was in honor of her sister, Miss Muriel Williams, who was married Tuesday to Mr. J. Wesley Gallagher of Shanghai.

Mrs. Frederick W. Fenwick entertained recently at a luncheon and bridge party at her home on Steiner Street and has issued invitations to a similar affair October 31.

Mrs. George E. Bates was hostess at a series of bridge parties last week.

Miss Katherine Hooper gave a tea last Friday at her home on Gough Street, complimentary to Miss Lucy Harrison, who will be married in November to Mr. Melvin Pfaff.

The first dance of the Junior Assembly was enjoyed by the club members last Friday evening at Century Hall. Mrs. Jessie Bowie-Detrick, who reorganized the club this season, chaperoned the young people. Preceding the dance dinners were given by Miss Marie Russell, Miss Ruth Perkins, Master Russell Deane, and Master Bowie-Detrick.

Mrs. Alan Dimond was hostess recently at a tea in honor of Mrs. Edwin Thayer (formerly Miss Mabel Gunn), who with her husband, Dr. Thayer, came here from Porto Rico to visit relatives en route to the Philippines.

The Presidio Five Hundred Club was entertained at a bridge-tea at the home at Fort Baker of Mrs. Furneval, mother of Captain Richard Furneval, U. S. A.

Mrs. C. B. Clark, wife of Captain Clark, U. S. A., gave a bridge-tea last Thursday at her home in the Presidio.

Lieutenant Albert Reis, U. S. N., and Mrs. Reis chaperoned a party of young people at a dinner given on board the *South Dakota*.

J. K. Hackett has had difficulty in finding a young woman who will realize his idea of the perturbing stenographer in "The Grain of Dust." Izetta Jewel, late heroine of "The Affair in the Barracks," will undertake the task. The other actresses who have tried the rôle are understood to have been regarded by Mr. Hackett not as deficient in ability but as unsuitable in personality.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Dihhlee in Santa Barbara has been brightened by the advent of a son.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"Seven Days" has been playing to big audiences during the past week at the Columbia Theatre, where it is to remain the entertaining attraction for a second and final week, commencing with Monday night, October 30. The company appearing in the piece is a splendid one and the rapid moving situations are well played. The company has come here direct from a third-year run at the Astor Theatre, New York, and in the presentation of the comedy give a very even and attractive performance. There will be matinées Wednesday and Saturday.

Ed Howard and Frank North, who head the Orpheum bill next week, return after an absence of several years. They will appear in "Back to Wellington," a little sketch of the quietly humorous sort that is said to be one of the best examples of the tabloid farce. It is a sequel to their skit, "Those Were the Happy Days," in which they scored heavily on the occasion of their previous visit. Maud Hall Macy, who comes for next week only, is one of the best comediennes that vaudeville has recruited from the dramatic stage. In her one-act rural comedy, "The Magpie and the Jay," she has a fitting rôle. The story of the little play tells of a Bowery girl who goes into the country. There she (the magpie) meets the Jay. Miss Macy is supported by Jack Driunier and Bessie Carlton. Sager Midgley and his company will present the farce, "Early Morning Reflections." The fun of the skit is at the expense of a colonel who has had a big night. Ergotti and the Lilliputians, a clever acrobat and two midgets, will be included in the coming attractions. The midgets, who are Germans, are twenty-three and thirty-three years of age. The engagement of the trio is for next week only. A tiny mite is Lillian Schreiber, "the vest-pocket edition of Vesta Tilly," who comes from Europe. She will sing several songs in the manner that has made her a favorite. Next week will be the last of the Six Brown Brothers, the Pedersen Brothers, and Nat Wills, "the Happy Tramp." Mr. Wills will deliver an entirely new monologue.

"Bright Eyes," the musical-comedy hit by the authors of "Three Twins," will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks commencing Monday night, November 6. It will be presented by Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook, who will be supported by the original New York, Chicago, and Boston cast. "Bright Eyes" has been made over from Charles Dickson's farce entitled "Mistakes Will Happen." Many song gems are included in the numbers rendered in this musical comedy production.

Montgomery and Stone will be here a few weeks hence with their latest production, "The Old Town," which was prepared for them by George Ade and Gustav Luders. It will be the first visit here of the famous stars with one of their elaborate productions.

Anna Held in her production of "Miss Innocence" will be an early attraction at the Columbia Theatre. The piece is in eight scenes and from all accounts has been elaborately staged by Ziegfeld.

Owing to the immense demand for dates from various parts of the country, Robert Hilliard's coming engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be limited to one week. He will present the powerful drama, "A Fool There Was," which was suggested by Kipling's "Vampire."

Kyrle Bellew, Anna Held, Fred Niblo and Josephine Cohan, Robert Hilliard, Montgomery and Stone, Bayes and Norworth, and Lean and Holbrook are a few of the stars coming to the Columbia Theatre this season.

Hother Wismer's Concert.

Hother Wismer, violinist, is arranging for a concert to be given November 9 in the Colonial Room at the St. Francis Hotel. The programme, not yet completed, will include a number of gems from classic compositions for the violin. Among the numbers will be a Schumann sonata and Max Bruch's Scotch fantasie in its entirety.

Miss Ada Clement, who has recently returned from Europe, will play Mr. Wismer's accompaniments. Mr. Lowell Moore Redfield, baritone, will sing a group of interesting songs, two of which are from the works of local composers, Wallace Sahin and Henry Hadley.

Gertrude Elliott produced Joseph Medill Patterson's new play, "Rebellion," in Chicago last week. It is a dramatization of Mr. Patterson's novel, and argues the divorce question. Miss Elliott's success in the leading rôle is conceded.

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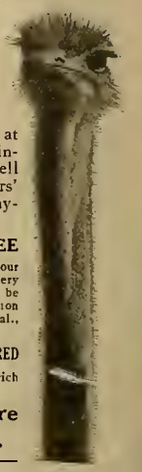
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Edward Barron and her daughters, the Misses Marguerite and Evelyn Barron, have closed their country home in Mayfield and are occupying the Clayburg house on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott are at present in New York, where they will remain several weeks.

Mrs. John F. Boyd and her daughter, Miss Louise Boyd, have gone East for a brief visit.

Miss Dorothy Baker is in San Diego visiting Mrs. Joseph Weller Sefton (formerly Miss Helen Thomas). Miss Baker was accompanied on her trip south by Miss Kate Stone, who is the guest in Los Angeles of Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker arrived yesterday in New York from Europe, where they have been traveling since June. They will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis and Mr. William S. Tevis, Jr., have gone to their home in Bakersfield, where they will remain until the return of their mother, Mrs. William S. Tevis, who with the Messrs. Gordon and Lansing Tevis arrived in New York Thursday from Europe.

Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Genevieve King, and Miss Harriett Alexander were the guests over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury are established for the winter in the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. Evans S. Pillsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker will come to town from Burlingame next week, when they will move into the Barkan house on Laguna Street.

Miss Mary Dean will reside at the Hotel Victoria during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, who left recently for the Orient.

Mr. Charles Page Bryan, ambassador to Japan, Mr. Seymour Blair, Mr. Bryan's private secretary, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin sailed Wednesday on the *Chiyo Maru* for the Orient.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett has been spending a few days in town as the guest of Mrs. William Mayo Newhall.

Dr. Mary Sperry left Monday for her home in Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle have rented the home on Broadway of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Kimble.

Mrs. M. A. Butler and her niece, Miss Belle Butler, will come up from Santa Barbara during the winter and will occupy apartments at the Hillerest.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon have purchased the Callaghan property, which adjoins their place in Menlo, and will enlarge the gardens that surround their country home.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Gunn and their sons, the Messrs. Dudley, Kenneth, and Russell Gunn, will spend the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Miss Dora Clover, daughter of Admiral Clover, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Clover, of Washington, D. C., has gone to Europe with her aunt, Mrs. George Clover.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Bain and Mrs. Bain's daughter, Miss Beatrice Miller, have returned to their home in New York after having spent the winter in Pasadena. They were accompanied by Miss Lucy Page-Brown, who has been their guest for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry N. Stetson have moved into their new home in Burlingame.

Mr. Robert Hayes Smith has returned from a trip to Coalinga.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood have gone East to remain until the holidays.

Dr. Alfred H. Brooks, of the United States Geological Survey, arrived in this city last week from Alaska.

Bishop William Ford Nichols, Mrs. Nichols, and Archdeacon Emory left last week with Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle on an automobile tour of the Episcopal missions in the San Francisco diocese.

Mrs. J. P. Hale will leave shortly for an extended trip abroad. Mrs. Hale is the stepmother of Mrs. Robert Boyle, wife of the Hon. Robert Boyle, whose brother is the Earl of Cork.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin were guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker.

Mr. John Parrott, Jr., is in Washington, D. C., where he is taking examinations for the diplomatic service.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Winston of Los Angeles have been spending the past ten days at the Bellevue.

Mr. Christian de Guigne, Jr., and Mr. Felton Elkins have gone to Philadelphia, where they will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Neilson (formerly Mrs. Kate Felton Elkins).

Mr. Edward W. Howard has returned from the Quinto ranch, where he is building a bungalow.

Mr. and Mrs. Kittredge have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. James D. Phelan has been spending a few days in Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron.

Mr. Willis Polk left Monday evening for a ten days' trip to Portland.

Miss Isabelle McLaughlin is en route to this city, where she will spend the winter. Miss McLaughlin is the stepdaughter of Dr. W. A. McEnery, and has been abroad for the past year attending Miss White's school in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough have gone East for a few weeks and will visit in New Orleans before returning home.

Mrs. Edgar de Wolfe has taken the house on Van Ness Avenue of the late Mr. J. B. Stetson and will establish a studio upon her return from Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin and Mrs. William H. Crocker spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn at their home in Grass Valley.

Mrs. Eleanor Doe and her daughter, Miss Marguerite Doe, have decided to reside permanently in Santa Barbara, where they have recently purchased property for the purpose of building a home.

Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Bowne Sutton left Thursday for New Orleans, where they will reside indefinitely.

Miss Jennie Crocker and Mr. Templeton Crocker have returned from an outing at the McCloud Country Club. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Walter S. Martin, and Mr. John Lawson.

Major C. H. McKinstry, U. S. A., and Mrs. McKinstry left Monday for Cleveland, Ohio.

Captain Payson Clark, U. S. A., Mrs. Clark, and their son are en route to Manila.

Lieutenant George Ruhlen, U. S. A., has sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to return to Fort Rosecrans, San Diego.

Captain Arthur Poillon, U. S. A., has been granted a leave of absence and will be away until February.

Captain William Elliott, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio and will assume the duties of Major C. R. Krauthoff, who will be absent several weeks.

Major James A. Shipton, U. S. A., and Captain John Burk Murphy will leave next week for San Diego.

Captain Stirling P. Adams, U. S. A., and Mrs. Adams, who have been stationed in Manila for the past year, came as far as Nagasaki on the last trip of the *Sheridan*. They will make an extensive tour of Japan before returning in December to the Philippines.

Mrs. Bowman McCalla has returned from the East and gone to Santa Barbara to dispose of her home for the winter. Mrs. McCalla and her daughter, Miss Stella McCalla, will spend the season in Washington, D. C.

Miss Helen Ashton is expected home Monday from Europe, where she has been for the past year.

M. Emilio de Gogorza and Mme. de Gogorza were the week-end guests of Dr. Harry L. Tevis at his country estate near Los Gatos.

Mr. John Martin has gone East for a brief visit.

Mrs. Carter Pitkin Pomeroy has returned from Portland, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott Brook.

Mrs. Harry Alexander, who has been spending several months with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., will leave about the middle of November for her home in New York.

Mrs. A. Mountenay Jephson (formerly Miss Anna Head) will leave next week for her home in London.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker.

Mr. Edgar Carolan has been visiting his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, in San Mateo.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Mills, Mr. H. D. Wheeler, Mr. M. M. Myers, Mr. L. W. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wing, Dr. and Mrs. C. M Riehter, Mr. Ray Carruthers, Mr. Howard Brinker, Mr. W. A. Stringer, Mr. S. B. Toby, Mr. C. J. Neleigh, Mrs. Charles E. Parent, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Allison.

Jan Kubelik, the violinist, played at the New York Hippodrome Sunday, October 15, and in spite of the magnitude of the theatre there were no vacant seats. The receipts at the box-office were well over $8000.

Josephine Whittell, who has made a personal success as the prima donna of the company that plays George M. Cohan's "The Little Millionaire," is a California girl.

In Honolulu the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham (formerly Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith) has been brightened by the advent of a son.

London Taxicabs.

Stands for taxicabs are conveniently located all over London. At many of these stands there are shelter-houses provided with a telephone, so that near-by residents can order a taxicab by telephone. If there is not an easily accessible shelter-house, the order can be given through the district messenger office. In the West End residential quarter and in many other parts of the city the householder has a whistle which is blown once for a taxicab, and it is surprising how quickly the response comes.

There are three reasons why taxicabs are used so generally in London: the comparative low cost of hiring; the multiplicity of vehicles and their judicious distribution throughout all sections of the city, and the saving of time. A person is tempted, by reason of these conditions, to use a taxicab instead of any other form of public conveyance.

Two persons can travel in London in a taxicab, starting in the heart of the city where traffic is most congested, and go a distance of fully three miles for about 75 cents, and for a similar sum a longer distance through less frequented parts. A gratuity of four to eight cents, according to the distance traveled, is usually given to the driver.

There was a time when it was no more correct to speak of "carving" this, that, and the other meat than it would be now to speak of the "left side" of a ship or a horse (says the London *Chronicle*). Dr. Salmon in 1696 gave a list of the proper expressions, any misapplication of which would bring ridicule upon the blunderer. It was correct to say "leach that brawn," "lift that swan," and "rear that goose." Instead of carving, one was expected to spoil a hen, fract a chicken, sauce a capon, unbrace a mallard, unlace a coney, dismember a heron, disfigure a peacock, display a crane, untach a curlew, unjoin a bittern, allay a pheasant, wing a quail or a partridge, mince a plover, thigh a pigeon or a woodcock, border a pasty, and break a hare.

Eugene Walter's latest work is a dramatization of John Fox, Jr.'s novel, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Charlotte Walker, formerly with David Warfield, plays the leading rôle in the piece.

The home in Ross of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller (formerly Miss Bessie Rinehart) has been brightened by the advent of a daughter.



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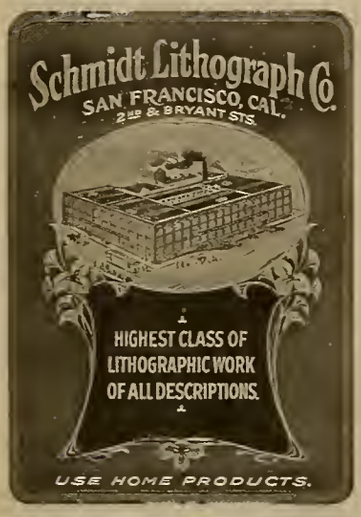
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—There are no end of buttons off that man's coat. He ought to be married. *He*—Or divorced.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"How did he get rich?" "By fooling the public." "Oh! I thought he claimed to be a genius."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"How do you and your wife get along so splendidly?" "Whenever any argument comes up I'm wrong."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"In straightened circumstances, is he not?" "Yes. He confesses that it is about all he can do to keep the wolf out of the garage."—*Puck.*

"What is the force that makes the world move?" asked the teacher. "The landlord," replied Johnny Harduppe promptly.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Maude—In that book you just finished did they marry and live happily ever afterward? *Marjorie*—Gracious, no! I don't read fairy stories any more.—*New York Times.*

"What did you do with your straw hat—throw it away?" "I handed it to the hotel hat-check boys, and then saved the tip by not calling for it."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Working Girl—You don't know what it is to be poor. *Club Visitor*—Don't I! Pa lost so much money last year that we had to keep last season's make in our automobile.—*Baltimore American.*

"Did Algy make a hit at the literary club?" "I guess he did. He pronounced 'Les Miserables' in a hrand-new way, and then alluded to it as Victor Herbert's masterpiece."—*Washington Herald.*

"Mister," inquired Dusty Rhodes, "would you contribute a dollar to help beautify your thriving city?" "What's the idea?" "A dollar will buy me a ticket to the next town."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Say, Weary, here's a feller in dis paper says de age is developin' a kind of artistic idleness." "Fine. Dey'll have to admit dat we're de pioneers in dis interestin' field, Limpy."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"It's the first thousand dollars that's hard to get," explained the eminent millionaire. "I know that," responded the mere man. "I've been trying to accumulate it for the past forty years."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Patient—I hear they're saying that Jones, the man you've been treating for liver complaint, has died of heart trouble. *Doctor (acidly)*—When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble.—*Punch.*

Judge—Prisoner, you were found with this lantern, jimmy, screwdriver, and centrehit in your possession. What have you to say? *Prisoner*—I'm an innocent ottermohilist, yer honor, and that's me lamp an' repair kit."—*Boston Transcript.*

Question—Don't you know that the amount charged you for postage by your campaign manager would buy enough stamps to paper the side of the great pramid? *The Answer*—By George! Is that what he did with them?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Well, Binks, I see you've returned from your thousand-mile tour in New England," said Bjones. "Yep," said Binks. "How did you find the hotels en route?" asked Bjones. "Hotels?" retorted Binks. "We didn't stop at any hotels. We passed all our nights in the county jails."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Advertising Clerk (to customer who is advertising for a husband)—This will take twenty lines, and not eighteen as you estimated. *Customer*—What shall we do—I have no more money with me? *Clerk*—We might leave out a few words—"attractive personal appearance," for instance.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Magistrate—Now, can you describe the horse in question? How hig was it, for instance? *Witness*—It was sixteen feet, y'r honor. *Magistrate*—Come, come! Remember you are on your oath! Don't you mean sixteen hands? *Witness*—Indeed, thin, it was hands I meant; and did I say feet, y'r honor? Ah, well, I'm on my oath, so we'll let it stand. Sure, thin, it was sixteen feet, y'r honor.—*London Punch.*

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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the county clerk of said city and county.

The People of the State of California send greeting to: CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this city and county; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BUSH FINNELL, Attorney for Plaintiff, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Los Angeles Primary.

The *Argonaut* points, but with no great satisfaction, to the results of a primary election at Los Angeles on Tuesday of this week in justification of its protests against the passion for political experimentation, which under the lead of Governor Johnson appears to have seized California. Above all other places in the state, Los Angeles has responded to the appeals for change. A very fury for things new and untried has seemed to possess her people. By great majorities they were for woman suffrage, for the initiative, for the referendum, for the recall—for any and everything bearing the stamp of novelty.

A logical effect of this spirit appears in the returns from last Tuesday's primary in which a Socialist candidate for mayor (Harriman) heads the poll with a vote of 15,637 against 13,751 for the next highest candidate (Alexander), representing the Good Government League. A third candidate (Mushet), running independent, got 6776 votes. The system calls for the elimination of all but the two highest names, leaving the final race between the Socialist and the Good Government Leaguer. Probably the latter will win the bulk of the independent vote, and so gain the election. But this is not certain; and in any event the call has been too close for comfort.

Now, men and brethren of California, we have in the result of this primary election at Los Angeles the natural, logical, inevitable effect of the loose thinking and lurid talking of which Governor Johnson from time to time gives us interesting examples. It is based upon nothing tangible or worthy, it is in harmony with no fixed or sustaining principle, it leads to confusion and chaos.

California has had too much of it. The movement which it supports is carrying us headlong to a species of political anarchy, for it is destroying our standards, setting up questionable novelties in political practice, breaking down the old faiths which have hitherto sustained government and made it efficient, even in the face of difficulties. It is time to halt—to halt and take stock of the pace we are going, to look ahead upon the dangers which lie before us.

Events in China.

The defection of the Chinese imperial forces seems to place the coping-stone upon the edifice of revolt. The new army was the last hope of the dynasty, and it has failed. Without being called upon to strike a blow the soldiers have declared that the old order must come to an end, that a constitution must be declared, and that the powers of the court must be defined and limited. It is evident that the emperor's advisers have no choice but to yield, and they will yield without honor or credit. It would have been better for order and stability if they had come to terms while they had still some semblance of power. They stand now in the guise of suppliants for popular mercy.

The situation is undoubtedly a critical one. The army has become aware of its military strength, but it knows nothing of those traditions of discipline and of loyalty that are the only things that make any standing army tolerable or endurable. Apparently it is willing to support the throne upon certain conditions, whereas the rebel leaders in general are resolved to overturn the throne and establish what they call a republic. A new player has therefore entered the game, and we may have to wait awhile for the resulting partnerships.

But we have to remember that the fate of China will not be settled by a few rival leaders with their programmes and proclamations. It must be settled by the attitude of inconceivably vast masses of people who will be governed by vague impulses unillumined by knowledge or experience. There is no such energy as that of an aroused apathy, just as there is no such fertility as that of an irrigated desert. Initial movements such as the Chinese revolution are usually directed by one or two men, who continue to lead so long as the general advance is somewhat less rapid than their own. The actual revolutionary forces in China number today some few thousand determined men who seem to be led with moderation and restraint. But outside that little band of reformers there are four hundred millions of people to whom the idea of national movement and of resistance to authority is now presenting itself for the first time. The real question is not the governmental theories of reformers but the effect of a small and compact revolutionary movement upon the dense masses of China to whom a comet is a portent of the first magnitude and who can be driven into colossal frenzy by the sight of a white man. It is the Chinese mob that we have to consider and not the Chinese statesmen, and it is a mob that almost for the first time in history has been cut from its moorings.

To speak of China as emerging into the light of freedom because a few bold men are talking of a constitution and have won some victories upon the strength of it is therefore a sheer naked absurdity. Even if the Manchus are expelled and a constitution declared it will be no more than the faint beginnings of whatever national changes may await the empire. Before we can estimate those changes we must know the effect of the present proceedings upon the incalculable hordes to whom the idea of movement is now presenting itself for the first time and to whom it has never before occurred that the immemorial routine of the national life is not the fixed, immutable law of the universe. During the last few years, and upon a very small scale, we have seen the effect upon the Chinaman of an invasion on his prejudices and traditions. The effect has always been of a murderous kind. Frantic and furious mobs have been aroused almost in a moment by a play upon the barbarous superstitions that are always close to the surface, and massacres have proved the depth of popular passions and their frightful possibilities. To suppose that such a people can range themselves under orderly leadership, that they can be inspired by constitutions and the catchwords of liberty is to expect the impossible. That China as a whole is moving is the most tremendous fact now in the world. To forecast the direction of that movement, its force, and its destiny is an impossibility, but it may well be a movement that will change the face of civilization.

The Steel Trust Case and Current Politics.

However we may resist, it is not possible to suppress the thought that the arraignment of the United States Steel Corporation under the Sherman Act is more inspired by motives of politics than by enthusiasm for justice. That the steel corporation, in other words the Steel Trust, is a sinner against justice will hardly be denied, for the fact is open and patent. The company was organized under the worst practices of financial ballooning. Its various properties were written into the original schedule at inflated values. The original stock issue had little basis in real value or none at all. Even the bonds represented a considerable element of water. Upon capitalization thus largely artificial, not to say fraudulent, the company during the ten or more years of its operations has paid dividends, and if we may believe the official reports, has largely if not absolutely filled up the deficit originally represented by fictitious capital—that is by water. If, as Judge Gary's reports declare, there is now a fair correspondence between the actual value of the company's property and the securities based upon it, the fact most emphatically convicts the trust of injustice on the side of too high prices and too large earnings. Indeed the trust convicts itself on these counts in its lists of prices, which give one set of figures for the protected market of America with lesser figures for the competitive markets of Europe.

But, if there be on the part of the government a serious wish to correct the injustice of Steel Trust practice, the way is not through prosecution under the Sherman Act. Assuming for such prosecution ultimate and complete success, its effect would be merely to dissolve the company into its integral parts, leaving the fragments still free under opportunities provided by the tariff to maintain prices upon a scale too high and therefore unjust. The way to cure what is wrong in the practice of the Steel Trust is not to proceed upon sensational arraignments of the all-devouring Morgan, the benevolent Carnegie, or the oleaginous Rockefeller, but to cut down the tariff in such degree as to compel the lopping off of excessive and discriminating prices for steel products. This course would be simple, and it ought not to be difficult in the face of obvious and flagrant abuses and at a time when enthusiasm for knocking the props from under "big business" appears to be universal.

Experience in other and relatively similar cases does not tend to the conviction that any real reduction in the prices of steel products—anything in the way of justice—will come about through the present suit against the Steel Trust, even though it may prove successful. Has it been observed that charges [illegible]

portation have been reduced through the dissolution of the Northwestern Securities Company? Are meats cheaper because of the mulcting of the meat trust? Do we pay less for illumination or for greasing the wheels of progress because of the judgment in the Standard Oil case? Has there been any cut in the prices of cigars or shaved plug because the Tobacco Trust has been penalized? If yes, it has not been brought to the notice of the *Argonaut*. So far as we have been able to find out, things have been going on in pretty much the same old way since the adjudications above named. Prosecution under the Sherman Act has indeed made interesting reading in the newspapers, but we are not informed that it has had the slightest effect in the way of bettering conditions for the buyers of transportation, the buyers of meats, the buyers of oil, the buyers of tobacco. Notable as they have been, results thus far secured under the Sherman Act give small hope of any real good to come, even through conviction of the Steel Trust. As a matter of fact, they only go to demonstrate the practical futility of assaulting economic and commercial abuses by the method of political and personal prosecution. The true remedy lies in another direction. It lies in the power of Congress, in coöperation with the executive branch to eliminate the opportunities of discrimination and overcharge by cutting down or cutting out the steel schedules in our tariff law.

We will not go so far as to say that these prosecutions have been ineffective, for it is plain to every eye that they have wrought tremendous effects in the spheres of finance, trade, traffic, and even in the higher realm of patriotic sentiment. They may be traced in a calamitous decline in the stability of general business, in retarded railroad construction, in the reduced values of general securities, including government bonds, in loss of confidence in the integrity of men and things, even in the government itself. Here, in the decline of patriotic confidence, is the hardest rub of all. There was a period extending from the foundation of the government up to a few years ago when criminalism in business—or out of it—was regarded as exceptional, when integrity was felt to be the rule. This view, this faith, grew into a profound and fixed tradition marked by keen observers as the sustaining principle in American life. It created the love of union which inspired Webster and Clay and their school of political thought. It carried us through the successive moral crises of the agitation over slavery. It created the fury of patriotic spirit which carried us through the bloody crisis of civil war. It supported the national faith which brought us, with the flag still high and our national self-respect intact, through the passions, jobberies, and scandals which followed the struggle between the states. It sustained the national character under which our energies and achievements in the sphere of material progress have outstripped the world.

We may indeed trace the effects of the movements of which the assault upon the United States Steel Corporation comes in due order. They are plainly in sight in the forms of business lethargy, of confidence destroyed, of timid and idle capital, of a deteriorated patriotism, of a pervading and demoralizing sense that all's wrong with the world. And this, let us repeat, is saying no word in approval or justification of the Steel Trust. Its policy, we believe, has been one of gross selfishness and of essential injustice and immorality. It has ridden over competition roughshod; its exactions have been out of reason, out of justice. But in putting to one side a direct and obviously practical method of procedure, in adopting the method of penal assault, the government is making a mistake. It is as if we would cure a leak not by the easy process of mending the roof, but by burning down the house. In view of what has followed in other cases, it is fatuous.

Speculation as to the particular motives involved in this prosecution may easily carry one far afield. It may have been thought that consistency called for it—that since the government had instituted prosecutions against combinations in transportation, in the meat industry, in the oil industry, etc., it was bound in logic and morals to proceed against the Steel Trust. Again, a presidential election is approaching, and it is possible that those who assist in making Mr. Taft's policies have thought it would be a good political stroke to make an exhibition of courage as against the richest and most effectively fortified trust in the country. It is a time when any assault upon "big business" wins applause, and the temptation to men of the Wickersham-Hitchcock type may have been too powerful to be resisted. It may therefore be that the institution of this suit is just a piece of old-fashioned spectacular politics, designed to entertain the back benches, to rouse a whoop and hurrah calculated for effect at the opening of the presidential campaign. There is another possible motive, one which the *Argonaut* is disposed to more or less accredit, even though one must travel a roundabout road to unfold it.

That the old friendship between President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt has turned to enmity and resentment is obvious enough. It was shown in Mr. Roosevelt's course after his return from Africa, and it has been freshly illustrated in a multitude of small incidents during the past year. Mr. Roosevelt is just now in eclipse. Whatever his ambitions for the future may be, he is not now a candidate for the presidency. But he is still a figure of very great potentiality in the political sphere. He could probably, especially in case of a hot public controversy relative to himself, influence more votes with respect to the presidency than any other man in the country. Now all this is known to Wickersham, Hitchcock, and others active in Mr. Taft's behalf; and since they are hopeless of securing Mr. Roosevelt's help, it is not unnatural that they should wish to nullify his powers.

A recent circumstance of startling significance may have inspired the Taft managers with a very special desire to discredit and neutralize Roosevelt. This circumstance is the publication in an English magazine (the *Fortnightly Review* for August) of an article by Sydney Brooks, a political writer of high repute, purporting to be an "interpretation" of Mr. Roosevelt's position with respect to Taft and the next presidency. Mr. Brooks's article professes to give the substance of a series of talks with Mr. Roosevelt, "using as nearly as possible the ex-President's *ipsissima verba*," yet not professing to quote him with verbal accuracy, and suppressing many of his "major indiscretions." Mr. Brooks represents Roosevelt as "still frankly disappointed in Mr. Taft." He considers that "both the Roosevelt Cabinet and the Roosevelt policy has been abandoned" and, we are told, "Mr. Taft's whole conduct of his office has forced the ex-President to confess to a decided error of judgment in selecting him as his successor." Mr. Roosevelt, says Mr. Brooks, does not, nevertheless, wish to be reckoned as an anti-Taft man; but he gave the impression that if Woodrow Wilson is nominated for President by the Democrats and Mr. Taft by the Republicans, Mr. Roosevelt "would probably have great difficulty in deciding how to vote." Roosevelt's sympathy with Dr. Wilson's views is closer than that with Mr. Taft, but then Mr. Roosevelt has always been a loyal party man, and "to break with his party would involve a tremendous wrench and one that Mr. Roosevelt as yet hardly contemplates." There is much more in Mr. Brooks's article, all tending, if his "interpretation" shall be accepted by Mr. Roosevelt's friends throughout the United States, to suggest support on the part of Roosevelt Republicans for Wilson as against Taft, even though the ex-President himself should maintain a reluctant party regularity by not publicly opposing one whom he now plainly regards with an unfriendly eye.

It is hardly possible that a man of Mr. Brooks's standing could have put forth an article so positive and authoritative without having the "O K" of Mr. Roosevelt. It is unthinkable that the editor of the *Fortnightly Review* should admit to his pages an article so momentous without assurances justifying him in the publication. If it means anything—and it surely does mean something—it is just this, namely, that Mr. Roosevelt is contemplating a practical if not a nominal break with his party. If it shall nominate Taft and if the Democratic party shall nominate Wilson, he may not himself vote for Wilson, but he will be glad to have his friends do it.

This publication can hardly have failed to impress Mr. Taft's managers with alarm; for if Mr. Roosevelt should set his face against Taft it would make his reelection doubtful. Is it possible, in view of these facts and considerations, that the Taft managers are seeking to nullify what is left of Roosevelt's power as a political dictator? Is it not possible that one motive in the movement against the Steel Trust is to show up in emphatic colors Roosevelt's extraordinary indiscretion in the matter of the absorption by the Steel Trust of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company? Would not an effort along these lines to discredit Roosevelt be precisely congenial to the rather small mind of Hitchcock, who appears to be the guiding force of Taft machine?

If it be true that the movement against the Trust is designed mainly or largely as a moveme discredit Roosevelt, it will, we venture to predict of its purpose. Nothing so well accords with Mr. Roosevelt's political genius as just such a rumpus as an obvious effort to hurt him with his friends would create. In such a situation all his resources would rise as to a brilliant opportunity. He would rage up and down the country like one possessed; and he would fill the air with catch phrases calculated to overwhelm the imagination of those to whom passion and spectacularism are unfailing charms. To one so skilled in the arts and tricks of an appealing demagogy the game would be precisely suited. He would surely gain strength in such a controversy, if only for the moment, and would surely succeed in putting the reëlection of Mr. Taft in doubt if not in hazard.

All this of course is the merest speculation—possibly it may be thought to be far-fetched. None the less the suggestion is worth attention. The ex-President, as Mr. Brooks's article plainly declares, intends to thwart Mr. Taft if he can. And whether the prosecution of the Steel Trust be so intended or not, it is in the way of giving him that which will be mightily helpful to to his purposes—a legitimate excuse to intrude himself into the campaign in that strongest of all poses to a man of his peculiar gifts—the defensive.

Therefore we say that if the movement against the Steel Trust is one of politics, it is even from the political standpoint a tactical and practical mistake—as in truth it is from every other standpoint. The way to purge the Steel Trust of its sins is not through political and personal assault, but by destroying the opportunity it finds in the tariff schedules.

The Scandal of the Los Angeles Jury.

The Los Angeles court for the trial of the McNamaras has now been sitting for over three weeks. The net result to date is the choice of four jurymen, and it is said that one of them will be dismissed on peremptory challenge. At the present rate of progress it will take ten weeks or more to find a jury supposed to be mentally and morally competent to pass upon questions of fact, and we shall be guilty of no extravagance in saying that proceedings of this kind are a shame and a disgrace to a system of law that tolerates them and to a community that views them without protest. If any one were to say that honest and intelligent men are so rare in Los Angeles that it would take ten weeks to find a dozen of them the statement would be received with indignant outcry. Yet the assertion would be justified on the evidence. Nothing but honesty and intelligence are needed to try this case, and yet after nearly a month of diligent search only four men have been found to possess these apparently rarest of human characteristics. The disgrace is not of course peculiar to Los Angeles. We had the same experience in San Francisco during the graft trials. Thousands of talesmen were examined in a search that would have delighted the heart of Diogenes.

Such proceedings are more than a disgrace. They are a fraud and an imposition. No one doubts that the first twelve men to enter the jury box—for the matter of that any twelve decent appearing men taken at random from the street—would do their whole duty in such a case as this and even where the stakes were far less grave than human lives. It is the man whom we frankly accept as a presumably honest human being from whom we get honesty. And it is the man whom we assume to be dishonest and whom we accept only after hours of suspicious cross-examination who is likely to be open to illicit influence and to corruption. Our present abominable methods are a direct invitation to men who have their own private reasons for serving, since any one who confesses to ordinary human intelligence, to reading newspapers, or to discussing the events of the day with his neighbors is viewed at once with strong suspicion if he is not actually barred. It seems to be the theory of opposing counsel that no man is fit to be a juryman unless he is a congenital idiot.

There is no reason why it should be more difficult to find a jury in America than it is in other countries. In England, for example, it rarely takes more than a few minutes to fill the jury box even in the most important cases. The first twelve men to be called constitute the jury. There is no examination, and chal-

lenges are very rare. And English justice is not inferior to our own. Guilty men are sentenced, innocent men are discharged, and the whole calendar is finished in less time than it takes us to fill a jury box. So long as we admit that it takes many weeks to find twelve honest men in a big city we can hardly complain if other people take us at our own valuation.

Juries ought, of course, to be selected by the judge. At least the judge should have the widest discretion and the amplest powers. The present scandals are the result of the general tendency to discredit authority of every kind, and especially the authority of the bench. The judge himself is regarded as a potential criminal and likely to change places with the accused at any moment and at the bidding of any crank with a recall petition. We may have to travel some way yet before we "get there," but in the meantime we may note the scandal of the jury box as evidence of a degeneracy from which recovery will be slow and painful.

An Appreciation.

The *Appeal to Reason*, published at Girard, Kansas, is the foremost Socialistic publication of the United States. It had, according to its own boast, printed October 21st, 463,751 regular subscribers, and its weekly edition usually runs up beyond the five hundred thousand mark. This paper has of late been giving close attention to California interests, first because of its sympathy with Governor Johnson's efforts to "redeem" California from a deadly conservatism; second because it is profoundly solicitous in behalf of the McNamara brothers on trial at Los Angeles. Of course the *Appeal to Reason* is delighted with the results of our late election, which it characterized as the destruction of "the first of capitalism's barriers in California"; adding the assurance that "the persistent, relentless work will be continued," and that, the situation being what it is—that eminent reformer, Hiram Johnson, having matters well in hand, "there can be but one result." Commenting directly on the election of October 10th, the *Appeal to Reason* says:

> The victory for the recall is one of the most important things that has happened in California. It is the one thing which the *Appeal* said was necessary to give labor control of affairs in that state. In its edition of May 20, 1911, the *Appeal* said editorially, relative to the solution of the McNamara case:
>
> The fight at the polls this fall will centre around the adoption of the initiative, referendum, and recall amendments to the constitution. Under the provisions of the recall amendment the *judges of the Supreme Court of California can be retired*. These are the men who will decide the fate of the kidnaped workers! Don't you see what it means, comrades, to have in the hands of an intelligent militant working class the political power to recall the present capitalist judges and put on the bench our own men? Was there ever such an opportunity for effective work? No, not since Socialism first raised its crimson banner on the shores of Morgan's country! The election for governor and state officers of California does not occur till 1914. But with the recall at our command we can put our own men in office, without waiting for a regular election!
>
> This declaration on the part of the *Appeal* created a sensation at the time. Workers of California have shown that they understood the significance of the situation and have responded nobly. They are now masters of conditions instead of being puppets in the hands of a few capitalists. It will have its effect on the courts.
>
> It is a great victory, but it is only the beginning. Los Angeles is going Socialist. Many other towns in California will do likewise. The arrogance of the masters will be curbed. Whenever the workers unite with a determination to accomplish results it will be found that they have the power and will succeed.

This ought to be cheerful reading for many who under the impulses of intellectual and moral enthusiasm and "fully understanding the significance of the situation" coöperated with Governor Johnson to give us the recall along with the initiative, the referendum, and the rest of the brood of theories and devices through which we are now plainly entering upon a political and social millennium.

Joseph Pulitzer.

The achievements in journalism of Joseph Pulitzer, dead within the week, would be notable under any conditions, and they become truly marvelous in view of the fact that when he arrived in America, a mature man, he was penniless and unable to speak a word of English, and the further fact that during the last twenty years of his life he was totally blind. Mr. Pulitzer's early practice in journalism was not the highest, and there was a period in which it was subject to criticism. But his professional character grew with his experience and his fortunes. He steered the middle course between seriousness and sensationalism; but it was a course representing definite purpose and fixed conviction, and it advanced steadily upward to higher conceptions of responsibility and duty. His career in its general effects has been worthy and upon the profession of journalism distinctly stimulating and helpful. If Mr. Pulitzer was among those who carried journalism away from its traditional basis, he was likewise among those who contributed mightily to restrain it in a tendency towards vicious excesses.

Perhaps nothing in Mr. Pulitzer's career so definitely expressed the basic character of the man as his earnest desire to establish journalism upon a professional basis. To this end some ten years or more ago he made a gift of $1,000,000, now grown to a much larger sum, for the foundation of a school of journalism in connection with Columbia University. No active use has yet been made of this endowment, but it remains in the hands of the university authorities, in due time to become the foundation of a school which can hardly fail to yield inspirations of incalculable value to journalism and to the country.

Mr. Pulitzer's observations had impressed upon him the fear of dangers inevitable, if the newspapers of the country instead of rising to their moral opportunities should descend to a sordid commercialism. "As our newspapers rise or fall," he said, "so will our civilization rise or fall." It was under this conviction that he set apart a considerable portion of his large private fortune to be applied to the theoretical and practical training of writers for the newspaper press—to the creation of professional standards and a professional spirit in American journalism.

Other American editors and publishers have prospered largely. But, curiously, none other has so seriously valued the vehicle of his fortunes as to make an effort in any permanent way to advance its character and sustain its moral powers.

Mr. Hearst and the Democrats.

If the Democrats are feeling exultant over Mr. Hearst's return to the regular party fold at least they are successful in concealing their emotions. Mr. Hearst is not exactly famous for sailing a straight course, except in the betrayal of his colleagues, nor for laying his cards face up on the table, and if his old associates are now a little cool in their welcome, they may be allowed in justification to plead a sorrowful experience. The last time Mr. Hearst supported a Democratic presidential candidate with all the sincerity of which he is capable—not a great deal at the best of times—was in 1896. He held aloof in 1900 because the party was not imperialistic enough for him, and in 1904 an ungrateful Democracy preferred Mr. Parker to himself. Then came the Independence League in 1908, and now we may suppose that this fantastic organization will be left to paddle its own canoe and at its own expense. Eastern politicians have been saying unkindly for some time past that "there aint no Independence League," and certainly there are no traces of it to be found in California, where at one time it made quite a respectable showing, numerically speaking. Possibly Mr. Hearst himself was its last survivor, and now Mr. Hearst has taken refuge under the original party umbrella and is characteristically engaged in edging his way toward the centre.

Into Mr. Hearst's motives it would be profitless to inquire. Mr. Hearst's only motive, the animating and inspiring principle of his career, is himself. But the precise goal of his practical ambition is open to conjecture. He can hardly suppose that his chances for the Democratic presidential nomination are greater now than they were in 1904. Seven additional years of experience and observation have not raised Mr. Hearst in the public estimation nor endowed him with either principles or a conscience, and at least some plausible pretense of these is absolutely demanded by nine voters out of ten, no matter what their party. But Mr. Hearst may think that he has a chance for the vice-presidency, and then who can tell what the chapter of accidents might not have in store for him? And if he should be disappointed in the vice-presidency there is still the governorship of New York to fall back upon, and how could it be better bestowed than upon an avowed enemy of Tammany? That Mr. Hearst has any broad political convictions or policies is unthinkable. That he can eliminate his own personal and selfish ambitions is too grotesque for consideration. We have only to ask where Mr. Hearst's interests lie and there we shall find him, whether it is a matter of national politics, of a Japanese invasion, or of the war between Italy and Turkey. And Mr. Hearst's interests have usually led him to the destruction of whatever cause he professes to espouse.

And yet Mr. Hearst may really believe that he has a chance of the presidential nomination and that in the general confusion of parties he may filch for himself a great opportunity. He knows as well as any man that the next election will be a struggle not so much between the old political parties as between conservatism and radicalism, and that just now the nation is peculiarly prone to listen to clap-trap and quackery, and of these he is a past master. But he does not know, and he is constitutionally incapable of knowing, that a national suffrage is never given except to personal integrity and to good repute, and to this fact we may attribute our immunity from Mr. Hearst.

A Worthy Hold-Up.

In pursuance of the Sierra water project, the McCarthy board of supervisors has authorized payment to the Tuolumne Water Supply Company for its Cherry Creek lands and rights, in the neat sum of $652,000. Mayor McCarthy has given to this act his official approval. This order for payment is precipitous, not to say foolish, in a business view, because the options under which the purchase has been ordered have yet several months to run. But the McCarthy government wishes to make the purchase, professing to fear that the project will be defeated through the indifference or lethargy of the city government to come in January 1st. There are those, possibly of evil mind, who fear that somewhere along the line—possibly all along the line—there make be a scheme of "rake-off." At all events the McCarthy government is furious in its eagerness to put the job through.

But now comes Auditor Thomas F. Boyle, who despite certain questionable political associations is none the less a man of tried and approved honesty, and takes a hand in the deal. Mr Boyle finds that there is a flaw in the title of the Tuolumne Water Supply Company to the lands and rights which it proposes to convey. He takes the common-sense ground that so great a sum as $652,000—or any sum for that matter—ought not to be paid out excepting upon the assurance of positive and unquestioned title. His position is this, namely, that as the auditor of San Francisco he has no right to pay out public money for a pig in a poke. And since Mr. Boyle's approval is the last essential formality, and since this approval is withheld, the purchase is held up. The supervisors grumble and the mayor swears and hammers the executive table with his fists. But all this has had no effect upon Auditor Boyle, who simply says he won't, at the same time inviting legal procedure calculated to put the whole question in plain view.

The *Argonaut* has not always thought well of Mr. Boyle's political affiliations, albeit it has always regarded Mr. Boyle highly in his personal and official character. Now it thinks that the city of San Francisco is under great obligations to him for the integrity and hardihood which has delayed for investigation a job which the McCarthy government has attempted to rush through with hot and indecent haste.

Tuesday's Election.

Following the primary election of September 26, at which under the charter most of the leading municipal offices were filled, the regular and final municipal election will be held on the 7th—Tuesday next. In each case, excepting as to the board of supervisors, the nominations have been reduced to the two highest names in the primary return.

The *Argonaut* will vote as follows:

For District Attorney—C. M. Fickert.

For Auditor—Thomas F. Boyle or John Lackmann.

For Sheriff—Frederick Eggers.

For Coroner—Thomas B. W. Leland.

For Supervisors—

Paul Bancroft	William H. McCarthy
Patrick J. Boyle	Charles A. Moraghan
George E. Gallagher	Charles A. Murdock
J. E. Hayden	Henry Payot
Fred J. Hilmer	Alexander Russell
Oscar Hocks	J. G. Sala
Thomas Jennings	Alexander T. Vogelsang
Adolf Koshland	Guido E. Caglieri

This list is shy two names—eighteen are to be elected—which voters may be able to fill in through other sources of information. The *Argonaut* will take especial care not to vote for Daniel C. Murphy, special nominee of Rudolph Spreckels, forced by his insistence upon the municipal conference ticket.

We make no recommendation respecting the Coroner-ship, believing both candidates to be capable [illegible] may be voted for with comfortable assuran[illegible]

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The French army having at last found a greenish gray uniform that is nearly if not quite invisible, the military expert hastens to the front with a protest. Invisibility, he says, is a craze, and a mischievous one. Its disadvantages are more numerous than its advantages, and the sooner the soldiers revert to the red, yellow, and blue the better. The infantry that is invisible to the enemy is invisible also to its own artillery, and henceforth the guns will have to advance with the infantry to the trenches or else cease fire altogether as soon as the infantry has started. It is said that the recent manœuvres were full of instances where the artillery fired upon its own side at a range of 600 yards because the gunners were unable to see their own friends, thanks to the extraordinary success of the search for invisibility. Moreover, it is pointed out that to weary and hard-pressed troops nothing is so encouraging as the sight of advancing supports and nothing more depressing than to look around and see nothing. The khaki-clad British soldiers in the Boer War are coming in for a full share of ridicule at the hands of the new French expert. If the clothing is to be made invisible, he asks, why not also the hands and face and the horse. An invisible rider on a visible horse is not gaining much, but the critic is evidently unaware that at least one regiment on arrival at Cape Town did actually dye its horses khaki color. All European armies are now dressed in more or less invisible uniforms, and it is predicted that when the next European war comes there will be tragical confusion as a result of commanders and batteries being unable to distinguish their own men.

There are very few cases where the search for buried treasure has been successful, and while it is too soon to say that the operations for the salvage of the *Lutine* are among the number, they certainly present a promising appearance. The *Lutine*, a British man-of-war, sank off the island of Vlieland in 1799 with $5,000,000 on board that was intended for the payment of the army. Curiously enough, nothing was done in the matter until the National Salvage Association took the matter in hand a year or so ago. Their efforts have been so far successful that $500,000 has been brought to the surface and the whereabouts of the remainder has been ascertained. It has been found that when the ship collapsed a large quantity of cannon balls fell upon the coin and buried it, and the task is therefore to remove the cannon balls. These have now solidified into a solid mass and nothing short of dynamite can break it up. Fragments of the mass have already been blown away and gold coins have been found embedded in it. The Salvage Association is therefore full of hope that when the obstruction has been removed the treasure can be brought to the surface without further trouble.

Sir William Ramsay contributes an amusing letter to *Liberty*, the organ of the Anti-Socialist Union. He says satirically that there is no reason why Socialism should not succeed if we will but have the courage to imitate the methods of the bees and the ants. These are:

1. Extirpation of unpromising children at birth, and state care of the remainder.
2. Removal by painless means of all the youth of both sexes who at a latter stage promise badly.
3. Removal, also, of all who can not work, by euthanasia; and slavery for all who will not work.
4. Careful state supervision of all marriages, only a few persons being permitted to carry on the race.
5. Euthanasia for the aged.

"This, it must be acknowledged," says Sir William Ramsay, "would produce a powerful race. The chances are, however, that it would be extirpated before the experiment had a fair trial. Without some such expedients, however, I do not see how Socialism would work, and, if it spreads, we shall probably see some approach to the restrictions mentioned above."

For the last twelve years the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has annually imported a staff of Swiss guides for the benefit of tourists who wish for experienced mountaineering aid in their exploration of the Canadian Rockies. The present writer was entrusted with the task of making the first selection for this purpose, and at Interlaken he found four experienced Alpine guides who were willing to cross the Atlantic and to try an experiment that was distinctly a novel one for men who had never before been away from their own country. But the experiment was successful from every point of view, and the company now intends to establish a permanent colony of Swiss guides in the vicinity of one of the mountain hotels. For this purpose a village is being constructed after the plan of the Swiss villages and a number of guides are expected to take up their residence with their families. If all goes well other villages of the same kind will be established at the various mountain points chiefly favored by tourists.

The world is so full of revolutions and of counter revolutions that we can give only the scantiest of attention to individual outbreaks. The royalist attack upon Portugal seems to be in abeyance for the moment, but French newspapers seem to attach considerable importance to the movements on the frontier and to the disaffection in the northern part of the country. The question most agitated at the moment is the source of the money that enables the royalist leader, General Couceiro, to raise a force of some strength and to arm it in a competent way. It is generally agreed that ex-King Manuel has no money and would not use it in this way if he had. The cause of royalty and of the dethroned king are by no means identical, and even the most enthusiastic monarchists would look askance at the boy who seems to be more interested in actresses than in politics. Where, then, does the cash come from? The favorite theory points to the Jesuits as the holders of the bag. The church was severely hit by the revolution and would probably do a good deal to reverse it, but there seems to be no more than a suspicion that the Jesuits are playing the part of bankers. Another theory is to the effect that a number of rich Brazilians are putting their trust in princes, contrary to Scriptural advice, and are hoping for court preferment in the event of a reëstablished monarchy.

After 226 years a monument is to be raised in London in memory of the Huguenots who fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and brought their trades with them to the gain of England and to the perpetual loss of France. For the most part these exiles were buried in a little graveyard now disused, but still to be seen at Wandsworth. Public subscription has provided the funds for a monument with a suitable inscription and bearing the names of the chief members of the little colony. Some curious epitaphs may still be read upon the ancient tombstones. Among them is one to Mary Darinee, who died in 1754 when only eighteen. It reads:

> As tender nurses soon to bed do lay
> Their babes for to prevent their wanton play,
> So to prevent in me new sins and crimes,
> Nature, my nurse, put me to bed betimes.

Among the trades transplanted to England by the Huguenots was that of hat-making, and it is a curious bit of irony that even the cardinals of France were compelled to send to the Wandsworth martyrs for their hats or go without.

The success of the Chinese rebels has reawakened curiosity as to the disposition of the vast treasures that belonged to the late Empress Dowager. They were never found after the death of that lady, although a long list of murdered eunuchs and others was supposed to represent the weird Oriental diplomacy usually associated with hidden treasure. It is now said that the wealth of the empress was reduced to the form of bullion and securely hidden in a palace vault. Some time ago the prince regent foresaw the present trouble and ordered that the gold bars be secretly shipped to Europe and placed for safe-keeping in a Belgian bank. This was done, and the last consignment was carried by the cruiser *Haichi*, which went to England for the coronation. One is inclined to wonder at the choice of Belgium for such a purpose, but who shall explain the meanderings of the Oriental mind. Possibly Belgium was indicated by the court astrologer.

Missionary circles in England have been once more moved to their depths by the outspoken speech of Dr. Evans, who addressed the Free Church Council on the subject of India. Dr. Evans has lived in India for many years. He went there as an advocate of missionary work, but to his amazement he found that even the missionaries themselves would not employ their own converts and that it was only the Mahommedan that could be relied upon for honesty and good service. Not satisfied with throwing explosives of this kind Dr. Evans went on to say that many missionaries had complained to him that their reports were not printed in the form in which they were sent, but that all adverse portions were edited out of them. Naturally there is a storm of indignant protest, all the more indignant for the fact that Dr. Evans has but said again what many others have already said.

Mr. Frederic Harrison has just celebrated his eightieth birthday by the publication of two bulky volumes of reminiscences. He has known every one worth knowing and has taken part in well-nigh every public movement for half a century. His friendship with John Ruskin lasted for forty years and it figures largely in the two volumes. He gives us a picture of the elder Ruskin, who was a typical Scot of the old school—grave, courteous, rational, and reserved. The old gentleman asked Mr. Harrison to direct his son's attention to some standard and reliable works on political economy, but he soon found that he had to do with a man who was not prepared to take ideas from the Angel Gabriel himself. "I might as well have asked him to study hints on deer-stalking or the art of dancing. Ruskin wanted no man's books, no ideas, no principles, but his own. He would make it all out for himself. He was always ready to talk—to ask questions—even to listen. But as to allowing any man's thoughts, any book old or new, unless it were the Bible or some poem, to assist, qualify, or enter into his own thoughts, it was not to be endured."

Mr. Harrison came away delighted with the charm and brilliant qualities of his new friend and yet "puzzled and even saddened" by so much impracticable audacity and waywardness. Mr. Harrison does not take a cheerful view of the position of literature and art as compared with seventy years ago. Everywhere he sees a weakening in "all the ancient moral and spiritual forces."

The war correspondent of the London *Daily Express* is surprised to find so many English-speaking soldiers in the Italian army. Numbers of the soldiers have been restaurant and hotel waiters in England, while there is a considerable sprinkling of men who have returned from America and are now with the army. The *Express* correspondent says that as soon as his identity was known he was surrounded by soldiers who begged him to give them postal cards, so that they might scribble a few words to their friends in America. All the men, he says, were surprisingly cheerful.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Holland has its Washington monument in the 280-foot tower of the Nieue Kerk in Middleburg. It is capped with a climax of forty-one bells that chime a quaint fragment of some familiar popular melody every seven and a half minutes. On the hour "Long John" literally vibrates from foundation to weather vane in a frenzied endeavor to pour forth in toto the accumulation of more or less music administered in small doses during the previous sixty minutes.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Water-Cure.

Cardenio's fortunes ne'er miscarried
Until the day Cardenio married.
What then? the Nymph no doubt was young?
She was: but yet—she had a tongue!
Most women have, you seem to say.
I grant it—in a different way.
'Twas not that organ half-divine,
With which, Dear Friend, your spouse or mine,
What time we seek our nightly pillows,
Rebukes our easy peccadilloes:
'Twas not so tuneful, so composing;
'Twas louder and less often dozing;
At Ombre, Basset, Loo, Quadrille,
You heard it resonant and shrill;
You heard it rising, rising yet
Beyond Selinda's parroquet;
You heard it rival and outdo
The chair-men and the link-boy, too:
In short, wherever lungs perform,
Like Marlborough, it rode the storm.
So uncontrolled it came to be,
Cardenio feared his *chère amie*
(Like Echo by Cephissus shore)
Would turn to voice and nothing more.
That ('tis conceded) must be cured
Which can't by practice be endured.
Cardenio, though he loved the maid,
Grew daily more and more afraid;
And since advice could not prevail
(Reproof but seemed to fan the gale),
A prudent man, he cast about
To find some fitting nostrum out.
What need to say that priceless drug
Had not in any mine been dug?
What need to say no skillful leech
Could check that plethora of speech?
Suffice it, that one lucky day
Cardenio tried—another way.

A Hermit (there were hermits then:
The most accessible of men!)
Near Vauxhall's sacred shade resided:
In him, at length, our friend confided.
(Simples, for show, he used to sell;
But cast Nativities as well.)
Consulted, he looked wondrous wise;
Then undertook the enterprise.
What that might be, the Muse must spare;
To tell the truth, she was not there.
She scorns to patch what she ignores
With Similes and Metaphors;
And so, in short, to change the scene,
She slips a fortnight in between.

Behold our pair then (quite by chance)
In Vauxhall's garden of romance—
That paradise of nymphs and grottoes,
Of fans, and fiddles, and ridottoes!
What wonder if, the lamps reviewed,
The song encored, the maze pursued,
No further feat could seem more pat
Than seek the Hermit after that?
Who then more keen her fate to see
Than this, the new Leuconoë,
On fire to learn the lore forbidden
In Babylonian numbers hidden?
Forthwith they took the darkling road
To Albumazar his abode.
Arriving, they beheld the sage
Intent on hieroglyphic page,
In high Armenian cap arrayed
And girt with engines of his trade
(As Skeletons, and Spheres, and Cubes;
As Amulets and Optic Tubes);
With dusky depths behind revealing
Strange shapes that dangled from the ceiling;
While more to palsy the beholder
A Black Cat sat upon his shoulder.

The Hermit eyed the Lady o'er
As one whose face he'd seen before,
And then, with agitated looks,
He fell to fumbling at his books.
Cardenio felt his spouse was frightened,
Her grasp upon his arm had tightened;
Judge then her horror and her dread
When "Vox Stellarum" sbook his head;
Then darkly spake in phrase forlorn
Of Tarsus and of Capricorn;
Of stars averse, and stars ascendant,
And stars entirely independent,
In fact, it seemed that all the Heavens
Were set at sixes and at sevens,
Portending, in her case, some fate
Too fearful to prognosticate.

Meanwhile the Dame was well-nigh dead.
"But is there naught," Cardenio said,
"No sign or token, Sage, to show
From whence, or what, this dismal woe?"
The Sage, with circle and with plane
Betook him to his charts again.
"It vaguely seems to threaten Speech:
No more (he said) the signs can teach."
But still Cardenio tried once more:
"Is there no potion in your store,
No charm by Chaldee mage concerted
By which this doom can be averted?"

The Sage, with motion doubly mystic,
Resumed his juggling cahalistic.
The aspects here again were various;
But seemed to indicate Aquarius.
Thereat portentously he frowned;
Then frowned again, then smiled:—'twas found!
But 'twas too simple to be tried.
"What is it then?" at once they cried.
"Whene'er by chance you feel incited
To speak at length, or uninvited;
Whene'er you feel your tones grow shrill
(At times, we know, the softest will!),
This word oracular, my daughter,
Bids you to fill your mouth with water:
Further, to hold it firm and fast,
Until the danger be o'erpast."

The Dame, by this in part relieved
The prospects of escape perceived,
Rebelled a little at the diet.
Cardenio said discreetly, "Try it.
Try it, my Own. You have no choice.
What if you lose your charming voice!"
She tried, it seems. And whether then
Some god stepped in, benign to men:
Or Modesty, too long outlawed,
Contrived to aid the pious fraud
I know not—but from that same day
She talked in quite a different way.—*Austin Dobson*

"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH."

Production of the Hichens Play in New York—A Beautiful Spectacle, but a Weak, Inconclusive Drama.

After all the to-do about the collaboration of Robert Hichens and Mary Anderson de Navarro in the dramatization of the English author's novel, "The Garden of Allah," it appears that the most important part of the work on the resulting play has been done by the scene painter, the stage carpenter, and the master electrician, in dramatizing Mr. Hichens's descriptions of Oriental landscapes. Certainly the drama has been crowded into second place by the spectacle. Theatrical effects have been made the most of, and with a nearer approach to perfect illusion in the reproduction of romantic outdoor views, gray dawn warming into rosy morning, glaring noonday without a shadow, and deeply, darkly beautiful starlit night, than ever before. A sand-storm in the desert, while probably very little like the real thing, is made powerfully oppressive. Through it all the bright colors of the East, the regular irregularity of moving auxiliaries, forming again and again new combinations, contrasts, and harmonies, produce kaleidoscopic impressions that seem well nigh impossible of exact repetition.

Saturday afternoon the first production of the piece was given at the Century Theatre, and that the anticipations of a vast contingent had been pleasurably stirred was evident in the audience. The big playhouse has never held a larger convocation. I do not know how many people take to Mr. Hichens's desert stories; probably a majority of the selective novel-reading public, for the books approach perilously near the records of the best-sellers in their circulation figures. But I have always felt, without reasoning the matter out, that his readers are inclined to skip his descriptive passages—which are the best things he does—for the dallyings with the psychology of passion that are introduced here and there with seemingly studied regard for sustained interest. But the favor with which he is regarded by the literary, together with the magnetic power of the association of that undimmed star of American histrionics, Mme. Navarro, to influence those who go to the theatre but do not read romance, gave the play all it needed in the way of good auspices.

As a drama "The Garden of Allah" is far from being a great achievement. It is muddled in its motives, seldom free from theatrical cant in its expression, and it ends in a devotional rhapsody that is neither inevitable nor satisfactory. It begins slowly, with pictures, progresses to conversation, gradually works up to a passionate outburst, simmers down to apology and repentance for that single manifestation of human feeling, and reaches quiescence in unjustifiable renunciation and solitude. It tells the story of a Trappist monk who suddenly discovers that there is something worth while in the outside world and runs away to have a fling with liberty and love. His name is Boris. He speedily encounters Domini, a cigarette-smoking young woman given to introspection and unsatisfied longings that lead her into adventurous scenes. Domini quickly surrenders to the fascination of Boris, who really does very well, considering his lack of experience with the feminine. Then the true character of the gaunt, intense young man is discovered and denounced, and it is plainly to be seen that his broken religious vows are of more importance to him than his new relationship. He goes back to the monastery, and Domini and their child sit in the garden and face an indeterminate future.

There is nothing unfair to Mr. Hichens in the assumption that his soul is more possessed with the mystery and the grandeur of the desert than with the figures he invokes to move across its sands. He must have approved and admired the stage pictures, but he is not a dramatist or he would have realized that the action of his play was not merely subordinated but overpowered by the elaborate scenic investiture. The first scene is a desert waste under a blue sky. A horseman appears, then a caravan with camels and goats, and the people are the true children of that nomadic region. As the sun comes up the Mohammedans halt and cast themselves down, bowing to the east. It is wonderfully realistic in color and perspective, but it has no connection with the story of the play except as an introductory descriptive paragraph. An oriental hotel veranda with a garden in front is the next scene, and this introduces the heroine and three or four other characters, then the hero, but the action is still delayed. Another picture follows, an Eastern street and bazaar, but it is for the purpose of atmosphere only. Next comes the interior of a dance-house, and the quarrel of two Arabs over one of the girls. Here Boris and Domini meet, and the monk insists on escorting the lady to her friends. In the setting of the garden scene which opens Part II of the play, the effect is of tropic luxuriance, in contrast with the distances of the desert and the more ordinary aspects of the street views that have preceded. All the beauty of flowers and palms, grateful shade and falling water, is massed in this retreat. Here Boris declares his passion for Domini, and he is remarkably eloquent and melodramatic. Do not cavil at this. He is still young and freedom has intoxicated him. And Domini is responsive.

From the garden of Domini's elderly friend to a tent in the desert with Boris is the natural progression. To continue the atmospheric accompaniments fitly a sandstorm is introduced here. It surpasses all earlier stage tempests as a battle charge outdoes a duel. After the elemental strife has died away the succeeding calm is disturbed by a pursuing party of Domini's friends who expose the apostate monk and bridegroom. Boris confesses his sin and pleads in extenuation. Now that he is found out, however, he will go back to seclusion. Among the numerous pictures there is none more delightful to the eye than the succeeding view of the white-walled monastery and the blue Mediterranean below it. Before the gate of the former home of the monk, Boris and Domini say farewell, he to seek peace for his soul in seclusion, she to go away alone and find consolation in their child. A last scene or epilogue shows Domini and the child, which Boris has never seen, resting in the garden.

But three of the actors merit special notice. Mary Mannering is the Domini, and she is more self-contained and complacent than one could wish. Lewis Waller, the English player, brought over for the part, is an attractive, impetuous Boris, and rises easily to the height of passion in the two scenes that afford him any opportunity. Eben Plympton, easy, assured, and clever as always in varied tone and inflection, is Count Anteoni, the wealthy, generous, middle-aged friend and admirer of Domini. There was no weakness in the cast, but there was little for the others, even in the speaking parts, to do. Undoubtedly the production will draw well for a time, but more will go to see with curiosity and admiration than to listen with unflagging interest. FLANEUR.

New York, October 23, 1911.

Not a pensioner of the War of the Revolution is now living, the last one, Mrs. Phœbe M. Palmeter, having died at Brookfield, New York, in April, aged ninety. She was the daughter of Jonathan Wooley, who served in a New Hampshire company. Mrs. Britannia W. Kennon of Washington, D. C., a great-granddaughter of Martha Washington who died during the year, drew a pension as a widow longer probably than any other person in the history of the pension office, having received $50 a month almost sixty-seven years. Mrs. Kennon was the widow of the captain of the United States steamship *Princeton*, who was killed February 28, 1844, by the bursting of a cannon on that vessel, on which occasion two members of President Tyler's Cabinet were killed.

For sixty years mystery has surrounded the fate of an exploring expedition into the wilds of Australia, led by Dr. Ludwig Leichardt, a young German naturalist, although announcement was recently made that relics of the little band had been discovered in the northwestern part of the country. Acting on this, the Geographical Society of South Australia has sent an expedition to investigate, and if it is convinced that it has solved the mystery of Leichardt's fate it will mark the spot with a monument. Leichardt's first great journey brought him world-wide fame, for he and his comrades traveled over 2500 miles of unknown Australia. The result was a book which he was destined never to see, as he plunged again into the wilderness before it had been printed.

Banks of Austria are exempt from liability for payment of checks and bills of exchange to parties who may have acquired unlawful possession of the same and forged the indorsements thereon. The banks are not compelled to identify the bearer, and instances occur of such commercial papers being stolen and cashed with forged indorsement, leaving the owner without redress. A check or bill of exchange, therefore, though payable to order and not indorsed, is a dangerous form for the remittance of money. Liability for payment on a forged indorsement is incurred by a bank only when it is presumed to have knowledge of the payee's signature, as in the case of well-known clients.

Claim is advanced by the Rev. Charles F. Reisner of New York that ministers' sons win greater success in life than those of any other class. His investigations prove to his satisfaction that the sons of ministers in this country succeed in life 221 times more frequently than those of any other class of people, and that in England, of the men prominent in its history, 1270 have been ministers' sons, against 510 children of lawyers. He quotes De Candollo, a French scientist, who says "the sons of clerical families have actually surpassed during 200 years in their contributions to the roll of eminent scientists the similar contributions of any other class of families."

That South Africa can and does raise tobacco of splendid quality, which threatens to compete, in time, with the product of the noted producing countries of the world, is manifest by the fact that the manufacture of tobacco there has outstripped any other manufacturing industry, and tobacco factories can be seen which would do credit to any country in the world. Already a considerable export trade has been built up.

Gum-picking is an avocation of importance in the Adirondacks. One picker has just finished his season's work, having sacked 1300 pounds of first-class spruce. He gets $1.50 a pound for his gum from druggists.

Plans for New York's new grand central station contemplate the handling of 200 trains an hour by electricity, if necessary.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lady Augusta Gregory, who has come to this country in the interest of Irish plays and literature, is a playwright who proves the typewriter is mightier than the pen. She carries the machine with her, and finds that she can compose just as well while rattling away at the keys as though working in quiet.

Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador to Great Britain, recently celebrated his golden wedding anniversary, at Naumkeag, Massachusetts. He will be eighty years of age in January, but is still actively engaged in the practice of law. He is very fond of an automobile and travels about the Berkshire hills extensively.

Frank H. Hitchcock, who, it is reported, may resign on the first of the year to engage in business in New York, has served as Postmaster-General since 1909. He acted as campaign manager for Mr. Taft. From 1905 to 1908 he was First Assistant Postmaster-General. He is a graduate of Harvard and of Columbia Law School.

Dr. James B. Angell, president emeritus of the University of Michigan, at the age of eighty-two is still a familiar figure on the campus, living as he does in the president's house. He became head of the university in 1871, resigning in 1909. During his administration 22,009 degrees were granted, and the faculty grew from thirty-five members to 400.

Signora Marconi, wife of the wireless inventor, has just been signally honored, having been appointed lady in waiting to the Queen of Italy. The action is unique, there being no precedent for ladies not belonging to the Italian aristocracy being raised to such dignity. Signora Marconi is deeply interested in her husband's work, and has assisted him in his experiments.

Former Congressman Charles F. Scott, of Kansas, suggested as a possible successor to Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, is a newspaper man, owner and editor of the Iola (Kansas) *Register*. During his incumbency in the lower house he was chairman of the agricultural committee. He is forty-one years of age, a graduate of the University of Kansas, and has long been an editor.

Baron Chinda, Japanese ambassador in Berlin, reported likely to succeed Baron Uchida at Washington, has long desired the Washington station. He was educated in the United States over thirty years ago, having studied at De Pauw and other universities for eight years. He was quick to adopt American ways and was initiated into the D. K. E. fraternity, in which he is held as one of its leading lights.

Cardinal Gibbons, whose golden jubilee as a priest was recently celebrated in Baltimore, has had a remarkable career. He was born in Baltimore in 1834. He served successively in a mission at Canton, as secretary and chancellor of the archdiocese, bishop of Carolina, and in 1877 was made coadjutor to Bishop Bayley of Baltimore. After serving as apostolic delegate to the plenary council in Baltimore in 1886 he was somewhat later made cardinal.

C. Arthur Pearson, editor and owner of the London *Express*, wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, and reported suffering a complete breakdown from overwork, was a poor lad twenty-five years ago, but full of force and ambition. At nineteen he became editor of *Tit-Bits* and made good. After the first year, refused an increase in salary, he borrowed a small sum and started *Pearson's Weekly*, which in a few years poured a golden stream into his lap.

Henry Gayton, shepherd for over sixty years on a farm near Brayfield-on-the-Green, Northants, England, has probably established a record for long service in his line. He has worked on the same farm for sixty-four years, having begun at the age of six as a bird-scarer. He still minds the sheep, harvests, and does odd jobs, and is happy with a weekly wage of sixteen shillings. His wife still lives. They have had thirteen children born to them, rearing them all.

Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, whose life-size bust of President Lincoln first attracted attention to her as a sculptress, is working away at the age of sixty-four with all the energy of her younger years. Her latest works are busts of American patriots for Cornell University. When a young girl she was commissioned by Congress to chisel the likeness of Lincoln, who sat for his bust at the White House. It is now in the rotunda of the Capitol. Mrs. Hoxie was born in Wisconsin and studied in Washington for a time, before going to Paris, where she put herself under Bonnat. Her home is in Washington.

Dr. Basil Laneau Gildersleeve, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, is a professor of Greek at Johns Hopkins University, and has been a member of its faculty since its foundation in 1786. He has been in active service for fifty-five years, and is still young in mind and body, and as a writer his sparkling wit lends added interest to his technical productions. A graduate of Princeton, he almost became a newspaper reporter, but while considering that work was offered a position as member of the faculty of the University of Virginia, which he accepted. However, he [illegible] cellaneous writing, and later in life brought [illegible] "Essays and Studies."

AFTER THE MURDER.

A Special Plea in the Tribunal of Conscience.

The woman was dead. Her face, ashen-hued and distorted, was turned upward, and Darcal, as he gazed upon it, began to understand what he had done. Perhaps, even at that moment, he began to fear the consequences of his crime. Yes, the woman was dead; there could be no doubt on that score. The grip had been too firm, and the lithe, sinewy, rage-strengthened fingers had clutched the white, soft, slender neck with a ferocity that only death could appease.

The brutality of the crime did not move Darcal so much as wonderment that his purpose had been accomplished so easily. She had scarcely struggled when his fingers closed upon her throat. She could not scream, and her gurgling sobs were smothered by the other hand of the murderer, close pressed upon the woman's mouth. Darcal was calm enough now, as he stood there looking down into that face so cold and still, the eyes almost closed and the lips parted as if the sleeper were trying to utter the incoherent thoughts of her dreams. And now he wondered why he had killed her. It was too soon for remorse; but an indefinable fear began to creep into his heart, chilling it and depressing its action. A fear of what? The hangman? Not yet. Justice, even at her swiftest, is but leaden-heeled, and the hangman stands long in the shadow of the crime. No; Darcal did not fear the hangman, for reason told him that if he did not betray himself, he was safe from evil consequences. Nobody had seen him enter the house. It was growing dark. Nobody need see him leave the place. Those who should discover the corpse need never know the perpetrator of the deed or his motive. The secret was safe enough in the keeping of himself living and this one dead.

Still he could not rid himself of that oppression—that feeling of heart-numbness and brain-weight so akin to fear, and yet was not fear; so nearly related to remorse, and was not remorse.

He looked about him, half expecting to find some one or something close by at his elbow, also looking down at the face of the dead woman. The little ivory clock on the oak mantel struck six. The chimes startled him, and the silence oppressed him. He looked once more at the face of the woman, peering through the twilight to observe more closely the features of the dead who had died by his hand. It seemed to him that they were of ghastlier hue; the eyes were opening, and there was a gleam of teeth between the parting lips—a hideous, sinister smile, such as only the dead can smile. Darcal began to feel uncomfortable, and he would have gone away if he could have overcome the strange fascination that had begun to exercise its influence upon him—a fascination, one element of which was the danger of discovery if he remained.

He wanted to reason out why he had killed her. He wanted to analyze and make clear to his understanding the motives that had impelled him to this murder. Yes, murder. He would not try to disguise or palliate the truth; and having admitted the truth, he derived an intensity of pleasure in contemplation of his crime that can be appreciated only by those who have wantonly, or in cold blood, slain a fellow-being.

Why had he killed her? That he was justified, Darcal did not doubt for an instant. It was only necessary that he should collect his thoughts, arrange the details in their proper order, and trace the logic of events to find ample justification for this murder. It was not necessary that his theory of self-defense should satisfy any one but himself, for it was impossible that any one else should ever know who had murdered the woman or why she was murdered. Only in the rarest instances are murderers unable to arrive at this self-justification, and Darcal was confident that his was not an exceptional case.

Going back to that troth-plighting under the apple-blossoms, in that distant land where the flowers are perennial beneath skies that are forever blue, Darcal sought for his justification and found it not, though he saw dimly through the mists of the years a fateful shadow creeping athwart the sunshine of those happy, hopeful hearts. Then he came to the little gray chapel where the priest gave them his blessing, and he remembered even the odor of the lilacs wafted by the warm breezes through the half-opened windows—are those lilacs in the bosom of the dead woman's dress? And the future—how bright it looked, and how swiftly it came to the flower-decked portals of their present, and what a miserable, crime-stained future it was, corroding the honor of the husband, corrupting the virtue of the wife. And so they parted and went their ways, never dreaming even then that it would come to this.

For a time Darcal could not bring himself to a close contemplation of the incidents immediately environing the slaying of this woman. They were too sordid, too insignificant in comparison with the enormity of the event. At first he tried to justify himself by accusing the woman; but, strangely enough, that did not satisfy him—it lacked the strength of an honest judgment. There was a time, perhaps, when such an accusation would have acquitted him before all the world and in the tribunal of his own conscience—but not now. The statute of limitations had intervened to mitigate even the heinousness of her crime.

Perhaps if he went away and mingled with the living instead of standing here communing with the dead, the solution of this question between himself and his conscience would be easier. There was no valid reason why he should settle the matter and arrive at a satisfactory conclusion so soon after the—no, he would not call it murder. On reflection it was not murder—in the sense that unjustifiable homicide is murder. The laws of man hold some murders justifiable, and surely the conscience of the murderer may acquiesce in such judgment. He would go out into the haunts of men and reflect on this matter—he would not decide hastily, nor in the presence of the woman he had killed.

The bells of a distant steeple struck seven as Darcal softly closed the door behind him and walked down the stairs to the street. In the hurrying crowd he knew he was safe from that human justice so frequently at variance with individual estimates of right and wrong. The hounds of the law could not track him now, and only his own soul could sit in judgment over him. How solitary he felt in that throng; alone with himself in the throbbing heart of the great city; unknown, unheeded by the selfish, trampling multitude. Once or twice he was startled out of his introspection by the feeling that some one or something was following close at his side, some one offering menace, something unpleasant. He turned abruptly, and was angry with himself for yielding to his morbid fancy.

Presently he stopped. There were not many people in this street, at this hour. Later, when the roaring thoroughfares out under the yellow mist were silent, men came skulking here and were admitted to these houses in silence, unquestioned. Darcal looked at the house. No lights flamed in the windows; no voices, or music, or revelry gave evidence of habitation; darkness, silence, and a glowering, ominous, evil-looking house in the imagination of Darcal, even before he recognized it as the home of one dead by the hand of a murderer not yet satisfied of his justification—the abiding-place of a woman throttled to death for some good reason not yet clear to the mind and conscience of her slayer. Darcal could not face even this silent accuser, and he shrank away in terror of the thought that he might not find his justification here. He even feared the possibility of an outcry—the outcry that murder provokes. And again, he was borne away on the restless human tide that ebbs and flows through the great city—alone with his conscience, alone with his crime, alone with the phantom of a hope that he had begun to nurse and fondle even when his clutch was on the woman's throat.

Why had he killed her? The question kept beating through his brain like a hammer on the anvil. The monotonous iteration became momentarily more painful, manifesting itself in a physical depression, as if extraneous forces were exerting their powers to oppress. Why had he killed her? Why had he killed her?

True, he had asked her for money, and she had refused him, with the sneer of her class on her lips and the scorn of bitter contempt distorting a face already hardened by reckless disregard of every womanly virtue. He had asked her for money—not as ordinary blackmailers, trafficking in the victim's fear, but as a suppliant, pleading at the feet of one who might once have given life itself for the comfort and gratification of the pleader. She had refused him; but that refusal could not be construed as a sufficient motive for what he had done. Murder may be done for mercenary purpose, and is frequently so accomplished, but Darcal could not convince himself that he had strangled this woman because she had refused to give him money. His better nature revolted at the suggestion. No; he had not killed her in anger induced by her contemptuous refusal to give him money.

The perfume of lilacs and roses, gushing warm from the open door of a florist's, recalled to Darcal's memory the scene in the gray little chapel: the priest blessing their union, the colored shadows of the stained windows, through which the sunlight streamed; and, like a ghostly melody, he seemed again to hear the music of birds, singing in the magnolias—the twitter and carol of merry songsters distinct and clear through the turmoil of the town. Surely that shadow, just beyond the side-glance of his half-closed eye, had substance; else why did it so persistently make its presence felt? That absurd fancy again—absurd, but terrifying as an illusion that one fears may become a delusion firmly fixed in a mind capable of understanding that such fixity means insanity. An absurd fancy—and Darcal laughed. The beggar on the crossing shuddered to hear the laugh of this man hurrying by, instinctively recognizing the horror of the thoughts that provoked it—knowing, as some natures know, that the man who laughed thus, alone in the crowd, was one not at peace with himself or his God—a creature to be dreaded, shunned, abhorred.

Once more Darcal stopped, and again his eyes stared into the awful gloom of this house, intently listening to hear a moan, a shriek, any sound, human or inhuman, that might break the silence that brooded where the dead woman lay, with her ashen face upturned in the darkness. Why had he returned? His intention had been flight, though he was fain to admit on reflection that he had set no destination for that flight, guided only by the instinct of self-preservation. Why had he come back to this scowling abode of sin and death? And as the murderer gazed at the silent house and remembered what lay within, a terror came upon him that only the outcry he dreaded would have lifted.

This time Darcal went away determined never to come back, reasoning with himself that it was not safe for a murderer to haunt the scene of his crime. He would cross the city to his lodging, where the hangman could not find him and where the vengeance of offended justice would never seek him.

Still his thoughts ran upon his motive for this murder. Still he debated with himself his reasons. Why had he killed her? Not because she had refused to give him money, but because—ah, that was the reason—he had discovered his true motive at last. How simple, how natural, what a complete and unmistakable justification! Yes, he had found it at last, and there was relief, almost happiness, in the thought. The whole world would justify him and give him sympathy. He need not fear the hangman, because they do not hang men who strangle women for that; he need not fear the reproaches of a too exacting conscience, for this monitor accepted the justification as ample and adequate.

He could look the house squarely in the face now; he could meet its scowl with the stern consciousness of rectitude—as the executioner meets the frown of those who execrate him for his work upon those they love. He was strong in the faith of his justification.

The man who came down the stairway stepped aside to let Darcal pass, but the latter paused to make inquiry:

"Have you seen her?" His voice was low, but its tone was pleasant, and the other was constrained to reply:

"Seen whom?" he asked.

"Why, my—the woman who lives—who lived here?"

"No. There was no answer to my ring at the bell. The house is dark. They are out, I imagine."

"*She* is not out," said Darcal, earnestly. "Let us go in."

Darcal took hold of the man's arm and gently urged him up the stairs.

They stood together in the darkness of the apartment, heavy with the odor of lilacs. They could hear the little clock on the mantel ticking steadily.

"There is no one here," said Darcal's companion.

"You are mistaken," the murderer answered; "*she* is here. It is not three hours since I left her. I will show her to you."

Darcal struck a match, and gradually the yellow light pervaded the room, revealing the form of a woman outstretched upon the floor with her face upturned. Darcal waited until the sulphur of the match had burned away, and then he lighted the gas.

Darcal and the man looked down into the woman's face. The eyes were wide open, now staring up at Darcal, and there was a sinister smile on her lips—a ghastly smile, a smile of triumph and satisfied vengeance.

"Why did you kill her?" inquired the man.

"Because—because I loved her," Darcal answered.

Just then the clock on the mantel chimed the hour of eight.

E. H. Clough.

Devil's Tower in Northern Wyoming rises mysteriously from the vast and silent level of the prairie to a height of 1250 feet. In the early days of overland travel it served to tell many an emigrant of his whereabouts. It is now a national monument, having been set aside as a natural curiosity. The Devil's Tower monument consists of about 1000 acres, and preserves for all time this landmark. Probably it will be many years before the Devil's Tower is generally visited. At present it is many miles from a railroad, and few persons see it in the course of a year. Those who make the trip, which is usually done from the little Northern Wyoming town of Sundance, feel amply repaid for their visit.

A company is being formed in Prague for the purpose of utilizing an important invention by which beer can be more quickly fermented than by the present method of storing it in cellars. As a result of practical comparisons it is claimed that the cost of producing would be greatly reduced and mean an annual saving of about $5,000,000 if all the beer made in Bohemia were manufactured by the new process. With the new method beer will be produced sterile in closed tanks, and will be matured and made ready for the market in eight to twelve days. With the present process about three months are required to accomplish the same results.

Occupying a most unique position in the affairs of the national government is the smoking and chewing squad which samples the different brands of plug tobacco submitted by manufacturers eager to obtain the annual navy contract. The annual tests will be made this month at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. A squad of hardy old sailors qualified to judge tobacco by long years of experience will try the several samples of plug suitable for chewing and smoking. Upon their verdict will depend largely the award of a contract for 200,000 pounds of tobacco to supply the navy for the coming year.

It is presumable that the little wolf of India was t original ancestor of the dog. It is the only wild anim possessing the salient eyebrow, or crest of the dog. T little wolf has not only the dog's eyebrow crest, but a the canine characteristics and none of the chara teristics of the wolf.

Legal tender is so called because in payment of debtor obligation of any kind it can be forced on tl creditor "in full of all demand." Gold certificates, si ver certificates, and national bank notes, despite tl enormous quantity in circulation, are not legal tende

JUDGES IN PROCESSION.

London's Legal Year Opened with Stately Ceremony.

Mediæval color is fast fading from London life. Since Temple Bar was taken down there is no building left in the city proper of which it can be asserted that it was once adorned with traitors' heads impaled on poles. The removal of that ancient gate, too, set the fashion for wholesale iconoclasm. Not only has Clement's Inn been transformed, but the tortuous streets on the north side of the Strand with their half-timber fronts and overhanging gables have been swept away. Old London, in fact, becomes more of a dim memory every decade.

And ancient customs are following ancient buildings into the limbo of things that were. Even the Lord Mayor's Show, that pageant which dates back to King John of Magna Charta memory, is in danger. During the past week a revolutionary socialist has been trying to secure from members of the common council a pledge that they will vote for its abolition and the discontinuance of that November banquet where turtle soup flows like water. This is the twentieth century and not the sixteenth—so argued this daring innovator with a fine appreciation of the potency of the commonplace—and the show was a nuisance as an interruption of business; why should not the lord mayor emulate the example of the President of the United States and go quietly in a frock coat to his swearing-in? But the corporation of London is not yet ripe for such sweeping changes. The revolutionist was reminded that the cost of the show comes out of the pockets of the lord mayor and sheriffs, and that it affords infinite amusement to children of all ages. So this year there is to be a pageant illustrating the evolution of the navy and army since the days of Queen Elizabeth, with modern cockneys posing in the authentic garb of such heroes as Sir Francis Drake, Sir Philip Sidney, Admiral Blake, General Monk, Lord Nelson, and the Duke of Wellington.

Still it is possible in these changing times that the day is not far distant when such a stronghold of conservatism as the corporation of London will be carried by assault, and when that happens one citadel only will be left. That, however, may be relied upon to hold out for many centuries, for it is manned by representatives of the law, and who ever knew a lawyer to give up anything once in his possession?

In other words, when the Lord Mayor's Show is a tradition, when the U. S. A. presidential frock coat has taken the place of gorgeous robes, when turtle soup has given place to soda water, and when every other gleam of mediæval color, has faded into the drab of the commonplace, the high officials of the law will still be repeating those stately ceremonies by which within the past few days they signalized once more the beginning of a new legal year.

New traditions as well as old are blended in those ceremonies. The service in Westminster Abbey, for example, with which the functions of the day began, is quite a modern custom, established only some twenty years ago by ex-Lord Chancellor Halsbury, who was the first holder of that high office to associate the law with the gospel. Perhaps, however, his purpose was historical rather than religious. Such a sturdy conservative as Lord Halsbury must have sorrowed over the circumstance—the establishment of the new law courts in the Strand—which severed the connection of his profession with the seat of kings at Westminster, and may have hit upon the abbey service as an expedient for renewing the association. No orthodox Pepysian needs to be told that in the diarist's day, and for centuries before and after, the chief law courts of the English capital were situated in Westminster Hall. Hence the story of Peter the Great, who, on being taken into that hall inquired who those busy people were in wigs and black gowns, and, on being told they were lawyers, ejaculated, "Lawyers! why I have but two in my whole dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home."

In the days of Pepys, the judges of England, abandoning the mules they had hitherto affected, rode to Westminster on horseback, but on Thursday the crowd around the west door of the abbey saw the legal celebrities arrive in stately coaches. First in the procession came Robert Threshie Reid, otherwise Baron Loreburn, lord chancellor for the past six years, resplendent in scarlet and ermine. A severely judicial face has Lord Loreburn, clean-shaven and hard in line; a high-domed forehead and a set expression of thought as though he were still puzzling over the knotty question of the Venezuelan boundary. Or, on the other hand, his look may be reminiscent of those days when, as a member of the Oxford cricket eleven, he marched into the field wondering whether he was destined to score a "duck" or a hundred not out. In his wake followed Richard Everard Webster, Baron Alverstone, lord chief justice, another member of Great Britain's counsel in that Venezuelan trouble and also a member of the Alaska boundary commission. For all his seventy years, Lord Alverstone walked as briskly into the abbey as though he had lost none of the suppleness which made him a famous runner in his university days. In the rear of these chief lords of the law came countless other judges, arrayed in black and gold, or scarlet and ermine, a flowing and glowing line of color.

From the venerable minster—the half-hour of psalm and lesson and anthem ended—the scene was transferred to the House of Lords, where two duties awaited. One the partaking of "breakfast" with the lord chancellor as host, a substantial meal served in the best style of the regal chamber's cook; the other formal announcement that King George had been pleased to approve the choice of Sir Thomas B. Crosby as lord mayor of London. The latter function is always discharged as seriously as in those far-off days of its initiation in 1215, when King John, in granting a charter to the city of London, stipulated that the lord mayor elect should always be presented to him or his justice for approval. Nowadays, however, the ceremony takes the form of reading a page of "Who's Who." That is to say, the recorder of the city, in presenting the citizens' choice for royal approbation, sets out his biography in brief, touching in the high lights as best he knows how, as though really anxious to influence a decision already made in his favor. For once the farce was interesting, as it disclosed that Sir Thomas Crosby is the oldest alderman to be elected lord mayor and the first of his profession—that of medicine—to fill that office in all the centuries of its existence.

One more piece of pageantry remained. In the street outside and in the spacious great hall of the law courts in the Strand dense crowds had gathered to see the lords of justice take up their duties for another year. And now the procession took a more ordered form and became touched with symbolism. It was not merely that the historically instructed eye saw in the person of the lord chancellor the highest civil subject in the land, the official guardian of "all infants, idiots, and lunatics," nor that the lord chief justice recalled his earliest predecessor in the person of Norman William's faithful Fitz-Osborn, but that one of the emblems borne in front of the judges accentuated that legal fiction which makes the King of England the source of all judicial authority and postulates his presence wherever law is administered. For at the head of the procession walked a court-dress-clad dignitary, bearing lightly in his hand a spacious receptacle made of crimson velvet and adorned with cords and tassels of gold. This gorgeous object was the Privy Purse, or the outward and visible sign of the Privy Purse, indubitable evidence of the vicarious presence of royalty. Why it, rather than, say, the crown royal, should lead the judges into their courts, only heraldic antiquaries, and perhaps not they, could explain. But there it was, swaying to and fro in the bearer's hand, suggestive of the more than five hundred thousand dollars annually granted for Privy Purse expenditure. No doubt it was empty, unless for a dummy check to keep up the illusion, but to have gazed upon its garnished exterior was no unfitting climax to a series of functions which are but the "broken lights and shapes" of other days.

Henry C. Shelley.

London, October 17, 1911.

Every Day Election Day, By and By.

In the California election all the newest political fashions won—the Ladies' Vote, the recall, the referendum, and the jupe culotte.

Bully for good old California! She knows her strong point; it is change. Folks who are tired of other places go to her for it. Now they will get it more than ever.

It is fine that the suffragists have won there. It is like having the adjoining township wet when your own is dry.

California is the spontaneous state. There Burbank went to invent new fruits and flowers, for even plants develop imagination and new styles in California. When the joyous spirit of that state is fully incorporated into politics, every day will be Election Day and all the varieties of candidates will be elected.

We think the ladies' vote will speed California mightily on her natural course.—*Life.*

In East Africa, if the traveler desires to kill one elephant, he is required to pay $49 in addition to the regular license, which varies in price according to the kind taken out. It may be any one of four and cost from $5 to $243. Should the traveler wish to kill two elephants, an additional sum is asked, but is refunded if he fails to bag his second quarry.

More than 94,000 persons paid admission to see "what beer is and how it is made," at the brewers' exposition held in Chicago recently. They consumed more than 500,000 glasses of beer, according to one account. On the final night more than 4000 persons visited the "bierstube."

FALL LITERARY NUMBER.

The next issue of the Argonaut will be a special Publishers' Announcement Number. It will be largely devoted to announcements of forthcoming books, reviews of the books of the season, portraits of authors, half-tones of unique book-covers, and other illustrative matter. It will also contain a number of special articles, literary letters from London and Paris, and general correspondence from New York and the East. In addition it will contains the usual departments and miscellany. The number will be printed on heavy toned paper and will consist of 40 pages. Price, ten cents. Newsdealers will do well to send their orders in advance.

TRIPOLI, THE ORIENTAL.

A City Seldom Visited, Yet an Important Post on the Rim of the Desert.

Edwin Asa Dix recently wrote for the New York *Evening Post* an entertaining letter of travel along Barbary's coasts. From his description of Tripoli the following paragraphs are taken, though it will be seen that he wrote before the ancient city had become the centre of a military movement:

Tripoli in Barbary, the Turkish city, stands up wonderfully behind its long walls, as viewed from the deck in the early morning. Its distant buildings show every tint of buff and amber and creamy white, with here and there a dash of pink or soft blue. Seven minarets, each with tip or spire of emerald green, point the way of heaven to the faithful, and two frowning gray fortresses threaten the way in other direction to infidel assailants. The view is distant, because there is no harbor and the wide bay is shallow. Ships must lie well out in the offing.

Here is a city little known to the world, though so alluringly in the currents of the world's travel and trade. Few traders and fewer tourists visit Tripoli. Probably not many persons could even tell you exactly where this Turkish desert colony is.

The landing is made in small boats, and passports or *passes consuloires* must be shown at the little landing stage before permission to land is granted. It is well to repair at once to the British, French, or Italian consulate, to obtain the escort and protection of a *kavoss,* for the native Tripolitans are none too well disposed toward casual foreigners. Under the guidance, then, of the kavass or janissary, a resplendent ebony individual in a gorgeous uniform and bearing the baton or big stick of office, we explore the city.

One realizes at once that one has left European soil and the methods of European municipal governments. The streets are dirty, narrow, and ill-paved; everywhere are evidences that the city is left largely to govern itself in the approved Turkish fashion. But it is full of novelty and varied interest. Here is a great market square, with arcades at the sides, and with a rude but massive stone fountain in the centre. Vendors squat on the ground behind strips of matting, on which are little piles of oranges, lemons, figs, vegetables, grains, nuts, fish, dried locusts, and other unedible-looking edibles.

Cooks fry fritters in oil over basins of glowing charcoal. Laden donkeys push their way through the throng, camels strut sullenly by, children shout and play, and all the daily life of a busy Oriental mart unrolls itself. Farther on are the long, covered alleys of the chief bazaar, the Souk el Turc. Here are ivory and ostrich feathers and quaint native jewelry. In another direction lies the Hara or Jewish quarter, giving glimpses into queer little shops and into the patios or interior courts of the private houses.

In the very centre of the city we are reminded that Rome, the universal, has been in Tripoli. Here stands a solid ornate triumphal arch, built in the comparatively rare form styled *quodrifons,* of marble once white, now darkened and defaced by time. An inscription still legible records that it was erected by a quæstor under the joint reign of Lucius Ælius Verus and Marcus Aurelius. It stands low, for it is half-buried in the accumulated soil, and one of its portals is debased to the purposes of a native cooper's shop. But its carvings still preserve something of their ancient beauty, and the structure standing there in the heart of an alien city and civilization during all these centuries speaks of the power and prestige of the days of the Cæsars.

The desert comes close up to Tripoli on all sides. There is no hinterland, as there is with Tangier and Algiers and Tunis. There are rich resources in the sands behind it, but in the Tripolitaine there is no attempt at development. The city carries on a limited caravan trade with the interior, as it has done from time immemorial, but the trade is attended with difficulties. The desert tribes are fierce and savage, and they rob and kill. No European, no Tripolitan even, can possibly venture into this part of the Sahara unprotected. When the caravans go, it is in vast numbers, comprising two hundred, five hundred, or even a thousand camels, with armed attendants forming a private army, and their return, months or even two or three years later, is a matter of excited interest and gratulation for the whole city, just as the return of the East India merchantmen used to be for Salem.

Tripoli, the city, has between thirty-five and forty thousand inhabitants; the indigenous races, Berbers, Arabs, and negroes, of course, making up the bulk of the population. There are eight thousand Jews, and four thousand Maltese. The Europeans are almost negligible; the Italians (chiefly Sicilians), who are most numerous, tallying about six hundred. The Turks consist only of the few troops and the governing officials, at whose head is the governor-general and commander-in-chief, now one Regeb Pasha. He is, of course, the personal representative of the Sultan. The desert population of the entire *vilayet* or province is very difficult to estimate, but in the most recent local and official reports it is given as about 900,000.

Tripoli has thirty mosques and thirteen synagogues, but until within a few years it had no schools whatever; the children receiving a smattering of letters and Koran texts in the mosques. It is better now, there are eight public schools of various grades, elementary, normal, technical, and military, whose good [illegible] already to be seen on the younger generation.

THE LOVES OF A POET.

Mary Caroline Crawford Tells the Story of Goethe and His Woman Friends.

In her "Goethe and His Woman Friends" Mary Caroline Crawford undertakes a frank defense of the poet from the abuse that she says has been directed "with so much malignity" upon him. Remorseless is among the gentlest adjectives hurled at his head by virtuous critics who refer to the various women with whom his career is bound up as so many sucked oranges from which he had taken all the sweetness that was in them as he passed triumphantly upon his ruthless way. Surely, then, the time was ripe for the facts about the women of Goethe and for a comprehension of the actual relations that have been so severely censured. Goethe himself was "a man of such overflowing lovingness and such extraordinary personal magnetism that all who knew him surrendered to his charm." So far from being a bad man, he was an astonishingly good man, judged by the moral standards of his own time. Schiller says of the women of Weimar that "there is not one of them but has had a *liaison*." To Goethe sin and retribution were real things, and because they were real he kept himself as much as he did from what he believed to be wrong. And yet, says the author, he was no saint, "but a very passionate man and again and again temptation beckoned to him, often in forms which were maddeningly subtle because, on the surface, so little sensual."

Goethe's education in the hidden things of life began at an early age. Making the acquaintance of the children of some actors, he was used to go with them to the theatre, and he saw a good deal of what went on behind the scenes, which, says the author, it would have been just as well for him not to have encountered at so tender an age. He was only twelve:

"My new friend took me with him to the stage," Goethe relates, "and led me particularly to the greenroom, where the actors and actresses remained during the intervals of the performance, and dressed and undressed. The place was neither convenient nor agreeable, for they had squeezed the theatre into a concert room, so that there were no separate chambers for the actors behind the stage. A tolerably large room adjoining, which had formerly served for card-parties, was now mostly used by both sexes in common, who appeared to feel as little ashamed before each other as before us children, if there was not always the strictest propriety in putting on or changing the articles of dress. I had never seen anything of the kind before; and yet from habit, after repeated visits I soon found it quite natural." The shocking laxity of manners ascribed to the players in "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" comes to the mind as one reads this passage.

Goethe's father strongly disapproved of these adventures and of the theatre in general, and so we find the child urging in his own defense that prosperous vice and unfortunate virtue are set right in the end only by the art of the poet, and that the drama must do justice where justice is often denied by life itself.

Goethe's first sweetheart was Gretchen, the daughter of a Frankfort petty shopkeeper. He was then a boy of sixteen and on one occasion when making merry with his young friends the wine gave out. They rang for the serving maid, but instead of the maid "there came in a girl of uncommon and, when one saw her with all around her, of incredible beauty":

Her form, as seen from behind, was very attractive. The little cap sat so neatly upon her little head, which a slender throat united very gracefully to her neck and shoulders. Everything about her seemed choice, and one could survey her whole figure the more at ease as one's attention was no more exclusively attracted and fettered by the quiet, honest eyes and lovely mouth. I reproved my comrades for sending the girl out alone at night, but they only laughed at me, and I was soon consoled by her return, as the publican lived just across the way. "Sit down with us," said one. She did so, but, alas, she did not come near me. She drank a glass to our health and speedily departed, advising us not to stay very long together, and not to be so noisy, as her mother was just going to bed. . . .

Gretchen went to picnics with Goethe and his friends and was always a good comrade, and no more. On one occasion they were shut out from home and Gretchen proposed that they sit up all night and converse. But they dropped off to sleep one after another and for a long time Goethe supported Gretchen while she slept. Then he, too, succumbed, and when he awoke it was broad day and Gretchen was standing before a mirror arranging her cap. It was all delightfully innocent and Goethe enshrined the story in "Faust":

Oh, who will bring me back the days
So beautiful, so bright,
Those days when love first bore my heart
Aloft on pinions light?
Oh, who will bring me but an hour
Of that delightful time,
And wake in me again the power
That fired my golden prime?

The author devotes a chapter to Goethe's Leipzig sweetheart Kätchen Schönhopf. He loved her devotedly, but then he loved them all devotedly, and in this case it was the lady whose ardor was the first to cool. Goethe was taken ill and had to go to Frankfort, and while there he heard that his Kitty was engaged to be married. It was a false alarm and yet prophetic. He writes to her: "In two years I am back again. Then, I have a house; I have money. Heart, what dost thou more desire? A wife . . .":

Kitty Schönkopf, however, was not to be this happy lady, for, two months after writing the above, Goethe learns that she has become Mme. Dr. Känne. So was snapped definitely the bond of yearning and hope which, for so long, had drawn the Leipzig-wards! Six years later, after he had fallen under the spell of Frau von Stein, happening to be in Kätchen's house he called on the Frau Doctor. "Mais ce n'est plus Julie," he wrote to his Weimar correspondent, having in mind, no doubt, Rousseau's well beloved.

It was the "natural man" in Goethe that was attracted to Kitty Schönkopf, but his spiritual experiences were to come through Fräulein von Klettenberg, the intimate friend of his mother, whom he immortalized in his "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul." It seems that the study of alchemy was a part of the bond that united Goethe to his fräulein, and surely a stranger bond between two young people never existed. "Jurisprudence," he writes, "begins to please me much. Thus it is with everything as with Merseburg beer; one shudders the first time, but if one has drunk it a week one can not give it up again. And alchemy is still as ever my secret love":

This last sentence pleasantly bears witness to the fact that Goethe, though far away from his *Gnädiges Fräulein*, was jealously cherishing the absorbing interest in alchemy which constituted part of their bond. In the "Confessions" we hear very little of this bent of the lady's mind, but in "Dichtung und Wahrheit" the matter is developed at some length. The physician, whom the fräulein had introduced to Goethe and who had helped him through his had illness by the use of a kind of magic salt, was a pious Separatist in whose cures faith appears to have played as great a part as any of the remedies which he applied. Whenever he found any susceptibility in a patient he recommended the study of certain chemico-alchemical books through which, he asserted, the novice might himself, perhaps, produce the wonderful life-giving salt, the mode of preparing which could not be communicated. Fräulein von Klettenberg had set herself to study the stipulated books and to work out experiments. "In the large, well-situated house in which she lived without parents or brothers and sisters she set up a little air furnace and alembics and retorts of moderate size," says the autobiography, "and in accordance with the hints of Welling's 'Opus Magocahalisticum' and the significant signs of our physician and master, operated principally on iron, in which the most healing powers were said to be concealed, if one knew how to open it. And as the volatile salt, which must be produced, made a great figure in all the writings with which we were acquainted, so for these operations, alkalies, also, were required, which, while they flowed away into the air, were to unite with these superterrestrial things, and at last produce, *per se*, a mysterious and excellent neutral salt."

Fräulein von Klettenberg was a saint and a mystic, one of those rare women who could be in the world but not of it. "Small wonder that the tempest-tossed soul of Goethe felt itself soothed and uplifted by contemplation of such a life."

Goethe was twenty years of age when he met the two daughters of the dancing master of Strassburg. Lucinda fell deeply in love with him, and then her younger sister, Emilia, although already betrothed, warned him to cease his lessons before Lucinda's passion for him and jealousy of her became too violent:

"And now," said she, leading me towards the door, "in order that it may really be the last time we shall speak to each other, take what I would have otherwise denied you." She fell upon my neck and kissed me most tenderly. I embraced her and pressed her to my bosom.

At this moment the side door flew open and her sister, in a light but becoming night-dress, sprang out and cried, "You shall not be the only one to take leave of him." And Lucinda seized me, clasped herself fast to my heart, pressed her black locks upon my cheeks and remained in this position for some time. And thus I found myself in the dilemma between two sisters which Emilia had prophesied to me a moment before. Lucinda let me loose and looked earnestly into my face. I would have taken her and said something friendly to her, but she turned herself away, walked with violent steps up and down the room for some time, and then threw herself into a corner of the sofa. Emilia went to her, but was immediately repulsed. Then from behind, she made me a sign that I should withdraw; but as jealousy and suspicion see with a thousand eyes, Lucinda seemed to have noticed this also.

She sprung up and advanced to me, but not with vehemence. She stood before me and seemed to be thinking of something. Then she said, "I know that I have lost you, I make no further pretensions to you. But neither shall you have him, sister." With these words she grasped me tightly by the head, thrusting both hands into my locks, and pressing my face to hers, kissed me repeatedly on the mouth. "Now," cried she, "beware my curse. Woe upon woe, forever and ever, to her who kisses these lips for the first time after me."

More worthy of the soul of Goethe was Frederika, daughter of the pastor of Drusenheim. It was easy to fall in love with a girl so beautiful and with such rare gifts of mind and heart, and so we are told that the young poet stayed on with her family, falling every hour deeper and deeper in love with the winsome, golden-haired maiden and charming the whole family by his affability, his gayety, and his poetic gifts:

The next day was Sunday and early he and Frederika went off by themselves for a walk. All too soon their rapt joy at being together was broken by the sound of the distant church-bell calling them to worship and to the "Vicar's" sermon. Of course they went promptly, if reluctantly. Frederika was a parson's daughter, and knew her duty well. And now as Goethe, by her side, saw her sweet lips murmuring the prayers of the service the memory of the last time a woman's lips had been pressed upon his struck into his heart like the thrust of a sharp knife. *For he feared the curse.* In games of forfeits, which were a feature of the social life of that time, kisses were a very common medium of barter, but he had taken good care not to kiss Frederika, though we can not doubt that he wanted to do so. He had scrupulously limited to letters, gifts, and poetry his ardent and ever-increasing love.

That Goethe did not marry Frederika is hard to explain except upon the ground of selfishness. She was a country maiden and his ambitious father would have looked askance upon such a match. Moreover, "it further seemed to him that he must choose between his free development and the possession of the girl he loved." If this is a defense it is a weak one.

Schiller tells us something of Goethe's friendship for Charlotte von Stein. Schiller himself was an enthusiastic admirer of the lady, and he closes his panegyric with the words, "They say the connection is perfectly pure and blameless." Charlotte was the wife of Herr von Stein and a woman of fine and mature mind:

However grossly Charlotte may be thought by adverse critics to have failed in the duties of wife and mother *after* Goethe came into her life, even the present Kaiser must needs endorse her pursuit of that vocation during the ten years which elapsed between her wedding day and her first acquaintance with the poet. For, during that time, she bore seven children, of whom three only—Karl, Ernst, and Fritz—lived to grow up. The loss of her babies was very hard for Charlotte von Stein to bear, and she deeply resented, too, as many a woman has done since, the loss of health which was a result of her too-frequent motherhood. Twenty-five years later, referring to this period, she wrote to Schiller's wife: "Wearied with weeping, I fell asleep, to drag myself, on waking, through another day; and heavy lay the thought on me, wherefore has nature put this affliction upon one-half of the race? Women, on account of it, should be granted many other privileges of life, but even there we have been curtailed; it is not perceived that to discharge the thousand little details of life which we have to attend to more ability (for which we get no credit) is required than for the doing of a genius who is at once accorded honor and fame." A woman who in the eighteenth century could think through and enunciate such a sentiment as that will readily be recognized as one who must strongly appeal to a man of Goethe's type of mind.

The break with Charlotte followed the discovery by the lady that Goethe expected to keep her as a friend while having Christiane Vulpius for a mistress, and he actually wrote her a letter in which he reproached her for feeling piqued and attributed her low spirits to an excessive use of coffee. At the top of this letter Charlotte wrote "O!!!" and the author remarks that "men commentators seem unable to decide whether the exclamation is one of pain, of pity, or of indignation." Women commentators, she thinks, will recognize all of these emotions and several more:

Goethe knew a good deal about women before he broke with Frau von Stein, but he learned a good deal more through this experience. When he was able to get perspective on the matter, he quite understood—what he gives no sign in the just quoted letter of even dimly guessing—that the depression and the reproaches, expressed and unexpressed, which he here declares due to "coffee," were all attributable to Charlotte's now slighted love for him. "To me he is like a beautiful star that has fallen from my sky," she wrote to Lotte von Lengefeld. Her sorrow over the happiness of which she had been robbed was all the more intense since, in spite of the poet's "faithlessness," she continued to love him ardently.

Goethe's neglect of his mother was due largely to the fascinations of Charlotte, a neglect all the more reprehensible when we remember the exquisite maternal character of Frau Aja, to whom the poet owed more than to any other human being:

And then *for more than twelve years* Goethe did not again revisit his native city or set eyes on his sweet mother. Not even when his father died did he make the journey to Frankfort, though his presence there would certainly have greatly lessened the burden of business which devolved upon his mother by the death of her aged husband. The great man was, in fact, becoming more and more closely chained to Weimar, partly, no doubt, by the claims of public business, but also, we may as well admit, by the fascinations of Frau von Stein, who, for good or ill, was for ten years the dominant influence of his life. Whatever may be the truth about their relation it is perfectly clear that his passion for her absorbed his powers both of mind and heart to an ever-larger extent and that no one suffered more from this absorption than his mother.

The author says that three women served to glorify Italy for Goethe, and chief among these was Angelica Kauffman. Another was Maddalena Riggi, and here he was tempted to allow his relations to assume a serious form. But he put the temptation from him, and "they kissed and parted":

Her peculiar appeal to Goethe, quite apart from her beauty—which, as we see from the portrait of her and from his own lines in this connection, was unusual—seems to have lain in her aspiring intellectuality. She was one of those women who resent the masculine habit—then, of course, more common than now—of ignoring a woman's mind. Goethe tells us that when he and she were at Castel Gondolfo together she, one day, complained bitterly that she had never been taught English. Her brother, she said, knew the language well, and often she envied him the enlarged horizon this knowledge afforded. "*There* are English newspapers," she continued, pointing to a collection on the table of the room where they were talking, "and they treat of happenings all over the world, but I can't read them. Men do not want to teach women things. They don't like to teach us to write for fear we will write love-letters; they wouldn't even teach us to read if it weren't that it pleases them to see us occupied with a prayer-book."

Why Goethe should marry Christiane Vulpius is one of the mysteries of his career. She was the least desirable of all the women whom he had known, and "she had already been his for over eighteen years." There is no need here to enter into the many speculations touched upon by the author, but the final scene of their relationship may well be quoted:

Christiane's pride in her handsome, tall son was a thing beautiful to behold, and one is glad that she did not live to see in him the degeneration for which her own bad inheritance was probably chiefly responsible. For when she was only fifty and should have had many years of happiness and health before her she died, in great agony, of what Moebius characterizes as "epilipsy induced by alcoholism." Goethe's grief was terrible. As she, who had been his fond companion and tender wife for nearly thirty years, lay dying he threw himself on his knees at her bedside and broke into the despairing cry, "Thou wilt not leave me! no! no! thou canst not leave me!" When the doctor, seeing that the end was near, called him for the last time to his wife's side he followed sobbing. Taking Christiane's hand in his he caressed her brow, but when, opening her eyes, she tried in vain to speak to him, he left the room in an agony of sorrow. In his letters to friends he speaks several times of his loneliness now that his "dear little wife" has left him, and on June 12, 1816, he wrote Louise Seidler, "The only way to make life endurable in the face of my great loss is to reckon up gradually all the goodness and love still left to me."

These are but a selection from the many love stories so sympathetically and delicately narrated by the author. She has done her work in a way that can not fail to be acceptable and that is not the less meritorious for its frank defense of its hero.

GOETHE AND HIS WOMAN FRIENDS. By Mary Caroline Crawford. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.: $3 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Dr. David.

Marjorie Benton Cooke shows her ability to write a warm-blooded story about real people and to show how human influence can modify character and produce something that is almost like the old-fashioned conversion. Dr. David Porter is a New York physician, a specialist in eye diseases, and a man of unconventional force of character and of a benevolence that is largely hidden by a brusque demeanor. Mrs. Brandon is typical of the society class of the day, frivolous, irresponsible, and nervous. Strongly repelled by Dr. Porter's personality, she is yet subtly attracted to him, and when she becomes blind after the birth of her child she is willing enough to be taken to the Rocky Mountains by her husband with Dr. David as her medical attendant. Then the inevitable happens. Mrs. Brandon and her doctor fall in love with each other, and the man's character is subjected to the severest test that it has ever known. The reader must find out for himself how the test is met. Both characters are well presented, and the story is further strengthened by the introduction of Mrs. Sargent, the friend of Dr. David, who is living in temporary seclusion in her mountain home. The narrative is set forth with a laudable simplicity and without any attempt at fine writing. It is a story of things that happen, and if rectitude triumphs in the end we may recognize that that, too, does sometimes happen in spite of the efforts of modern fiction to persuade us to the contrary.

Dr. David. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.35 net.

The Great English Novelists.

This work by the two Dawsons consists of a couple of critical essays occupying some fifty pages, followed by such selections from the novelists as will illustrate their respective powers. The essays are carefully written, and if there is a tendency to excessive generalization it is perhaps unavoidable within limits so brief. Thus we are told that "of all modern novelists Dickens is the most entirely English in the spirit and scope of his work," and that he contributes an original and refreshing element to English fiction in the spirit of humanitarianism, a note "entirely new" when Dickens wrote. Thackeray, we are told, brought to the service of English fiction "the most complete intellect it has known, unless possibly we except Meredith," and Meredith "often conveys the impression of a fundamental lack of conviction." And so on.

It need hardly be said that the authors find nothing of the present day to compare with the days that are gone. The novel of today is on a small scale and played upon a small stage. And the fault can not be attributed to a public which buys and reads innumerable editions of the great masters and which would surely welcome their peers, if there were any such.

The Great English Novelists. By William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.

Government by Commission.

It is safe to predict a prosperous future for the National Municipal League series if all its volumes shall prove to be as well informed and as well considered as "City Government by Commission" that appears under the general editorship of Clinton Rogers Woodruff. Its various sections are by economists and municipalists of note and its conclusions are free from prejudice, and appeal to the reader as both critical and conscientious.

It is something of a surprise to learn that the commission form of government has been adopted by 155 cities and is under consideration by 267 more. It can hardly be said that this fact is in itself a recommendation. Nothing can recommend the plan except a long period of experiment, and for that we must necessarily wait. But its advocates may get all the comfort that is justifiable from the fact that the plan has been nowhere abandoned nor are there signs of dissatisfaction with its working. At the same time we may remember that the old conditions "have been bad, desperately bad," and have consequently induced a state of the public mind that is willing to try almost anything. Communities that are willing to adopt the judiciary recall, for example, can hardly be credited with either discretion or foresight, perhaps not even with sanity. That 155 cities have adopted the commission form of government is therefore a fact and no more. No inferences are visible from it, either *pro* or *con*.

Commission government has at least the virtue of simplicity. It places the entire administration of a city in the hands of some half-dozen men, who are the only elected municipal officials. These "commissioners" divide the city's business among them; they levy taxes, enforce laws, vote appropriations, and administer the services. The sphere of each commissioner is clearly defined, and there can be no doubt as to whose head should fall in case of failure. Here, at least, are precision, compression, condensation. No voter need do more than select his favorite five or six, as the case may be, for the corresponding number of departments into which the city government is divided.

The plan seems admirable if we could always rely upon a well-intentioned electorate, an electorate that finds no invincible enemy in its own stupidity. But can we? Will not the present, or any past, system be equally efficacious, given the one essential of an intelligent electorate. In other words, is it the machinery that is defective or the steam that works the machinery? In San Francisco, for example, we have an electorate that placed Schmitz three times in the mayor's chair. Had the commission form of government then been in force the same electorate would have multiplied Schmitz by five. Schmitz, instead of being an individual, would have been a commission. It would have been well had this book considered such a contingency. If certain communities are now finding that the plan works well it may be because they are intelligent communities. The virtues may be in themselves and not in the plan.

This point is emphasized, but inadequately emphasized, in one of the concluding chapters. The author quotes with approval the words of one of the principal proponents of the Galveston plan, who says that no plan can be devised "which will relieve the people from the responsibilities of self-government. It is my belief that every city will have just such city government as its people deserves." We are also reminded of the opinion of Mr. E. L. Godkin, who said "no municipal reform will last long, or prove efficient, without a strong and healthy public opinion behind it. With this almost any charter will prove efficient."

At least we may be thankful for a volume that contains a judicial presentation of the results of the experiment so far as it has been carried. It will be read with appreciation even by those who believe that all of the municipal reforms now agitated are no more than vain substitutes for civic intelligence and who believe with Mr. Godkin that "with this, almost any charter will prove efficient."

City Government by Commission. Edited by Clinton Rogers Woodruff. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Aeroplane.

Mr. Claude Grahame-White has given us an extraordinarily interesting volume, a felicitous blending of the descriptive and the technical. He covers well-nigh every phase of aviation, and those who wish to know the modern history of the art, its difficulties, dangers, and problems can hardly do better than possess themselves of a volume written with so much vivacity, enthusiasm, and knowledge.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Grahame-White is hopeful for the future of the aeroplane, but he thinks that invention must still do a good deal before the amateur can embark with confidence. The power to vary the speed of the machine is the chief desideratum. The beginner is now in the position of an automobile pupil who is required to drive a machine with only one speed, and that a high one. The most promising development is in the direction of regulating the plane surface while in the air, perhaps with the aid of a telescoping arrangement. At the same time an over-complicated mechanism is to be avoided, and experiments are necessarily difficult and dangerous.

An interesting chapter is that on "Learning to Fly," and here the author is able to draw upon his own very ample experience. We have a fine account of Blériot's trip across the English Channel, of the author's own attempt to win the *Daily Mail* prize, and of Paulhan's London-Manchester flight. Other sections are devoted to the dangers of aviation and how they may be avoided, the military value of aviation, the conduct of aviation meetings, and the legal problems that confront it.

Mr. Grahame-White believes that the next year or eighteen months will have enormous significance for aviation. Immense prizes are at stake in America, England, and France, and these competitions will tend generally toward the production of a machine that will have practical possibilities and that will advance the day when flying will no longer be the peculiar prerogative of the trained expert. The numerous illustrations are particularly relevant and good.

The Story of the Aeroplane. By Claude Grahame-White. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $2.20.

A Portentous History

The author of this novel is a son of the late Lord Tennyson and therefore the victim of great expectations on the part of the public—unreasonable expectations, of course, seeing that genius is rarely transmitted. Mr. Tennyson has chosen a somewhat unusual theme, perhaps a not very attractive one. His hero, the son of a Scotch laborer, is in no way remarkable except for his gigantic size, and the author's task is to show the induced psychology of one who has been thus isolated by nature. A colossal body is as much a deformity as a dwarfed one, and equally potentional in modifying character. The dwarf and the hunchback are familiar characters in fiction. Why not also the giant?

James Macdonald begins to feel his handicap while still a child. He seems to be older than he is, and therefore acquires an undeserved reputation for mischief and ignorance. The disadvantages of his distinction follow him through life. He is always misunderstood, and nothing so warps the character as to be misunderstood. Finally we take leave of poor James at the doors of the greatest circus on earth. At last he has found his sphere, apparently the only sphere open to one who has the misfortune to be too big. James Macdonald deserved a better fate.

Mr. Tennyson tells his story excellently. He has fluency and humor, as well as the power of copious presentation and careful analysis. The underlying idea of his novel is not wholly attractive, but it is elaborated with marked skill.

A Portentous History. By Alfred Tennyson. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.30.

Education in California.

It is fortunate that Mr. Swett was persuaded to overcome the "Puritan reticence" of which he speaks and to give us an autobiography that is so largely identified with the history of education in California. Although of Eastern birth and parentage, he became principal of Rincon Grammar School in 1853. He was elected state superintendent of public instruction in 1862 and remained in office for five years. He was principal of Denman Grammar School for five years, deputy superintendent of San Francisco for three years, principal of San Francisco Girls' High School and normal class for thirteen years, and city superintendent, San Francisco, for four years. It would be hard to find a more substantial record of public service, and certainly none more useful or conscientious.

Mr. Swett writes in an easy and conversational way and with a wide range of interest that gives his book a marked historical value. It is strange to find that in 1863 Mr. Swett was pleading for a more practical form of teaching in very much the same way that reformers are pleading today, and just as fruitlessly. In a public speech he asked that arithmetic be not "a perpetual torment of explaining why the divisor is inverted in dividing one fraction by another, but the shortest process to make out a bill, calculate interest, and the like." If Mr. Swett were to repeat that speech today he might make an additional plea that children, at least high school pupils, be taught a little rudimentary spelling, and to apply their knowledge of grammar to the composition of an intelligent letter. And yet the requirements of those days were rigid enough, if we may judge from the specimen of the examination papers annually imposed upon the teachers themselves. Here are the geography questions:

1. Name all the rivers of the globe.
2. Name all the bays, gulfs, seas, lakes, and other bodies of water on the globe.
3. Name all the cities of the world.
4. Name all the countries of the world.
5. Bound each of the states in the United States.

One hour was allowed for answering these questions.

Mr. Swett is to be congratulated upon a thoroughly readable book that is of interest and importance to every Californian.

Public Education in California. Its Origin and Development, with Personal Reminiscences of Half a Century. New York: American Book Company.

Briefer Reviews.

"Poems of Friendship," edited by John R. Howard (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1 net), is a satisfactory anthology that bears all the marks of careful selection and arrangement. The volume has a good index of authors, titles, and first lines, and has an external garb that is worthy of its contents.

"Herself," otherwise described as "Talks with Women Concerning Themselves," by E. B. Lowry, M. D. (Forbes & Co.; $1), is a series of intimate conversations from the medical point of view.

The latest addition to the extraordinarily long list of books by J. R. Miller, D. D., is "Beauty of Self-Control" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1 net). The author's text is that perfect self-control is ideal life, and he works out his idea in a lucid and attractive way.

Students of folklore, as well as of botany, will be interested in "Myths and Legends of Flowers, Trees, Fruits, and Plants," by Charles M. Skinner (J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.50 net). Mr. Skinner's industry is beyond question and he presents its fruit in a pleasing and entertaining way.

"A Dickens Reader," arranged by Ella M. Powers, has been added to the Riverside Literature series, now in course of issue by Houghton Mifflin Company (40 cents). The book is designed to present a few brilliant examples of Dickens's work in order to induce a deeper interest in the mind of the reader.

"The American History Story Book," by Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball (Little, Brown & Co.; 75 cents), contains eighteen stirring stories of life in early American days written for children nine to thirteen years old. They include stories of the Revolution, the times of Daniel Boone, and the War of 1812.

Under the title of "Women of the Bible," Harper & Brothers have published a volume of character sketches of twelve of the chief feminine figures of the Scriptures. The authors are twelve well-known divines, including Cardinal Gibbons, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, and Rabbi Gottheil. The book is weakened by the fanciful portrait illustrations. Price, $1.

What Kenneth H. Wayne did for the boy in "Building Your Boy" he has now done for the girl in "Building Your Girl" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents). The little volume is full of sound advice, although we may question the wisdom of bracketing Chambers with Thoreau, Cooper, Howells, and Hawthorne as suitable mental food for the young girl. Possibly this was a slip.

The Macmillan Company anthologies are among the choicest of their kind, and "The Friendship of Books," edited with an introduction by Temple Scott, is worthy of the fine shelf to which it belongs. It is comparatively easy to make a collection of laudations of books. It is by no means easy to select the best things that have ever been said and to classify them acceptably and intelligently. To possess many good books is not within the power of every one, but the next best thing is to possess what great men have said about great books, and Mr. Scott has enabled every one to do [illegible]. Price, $1.25 net.

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Life Stories.

A. C. McClurg & Co. (Chicago) are to be congratulated upon the series of "Life Stories for Young People" that now numbers thirty-six volumes. They are all translated from the German by George P. Upton, and now include four volumes on American explorers, twenty-two historical and biographical narratives, four biographies of musicians, and six volumes of legends. The language is uniformly simple, but never childish, and indeed the series as a whole should be as acceptable to the old as to the young. The volumes are of pocket size and are well illustrated. Price, 50 cents net each.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will bring out Harrison Fisher's book for 1911, "American Belles." Full-page illustrations in four colors are the feature of this series of studies of American girls. It will be a popular gift volume.

A one-act play by the late Sir William S. Gilbert, one of two secured by the *Century Magazine* since that noted playwright's death, is given in the November issue of that monthly. It is a character study of a man of the lower London classes under sentence of death, and has a certain Dickens quality. It is called "The Hooligan," and it is illustrated by Reginald Birch.

Hunting the ibex in a practically unknown region is the burden of a book by Agnes Herbert just brought out by the John Lane Company. "Casuals in the Caucasus" is the title of the volume, and it will delight all who find interest in the recital of outdoor pleasures.

Randall Parrish's new novel, "My Lady of Doubt," just published by A. C. McClurg & Co., is a story of the Revolution and the occupation of Philadelphia by the British.

New Books Received.

FICTION.

The Courage of the Commonplace. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 50 cents net.

A short story with a moral.

The Confessions of Artemas Quibble. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.30 net.

The confessions of a "shyster" lawyer.

Seeing the World. By Ascott Hope. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; $1.50.

The adventures of a young mountaineer. With colored illustrations by Gordon Brown.

The Missing Pearls. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.25 net.

Little Miss Fales has some fascinating experiences out West.

The Likable Chap. By Henry McHarg Davenport. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; $1.20 net.

A story of boarding-school life.

Heart and Chart. By Margarita Spalding Gerry. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.20.

The story of the love and the life of a trained nurse.

Under Western Eyes. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.25.

A story of Russia.



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The Pretender Person. By Margaret Cameron. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.30 net.

A love story developing in a party of Americans in Mexico.

Jennie Gerhardt. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A new novel by the author of "Sister Carrie."

At the Age of Eve. By Kate Trimble Sharber. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.25 net.

A new novel by the author of "The Annals of Ann."

Tom Brown's School Days. By Thomas Hughes, Q. C., M. P. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.50.

A new issue of a classic. With an introduction by W. D. Howells. With numerous illustrations made at Rugby school by Louis Rhead.

The Mansion. By Henry Van Dyke. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents net.

A short Christmas story.

Out of the Primitive. By Robert Ames Bennet. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.35 net.

A new novel by the author of "Into the Primitive," "The Shogun's Daughter," etc.

Children of the Night. By Mary Rogers. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1 net.

A remarkable story of a blind woman.

Mothers to Men. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

A new novel by the author of "Friendship Village."

Honey-Sweet. By Edna Turpin. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

A novel.

South Sea Tales. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

A collection of short stories.

Ember Light. By Roy Rolfe Gilson. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; $1.30 net.

The story of a home, the ideals it nourished, and those that were sacrificed for it.

The Doctor's Children. By L. T. Meade. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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Lights and Shadows of the Pacific Coast. By S. D. Woods. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; $1.20.

An intimate narrative of the Pacific Coast.

Mediæval Story and the Beginnings of the Social Ideals of English-Speaking People. By William Witherle Lawrence, Ph. D. New York: The Columbia University Press; $1.50 net.

Issued in the "Columbia University Lectures."

The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon. By Charles Sheldon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $3 net.

A hunter's explorations for wild sheep in the sub-Arctic mountains.

Girls and Education. By L. B. R. Briggs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1 net.

Dealing with some of the problems that confront girls and their parents in the field of education.

People of the Wild. By F. St. Mars. New York: Outing Publishing Company; $1.25 net.

Seven nature studies.

Many Years of a Florence Balcony. By Virginia W. Johnson. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

Some glimpses at Florence.

Martin Luther, the Man and His Work. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert. New York: The Century Company; $3 net.

A biography.

George Bernard Shaw, His Life and Works. By Archibald Henderson, M. A., Ph. D. Cincinnati: Steward & Kidd Company; $5 net.

A biography written with Boswellian thoroughness and assiduity.

The Story of French Painting. By Charles H. Caffin. New York: The Century Company, $1.20 net.

A constructive criticism of art and life as revealed particularly through the French genius. With forty reproductions of famous French paintings.

The Spell of Egypt. By Robert Hichens. New York: The Century Company; $1.25 net.

An unillustrated editioo of "Egypt and Its Monuments," intended as a guide-book.

The Changing Chinese. By Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: The Century Company; $2.40 net.

An interpretation of the Chinese people based on first-hand observation.

Goethe and His Woman Friends. By Mary Caroline Crawford. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $3 net.

Miss Crawford contends that the Platonic element entered much more largely into Goethe's friendships for women than most English biographers are willing to admit.

Life in the Moslem East. By Pierre Ponafidine. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The author is imperial Russian consul-general in Constantinople and has occupied similar positions in various parts of Turkey and Persia. Translated from the Russian by his wife.

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A consideration of the merchant marine problem.

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A biography of the Empress Tze-Hi by the former editor of the Hongkoog *Daily Press*.

The Wonders of Bird Life. By John Lea, M. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; 75 cents.

An account of the education, courtship, sport and play, makebelieve, fighting and other aspects of the life of birds.

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Descriptions of modern mechanical inventions told in non-technical language.

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Memoirs of civil and military life.

Family Letters of Richard Wagner. Translated by William Ashton Ellis. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.35.

A counterpart to the volume of letters addressed by Wagner to his first wife, Minna.

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Mrs. Harrison's fifth volume of fairy tales, with illustrations and decorations.

Tommy's Money. By John R. Coryell. New York: Harper & Brothers; 60 cents.

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Old Ben. By James Otis. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.25.

The story of a character.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cupid's Fair-Weather Book. By Oliver Herford and John Cecil Clay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1 net.

With illustrations in color.

The Harlequin Set. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. New York: John Lane Company; $1 net.

A collection of light essays.

The Bargain Book. By Charles Edward Jerningham (Marmaduke) and Lewis Bittany. New York: Frederick Warne & Co.; $2.50 net.

A general review of the world of bargaios in art and the general domain of the collector.

The Complete Works of Lyof N. Tolstoi. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1 per volume.

New pocket edition in fourteen volumes, printed on Bible paper.

Plane Geometry. By C. A. Hart and Daniel D. Feldman. New York: American Book Company.

With the editorial coöperation of J. H. Tanner and Virgil Snyder.

History in the Elementary Schools. By W. F. Bliss, B. S., M. L. New York: American Book Company; 80 cents.

Methods, courses of study, and bibliographies.

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Conduct, Health, Good Fortune. Compiled by Grace Browne Strand. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

A collection of quotations from the world's authors.

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A collection of quotations from the world's authors.

The Result of Prosperity

Prosperity brings its own discomforts. Progress does not mean that everybody is perfectly satisfied. It is not human nature to be satisfied, and the best system devised of conducting any public service corporation can not satisfy everybody.

This is true of the street-car system, here in San Francisco, elsewhere in the United States, and abroad. As long as any city or town maintains a healthy growth, just so long will certain hours of the day be unusually busy and just so long will it be impossible to altogether solve the rush-hour problem. Increasing cars may give some assistance, but any increase beyond a certain limit would mean obstruction of traffic instead of helping it.

Mr. Patrick Calhoun saw this condition, and, as president of the United Railroads, and in addressing a meeting of representatives of improvement clubs at the Merchauts' Association, said:

"It is a fact that the street railroads of America handle so many million passengers a year that to state them in round figures would carry no impression to the human mind. The city of New York alone handles daily more passengers than all the steam railroads.

"Now, we handle on the United Railroads alone about 100,000,000 passengers a year. In handling that large crowd, there are the inefficient, the careless, the thoughtless, the self-absorbed, the rude, the men who are not willing to help their neighbors in the gradual movement of travel. The penalty you pay for increasing population is increasing travel and increasing crowds upon your cars. It is not difficult to find a seat for every man in a sparsely settled community, but it is a fact that there is not a city of 500,000 population in the United States in which there is not a congestion and crowds upon the corners of the streets during the busy hours of the afternoon.

"It is one of the things that is inherent in the transportation business of America. You go to a great city like New York—and this city will become great in the course of time as population presses, because I believe that it is destined to be one of the greatest centres of population in the world—and you find congestion and difficult travel. * * * With all the history of the past few years behind us, with the disaster overcome, there never was a brighter day dawning for San Francisco than is dawning now. But you gentlemen must pay the penalties of increasing population. You can not be great without the burdens of greatness.

"Now, one of the first burdens of greatness it has been found necessary to recognize in every city of any size in this country is to recognize that the right-of-way of your railroad must be kept open, not because you are catering to a monopoly when you are doing it, but because the man who carelessly drives his wagon across the right-of-way of a railroad and stops it for ten minutes may inconvenience 10,000 people. It may not be thought of by the men who ride, but a successful railroad is an endless chain, with your units of carriage running on a half-minute headway, as they do on Market Street, or two minutes' or three minutes' headway, as they are on other streets, and your units should be equi-distant from each other; let any obstruction come upon the right-of-way, and if there is a half-minute headway and a ten-minute obstruction, it means a congestion of twenty cars."

The city without a rush-hour is a city without ambition, without growth, and without anything calculated to induce anybody to hurry. Like the well-known fiction character, it is "waiting for something to turn up."

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"THE TRAVELING SALESMAN."

There is no good reason why "The Traveling Salesman" should not become a fixture on the native stage, a folk play, as have "The Old Homestead" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is truly rural in locale and sentiment, it is mildly spiced with villainy and expletive, it ends happily with an ingenious counterplot that involves a wedding celebration, and it is as American as pumpkin pie or the cocktail.

Those who have seen the three comedies James Forbes has fashioned will readily agree that "The Traveling Salesman" has merits which are not possessed by "The Chorus Girl" or "The Commuters." It is more coherent, more plausible, and just as merry, with as vivid slang as the one and as rapid movement as the other. Best and most enduring of its virtues, however, is the quality that preserves its freshness and force in the hands of the "road company," number one, two, or three. With a young, lively, fat man as the Drummer, the piece is virtually actor-proof. It will stand cutting, almost down to cues, it actually requires shabby settings, and its humor and pathos are turned on alternately at a touch, as if from automatic spring faucets. "The Chorus Girl" could not survive the loss of Rose Stahl; "The Commuters" played at low speed would he anything but a farce.

A more romantic title would better fit the play, but there is magnetism in "The Traveling Salesman." "The Drummer" would be more perfectly in keeping, except for the military or musical suggestion. To the people of Grand Crossing the drummer is a perennial joy. He represents, nay, he embodies the dazzling allurements of the outside world, including the city from which he registers and the peripatetic sophisticators which he encounters along his route. He is admired and deprecated, courted and feared, victimized and envied, in every village in the land. Mr. Forbes was the first dramatist to perceive his romantic qualities, and he deserves the reward he has won. His royalties will continue as long as the copyright protects him from pirates.

Since Charles Hoyt's "A Hole in the Ground" there has been no railroad station scene equal to that in which "The Traveling Salesman" opens; but in the later play the pert and chipper young woman of the lunch counter has been transformed into the telegraph-operator ticket-agent. The change is pleasing in its added possibilities. When the young person in the white shirtwaist pulls down the ground glass window decisively it is a more positive check to the advances of the metal-cheeked stranger than any persiflage that could he tossed across a pie table. And the legal notice of delinquent tax sale, posted just outside the loophole, so deftly serves its purpose in turning the mirth of progressing acquaintanceship into melancholy. It is the girl's land that is to he sold. She tells the drummer about it while they discuss the cold Christmas Day luncheon which she has brought to the station. The taxes would have been paid if she had not lost time and had her salary docked. Manifestly it would be precipitate for the drummer to interpose with financial aid at this point. There are three acts more.

Drummers are not really jolly boys all the time, in spite of the village conviction. When four of them—hoots and shoes, neckties, hardware, and women's suits—get together in an upper room of the Elite Hotel in a prohibition town on Christmas night their joviality is noticeably forced and confined. The colored porter-bellboy-chambermaid under persuasion brings them old Scotch in a teapot, and they gather around the red-white-and-blue decorated table to play a game of forfeits, but their thoughts are far away. In their minds they silently follow the letters home to the wife, and the kiddies, and the ead of the firm, and the cashier who checks p the expense account and enters the sight raft on the salary page. Though the toasts o round they say "To the absent" with a atch in the voice.

Mr. Forbes did not make this scene too ournful, but it is well-intentioned apology id defense. A fifth hand is called into the ime—the unprincipled country storekeeper. e can not so well control the cheer which passed around in cups, and soon reaches e condition in which it is only natural to ast of his ability and plans for wealth. e intends to hid in the girl's land at the x-sale, then to sell it to the railroad company that needs it for projected improvements. The Drummer fills his cup oftener and effectually, and then, while the plotter sleeps off his unusual indulgence the same Drummer drives away in the sleigh that was ordered to convey the storekeeper to the tax-sale.

So far everything has gone swimmingly for the joyful knight of the sample case, but it is necessary to introduce an obstacle or two in the third act. Millionaire Drury, in a frock coat, arrives in Grand Crossing and asks why his employee, the storekeeper, has not secured the land. Explanation: the cruel treachery of the Drummer. Prompt action may avert disaster. Bring in the girl and give her $5000 for an agreement to sell, as the law provides a six-months' extension of time for redemption. The girl hesitates till she is told that the Drummer has abused her confidence and stolen away to obtain her real estate for the $400 pittance of hack taxes. Then, of course, she accepts. And when the Drummer comes back, jubilant, and proud of his service, he finds that his case has been prejudiced and he need not ask forgiveness.

When Mr. Forbes conceived the telling stroke that cuts this tangle there was no confusion of suffragist arguments before him. Otherwise he might have studied longer, for he puts the noose of subjection around his heroine's neck. The Drummer finally obtains a hearing with the only girl. He did not buy the land, he confesses, he merely paid the delinquent taxes in her name. The frock-coated millionaire has traduced him. The girl is convinced and conscience-stricken, but what can she do? She has accepted the check. Ah, that is easy, says the suave, ever-ready salesman. No married woman can sign a deed without her husband's consent. Call in a minister and two witnesses. So he gets the girl—and the land, presumably.

"The Traveling Salesman" is at the Savoy Theatre this week, and the conjunction is not an unhappy one. San Francisco playgoers have recently paid two dollars to see a show not so meritorious as this, which can he enjoyed for half that amount. Road companies are the rule, here, not the exception. Few even of the big attractions come with their New York cast. Most habitués of the theatres have become inured to this practice. The company at the Savoy Theatre will compare favorably with many better known. Don MacMillan is a breezy Drummer, with more than a physical adaptation to the part. Dorothy Grey is the telegraph girl, and she plays her emotional scenes very well.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

The Paris Opera Season.

For the first time San Francisco is to have an opera season of its own by a formidable organization and of a duration that will permit of presenting an adequate repertory. Hitherto, we have had visits of two or three weeks by traveling companies, or stock seasons by local companies, but now we are to have a season such as is given at the leading opera houses abroad, and it is the plan of Impresario Grazi and his local representative, Will Greenhaum, to make an annual season of opera become one of our fixed institutions, just as it has become in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Montreal.

For the first season a company will be brought from Paris and most of the artists are members of the government sustained theatres—the National Opera, the Opera Comique, and the Theatre Lyrique-Gaiete. Others come from the leading opera houses of Belgium, Holland, Austria, and Germany.

The list of principals is as follows: Sopranos: Mmes. Le Senne, Vix, Chamhellan, Vallemont, Lafargue, Charpentier, Richardson, and Fregoleska. Contraltos and mezzos: Mmes. Gustin, Tarny, Ruiss, Reloys, and Marly. Tenors: MM. Affre, Pacual-Wrenski, Ferier, De Garonne, Simondet, and Garaud. Baritones: MM. Espa-Carie, Mascal, and De Lucas. Bassos: MM. Coiglio, De Mangane, Garcia, and Ruynen. Premiere danseuses: Signoras Ghezzi, Bonelli, and Zucca. Orchestra directors: MM. Etinne Bardou and M. Pointel. Chorus director, M. Rohertson. Stage directors: MM. Marly and Roserny. Ballet master, M. Bareily. Concert masters, John Marquardt and Emilie Meris.

The orchestra will numher fifty, the chorus fifty, and the corps de hallet twenty-four. All scenery, costumes, etc., will he entirely new, and furthermore the productions will he given in their entirety and with hallet, stage hands, etc., whenever the original score calls for it. In short, it will he real grand opera.

The season will he opened Wednesday night, November 15, instead of Monday night, as originally announced, as M. Grazi wants to have two nights for full scenic and stage rehearsals.

For the opening production "Les Huguenots," hy Meyerheer, has heen chosen on account of the splendid opportunities it offers for a large number of stars, no less than three prima donnas, an exceptional dramatic tenor, two fine haritones and hassos, and a splendid chorus and hallet heing absolutely essential to give an adequate rendering of this opera. M. Affre will he the Raoul, one of the most difficult rôles ever written for a tenor.

On Thursday night, Novemher 16, "Faust" will he given in its entirety, which means with the heautiful "Walpurgis Night scene" and the hallet divertissement for which Gounod composed some of his most charming melodies.

Halevy's "La Juive" will he given a spectacular production on Friday night, Novemher 17, and "Les Huguenots" will he repeated with the same all-star cast on Saturday afternoon.

"Lakme" will he given on Saturday night.

The repertory for the second week will he announced in a few days.

The hox-office will he open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Monday morning at 9 a. m., and full particulars regarding season coupons, etc., may he ohtained there. The scale of prices is very moderate for an organization of this colossal size, heing from $4 down to $1.

All mail orders and inquiries should he addressed to Will L. Greenhaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Violin Recital by Hother Wismer.

As announced last week, Hother Wismer, violinist, assisted hy Miss Ada Clement, pianist, Mahel Hill Redfield, accompanist, and Mr. Lowell Redfield, haritone, will give a recital in the Colonial Room of the St. Francis Hotel next Thursday evening, Novemher 9, at 8:30. Mr. Wismer's gifts as an interpreter of classical violin music are so well known in the Bay cities that he needs no introduction. No San Francisco artist has more admirers and friends. Following is his programme in full:

Sonata—A minor, Piano and Violin, Op. 105, *R. Schumann,* Mit leidenschaftlichem Ausdruck—Allegretto—Lehhaft, Miss Ada Clement and Hother Wismer.

Scotch Fantasie—Op. 46, *Max Bruch,* Introduction Grave—Adagio Cantahile, Allegro Dance, Andante Sostenuto, Finale Allegro guerriero, Hother Wismer, accompanied hy Miss Clement.

Songs—Egyptian War Song, *Henry K. Hadley;* Zueignung (Dedication), *Richard Strauss;* Voice on the Winds, from "St. Patrick at Tara," *W. A. Sabin;* Vision Fugitive, *J. Massenet,* Mr. Lowell Redfield, accompanied hy Mrs. Redfield.

Adagio—Op. 145, *Louis Spohr;* Prelude and Allegro, *Pugnoni-Kreisler;* Adagio in D Major—(From Op. 108), *Johannes Brahms;* Intermedio, *J. J. Mondonville,* Mr. Wismer.

Tickets are to he had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's, and at the door on the evening of the concert, $1.

LISZT AND GIPSY MUSIC.

Opinions differ as to whether Liszt as a composer may he placed among the greatest, though his "Dante Symphony" ahove all would seem to gain him immortal laurels (says Natalie Curtis in an appreciation in the *Craftsman).* Those who love his works find in them a depth of poetic thought, a higness of grasp, a heauty, now mystical and ethereal, now hrilliant and daring, that give to them a poignant spiritual charm. Saint-Saëns says: "It is in the exactitude and intensity of his expression that Liszt is incomparahle. . . . His music utters the inexpressihle."

No consideration, however hrief, of Liszt's compositions may omit the mention of his Hungarian music (the Rhapsodies Hongroises, etc.) in which he has preserved in art from the strange music of that strangest race in history—the gipsies. Liszt tells us that the soul of this enigmatical people who possess neither civilization, religion, nor literature, is poured forth in their one passionate art expression—music. According to Liszt the characteristics of this music have heen ahsorhed to great extent into the music of the Magyars, the Hungarian people in whose territory the gipsies, as chronicled hy old historians, were already increasing in the thirteenth century. As every little town in Hungary had its hand of gipsy musicians, Liszt was familiar from earliest childhood with the playing of this nomadic people, who in their wanderings often camped near his native village. Always fascinated hy the wild and pulsing music that was a part of his own fatherland, Liszt strove to capture its spirit and to give it a place in art. And his manner of doing this revealed his genius and his instinct for truth. For he did not transplant the Hungarian gipsy melodies into already existing art forms. The Romanys' impetuous rhapsodic strains which were always the creation of the moment's impulse and never twice the same received under Liszt's shaping hand form, it is true, hut a form peculiarly their own. Liszt writes: "If we would preserve the so-called Hungarian music in all its integrity we must leave to it its own atmosphere." And again: "In music as in architecture, there may he styles which, so to speak, are horn afar from the royal road trod hy art. Having grown up in shadow one might believe them to have heen products of spontaneous generation, for one can not see how they have heen hrought to life. Such seems to be the music of the gipsies. . . . In mixing with the contemporaneous products of European music it would annul its very being. . . . The art of the gipsies may claim a place or a name in future times on one condition: that it remain as intact as a cippus, as a single triumphal column or a funeral urn curiously wrought." Liszt in his treatment of Hungarian melodies is a lasting example to those who may follow in other fields of folk-lore. He made the art of the gipsies his own, not only through his rare artistic sensihility and the fine discernment of his imaginative and impressionahle nature, hut also hecause of his understanding of the people themselves.

He became a chosen friend of the wanderers and for the time heing shared with them their life in forest camp. Only hy such complete sympathy hetween the artist and the people whose soul he reincarnates in art can such an artistic incorporation he truthful and sincere. In the life of Liszt there are no more fascinating passages than those that describe his visits to the gipsies as chronicled hy himself. With what rejoicing his dusky friends received him, what woodland festivals were held in his honor, how the gipsy orchestra with its soaring violins and tremhling cymhalas resounded in praise of him! The master writes: "I knew this music—it seemed to me my native tongue."

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Saturday mat—LES HUGUENOTS
Saturday eve—LAKME
Prices—Orchestra, $4.00, $3.00. Balcony, $3.00, $2.00, $1.00. Box Seats, $5.00.
Season Coupon Books (30 tickets), $90, $75, $45.
" " (50 "), $150, $125, $75.
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VANITY FAIR.

The desire to construct a family tree or a genealogical table is one of the common weaknesses of human nature. It need hardly be said that its source is vanity. What we are actually trying to do is to account for our own greatness, for no one would be at all concerned with their unknown ancestors but for an innate conviction that they must have been very distinguished people. Personally we have kept aloof from this particular form of vanity, having a vague suspicion that some of our ancestors were hanged for sheep-stealing, and something more than a suspicion that various other ornaments of the family tree ought to have been hanged, and unquestionable would have been hanged, but for legal technicalities and a supernatural skill with the alibi. Not that these facts would be openly stated in the report that is furnished—for a consideration—by the professional pedigree hunter. You can always trust him to draw a decent veil over the last sad moments of your progenitors. If they were so unfortunate as to make a hurried and expedited exit from the earthly stage he will be sure to describe their offense as high treason, or something else with a halo of creditable romance. But it was usually sheep-stealing or body-snatching.

These few remarks are suggested by Mr. Rockefeller's efforts to discover his ancestors. Now Mr. Rockefeller was doomed to hard luck in this matter from the very start. If you or I were to pay $50 for a pedigree we should be circumspect about showing any one the resulting document that proved us to be the lineal descendant of Balaam's ass, or the impenitent thief, or any other of the fine old heroes of antiquity. We should be too modest. We should hide our illustrious descent. We should hustle that document away into a drawer and gloat over it in secret or use it only for purposes of domestic discipline. But the fierce white light that is said to beat upon a throne—only it doesn't—will not allow of such privacy in Mr. Rockefeller's case. When the pedigree hunter discovers that Mr. Rockefeller is descended from the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV, and that he is entitled to a royal coat of arms, there you have a fact that can not be suppressed. There is no privacy for the great. They have to live in the limelight, and while it is a fact that most of them would not willingly live anywhere else, such conspicuousness has its drawbacks. And in this case we have a whole swarm of amateur pedigree hunters who descend upon Mr. Rockefeller's genealogical tree and who point out discrepancies and impossibilities with all the ghoulish glee of the muckraker.

The trouble is to find out how and when Mr. Rockefeller's ancestors came to America. The first pedigree hunter brings us along in grand style over fences and ditches and with never a fall to Lady Susan, daughter of the third Earl of Lincoln. Lady Susan, he tells us, married Colonel John Humfry, who was so ill advised as to emigrate to Boston early in the seventeenth century and who became assistant to the governor under the direct primary.

Now it is just here that the critics get in their deadly work. They say that nothing is known of Lady Susan except that she married "Humphrey of Kent." That was her last performance on the public stage, nor is there any further trace of her husband. If "Humphrey of Kent" was identical with John Humphrey of Boston there is nothing to prove that fact. The police records are silent upon the point. Moreover, he must have had an "e" washed out of his name during the passage. But the unprincipled and muckraking critic goes further than this. In his whole composition there is not a trace of reverence. Evidently he is the sort of man who would speak disrespectfully of Jonah and the whale. He says that if Lady Susan did actually marry Colonel Humfry of Boston it must have been between the ages of five and ten, and that she must have had her first child between the ages of six and eleven. We refuse to believe it of Lady Susan. Our young women of today are precocious enough in all conscience, but this is beyond reason. And we should like to say that if this controversy is to involve the reputation of Lady Susan it has gone far enough. Let us be content with the certainty that Mr. Rockefeller's ancestors did come to America. How they came, when they came, or why they came, we do not know. Maybe we shall never know. But if Mr. Rockefeller had put his pedigree away in a drawer and kept it for domestic use all this would never have happened. That is what a lesser man would have done.

We may wonder if the world will ever be allowed to see the private correspondence amassed by the late Queen Victoria. It is stored away in a strongroom built into the walls of Buckingham Palace, and the queen shared her confidence with no one. So long as she was physically able to do so she opened and closed the safe herself and arranged its contents. When she was too feeble to do this she employed an old and trusted agent, but even he had to work under the royal eye. He was never allowed to keep the keys nor to read the letters that he handled. Queen Victoria was always a voluminous letter-writer, and she was in constant communication with most of the royalties in Europe. Every domestic secret and privacy of royalty during half a century is said to be represented by the contents of this wonderful safe, and it is easy to believe that the modern historian would find his hands full if he were permitted to browse among these letters. But probably he will have to wait a few hundred years, and then his popular audience will be a languid one. It is one of the ironies of life that we can never have things when we want them, and when we do get them we have usually passed the age of desire.

What a lot of psychology there is that we never recognize until it is pointed out to us. Who, for example, can explain offhand why the quick lunch counter is not popular among women? The quick lunch counter is popular among the men of New York, but its success among women is doubtful even with the blandishment of "women only" painted upon the window. But the psychologist can explain this to us, that is to say the psychologist who has specialized upon women. None others need apply. It is a trade in itself.

In the first place a woman will not eat her lunch standing. She has no objection to standing, as such, especially when her occupation is a sedentary one, but it is not easy to eat and at the same time to hold a reticule, handkerchief, and gloves. And as a woman has only two hands and no pockets at all she must have a table to put her things on, although she usually prefers a chair that some one else wants to sit on. If we are asked why a woman carries a reticule when she is only going out for half an hour, and that it is not to be used for handkerchief or gloves, we must beg that notice of the question be given so that there may be time for reflection and prayer.

Therefore a woman will not stand at a lunch counter because she can not stand and eat, too. But neither will she sit down, because she will have to leave her impedimenta on the aforesaid table or chair while she goes to the counter to fetch her comestibles. No one could be hired to carry away her property, so obviously useless is it, but this she can not believe, and she is determined that she will leave her belongings nowhere except in the street-car. She will not place her foolish little possessions on the table, and if she takes them to the counter with her she can not carry back the chocolate éclair and the ice-cream that constitute her lunch. So there you are.

But there is another difficulty. At the New York lunch counter you take whatever you want and you pay according to your own calculation. The establishment is run on the assumption that every one is honest, and it is a curious fact that nearly every one is honest when you assume them to be so. If we could but get an evening off we should write a book about this, but it must wait.

Now this is a perpetual puzzle to the woman luncher. In her heart of hearts she knows well that she is the only woman there who has even the rudimentary instincts of honesty. She does not believe in the assumption of honesty, and therefore she is certain that she is being watched. And she hates to be watched. If she were absolutely certain that the amount of her check is left to her own determination it would take wild horses to drag her away from the quick lunch place. She would even leave her reticule in the office, go without her gloves, and cram her handkerchief into her stocking. But she does not, can not, believe it. So the quick lunch counter for women is still in an experimental stage. The women look upon it askance in spite of the fact that its walls are one vast mirror.

Punch announces a great achievement in the following words:

The world is full of phrase-books in foreign tongues; but none says the right things, and all demand pronunciations by the owner. What is wanted is a swift and efficient means of communication between traveler and waiter, without the humiliation of distorting one's honest English mouth and debasing one's good English accent. After much thought, we have invented a new medium, superseding both speech and the clumsiness of the phrase-book, namely, a series of inexpensive cardboard disks, which can be carried easily in the pocket or reticule, and may on occasion be reclaimed by the prudent and economical (or might, indeed, be thrown back at them with lightning speed), on which will be printed the controlling sentences of a foreign tour.

To print the whole series would be too considerable a task, and would involve loss of profit to the inventors; but a few specimens may be given.

For ticket inspectors on Continental trains:

I know I am in a first-class compartment with a second-class ticket; but there are no seats in the second-class, and this compartment was empty. Still, if you will only stop talking and gesticulating and looking like the man who runs the guillotine, I will move quietly into the corridor and stand for the rest of the 500 miles.

Please hold up as many fingers as there are minutes to wait at this station.

For porters:

I want one porter, and one only, to carry these two small bags. To that porter I will give fifty centimes for each bag, and no more. Howsoever many men you allow to help you, I shall pay only one.

For hotel managers:

I know that your hotel is absolutely free from mosquitoes, but please have mosquito curtains fixed to my bed.

For waiters:

We are very hungry and tired. Bring the wine at once, and some butter. We should like other things, too; but bring the wine, even if the order strikes you as insane.

For a guide:

I do not want a guide.

For the same guide, two minutes later:

I still do not want a guide.

For the same guide, at intervals:

I do not want a guide.

For a barber:

I want almost nothing taken off; just the merest trim.

For the same barber, at the end of the sitting:

I said I wanted only a mere trim. You have made me look like a billiard ball. You are an incapable.

From the specimens given, it will be gathered that the traveler will not only simplify his daily life abroad, but endear himself to all he meets.

"I once saw," writes the author of an article in *Scribner's*, "a tourist party of our fellow-countrymen hurried through the Louvre, with an impatient cry on the part of the conductor: 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, you haven't time to stop to look at anything! Just walk on as fast as you can! This gallery is an eighth of a mile long!' It was only last summer that a motor-car was driven rapidly to the portal of Wells Cathedral; the American at the wheel jumped out, crying: 'Now you do the inside, and we'll do the outside, and it won't take us more than fifteen minutes!' A friend of mine tells of an American lady who once rushed up to her in the Vatican, asking breathlessly: 'Can you tell me—have I seen the Pantheon?' The response: 'Madame, you must know that better than I,' brought a second swift question: 'Has it a hole in it?' The admission that it has a hole in it elicited a quick sigh of gratitude. Then, said the tourist, with the relieved air of one who has one dash the less to make—then she had seen it."

"I suppose you find living less expensive since you took to gathering your own mushrooms?" "A little," replied Mr. Growcher. "We don't save anything on the mushrooms, but all our friends have quit accepting invitations to dinner."—*Washington Star.*

Householder—Here, drop that coat and clear out! *Burglar*—You be quiet, or I'll wake your wife and give her this letter I found in your pocket.—*New York Evening Mail.*

"Ma's just crazy to serve on a jury." "That so?" "Yes; she says she wants to be one of the first to tell the secrets of the jury room."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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LOS ANGELES

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Optimism of the bluff, outspoken sort was that possessed by the late Senator Frye, and he could not brook a whiner. Once at a dinner in Lewiston a whiner seated opposite Senator Frye said dolefully: "I have only one friend on earth—my dog." "Why don't you get another dog?" said Senator Frye.

Mme. Lillian Nordica returned to Farmington, Maine, her old home, after an absence of thirty years, and sang "Home, Sweet Home" to her former friends (says the *Herald and Presbyter*). She and her audience were very much affected, but maybe Mme. Nordica would not have felt that way if she had had to stay there for thirty years.

Gordon Castle, where the king made a call upon the Duke of Richmond, was once taken for a public house. Somebody had begged the duke to sample the burgundies of California, and he wrote out for a few cases, subscribing himself, of course, "Richmond and Gordon." The cases duly arrived addressed to "Messrs. Richmond and Gordon, Gordon Castle Hotel."

The famous English prize-fighter Bendigo "found religion" and turned missionary. His methods, however, sometimes smacked of his past. Once a group of men was pointed out to him with the remark that they were atheists. "Atheists—what's atheists?" queried Bendigo. He was told. "Eh! Don't believe in no God, don't they?" he exclaimed "'Ere, hold my coat!"

Among the qualifications of a cabinet minister discretion ranks high. Lord Broughton notes in his diary a fracas between Lady Holland and Lord John Russell. The former asked the latter why Lord Holland was excluded from office. "If you must know," said Lord John Russell, "because no man will act in a cabinet with a person whose wife opens all his letters."

She was a lady visitor to the prison, kindly, and well-meaning, and as she chattered with a burglar who had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment she thought she detected signs of reform in him. "And now," she said, "have you any plans for the future, on the expiration of your sentence?" "Oh, yes, ma'am," he said hopefully. "I've got the plans of two banks and a postoffice."

A Cincinnati man who visited New York not long ago was presented to "Big Tim" Sullivan. It happened that in the course of the conversation that ensued between the Westerner and "Big Tim" the former quoted the old saying, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." "Big Tim" smiled in a superior way. "I suppose that's right, my friend," he said, "but sometimes not before the referee has counted ten."

This is an Oscar Wilde retort printed in H. M. Hyndman's newly published and entertaining autobiography. The late Sir Lewis Morris, author of "The Epic of Hades," was complaining bitterly of the attitude of the press in the matter of his claims to the poet laureateship. "It is all a complete conspiracy of silence against me," he declared, "a conspiracy of silence. What ought I to do?" "Join it," replied Wilde.

Pete Hamler, the Chicago ballplayer, on his first trip in the Wisconsin woods was out with Comiskey and several others after partridges. Pete saw one running about thirty feet in front of him and raised his gun to shoot. "You're not going to shoot him while he's running, are you, Pete?" asked Comiskey. "No," exclaimed Hamler, appalled by his narrow escape from doing a deadly thing. "I'm going to wait until he stops."

Frenzied finance is not exclusively a habit of recent years. At the Riggs National Bank in Washington there is carefully guarded proof of the foregoing assertion. Regarding the proof, there is told this story: One winter morning, Henry Clay, finding himself in need of money, went to the Riggs Bank and asked for the loan of $250 on his personal note. He was told that, while his credit was perfectly good, it was the inflexible rule of the bank to require an indorser. The great statesman hunted up Daniel Webster and asked him to indorse the note. "With pleasure," said Webster. "But I need some money myself. Why not make your note for $500, and you and I will split it?" This they did. And today the note is in the Riggs Bank—unpaid.

A tall, urbane man with a black mustache ... guest at a dinner in New York not long ... ten a woman on his right, after men... at she had just returned from a ...ope, proceeded to "roast" William ..., the collector of customs for the ...he panned that official to a rich, dark ... and did it in such a witty manner that ... tall, urbane gentleman laughed uproariously. "I think the appropriate death for him," she said, "would be choking with Irish lace—and I'd like to contribute some of the lace for the purpose." After dinner she asked her hostess: "What was the name of the black-mustached man on my left, dear? He talked so intelligently about the custom-house." "I should think he would," replied the hostess. "That was Loeb himself!"

A little Georgia boy, whose father had just been elected to the legislature of that state, said one day: "Ma, pop's a pretty big man now, aint he?" "Oh, I dunno," answered his mother. "If he makes a good record they'll send him to Congress, won't they, ma?" "I dunno. Maybe. I aint ever had much use for Congress sence they wouldn't pay for the cotton that was stole durin' the war. Still, if they want to send your pa up there it don't make no difference as fur's I'm concerned. They can't swat Congress too hard to suit me."

During the recent visit of President Taft and several governors to the Hutchinson Fair, the officers of the Kansas National Guard, including the governor's staff, appeared in full uniform. Senator Charles Huffman of Columbus, regimental surgeon, among others was togged out in all the gold braid and brass buttons that go with a regimental uniform. On the morning that Taft arrived Huffman went into a barber shop to get shaved. He drew a chair presided over by a rather loquacious barber. After discussing the weather and the President and the fair and other things, the conversation began to lag. Finally the barber took another spurt with his mouth, and after admiring Huffman's uniform and gold braid and brass buttons asked: "How many pieces in your hand?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Memory Gem.

I love to pick the flowers sublime
That grow beyond the river,
But when it comes to dinner-time
I'd rather dine on liver.
—*New York Globe.*

Football.

Once more the quarterback cries out:
"8; 40; 53;"
There is a scrimmage, then a shout,
The fullback's wrenched his knee.

This time the gallant leader yells:
"3; 18; 34;"
A tackle through our centre falls
And breaks three ribs or more.

Again they hear the captain cry:
"10; 20; 72;"
That looks just like our halfback's eye
Upon their captain's shoe.

In numbers there is safety, so
I've often heard it said;
But football numbers, well we know,
Leave many maimed and dead.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Here Again.

Now the dust is off the shin-guards
High upon the merchant's shelves,
And broad youths are putting padding
Where 'twill best protect themselves;
There are pictures in the paper
Of the latest forward pass,
Not to speak of men so homely
They would warp a looking-glass.

Now the curfew finds youths struggling
A la Hackenschmidt and Gotch
Till the mud upon their features
Forms a large and growing blotch—
Till there's sand in hair and nostrils
And their teeth are filled with grit,
And they look like railway victims
When the bat begins to flit.

Now there's scrapping in the papers
O'er some lowbrow, deep of chest
(Seems his standing as a student
Is the cause of jibe and jest).
Now the coach draws down a stipend
That would please a millionaire,
For again the football microbe
Has emerged from out its lair.
—*Denver Republican.*

The Hero Unrewarded.

I met her where the busy crowd
Surged madly in the noisy street;
Her face was fair, her bearing proud,
But, oh, her flitting smile was sweet.

I saw her danger ere she knew
That harm was near; with quick-caught breath
I took her in my arms and drew
Her from the very jaws of death.

Her look was proud, her face was fair,
Her voice was rich and sweet and low;
Her father was a millionaire—
I learned that she was married, though.
—*Chicago Record-Herald*

"Hold up your hands," cried the orator on the soap-box, "you who are in favor of Socialism—or work for all and a living wage for all!" A couple of hundred soft, not over-clean hands went up. "Ah, our time is coming," cried the speaker exultantly. "Look at that brave show of hands. Where are your anti-Socialists now?" "They're workin'. They're holdin' down their jobs. That's where they are," shouted a small boy.—*Washington Star.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced of Miss Rowena Dunham and Mr. Merrill Reid of Oakland. Miss Dunham is the daughter of Mrs. A. L. Dunham of Oakland, and a relative of the late Bishop Kip.

The engagement has been announced of Mr. Dwight H. Miller of Sacramento and Mrs. Daisy G. McMurray of San Diego. Mr. Miller is the son of Mr. Frank Miller of Sacramento and a brother of Mrs. Gustavus Simmons, Mrs. Matthew Thomlinson of West Point, New York, and Lieutenant Cyrus Miller, U. S. N., now stationed in Washington, D. C.

The wedding of Miss Winona Derby, daughter of Mrs. Richard Derby, and Lieutenant Henry T. Burgin, U. S. A., will take place Tuesday evening at St. Luke's Episcopal Church on Van Ness Avenue. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at the Presidio Club. Miss Derby will be attended by Miss Marian Huntington, and the chosen bridesmaids are Miss Otillia Lane, Miss Franc Pierce, Miss Dorothy Churchill, Miss Evelyn Palmer, Miss Aitkin, and Miss Palmer. The best man will be Lieutenant Ellery Niles, U. S. A., and the ushers will be Lieutenants Raymond Lee, Charles Ide, James G. Ord, Robert Goolrick, Rollin Tilton, and Delos Emmons, of the army.

Miss Lucy Harrison and Mr. Melvin Pfaff will be married November 23. The wedding will take place at the home on Washington Street of Miss Harrison's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Harrison. Mrs. James Sterrett Wood and Miss Therese Harrison will attend their sister, and Mr. Jerome Fee will be Mr. Pfaff's best man.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. William Delaware Wilson to the wedding of her daughter, Miss Marie Louise Elkins, and Mr. Christian de Guigne, Jr., who will be married November 16 in Philadelphia.

San Francisco friends have received cards announcing the marriage in Hopkinton, New Hampshire, of Miss Meta Campbell Graham and Mr. Carroll Storrs Alden, who is a civilian instructor at Annapolis, where the young couple will reside. The ceremony, which took place at St. Andrew's Church, was followed by a reception at The Shelter, the home of the bride's parents, General William Montrose Graham, U. S. A. (retired), and Mrs. Graham, who for several years resided at the Presidio, where General Graham was in command. Mrs. Alden is a sister of Mrs. Guy Burrage of Sausalito and Mrs. Alexander Sales, wife of Commander Sales, U. S. N.

Several hundred friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver at a reception Saturday at Century Club Hall in honor of their débutante daughter, Miss Grace Isabel Beaver. The receiving party included Mrs. Frank Madison, Mrs. L. L. Morse, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld, Mrs. William C. Van Fleet, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Fannie Crocker McCreary, Mrs. William Adam Magee, Mrs. Harry Alston Williams, Miss Marian Crocker, Miss Harriet Alexander, Miss Ruth Winslow, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Muriel Williams, Miss Cora Smith, Miss Evelyn Cunningham, Miss Genevieve Cunningham, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Dora Winn, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Ernestine McNear, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, Miss Dorothy Page, Miss Evelyn Barron.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy will entertain at a tea Wednesday, November 8, when her daughter, Miss Eugenia Murphy, will make her formal début.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith will give a dinner Friday evening, December 22, in honor of Miss Helen Nicoll, the débutante sister of Mrs. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carrigan gave a dinner Monday evening in honor of their niece, Miss Margaret Carrigan, who is one of the season's débutantes.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden was a dinner hostess Wednesday evening, when she entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry MacFarlane of Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon entertained at a dinner Tuesday evening, October 23, at the Palace Hotel in honor of Emilio de Gogorza and Mme. de Gogorza.

Mr. Thomas H. Williams gave a dinner last week at the Pacific Union Club in honor of Mr. J. Wesley Gallagher, who was married Tuesday, October 23, to Miss Muriel Steele. Mr. Williams's guests were Mr. Frank Michael, Mr. S. Otis Johnson, Mr. R. P. Ritchet, Mr. William H. Avery, Mr. John C. Kirkpatrick, Mr. George Sperry, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Alfred Holman, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, Mr. Downey Harvey, Mr. Charles J. Foster, Mr. Eugene Lent, Mr. Harry C. Cresswell, Mr. Charles S. Givens.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis was host Wednesday evening at a dinner complimentary to Emilio de Gogorza and Mme. de Gogorza.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lyman King entertained at a dinner at their home in Oakland, Wednesday evening, October 25, in honor of Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen and her fiancé, Dr. George D. Lyman.

Mr. George Willcutt was host at a dinner Thursday evening, October 26, when Miss Van Sicklen and Dr. Lyman were the complimented guests.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst was hostess Wednesday evening at a dinner complimentary to Miss Van Sicklen and Dr. Lyman.

Miss Metha MacMahon has issued invitations to a luncheon Monday, November 6, in honor of Miss Van Sicklen.

Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen and Miss Metha McMahon will be guests of honor at a luncheon Thursday, November 16, when Miss Lurline Matson will entertain a number of guests, among whom will be Miss Van Sicklen's bridal attendants.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch entertained a number of friends at a dinner Saturday evening at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Louise McCormick and Mr. Robert Henderson were the guests of honor at a dinner given Monday evening by Miss Agnes Tillmann.

Miss Ysabel Chase entertained at a dinner complimentary to Miss Myra Josselyn and Mr. William Duncan.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Kimble gave a dinner recently at their home on Broadway in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Watt.

Mrs. Fannie Crocker McCreary was a luncheon hostess Wednesday, when she entertained a group of young people at the Francisca Club. The affair was complimentary to her niece, Miss Marian Crocker, who made her début Saturday, October 21, at a tea given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heller entertained their friends at a bridge tea Friday afternoon and at a dinner and bridge party in the evening.

Mrs. Alfred Tubbs was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday at her home on Broadway in honor of Miss Charlotte Tuttle of Marysville.

Miss Agnes Tillmann gave an informal tea at her home Sunday, when a number of her friends were introduced to Miss Alice Tower, who has been spending several weeks as the guest of Miss Tillmann.

Mrs. Charles Farquharson was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon and bridge tea at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williar entertained a number of friends at a dinner Thursday evening at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William McAfee was hostess at a tea in honor of Miss Gertrude Cresswell, one of this season's débutantes.

Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt was hostess last Friday at tea at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Dorothy Page.

Mr. Peter Martin gave a dinner last week at the Hotel St. Francis and with his guests attended the theatre. Sunday evening Mr. Martin entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the home on Broadway of his mother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. William Watt entertained a large number of guests at a bridge-tea in the gray room at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess Thursday evening, October 25, at a dinner in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Eleanor Walker.

Mrs. A. B. Sloan, wife of Captain Sloan, U. S. A., was hostess last Friday at a bridge tea at her home at Fort Mason.

The officers at Mare Island entertained at a hop which was a farewell gathering of the officers of the Pacific fleet, as the ships will depart shortly on their various cruises. Preceding the dance, Captain J. M. Ellicott, U. S. N., and his daughter, Miss Priscilla Ellicott, gave a dinner on board the *Maryland*.

A party of army people from the Presidio and Fort Mason enjoyed a picnic last week at Winehaven, where they were joined by a number of guests from the Mare Island Navy Yard.

The officers of the Presidio were hosts Tuesday evening at a masquerade Hallowe'en party at the Officers' Club.

The first of the series of Bachelors' and Benedicks' balls took place Friday evening in the ballroom of the Fairmont Hotel. Among those who entertained at dinners preceding the ball were Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Creswell, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Grace, Mr. and Mrs. Ebert B. Stone, Miss Dora Winn.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon were the complimented guests at a dinner given Friday evening by Miss Innes Keeney, who with her guests later attended the ball.

The first dance of the Tuesday Fortnightly Club will be held November 14 under the patronage of Mrs. William Sesnon, Mrs. Eugene Lee, Mrs. Smith O'Brien, Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting, Mrs. Gailliard Stoney.

David Bispham, the foremost of American song interpreters, will be the next concert star to appear under the Greenbaum management. Jan Kubelik, the wizard of the violin, will be the final artist to appear this year.

Who Ever Wins—No matter which side wins the big football game on Nov. 11th, send her an appropriately decorated box of Geo. Haas & Sons' candies. If her side wins it will be a beautiful souvenir, if the other side wins it will serve as a consolation offering. Four stores in San Francisco: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook, in Joseph M. Gaites's musical-comedy success, "Bright Eyes," come to the Columbia Theatre for a two weeks' engagement commencing Monday evening, November 6. Their offering is a new play by the authors of the famous "Three Twins," "Madame Sherry," and "The Girl of My Dreams." Charles Dickson wrote the book, Otta Hauerbach the lyrics, and Karl Hoschna furnished the tuneful music.

In "Bright Eyes" is promised more real surprises in the electrical and scenic equipment than anything seen in San Francisco for some time past. The end of Act I is said to surpass anything ever attempted in musical comedy. It requires the services of six experienced electricians to operate the various effects, while the settings for the acts show masterpieces of the scene-painter's art. The costuming is elaborate in the extreme, especially in the "Chanticler" song number, where the chorus represents barnyard fowls.

Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook are assisted by such well-known people as Freddie Nice, Herbert Salinger, Jeanette Lawrence, Clifford Saum, Cecilia Renaud, and Orellia Collins, with a chorus of about fifty girls who can sing and dance as well as look pretty. An augmented orchestra of twenty musicians will be used during the Columbia engagement and there is little doubt that "Bright Eyes" will be enthusiastically received. Portland and Seattle are whistling the catchy airs of the tuneful Hoschna music now.

The Orpheum offers a remarkable programme for next week. The most notable event that has occurred in a long time will be the appearance of Dr. Ludwig Wullner, the world-famous lieder singer, whom Martin Beck has secured for a brief tour of the Orpheum Circuit. San Francisco has heard wondrous singers, whose beauty of voice and artistic finish have had prodigious power to charm, but Dr. Wullner stirs his audiences as they have never been stirred before. He presents to them poetry such as they have never heard before, and he sings a love song as no other singer can sing it. Dr. Wullner will have as his accompanist Coenraad V. Bos, a pianist of world-wide renown. The Four Fords, America's premier dancers, a quartet of brothers and sisters who have found fame in every important city in the world, will also make their appearance. They are progressive and have recently added to their dancing a Grecian number by the two Ford sisters, that gives them a place among the classic dancers. Their production is elaborate and beautiful and for each of their four numbers they carry their own special and particularly effective scenery. Josie Heather, the English comedienne, will be a special feature of the coming bill. She will sing several of the songs she popularized at the English music halls and which were written for her, making a change of costume for each number. Mahelle Adams and C. H. O'Donnell will present next week only "Zila," a musical drama in three scenes. The action takes place in the Bohemian quarter of Paris and the characters are an American painter and a gipsy violinist. Both artists exhaust the possibilities of their rôles and Miss Adams's ability as a violinist is in pleasant evidence throughout the little play. James Augustine and Annie Hartley, the famous jumpers, will introduce their original specialty, "Athletes at Play." Next week will be the last of Sager Midgley and company, Lillian Schreiber, and Howard and North in their skit, "Back to Wellington."

The tenth annual benefit in aid of the charity fund of the Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco will take place at the Columbia Theatre, Friday afternoon, November 24, at 2 o'clock sharp, when a continuous performance of unusual excellence will be given. This is always the big theatrical event of the year, and as the cause is a most deserving one and the managers of the leading theatres promise a programme long to be remembered, the house will undoubtedly be crowded to the doors. Tickets may be obtained at any theatre box-office.

Following "Bright Eyes" at the Columbia Theatre will appear no less important stars than Montgomery and Stone, who have been the reigning hits of musical comedy in the East for some seasons past. They will make their first San Francisco appearance on the night of Monday, November 20, and with the aid of their big company will present the Ade-Luders piece, "The Old Town."

Anna Held and her long list of notable supporting players will be here in December with the production of "Miss Innocence."

During the "Bright Eyes" engagement at the Columbia Theatre, matinées will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Election returns will be read from the stage on Tuesday night.

Josephine Cohan and her husband, Fred Niblo, are in the cast of "The Fortune Hunter" this season.

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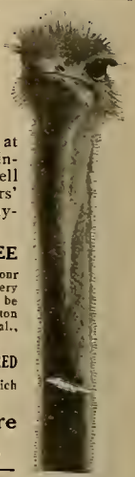
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Walker have opened their town house on Jackson Street for the season. Mr. and Mrs. Walker have been spending the summer in Burlingame, where they occupied the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and their children returned Monday from their country home, Sobra Vista, where they have been spending a week for the benefit of Mr. Spreckels's health.

Mr. Edgar Carolan left Monday for his home in New York, after a two weeks' visit with his relatives.

Mrs. James Coffin and her daughters, the Misses Natalie and Sarah Coffin, have closed their house in Ross and are established for the season in the home on Buchanan and Washington Streets of Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant. Mrs. Tallant will spend the winter at the Santa Barbara apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. John Maillard are settled for the season in their town house on Gough Street.

Mrs. John B. Wright and her nieces, the Misses Laura and Mildred Baldwin, are at present in Paris.

Miss Julia Langhorne has recently been visiting her cousin, Miss Katherine Duane, in Morristown, New Jersey.

Miss Mae Colburn will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page and their daughter, Miss Leslie Page, have closed their home in San Rafael and are established for the winter on Pacific Avenue near Fillmore Street.

Miss Edith Chesebrough spent the week-end with friends in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry MacFarlane are here from Honolulu, and are at the Hotel Peninsula with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton have closed their home in Menlo and are established for the winter in the residence on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. George Delatour have taken a house for the winter on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin are established in the apartment at the St. Regis of Mr. and Mrs. William Peyton, who are in New York.

Mr. Bayard Hyde-Smith, who has been abroad for the past year, has joined his mother, Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith, in Honolulu.

Mrs. Augustine Strickland has returned from a visit with relatives in San Diego, and is the guest of Miss Jennie Hooker.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederck W. King have gone East to spend the winter near their son, Mr. Thomas Starr King, who was recently married to Miss Anne Winchester, of Newark, New Jersey.

Mrs. Lloyd Bowman has returned to her home in Santa Cruz after a visit in town with Mrs. Thomas Bishop and Mrs. Russell Selfridge.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury is in Boston with her parents, General Charles Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, for a brief visit. Mrs. Pillsbury will return home this month, and will be accompanied by her children, who have been spending the summer at the country home of their grandparents.

Mrs. George W. McIvor has returned to the Presidio, Monterey, after a visit with her mother, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and their daughters, the Misses Josephine and Edith Grant, will remain in Burlingame until December 1, when they will open their town house on Broadway and Webster Street.

Miss Sydny Davis returned Thursday from Boston, where she has been visiting relatives since her arrival last month from Europe. Miss Davis will reside with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Moore, who have taken a house for the winter on Vallejo Street.

Miss Agnes Tillmann left Wednesday for the East, to spend several weeks with Miss Alice Tower, who has been visiting Miss Tillmann at her home on Washington Street.

Mr. Willis Polk has returned from a brief visit in Portland.

Miss Helen Ashton arrived Monday from Europe, where for the past year she has been traveling with Miss Ruth Casey. Miss Casey will spend the winter in New York to continue her vocal studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali spent the week-end in Woodside with Mrs. Avenali's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Mrs. Russell Selfridge has gone East to join her husband, who is at present in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Wheeler are at their ranch near San Diego, where they will spend most of the winter.

Governor Tasker L. Oddie of Nevada has returned home after a visit of several weeks in this city.

Professor J. E. Stubbs of the Nevada State University and Mrs. Stubbs have been recent guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Laura Roe has closed her home in Ross and is established in town for the season.

Miss Margery Emmons of Boston is the guest of the Misses Virginia and Frances Newhall.

Miss Susan Watkins has recently been visting Mrs. William Lichtenberg in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Hanchett will shortly move into their new home on Washington Street, which was formerly owned by Mr. and Mrs. John Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson, who have been spending the summer in Mill Valley, have taken an apartment on Russian Hill and will soon be established for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark are expected home tomorrow from New York, where they have been spending the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Tenney and their daughter, Miss Wilhelmina Tenney, have returned to Honolulu after a visit of several months in this city.

Mr. Kingdon Gould has returned to his home in New York after a few days' visit at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Robert Farquahar of Santa Monica has recently been visiting Mrs. Homer S. King.

Mrs. Williams, Miss Margaret Williams, and Mr. Marshall Williams left last week for the East. Mr. Williams will be married November 18 to Miss Harriet Allen.

Mrs. K. H. Withrow, Miss Evelyn Withrow, and Miss Marie Withrow sailed last week for Honolulu, where they will make an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze have returned from a week's outing at the McCloud Country Club.

Mrs. McNutt Potter and her little daughter, Marie Louise Potter, have returned from Colorado Springs, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. De Pue and their daughter, Miss Elva De Pue, have returned from a few days' visit on the McCloud River.

Mrs. Baker Carr (formerly Miss Sally Quinan) is here from London and has been visiting Mrs. Edward Pringle, Sr., in Santa Clara County and Mrs. Russell Selfridge in this city.

Mrs. Martin L. Crimmins is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick. Captain Crimmins, U. S. A., who has been ill at the general hospital in the Presidio, is now convalescent and has joined Mrs. Crimmins at the McCormick home.

Mrs. Victor N. Metcalfe, Jr. (formerly Miss Marie Butters) has returned from the Orient, where she has been visiting Colonel Karmany, U. S. A., and Mrs. Karmany.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Crocker have returned from a seven months' trip to the South Sea Islands and will divide their time between their home in Belvedere and the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sterling have returned from the East and are again occupying their bungalow in Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Miss Kate Stone has returned to her apartments in the El Drisco after a visit in Los Angeles with Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin.

Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson.

Miss Harriet Stone has returned from a visit with friends in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. William Drum have decided to make their permanent home in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn, who recently returned from Europe, have closed their home in Grass Valley, and are occupying their residence on Webster Street near Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buck, Jr. (formerly Miss Zada Zabriskie) are settled for the winter at 3633 Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa of Piedmont have gone East to remain until the holidays.

Mrs. Douglas Fry is in Santa Barbara, where she is visiting Miss Lolita Burling, whose marriage to Lieutenant Gehring, U. S. N., takes place today. Mrs. Fry will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin in Los Angeles before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills have recently been the guests of the Misses Natalie and Sarah Coffin at their home in Ross.

Mrs. Charles F. Dillman and her daughter, Miss Corinne Dillman of Sacramento, have been spending the week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker are at present in Philadelphia, where they are visiting Mrs. Walker's aunt, Mrs. George Harding.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. William Byrne, have returned from a brief visit in Europe.

Dr. Richard Kearny, U. S. A., has returned from Alaska, where he went on official business, and is attached to the local Marine Hospital.

Mrs. Lewis Smith, widow of the late Colonel Smith, U. S. A., who has for several years been residing in Washington, D. C., arrived Sunday to visit her mother, Mrs. M. C. Lange.

Miss Helen Muir, daughter of Major Charles H. Muir, U. S. A., stationed at the West Point Military Academy, is the guest of Captain G. M. Grimes, U. S. A., and Mrs. Grimes at their home in the Presidio.

Major Blanton Winship, U. S. A., has been ordered to Washington, D. C., for duty. Major Winship is a brother of Mr. Emory Winship of this city.

Miss L. W. Holland of Washington, D. C., has recently been visiting Dr. Tasker, U. S. A., and Mrs. Tasker, at their home in the Presidio.

Captain Murray Baldwin, U. S. A., stationed at the Presidio, Monterey, has been spending several weeks in this city.

Captain Campbell Babcock, U. S. A., has arrived from Seattle and will sail as quartermaster captain on the transport *Thomas*.

Leonard Borwick In Two More Concerts.

Leonard Borwick, the eminent piano virtuoso whose beautiful playing proved an unexpected source of delight to our music lovers, is announced by Manager Greenbaum for two more recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium, to be given this Sunday afternoon, November 5, and next Tuesday night, November 7.

At the Sunday concert the artist will play a Gigue in B flat minor by Graun; "Les Barricades Mysterieuses," by Couperin; "Arietta," by Leonardo Leo; Caprice on an Air from Alceste, by Gluck-Saint-Saëns; Schumann's "Faschingschwank" or "Carnival Pranks in Vienna," and seven Chopin gems.

Tuesday night's offering will include Beethoven's Sonata, Opus III, Paderewski's "Air Varie," three Chopin works, and important numbers by Bach, Schubert, Brahms, Debussy, Sgambatti, and Liszt.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, prices being $1.50, $1, and 75 cents.

On Sunday the box-office will be open at the hall after 10.

Eames-De Gogorza Concert in Oakland.

The concert announced in Oakland by Mme. Emma Eames and Emilio de Gogorza, and which was postponed on account of illness, will positively be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse next Tuesday afternoon at 3:15. The same brilliant programme will be given and seats are now obtainable at the box-office of the theatre.

Mme. Simone has won a New York success in Bernstein's "The Thief," though it was her first essay in speaking English on the stage. Enthusiasts who had heralded Mme. Simone as a new Bernhardt did her no service. The actress is far from being a great tragedienne, but she is a capable actress of finished method. Her work is contrasted with that of Margaret Illington in the same rôle, and said to be much less emotional yet quite as effective.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—And so you are going to be my son-in-law? *He*—By Jove! I hadn't thought of that!—*The Tatler.*

He—I dreamt that I proposed to a pretty girl last nigbt. *She*—Well, go on! Wbat did I say?—*Sydney Bulletin.*

He—Ob, but you mustn't blame me for my ancestors, you know. *She*—I don't. I blame them for you.—*Boston Transcript.*

Clinton—I suppose your little ones ask you many embarrassing questions? *Clubleigh*—Yes, tbey are just like their motber.—*Boston Transcript.*

Quiet-Spoken Customer—You keep everything for tbe piano, don't you? *Salesman*—Yes, sir. We do, sir. *Quiet-Spoken Customer*—Give me an axe!—*Puck.*

He—I told your father I could not live witbout you. *She*—And wbat did be say? *He*—Ob, be offered to pay my funeral expenses.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Maw," asked Jobnny, "wbo is 'Old Probabilities'?" "Don't you know?" Mrs. Lapsling said. "He's tbe man who casts the gyroscope of the weatber."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Dolce—Your dogs are fighting upstairs? *Scherzo*—No; tbat is my husband. He is an opera singer, and is practicing the rôle of Mime in "Siegfried."—*Musical Courier.*

"I asked your husband last evening if be had bis life to live over again if be would marry you, and be said he certainly would." "He certainly wouldn't."—*Honston Post.*

Hospital Attendant—Heavens! How did you manage to run over six men?. *Motorist*—I started for the bospital with one, and killed the rest on the way.—*Town Topics.*

The Stranger—Is there a good criminal lawyer in your town? *The Native*—Wall, everybody thinks we've got one, but tbey aint been able to prove it on bim.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Mother, I'm going to give a chafing-dish party." "Very well. I'll prepare some sandwicbes. You'll all be bungry after you get through trying to cook."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Sparker—Speeder is a tender-hearted guy. *Plugge*—Is, eh? *Sparker*—Yes; when be sees he's got to run over a man he tbrows away his cigar, so as to lighten the machine as mucb as possible.—*New York Globe.*

"Your nephew is a college graduate, isn't be?" "Yes," confessed Honest Farmer Hornbank; "but, in justice to the college, I'll own up that be had no sense beforehand."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

"When I marry," said the girl, "I am not going to marry a man who drinks, smokes, plays cards, or wbo belongs to a club. Still, I want bim to have a good time." "Where?" he asked.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

"What's the trouble with you and your fiancé? Is he jealous?" "Well, he isn't exactly jealous, but he's what you might call old-fashioned. He doesn't want me to be engaged to anybody else."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"You must take exercise," said the pbysician. "Tbe motor-car in a case like yours gives the best exercise tbat——" "But, doctor, I can't afford to keep a motor-car," tbe patient growled. "Don't buy; just dodge tbem!" said the other.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

"I bardly know enougb to class tbis tablet," said the Egyptologist, studying the object. "As nearly as I can decipher the inscription, it is a set of instructions as to what to do the next morning after a royal banquet in order to restore tbe physical system to the normal." "Tbat's a headacbe tablet," decided tbe assistant.—*Chicago Evening Post.*



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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California in and for the City aod County of Sao Francisco.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, Plaiotiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

Actioo brougbt in the Superior Court of tbe State of California in and for the City and Couoty of San Francisco, aod the complaiot filed in the office of the county clerk of said city and county.

The Pcople of tbe State of California seod greeting to: CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendaot.

You arc hereby required to appear in an actioo brougbt against you by tbe above named plaiotiff io the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaiot filed thereio within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of tbis summons, if served within this city and county; or if served elsewbere within thirty days.

Tbe said action is brougbt to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the boods of matrimooy now existing betweeo plaintiff and defeodant, oo the ground of defendant's desertioo, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to wbich special reference is hereby made.

And you are bereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, tbe said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded io the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the court for aoy other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, io and for the City and Couoty of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BUSH FINNELL, Attorney for Plaintiff, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, San Fraocisco, Cal.

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Semi-Annual Book Number.

In 1900 the *Argonaut* began the issue of semi-annual publishers' numbers, devoted largely to announcements of new and forthcoming books for general readers, reviews of notable volumes, and portraits of authors. With the exception of 1906, when disturbing influences affected nearly all customs in San Francisco, the idea has been sustained, with increasing interest and importance. This, the twenty-second special book number, is larger and more valuable than any that have preceded it. Its list of new and impending publications embraces 1478 titles, classified under nineteen department headings. Fiction leads, of course, with 320 titles, though Books for the Young (most of which are also stories) follows closely with 242. There are 112 new volumes of Biography and Reminiscence, and 108 of Travel and Description. Holiday Gift Books number 116 offerings, and there are 89 titles under Poetry and Drama. In spite of the fact that many technical works are omitted, the list as a whole, is, we believe, the largest and most accurately compiled classification published of worthy new books. The general reader will find that it commends itself to his use. Many of the books newly come from the presses are reviewed, and the collection of authors' portraits is comprehensive and distinctive. Sixteen of the leading publishers of America are represented in the advertising columns of the number.

All this, with special articles, literary correspondence from London and Paris, and miscellany, is in addition to the usual contents of the *Argonaut,* as no departments are crowded out to make room for the latest news of the publishing world. It is a satisfaction to be able to say that all the work on this forty-page number, with the exception of the story and one essay, has been done by the regular *Argonaut* staff, and the mechanical part without extra help by the *Argonaut* composing-room force.

Los Angeles and Her "Jolt."

Not even a sincere sympathy with the embarrassments of a worthy and respected neighbor can nullify the *Argonaut's* sense of humor respecting the blue funk into which Los Angeles has suddenly fallen. Here is a community which for a period of years has regarded San Francisco not indeed without sympathy for her variegated sorrows, but always from the standpoint of superior virtue, not untinged with a complacent self-consciousness of better fortunes. When pestilence menaced us, Los Angeles saw all the humor there was, and some more, in our rat-killing crusade. When the whips of graft and the scorpions of anti-graft scourged us, Los Angeles gave us that species of pity which is close kin to contempt. When McCarthy was elected, Los Angeles, while cordially sympathetic, in one breath extended her condolence and devoutly thanked God that she was not as other cities. When strikes and lockouts and the manifold evils of an arrogant unionism afflicted us, Los Angeles gave us her sympathy in terms which emphasized the fact that the regular operations of business, so far as she was concerned, were undisturbed. In brief, Los Angeles, while entirely generous and kindly, as we gratefully remember, in the hour when we were forced in the anguish of disaster to cry out for help, has unfailingly made the most and the worst of our troubles. Especially in all matters related to politics, she has seen the evil of our ways, nor has she failed to mark the contrasts of our social degeneracies with her own churchly habits. She has even assumed in her dealings with the world a monopoly of all the charms and advantages of our glorious climate, and she has appropriated as an exclusive possession so much of our cherished traditions as could be made to harmonize with the decorous standards and habits formed upon Middle Western conceptions and ideals.

But Los Angeles has had a jolt. In the very crisis of a criminal prosecution elaborately staged in exploitation of her civic virtues, Los Angeles has given to a socialistic candidate for the mayoralty, to one somewhat ironically bearing the name of Harriman, a plurality of 3367 votes in a hotly contested primary election. San Francisco, disciplined in misfortune, might have taken such a result calmly if not with resignation; but upon Los Angeles the blow has fallen with a disconcerting vehemence. Even at this distance we get painful suggestions of apprehension and alarm—we hear the echoes, so to speak, of a profound roar which fills not only the settled portions of Los Angeles, but the arroyas, mountain tops, and waste places which form the greater part of her civic jurisdiction. Los Angeles is indeed in a blue funk; and there is a hurrying and scurrying against the deluge which may be averted by "getting together" in next month's election. Animosities long cherished are giving way, one of the serio-comic developments of the time being a series of makings-up between ancient enemies across various and more or less bloody chasms. It is a cold hour in these anxious days in the city of the angels when some old feud is not bridged by a melodramatic handshaking process under the inspirations of lemon-squash or orangeade or whatever other substitute may be made to serve for the real thing in our virtuous sister city. Mayor Alexander, whose name only yesterday was anathema to half of the self-respecting people of Los Angeles, is all of a sudden become a creature of light and leading, whom everybody not infected with socialism is more than delighted to honor. There goes on apace an excited effort to "get out the vote," and we are quite ready to believe the report that the anti-woman suffrage league has organized a scouting service to escort to the polls that new element in the political sphere which only a little time back was exploited as a menace to the order and integrity of society. The spirit of good-will is being so earnestly invoked that we shall expect upon visiting Los Angeles next week to be bidden to dine with Otis and Earl, with even Sammy Clover not left out of the deal. All of which leads us to wonder if the mere possibility of a socialistic mayor may so invigorate the spirit of brotherly love, what might be expected from the election of the all-harmonizing Harriman.

In all seriousness, isn't Los Angeles getting precisely what was coming to her? Is it altogether a bad thing that Los Angeles should bave in this hard jolt a suggestion of what must naturally, logically, inevitably follow that species of political joy-ride in which she has been indulging herself during the past two years? Los Angeles has made herself a centre of agitations for novelties and quackeries in the political sphere. Her people, or a majority of them, have cut loose from tradition, given the lie to experience, have spat in the face of counsel, and have defied fate. They have given their votes for abandonment of the principles which lie at the foundation of our system. They have assumed that there are better standards than those of the law for sustaining the responsibilities of government. They have supported a stupid theory which would destroy fundamental institutions for the sake of correcting minor faults in practice. They have so agitated the public mind, so broken down respect for tradition and authority, so violated all precepts of judgment and abandoned all motives of caution, as to have lost—great numbers of them—all sense of proportion, all instinct of conservatism. A city which votes overwhelmingly to emasculate the constitution and to destroy the foundations of representative institutions is not overmuch to be pitied when she gets an unpleasant dose of her own medicine. The hope is that it will do her good.

There is, we think, no serious danger of the election of a socialistic mayor in Los Angeles next month. Out of a total of eighty and odd thousand registered votes only about forty-five thousand were polled; and of these the socialistic candidate got approximately five thousand less than half. The local practice, fortunately, eliminates all but the two highest candidates, which in the coming election narrows down the contest to two names—Harriman representing socialism and Alexander representing conservatism. Unhappily, Alexander is a weak man, and it is undoubtedly true that a considerable part of Harriman's primary vote [illegible] last

in resentment of his candidacy. But in the present posture of affairs—with the issue sharply drawn—it is unthinkable that preferences and animosities on the part of conservative-minded men—and women—shall be permitted to dictate a result which all excepting the fanatical and the reckless would deplore. There is, we think, hardly a doubt of Mr. Alexander's election in December.

The President's Doubts.

Mr. Taft's frank declaration at Chicago was hardly needed to call the result of next year's election into question. That Mr. Taft will be the nominee of his own party is a practical assurance. Probably he will be elected, since the party is in the majority in most of the northern states and since a presidential contest tends to recall even the dissatisfied to a sense of party obligation. Few are willing in a presidential election to throw away their votes, and the prospect of probable success will combine with the advantage of regularity to win for Mr. Taft a wide support, even among those who now openly prefer a new deal.

While it may be admitted that Mr. Taft is not in the present posture of affairs as fortunately placed as he was in 1908, his personal qualification is infinitely better than it was then. He is not now, as then, a promoted candidate. Whatever of uncertainty may have existed as to his temperamental or other qualifications for the office has been dissipated by time and events. The fixed record of his achievements is an impressive one; and while his failures have been notable—and failure always tends more or less to discredit a man in authority—they are not of a kind to involve him in serious criticism. For example, he won his point in his own country in the fight for reciprocity; and it was quite beyond his jurisdiction or the boundaries of his influence that the cause was ultimately lost. The public understands all this, and will therefore not hold it seriously against Mr. Taft that a project upon which he staked the credit of his administration came in the end to nullity. On the positive side, it is to be said for Mr. Taft that despite the circumstances surrounding his first election he has been definitely his own man, that he has cleared up the embarrassments and confusions which he found permeating the whole administrative system when he took office, that he has pursued a legitimately progressive policy without overriding or nullifying the law, that he has shown a firm hand in dealing with recalcitrants and mischief-makers, that he has been a firm friend of worthy subordinates even when under fire, that he has pursued abuses courageously and vigorously, that he has sustained the standards of the presidential office in its best traditions. At the same time, he has held a high individual respect abroad and at a time marked by universal political disturbances has fully sustained the repute and honor of the United States in the wide sphere of world affairs. All these considerations are bound to be emphasized in the fierce light which beats upon presidential candidacy, and the more they are discussed the better for the fortunes of Mr. Taft.

The only point at which Mr. Taft is likely to be condemned by men of sober thought is that of his failure to adjudge discreetly the character and qualifications of men. Plainly he has not made himself strong in his official environment. Not at any time has he had a strong Cabinet. Mr. Knox, instead of representing a strong personal force, has been practically out of sight during the nearly three years he has been Secretary of State. A man of the first class—Mr. Choate or some other such distinguished and worthy figure—would in the secretaryship of state have created an atmosphere of high credit to the administration. And so all down the line of departmental authority. At no point has Mr. Taft's administrative organization, generally respectable as it has been, reflected high talent, not to mention administrative genius. The President has not in his official family had the support of one brilliant or commanding figure. But Mr. Taft has been conspicuously diligent, open and honest; and these virtues will count heavily on the credit side with the individual voter.

It is plain that here and there conspicuous Republicans have definitely broken with the President. Senator La Follette is not likely to support Mr. Taft under any circumstances, and it is possible, even probable, that he may carry Wisconsin out of the Republican column. But nowhere else do we see a situation in the Republican party that is subject to organized revolt. Senator Cummins of Iowa is not for Taft; but his state will hardly follow the banner of insurrection, and even Mr. Cummins himself in the final round-up will probably be for the party candidate. In our own State of California Governor Johnson is openly antagonistic to Taft; but it is unthinkable that he will be able to control enough votes to give the state to the Democrats. Mr. Roosevelt is not friendly to Taft; but we venture the propbecy that in the stress of the campaign his propensity to party regularity and his keen sense of self-interest will bring him to counsel his admirers and followers to sustain the party candidate.

Everything will depend upon whom the Democrats may nominate. Wilson, who now appears as the man most likely to attract progressive Republican support, is already losing ground. He has not the consideration of one whose successes have been gained in the sphere of practical affairs. Under the stress of a preliminary and prospective candidacy he betrays weaknesses certain to impress the country to his disadvantage. Harmon, a much stronger man, one whom the party ought to nominate, is opposed in a determined way by the more radical elements of his party, and is not likely to command success in a convention working under the two-thirds principle. Speaker Clark, the only other conspicuous Democratic figure—the probable nominee in the present look of affairs—is a mediocre man, hardly likely to create enthusiasm outside the lines of old-fashioned Democracy or to win votes in the traditionally Republican states.

There remains one other element in the situation whose force is not subject to analysis because it is not yet defined or even declared. "Big business" has become a good deal incensed against Mr. Taft because of the activity of his political managers. It is felt as a grievance in many quarters that the President has permitted Mr. Wickersham and Mr. Hitchcock to employ the executive powers to ends which might more surely have been secured without offense to individuals and without still further augmenting the distrust which has gone so far to destroy the confidence essential in the business life of the country. The movement against the United States Steel Corporation is a case in point. But there is another side to this phase of the situation. Beyond a doubt these prosecutions are gratifying to the non-professional element in progressive politics. They will strengthen Mr. Taft with the large element which, worthily or otherwise, enjoys the spectacle of "big business" on the grill. And even the promoters of big business, loudly as they cry out just now, are not likely to see any advantage in the election of Mr. Clark or Mr. Wilson or any other probable Democratic nominee over Mr. Taft.

The situation is indeed one of some confusion; and Mr. Taft exhibits judgment as well as candor in his publicly declared doubts. But viewing the matter broadly, we see no reason for serious discouragement. What we do see very plainly is the necessity for the strengthening of Mr. Taft's Cabinet and for the elimination of certain advisers and agents who have impressed the country rather with their capacity for maladroit intrigue rather than for high-minded sincerity of purpose or capacity in the organization of legitimate political forces.

A Plague on Them All!

A good many years ago there lived for a time in California a man possessed of the Christ spirit and endowed above and beyond others of his day with the gift of tongues. Love, gentleness, and all the graces inspired and regulated his life. He labored in health and in sickness for the welfare of his kind. In him there was no vice of uncharitableness, no canker of self-interest. He overcame weakness with resolution that he might add service to service and give to the world new messages of inspiration, new examples of fortitude. And when at last, after untold sufferings, he passed from the mystery of life to the mystery of death, it was felt by sensitive minds and hearts everywhere that a great light had gone out of the world.

Somewhere in the course of his pilgrimage this man fell in with a woman who, if she lacked some of the graces of individual refinement, still had the power of sympathy and the understanding to feel and respond to the needs of this wondrous man. He married her, and all the world knows the tender regard in which he held her to the last hour of his life. He gave her not only his love, but he held his genius in leash to the end that he might, associating her name with his own, give to the mediocre work of her pen a character which it might never claim by its own unaided laborings. He took her son by a former marriage to his rare heart and endowed him with a vicarious glory. The interest of a family group into which marriage had brought him he made his own without limit.

From the hour of the death of this amazing man until now, some twenty years or more, the group whom he thus enriched has before the face of the world been contending, even squabbling, over the garments of his fame. Whatever of him and his life could be remembered or imagined has been worked up into syndicated letters or clapped into pasteboards and sold for whatever could be got for it. Family contentions and scandals have sought to gild over their vulgarity by dragging in his almost sacred name. Greed and vanity have vied with each other as to which should go furthest in associating an immortal memory with a vulgar atmosphere. The latest development is an attempt on the part of one relative by marriage to prohibit or discredit the outgivings of a discarded wife of another relative by marriage in a sordid effort to make new merchandise out of old memories or new inventions.

A plague on them all! Those who loved the gentle spirit gone before, those who revere the sweetest and rarest genius of his age, are weary to disgust of this whole wretched business. If there were in these hangers-on upon the skirts of an undying fame a grain of sensibility or modesty they would feel the contempt and resentment of decent men and sink out of the public view in humiliation and shame. A plague on them all!

Italy in Tripoli.

If a homely colloquialism may be allowed, the Italians seem to have bitten off rather more than they can chew. It was a comparatively easy matter to send an army of 40,000 men across four hundred miles of water, to bombard and capture the city of Tripoli, and to perform the usual ceremonies of hauling one flag down and another flag up. The proceedings should have been both safe and final. Turkey has an almost invincible army, but it might as well be in the moon for all the good it can do, since there are no transports to carry it to the scene of operations and it could not be allowed to cross the neutral territory of Egypt. The Turkish garrison in Tripoli was insignificant, and so there seemed to be nothing in the way of complete and instant success. The world expected to witness a piece of speedy and triumphant brigandage and then to resume its momentarily interrupted discussion of the blessings of arbitration and the beneficence of The Hague Tribunal.

But it seems that the Italians reckoned without the Arabs. To understand the situation it is necessary to remember that Tripoli is about the size of France and Germany combined, that with the exception of a few small spots of civilization upon the Mediterranean coast it is one vast desert. The desert is inhabited by hordes of fierce Arabs of the same breed as those who took Khartoum and who destroyed army after army sent against them from Egypt. Mounted upon swift camels they navigate the sands with marvelous accuracy and extract a living as only Arabs can do. It is these terrible warriors who are now taking a hand in the game. Nominally subjects of Turkey, they are attracted to the fray less by patriotism than by religious fervor, for Mohammedanism levels all frontiers and binds all its followers into one united family. The Arabs are fighting because the head of their faith, the Sultan of Turkey, has ordered them to fight. That they would cease fighting under the same behest is by no means certain.

So far they have fought to some purpose. The military news censorship in Tripoli is strict, but it seems certain that they have inflicted a heavy defeat upon the Italians and that the invaders have now been forced back to the inner defenses and with nothing but the sea behind them. Reports speak of heavy Italian losses, and while disasters never shrink in the telling it is certain that the fighting would be desperate and murderous. Official reports from Italy may be taken with the customary grain of salt. Similar reports were issued at the time of the Abyssinian trouble, and we know that there the ruin was appalling. The Italian government is aware that it may choose between success in Tripoli or revolution at home, and there will be no lack of roseate reports unless the facts become overwhelming.

The ugliest part of the whole business is the suspicion that inhuman cruelties have been practiced by the Italian soldiers upon the natives of Tripoli. The

war that is not inhuman has yet to be heard of, but civilization has at least declared a certain immunity for women and children. And it is hard to doubt that women and children have been massacred wholesale in Tripoli. English newspaper correspondents who claim to have been eye witnesses are positive upon this point, and presumably their sympathies would tend toward the Italians and not toward the Arabs. European refugees are now arriving at Malta, and they are unanimous upon the point. They, too, assert that they saw the horror and that the soldiers received carte blanche to kill any one and every one suspected of hostile feelings. The proof of these charges will bind a heavy burden of shame upon Italy, a burden that she will carry for many a long year. The Turks themselves in their war with Greece did nothing like this.

It is hard to believe that Italy can conquer Tripoli against the hostility of the Arabs and in the face of a Holy War. It took England sixteen years to conquer the Soudan with Egypt for a base and with the Nile for a route. France, at the moment, is resting beside her guns in Morocco, and she has native support, but she knows that the Arabs are not conquered. Spain is still smarting from disaster at the same hands, and we ourselves have learned not to underrate the Moslem warrior of the Philippines. Italy may succeed in holding the city of Tripoli, but even under the best conditions it will be a long time before an Italian will dare to show his face beyond the city. But above all else is the ever present danger that the whole Mohammedan world, one-sixth part of the human race, will call upon the solidarity which is the fruit of its faith to resist the aggression and the confiscation that have been its portion at the hands of its Christian neighbors.

Novels and Short Stories.

It is said that every novelist in the English-speaking world has contributed at least one work of fiction to this year's list, and the list itself is cited in confirmation. Never before was there such prodigious activity among the fiction makers. We must suppose either that the majority of the authors are willing to write for the smallest remuneration or that the novel-reading public is reading more than it ever did before. Perhaps the truth lies half way between the two theories.

Only the most placable of critics can observe the results without pessimism. On the one hand we have the dead levels of mediocrity. On the other hand are the lower levels of nastiness, prurience, and the evil brood that may be classed under the name of problem novels. There are, of course, some few notable and shining stories that stand out like oases in the desert, but they may be counted almost upon the fingers of one hand. Also there are some few honest stories of romantic adventure well and truthfully told, and some of the lesser novels, while without a ray of genius, are yet based upon wholesome and universal sentiment and are good to read. The sociologist of the future will wander wonderingly through the fiction of today and he may mercifully decide that we could not have been quite so bad as we seemed.

But on the whole the short story is a greater offender than the novel, and unfortunately the short story is still in the heyday of its popularity. To a great extent the short story in its present form is an expression of the weariness of the day that is incapable of the continuity of attention demanded even by the weakest novel. But it is more than this. It is an expression also of the profligacy of the day that demands the arousing of some evil animal passion as a counter irritant to greed and cupidity. Its animating theory is the repudiation of restraint and the glorification of gratified impulse. It assumes that the attainment of pleasure, and usually of a vicious and passionate pleasure, is the aim of life and the justification of every evil course. The short story might easily have become one of the most powerful agencies for good that the human mind has ever produced. It has been made a vehicle for general debauchery. Its writers no longer try to express themselves. Their only ambition is to express and to aggravate the lusts of the majority.

To see how true this is we have but to glance at some of our most popular weeklies and monthlies. During the last few years their progress has been an undeviating descent into hell. Their dominant note has become that of animal passion, and their only restraint is the fear of police interference or exclusion from the mails. And why that fear has so far been ill-founded it is hard to say. A serious and responsible report upon social conditions by a scientific body and mailed only to selected persons is suppressed by the postoffice. A novel or a short story that is a direct and unblushing appeal to pruriency, that is frankly and shamelessly indecent, is advertised and sold all over the country without let or hindrance. And the novel may leave behind it a trail of poison from which unborn generations will suffer. It is certainly an amazing commentary upon the intelligence of the day that we should be able to work ourselves into a vacuous-minded frenzy over public drinking cups and insanitary towels, over cigarettes and cocktails, and should be placidly indifferent to the nasty story. The body must on no account be polluted, but the richest of all literary rewards are reserved for the author who can most successfully pollute the mind.

The excuses that are made are almost too transparent for refutation. Literary art, we are told, must deal with the facts of life. That is true enough. It is true of all art. But are we then to suppose that the facts of life chosen by the literary artist must always be the unclean and the ugly facts of life. Are we to assume that life is represented by the divorce courts, by marital infidelities, by unbridled lusts, by naked and unashamed passions, and by the miseries that follow them. What should we think of the picture gallery that contained nothing but picture of sewers, drains, gutters, and garbage cans? All these things may have their place in art, but they are not art in themselves unless they are used to emphasize a contrast. But there is no contrast in the indecency of modern fiction. It is indecent for the sake of being indecent. Its intention is to be indecent and to make indecency of life seem a desirable thing. It is indecent because it pays to be indecent and to cater for the devil in human nature. In a recent issue of a popular magazine there were five short stories by popular authors. All of them were prurient. All of them were calculated to lessen the forces of self-control. If the grosser forms of indulgence constitute a problem, it is a problem intensified and made more malignant by the fiction that describes it.

There is another class of short story that perhaps is still more pernicious because it lacks even the wretched parody of romance and sentiment that is used to gild the problem novel. It glorifies dishonesty instead of passion, and its hero is a thief instead of a rake. Week after week we are invited to applaud some bit of successful cunning, some clever piece of chicanery, some triumphant exploit of rascality. To "get rich quick" is the one ideal of these stories, and to get rich not by adding to the wealth of the nation, but by processes best described as swindling within the law.

There is of course no remedy for the debasement of fictional literature except an elevation of popular standards. It is not a disease in itself. It is the symptom of a disease. The disease itself is the defiance of moral restraints that shows itself quite as much in profligate legislation as in profligate literature. The insurgent forces of human nature have been invited to break down the barriers imposed by traditional decency and to defy the old sanctions of good behavior. The results are class hatreds and political debauchery upon one side and a profligate literature upon the other. The powers of license have invaded the field from all points.

Two Aviators.

The past week will be marked in red upon the aviation calendar, and not wholly metaphorically, seeing that Professor Montgomery was killed at San Jose. The other great event was the flight from Atlantic to Pacific of Galbraith P. Rodgers. The public received the varied news with equanimity and even with apathy. Death and success are now among the commonplaces of aviation and the expected never surprises.

The cause of the calamity to Professor Montgomery has still to be precisely determined. He was trying a new invention and therefore, in a sense, he was among the perils of the pioneer. That is a factor that ought to be reckoned with, but that never is reckoned with, by those who forecast the disappearance of aviation dangers. Some of our experts have recently enumerated the causes of disaster and have attempted to show how they may be avoided. But they have fallen into the fallacy of supposing that the airship is now a piece of completed mechanism and that safety can always be found in care and intelligence. No doubt a relative safety could be found in care and intelligence if the present mechanism were a fixed factor. But it is not. Many such men as Montgomery are trying ceaselessly not only to improve it, but to apply new principles. Experiment is the only test and to experiment is to court death. Experience with the present types has, no doubt, greatly lessened the dangers, but the inventive pioneer deliberately puts the safeguards of experience upon one side. No one can doubt that the airship has innumerable improvements and modifications ahead of it, and we shall be fortunate if every such important change does not mean a death, or even many deaths.

There is no reason to detract from the achievement of Mr. Rodgers because no immediate practical value seems to attach to it. It is true enough that a man on a bicycle might have made the journey somewhat more quickly. If we are to ask every pioneer for dividend coupons we may as well close up our scientific laboratories and sneer at the astronomer who discovers a new comet. Knowledge and power are useful because they are knowledge and power, and not because they can be turned into money or minister to our luxuries. The fact remains that Rodgers has flown from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a feat that no one would have dared to suggest twenty years ago. Whether some one else will presently be able to race a train instead of a bicycle across the continent is a secondary matter. One thing at least is certain: If we possessed any considerable number of men with the courage, the patience and the resourcefulness of Rodgers the country and the world would advance somewhat more rapidly than at present.

Unionism Versus Progress.

An argument long urged in behalf of the Isthmian Canal, one largely effective in stimulating interest in this enterprise and in promoting its acceptance by the government, is the need of the Pacific states for population. We have here a wonderful country inadequately peopled. Our valleys and our hillsides call imperatively for busy hands. We have looked forward to facilities to be afforded by the canal to supply this crying need; and the day of deliverance seems near at hand.

But now comes the San Francisco Labor Council, representing the principle of unionism, not in its normal and legitimate phases, but in its restrictive character, objecting to the prospective incoming of new population by way of the canal as "a menace to the wageworkers of California." The idea seems to be that new population instead of stimulating every department and avenue of community interest will in some obscure manner hurt those who work for a living—as all of us do. The incident sheds an interesting light upon the mind and spirit of unionism as it finds expression through its central organization in San Francisco.

What, we wonder, would be thought by the labor unionists of a proposition on the part of the bankers, merchants, and manufacturers of San Francisco to limit the incoming of capital and industrial energy on the ground that it would disturb the conditions of business in San Francisco and California and so break up a narrow monopoly enjoyed by those now on the ground?

Editorial Notes.

It would have been unfortunate for San Francisco if Tuesday's election had been allowed to show any relaxation of the determined spirit that placed Mr. Rolph in the mayoralty chair. It is evident that there has been no such relaxation and that the election of the mayor was based not upon personal grounds, but upon a resolve that the city and all its departments shall be governed by responsible decency rather than in the domineering interests of a class and by methods offensive to good citizenship. Mr. Rolph has now a clear course ahead of him. His hands are free for the task of good government, and he can set out with every assurance of public confidence. During the next four years he will have an administrative and legislative support congenial to himself and representative of the best elements of city life. Tuesday's election was an augury of success and of prosperity for San Francisco.

General Nelson A. Miles comes out strong against an effort making by Tammany Hall to get its grip on the New York state militia. "I can not," he says, "imagine anything more injurious to the National Guard than that it should become a subject to the intrigue, caprice, or spoliation of professional politicians." There is indeed only one worse possibility, and that is for the militia to fall into a position where its fortunes are dependent upon the will of radical labor unionism. Political control of the militia would indeed limit its usefulness. But unionistic control would destroy it altogether.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Mr. Maeterlinck has grieved his many humanitarian friends by his suggestion that "science" be empowered to end the lives of those who are hopelessly diseased. Before voting for this proposition we should like to have some definition of "science." We should also like to know what are the diseases that are hopeless, and the qualifications of those who say that they are hopeless. It has seemed to some of us that the fledgling medico with the ink still wet upon his diploma has been already sufficiently empowered by the law without giving him further authority to "put people out of their pain" at his own sweet and irresponsible will. And popular writers usually include the fledgling in their conceptions of "science." But Mr. Maeterlinck should know better. He should know that even the hopelessly diseased have a right to such life as they can retain and to a word as to its artificial termination. They can terminate it themselves if they wish to, but the spectacle of the doctor with his alternative possibilities as executioner would not be an exhilarating one at the sick bed, especially after a suspected interview downstairs with the beneficiaries under one's will.

Reports from Berlin say that Herr Siegfried Wagner has attracted some unfavorable comments by his heated attacks upon Herr Richard Strauss. Herr Wagner should, of course, moderate the transports of his wrath, however justifiable the wrath in itself may be, but possibly a sober second thought may find some excuse even for such an assault as that of Herr Wagner. The son of the great composer says that Strauss has written for intellectual degenerates, that his music is full of poisonous miasmas and unhealthy vapors, that it makes the theatre impure, and that it is a sin against humanity. Herr Wagner believes also that his father would turn in his grave if he knew about "Salomé." We can only hope that he does not know about "Salomé," but we can hardly doubt that he would resent fiercely the degeneracy in music that bids fair to be as pronounced as the corruption of literature. There is no reason why a public that revels in pruriency so far as the novel is concerned should ask anything higher than pruriency of music or the drama. The reader of the popular modern novel would naturally be attuned to "Salomé" and its filthy dance. Those who enjoy "Salomé" would naturally be attuned to the modern novel.

Mr. Balfour, at one time prime minister of England, has a complaint to make against the journalistic practice of embellishing the stories of the day. He relates that at one time he lent a hand in launching a boat intended to rescue some boys who had drifted out to sea. The story went the round of the newspaper press, but, like Sam Weller's mother-in-law, it "swelled visibly." Its final form was a Japanese version describing how he "swam two miles with two boys on his back."

The biography of the late Duke of Devonshire relates an interview between the English statesman, who was then comparatively young, and Abraham Lincoln. The narrative contains so many misstatements to the square inch that it would be impossible to compress it without squeezing some of them out of sight. Here is the extract from the diary:

Seward took me and Mr. Rose to the President, who was also very civil, and also told us stories. I said I supposed we had come at a bad time to see the country, and he said, "Well, he guessed we couldn't do them much harm." I never saw such a specimen of a Yankee in my life. I should think he was a very well-meaning sort of a man, but almost every one says, about as fit for his position now as a fire-shovel. He didn't talk much about the war, and I suppose that Seward did much as he liked with him.

But if Lord Hartington—as he was then called—misjudged Lincoln he was by no means misjudged by Lincoln, as the following paragraph from the biography will show:

"He said, in a sort of soliloquy," Sir John Rose told Hartington, "that if you belonged to their country you would soon be in the 'front row' in some presidential caucus, but as the Old Country didn't 'own to' that kind of arrangement, he predicted that if he lived ten years he would hear of your having about as prominent a position there as standing on the top rung of the ladder could give you with them."

Lincoln was prophetic as ever. Hartington did reach the top rung, and he achieved the further distinction of being the only man on record who was ever known to yawn during the delivery of his own speech. When the feat was subsequently pointed out to him he said: "Did I? Well, I suppose it was very dull."

The Tuareg Arabs, who are now imparting a dash of color to the proceedings of the Italian army in Tripoli, are said to be descendants of the Christian crusaders who tried to free the Holy Sepulchre from the grasp of the Turk some eight hundred years ago. The crusading armies naturally left numbers of their followers behind them in the form of prisoners, wounded, and camp followers. Those who survived remained in the desert, presumably because they could not get away, and so became incorporated with the wandering hordes of the Sultan's soldiers. A few generations would witness a complete transformation from Christian soldiers into Mohammedan Arabs, and so today we have the Tuaregs, distinct enough as a tribe, and yet identified with the other nomads in customs, religion, and loyalty. But it is a curiously ironical feature of the situation that the descendants of the Christian crusaders should now be the fiercest of the Mohammedan enemies to be encountered by Christian Italy in this the latest of Christian assaults upon the impenitent Moslem.

If we were to read in some ancient work on medicine that the fumes from rotting maggots were a sure cure for consumption we should class the prescription among the relics of a barbarous superstition. We should liken it to such remedies as crushed spiders to be taken in vinegar or the skin of a toad to be eaten at the full moon. But the rotten maggot cure may be said to be almost an established fact, or at least the experiment is an established fact and with all the lustre of scientific recognition. A "maggotorium" is about to be opened in England, and the treatment will consist of the inhalation of the noisome fumes from insects usually associated with corruption in its most offensive forms. It is said that many cures have been already effected and hope runs high among the sufferers. The medicines of our forefathers were often of a repulsive kind, but some of their prescriptions were of a distinctly pleasing kind and their efficacy received as many testimonials as do their counterparts today. For example, there was the cure by currants. All you had to do was to eat two quarts of currants a day and await recovery, which was said to be nearly certain. The currant cure was followed by the watercress cure and this also had its enthusiastic adherents. Now comes the maggotorium, which is a distinct descent into nastiness, but it is a curious fact that nastiness often inspires confidence, and perhaps confidence is half the battle.

Readers of recent reports from China will be reminded of the Biblical incident where the Israelites required a suspected enemy to pronounce the word "Shibboleth." If the pronunciation was not according to Murray the foreign nationality was thereby betrayed and the victim paid for his error with his life. In the same way the Chinese at Hankow required their captives to say the word "six" in Chinese. Only good Chinamen can do this. Manchus are unable to acquire the correct pronounciation and a failure meant instant death. It is to be feared that most of us would have had a short shrift in Hankow, for who among us can say the word "six" in good Chinese?

Lord Rosebery predicts that reading will soon be an universal appetite, but perhaps this is not a matter for undiluted gratification. So much depends on what one reads. We may remember, too, that some great men have looked askance upon the practice of reading and have even regarded it as antagonistic to the practice of thinking. Landor said in his old age that "the time I most regret is the time I have spent in reading. If I had read less I should be more original; learning in books is learning at second hand." Hazlitt used to say that reading became a task after he began to write, and Patmore says of Hazlitt that he never read the half of any work that he reviewed, "not even Scott's novels, of which he read more than of any other modern productions." It is certain that indiscriminate and omnivorous reading is unprofitable, and it would seem that some of the best minds have been nourished by reading a little of the greatest literature and reading it often.

A good many people looked up Previsa on the map as soon as it was known that the first shot in the Turco-Italian war had been fired there. But who remembered that it was at Previsa that Byron landed when he made his tour through Albania, and that there he began the second canto of "Childe Harold," which he finished at Smyrna. Byron was hospitably received at Previsa by the Pasha, or rather by his orders, for he himself was away besieging Ibrahim in Illyria. The poet was supplied with a house, horses, and everything that he needed, and without payment, a fact that doubtless assured for the enlightened Pasha a prolonged residence in Paradise.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Thorough yet drastic as his method was in ridding Loch Fad of pike, that he might stock it with trout, the operation employed by the Marquis of Bute must command the attention of anglers, whether owners of private grounds or not. He found that the pike were eating the trout as fast as they could be put in, and he undertook to make an end of them at one stroke by blasting the whole lake with gelignite. There were over 300 mines, some of which threw up columns of water seventy feet high. When the show was over nearly 10,000 pike were taken up stunned, and it is believed that a great number were killed. Now the stocking will once more proceed.

Mayor John K. Sague, of Poughkeepsie, New York, believes in the dignity of labor, and has just announced a plan which he believes will solve the tramp problem in his city. Hereafter all tramps who apply to the police for lodging and are accommodated will have to pay for the accommodation next day by helping clean up the town. He who refuses to work will be arrested as a vagrant and take chances on being sent to the penitentiary.

Mme. Curie's "radium palace" promises to be one of the most interesting buildings in the world. Foundations for it have just been laid at great depth in the Rue Pierre Curie, in southern Paris. All her laboratories will be located there, and she will carry on the researches which she began with her late husband. The building will be lined throughout with a thick layer of lead, which is impenetrable to radium rays.

Asbestos shingles are now being manufactured in this country with success, and the trade has grown enormously. The new products are of the lightest weight, and fireproof up to a temperature of 2000 and more degrees. They are proof against acids and weather, and last as long as a concrete building will.

French brier pipes are not made from the roots of the brier, but from the root of a white heath which attains a considerable size in the south of France, where it is sedulously cultivated for pipe-making purposes. The name is derived from the French bruyere, the dialect form of which is briere, meaning heath.

BALLADS OF BOOKS.

Burton's Anatomy.

A quaint old store of learning lies
In Burton's pleasant pages,
With long quotations that comprise
The wisdom of the ages.
'Tis strange to read him 'mid the crowd
And modern hurly-hurly;
The only author Johnson vowed
Could make him get up early.

He lived a solitary life,
He said "Mihi et musis,"
And put his rest from worldly strife
To very pleasant uses.
He wrote the book wherein we find
"All joys to this are folly,"
And naught to the reflective mind
"So sweet as melancholy."

How strangely he dissects his theme
In manner automatic;
He's earnest at one time, you deem,
Now decorously comic.
And most prodigiously he quotes,
With learning quite gigantic,
Or telling classic anecdotes,
Is pleasantly pedantic.

There's sterling sense in every page,
And shrewdest cogitation;
Your keen attention he'll engage,
And honest admiration.
If any man should vow to live
With but one book, he certain
To him could friendly fortune give
No better book than Burton.

He lies at rest in Christ's Church aisle,
With all his erudition;
The hieroglyphics make one smile,
That show his superstition.
His epitaph survives today,
As one "Cui vitam dedit
Et mortem Melancholia,"
So he himself has said it. —*Andrew Lang.*

My Books.

These are my books—a Burton old,
A Lamb arrayed against the cold
In polished dress of red and blue,
A rare old Elzevir or two,
And Johnson clothed in green and gold.

A Pope in gilded calf I sold,
To buy a Sterne of worth untold,
To cry, as bibliomaniacs do,
"These are my books!"

What though a Fate unkind hath doled
But favors few to me, yet bold
My little wealth abroad I strew,
To purchase acquisitions new,
And say by love of them controlled,
These are my books. —*Nathan M. Levy.*

A Book by the Brook.

Give me a nook and a book,
And let the proud world spin round;
Let it scramble by nook or by crook
For wealth or a name with a sound.
You are welcome to amble your ways,
Aspirers to place or to glory;
May big bells jangle your praise,
And golden pens blazon your story!
For me, let me dwell in my nook,
Here by the curve of this brook,
That croons to the tune of my book,
Whose melody wafts me forever
On the wave of an unseen river.
—*James Freeman Clarke.*

"Desultory Reading."

O finest essence of delicious rest!
To bid for some short space the busy mill
Of anxious, ever-grinding thought be still;
And let the weary brain and throbbing breast
Be by another's cooling hand caressed.
This volume in my hand I hold a charm
Which lifts me out of reach of wrong or harm.
I sail away from trouble; and, most blessed
Of every blessing, can myself forget;
Can rise above the instance low and poor
Into the mighty law that governs yet.
This hinged cover, like a well-hung door,
Shuts out the noises of the jangling day,
These fair leaves fan unwelcome thoughts away.
—*Anon.*

Books.

Sadly as if some mediæval knight
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,
The sword two-handed and the shining shield
Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,
While secret longings for the lost delight
Of tourney or adventure in the field
Came over him, and tears but half concealed
Trembled and fell upon his beard of white,
So I behold these books upon their shelf,
My ornaments and arms of other days;
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,
For they remind me of my other self,
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways
In which I walked, now clouded and confused.
—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

A Volume of Dante.

I lie unread, alone. None heedeth me.
Day after day the cobwebs are unswept
From my dim covers. I have lain and slept
In dust and darkness for a century.
An old forgotten volume I. You see!
Such mighty words within my heart are kept
That, reading once, great Ariosto wept
In vain despair so impotent to be.

And once, with pensive eyes and drooping head,
Musing, Vittoria Colonna came,
And touched my leaves with dreamy finger-tips,
Lifted me up half absently, and read;
Then kissed the page with sudden, tender lips,
And sighed, and murmured one beloved name.
—*Caroline Wilder Fellows.*

WILLIAM WINTER, GUEST OF HONOR.

Banquet Given by the Lotos Club to Celebrate the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of the Critic.

First on its list of festivities for the season was the honorary dinner given last Saturday evening by the Lotos Club in honor of William Winter, poet, essayist, and critic. Mr. Winter completed his seventy-fifth year in July, but the formal celebration planned in recognition of his anniversary was deferred until the summer had passed and the members of the club had more generally returned to town. More than two hundred members and their guests were present at the banquet. At the speakers' table with Mr. Winter sat Frank L. Lawrence, president of the club, Chauncey Depew, Judge Joseph F. Daley, vice-president of the Players' Club, St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, James S. Metcalfe, editor of *Life*, the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, William C. de Mille, the playwright, W. J. Henderson, and Henry T. Finck. Among well-known men in the long rows of diners were Chester S. Lord, Don C. Seitz, George Barr McCutcheon, Avery Hopgood, William Travers Jerome, J. H. Flagler, Robert S. Yard, C. C. Adams, Dr. Ralph Reitz, Colonel George C. Batcheller, and Jefferson Winter, son of the guest of honor. The souvenir dinner-card bore a medallion portrait of Mr. Winter, with the shadowy faces of Booth, Jefferson, Irving, and others in the background.

Age has changed Mr. Winter little, for though his hair and moustache are white, they have been so for years, and have made him a familiar figure in friendly circles and at the playhouses. His eyes are bright, his voice is clear, and his speech proved that his opinions are as firm as ever. President Lawrence, in proposing his health, declared that his recent articles on Shakespearean actors were evidence that he was at the zenith of his powers. "Though his career has been long and active, he is still a worker," said Mr. Lawrence, "and as Tennyson said on succeeding Wordsworth as poet laureate, his laurel is the greener for having adorned the brow of one who had uttered nothing base." Hearty applause followed his expression of the wish that the veteran writer might have many more years of usefulness, but the greatest demonstration of admiration and regard came when Mr. Winter rose to respond.

No dramatic critic has attacked modern destructive methods and tendencies in theatrical affairs so courageously and uncompromisingly as Mr. Winter, and it was to be expected that there would be little of optimism in his address, but he spoke briefly of the signs of the times that cause rational anxiety for the future. He said that he believed with Macaulay that "there is constant improvement, precisely because there is constant discontent," and that he had been a means of fomenting that discontent within the limits of his influence, and for his expressions he had incurred bitter reproach. At the close he was pleasingly reminiscent, and I quote two of his paragraphs:

"That wise, philosophic thinker, the great statesman Disraeli—a man whose figure looms larger as it recedes in the backward vista of Time—said of human life: 'Youth is a blunder; Manhood a struggle; Age a regret.' There is truth in that statement, and yet it is not wholly true. Youth lacks experience, and if it be not guided it sometimes goes astray; Manhood necessarily precipitates itself into strife, but Age, while it regrets, can also exult. There are joys as well as sorrows to be remembered, and it is a kind of triumph to know that the struggle is mostly behind us, that the work has mostly been done, that the record has mostly been made up. At seventy-five a man has found his level; has learned the vanity of human wishes; has learned patience and resignation, has learned to front the Great Darkness without fear, and, best of all, has learned to be charitable toward all human infirmity; has learned that affection is at once the rarest and the most precious possession in all the world.

"There is a difference between seventy-five and twenty-five; not as great a difference as twenty-five commonly supposes, but great enough to be remarked; yet it is only when I am haunted by memories of a distant past that the difference is realized by me. It was my fortune to enter very early upon active occupation and very early to obtain personal knowledge of distinguished individuals and interesting incidents and scenes, now historic; the stately figure and organ voice of Daniel Webster; the magnetic presence and thrilling eloquence of Rufus Choate; the persuasive oratory and triumphal progress of the Hungarian patriot Louis Kossuth; the preaching of Theodore Parker in his most militant days; Edward Everett's first delivery of his great oration on Washington; the acting of that marvelous genius, the elder Booth; Lemuel Shaw on the bench and Henry Giles in the lyceum; Charles Sumner, speaking for liberty in Faneuil Hall, and Wendell Phillips, pleading for humanity before the legislature of Massachusetts; the excitement that attended the coming of Rachel and the coming of Thackeray; the fireside companionship of Longfellow; the laying of the first Atlantic Ocean cable; the funeral train of John Quincy Adams, and that crucial campaign (in which I was an ardent and frequent speaker for Fremont and Dayton), the fortunate result of which, the election of Buchanan to the presidency of the republic, averted civil war for a period of four years."

Several spoke in praise and remembrance of Mr. Winter's work, among them St. Clair McKelway, Chauncey Depew, Judge Daley, and Mr. Metcalfe. His true American note, his reverence for the best in dramatic art and literature, and his unfailing support of every worthy effort, were asserted in varying terms, but with unanimity of feeling by those who had known him long and intimately. The stage has never had a wiser or saner critic, the theatre and the actor have never had a better friend. The secret of the fact that Mr. Winter won a reputation as the greatest of American dramatic critics is that he has always told the truth.

FLANEUR.

New York, November 1, 1911.

Fate and justice worked some peculiar pranks in the olden days. Sir Walter Raleigh, with the death sentence hanging over him for eighteen years, failing in his final voyage of discovery, returned to England and went cheerfully to the block. He left the Tower without the royal pardon in 1615. The adventurous but still condemned man had received permission to make another voyage to South America. If he should be successful in the outcome of his venture Raleigh knew the king's mercy would be granted him. But this last expedition, undertaken with such a vital interest at stake for Raleigh, was unfortunate in all its respects. At San Tomas, on the Cayenne River in Guiana, his men made a hostile attack upon a Spanish settlement. As England was then at peace with Spain, this act of war against the people of a friendly nation was a most grievous offense against the king. On October 29, 1618, he suffered death by the axe. Having fingered the edge, he returned it and said, smiling to the sheriff: "This is a sharp medicine, but it is a sound cure for all diseases."

Originally a tumbler was far from what it is today, and its true meaning has been lost in the many graceful forms in which it is to be seen. What a "tumbler" really is may be inferred from an extract from a gentleman's diary, written in 1803, which also throws light upon the social customs of the times. The entry is as follows: "Had a few friends to dinner. Tried my new tumbling-glasses. Very successful; all got drunk early." These tumbling-glasses, soon called "tumblers" for short, were made with a round or pointed bottom so that they could not be set down when they contained liquids without falling over and spilling their contents. They were made as a sort of joke to conduce to rapid drinking.

Mica mining in the Nellore district, India, though a highly profitable industry, is carried on practically as it was by the natives a hundred years ago. The mica vein is followed up by underhand stoping, which results in the production of tortuous, wormlike holes, sometimes extending to a depth of 300 feet below the surface. The mica excavated is brought to the surface by a string of coolies working hand over hand on rudely constructed bamboo ladders. On account of the accumulation of water during the night when work ceases, all sinking operations are delayed each morning for an hour or more while the water is being dipped out with buckets by coolies.

Practically all the wooden clocks called Dutch are made in the village of Freyburg, in the Black Forest. This misnomer is due to simple mispronunciation—"Deutsch" meaning, of course, German. Nothing is more natural than to assume that India ink comes from India, but it does not, and never did, any more than does India rubber. India ink is a Chinese product, and India rubber comes from South America. Camel's hair brushes are not made from the hair of camels, but from the hair of the tails of Russian and Siberian squirrels. Camel's hair is, however, employed in the manufacture of certain fabrics to be made into shawls, etc., and is sometimes mixed with silk.

Pioneer residents have inaugurated a movement to have a tablet placed in the new state capitol of Minnesota in memory of Joseph Rolette, who, in the early days saved the prestige of St. Paul. By act of legislature the capital of Minnesota was removed from St. Paul to the rival town of St. Peter, but the bill never was signed by the governor, for, during the last ten days of the session the bill was in custody of a committee of which "Joe" Rolette was a member, and he disappeared with the bill in his pocket. His disappearance with the bill rendered the act of the legislature void.

Germany has introduced an auto-plow for digging trenches during actual engagement, and it promises to play an important part hereafter in army circles. The new machine can do the work three times as speedily as men, besides saving immeasurable energy to an army. It requires but one operator and travels at about six miles an hour when going at top speed.

There is no Indian nation, and the nations of India differ, not only in interests, history, and tradition, but they differ in regard to race feeling, and there is strong hatred and jealousy between parts of India still. There is nothing that keeps the peace in India but British rule.

For some reason no mention of the name of General William T. Sherman is contained on the walls or the pillars of fame in the national cemetery at Arlington, though the structure is supposed to carry all the names of the great leaders of the Civil War.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Queen Elizabeth, wife of the King of the Belgians, is a practical business woman, and has just instigated the formation of a private company whose business it will be to promote the revival of lacemaking in Brussels, Mechlin, and Bruges, and to increase the exportation of Belgian laces.

Mrs. M. Sheppard Bell, newly appointed game warden at Monkton, Maryland, is the only woman in the state who holds such a position. She has a substantial, well-stocked farm in which she takes pride. She is familiar with the haunts and habits of game, and occasionally hunts in the open near her home.

Dr. C. Dillard Hayes, who has been chief geologist of the United States Geological Survey since 1902, is leaving the service to engage in mining in Mexico. He has devoted himself to government work for nearly twenty-four years. Since his graduation from Oberlin College in 1884 he has been engaged in scientific work, which included much exploration in Alaska.

Alfred Sze, the recently appointed Chinese minister to the United States, is one of the youngest men who have ever held such an important position, he being thirty-five. As a boy he was attached to the Chinese legation at Washington and attended the Central high school. As customs *taotai* at Harbin in 1908 he was the chief Chinese official in that troubled district. His promotion to the post of deputy vice-president of the Waiwupu followed.

Canon J. W. Horsley, rector of St. Peter's, Walworth, England, who has spent thirty-seven years among the poor of South London, is to pass his remaining days in a beautiful parish of Kent, where 300 people are scattered over 1600 acres of green country. Canon Horsley was born in 1845, at Dunkirk. He has written much and has made a life study of social reform. For recreation he turns to natural history and is especially interested in botany and conchology.

Rev. George A. Thayer, pastor of President Taft's Cincinnati church, who recently caused considerable comment by his statement: "We need the Bible, but we must get away from its errors of science and imperfect morality," is a veteran of the Civil War, having served in the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the Cumberland, 1862-5. He is a graduate of Harvard divinity school, having been ordained a Unitarian minister in 1869. Since 1882 he has made his home in Cincinnati.

Thomas Robert Macquoid, the English artist, who is nearing his ninety-second year, is still able to use his pen and brush effectively. He has exhibited hundreds of his works at the Royal Institute, and during his long life has illustrated great numbers of books and periodicals. Little less remarkable is his wife, a novelist, whose first book appeared in 1859. Now, at the age of eighty-seven, she is still busy, as a writer whose work is in demand. For over half a century she has produced at least one novel a year.

"Johnny" Hand, whose orchestra has played at every charity ball in Chicago since the Civil War, and at almost every society event of importance for the last sixty years, celebrated his eightieth birthday a few days ago. For three generations he has directed an orchestra, having first wielded the baton in 1851. For twenty years he was the only 'cello player in Chicago, and it is one of his fondest recollections that he played an accompaniment for Christine Nilsson when she first appeared in that city. He served in the Civil War as leader of a band.

Mrs. Albert H. Metcalf, the only woman commandant of a navy yard in the United States, has been in command of the Sackett's Harbor institution since 1906, having succeeded her husband, whose death took place in that year. She is the third of her name to hold the position, her father-in-law also having been commandant. Sackett's Harbor navy yard, on Lake Ontario, exists in little more than name, has no dry docks nor machine shops, and may be abandoned and turned over to the army to be made part of the Madison Barracks reservation.

Mme. Maria Theresa Diddens, supposed to be the oldest woman in Belgium, has just celebrated her 105th birthday anniversary at her home in the little Flemish town of Duffel. Services were held in the church, followed by a banquet given by Mme. Diddens at her home. She has seen Belgium pass from French to Dutch domination, and then live as an independent nation under three successive kings—Leopold I, Leopold II, and the present Albert I. Until a few years ago she directed a dairy with unfailing energy, assisted by her daughter, now aged seventy-six. Her hearing is the only faculty which has become impaired.

Prince Alexander of Teck, brother of Queen Mary of England, who goes soon to the Far East to represent King George at the coronation of the King of Siam, has come into prominence only since his brother-in-law came to the throne, for he was merely a distant cousin of King Edward, who had his brother, the Duke of Connaught, and his nephew, Prince Arthur of Connaught, to represent him in foreign lands. With the accession of King George, Prince Alexander's stock went up, for he and his cousin, Prince Arthur of Connaught, are the only male royalties who are available for representing King George in foreign countries until the Prince of Wales and his brothers are old enough to do so.

THE VIOLINIST'S INSPIRATION.

A Gift of Sorrow.

Saalinger worshiped his mother. His heart was so filled with love for her that there was left not the smallest corner in it which could harbor the image of another. Each day, for more than thirty years, he brought to her an ever greater offering of filial devotion. Since the proud moment, when, violin in hand, he returned from abroad stamped with the approval of European audiences, he had not been separated from her for a single hour, save when he gave her, grudgingly, to sleep. With her he had traveled the length and breadth of the land, gaining fame and fortune because of his wonderful performances. Not that Saalinger coveted wealth—he sought it only to shower it on the woman who had toiled and almost starved, in San Francisco, that he might sit at the feet of the masters in Brussels and Leipzig and Berlin until his fingers learned to interpret the song born in his soul.

And now he was alone. A month ago, in St. Petersburg, he had listened to her last word and kissed her for the last time. During the prolonged horror of the homeward journey he had been always at her side. Today he had followed her to the Hills of Eternity, at the edge of the city of her choice and within sound of the peaceful ocean, where he had laid her clay to rest with that of the father he could not remember. Through it all he had been silent, stupefied, dry-eyed.

As I entered the parlor of our suite at the hotel the flickering light of the grate fire revealed him, at the window, staring into the night. Instinctively, I made my way to the piano; instinctively, my fingers found the keys. Possibly the events of the day just gone influenced my thoughts; possibly a divine interposition made me its agent. Ave Maria—melodious prayer to the patron of all mothers—sounded softly, but with strange distinctness, in the closed room.

Abruptly, Saalinger turned and walked into his apartment, from which he came almost immediately, carrying his violin. He had not touched it since the night, in Russia's capital, that we returned from the concert with his suddenly stricken parent. No sooner had he tuned the instrument than I knew that I, who had been his accompanist since his first public appearance, had never heard such music.

Rapt, unseeing, he stood—swaying to the rhythm of the sacred strain—baring his heart, laying his sorrow before the Throne. As the phrases flowed beneath his bow the pent-up store of his unwilling lids gushed forth. He finished his supplication on his knees, nerveless, spent, thankful. Peace had come to his soul.

I hurried to him and helped him to his feet.

"Thanks, old friend," he whispered. "I live again. I feared I should go mad."

"It was, indeed, the effort of madness."

"Yes, an inspiration. Once before, I played like that."

He dried his eyes and seated himself before the fire. At first his speech was halting, but with the breaking of the drouth of tears came an end to the famine of words which had so long endured. Seeming to find pleasure in the sound of his own voice, he went on:

I was so intent upon my work when in Europe for the first time that I found no opportunity for becoming acquainted with my kinsfolk there until after I had completed my studies. Even then I should have lacked the money to pay railway fares had it not been for the kindness of my preceptor, who put me in the way of prosperity by almost forcing me upon the concert stage. You may remember the trip I made to Austria immediately after completing the series of performances in which I made my professional début. I recall that you awaited my return, in Paris, and then accompanied me to America.

After leaving you I journeyed to Vienna, where I spent three happy weeks with the hospitable Jews of my father's family. From Vienna I followed, into the foothills of the Matras, a letter notifying the Magyar relatives of my mother of my intended visit.

There were few persons at the railway station when the train paused at Nouma—the locomotive panting as if eager to leave so uninviting a spot—but had there been a hundred I would have picked out my mother's brother as readily. He stood at the edge of the little platform, his sallow countenance gleaming like old ivory, in the failing light of late afternoon. The military bearing of the man, his unusual height, the aggressive poise of his chin, compelled my regard. The empty sleeve, pinned to the breast of his coat; the up-pointing, gray moustache, waxed to sharpness at the ends, convinced me of his identity.

Alighting, blithely, from the carriage, I approached him, hand extended. The immobility of his pose, the hostile light in his eyes, repelled me. My hand dropped to my side.

"Are you not my Uncle Ottokar?"

His face flushed and the big scar left by the sabre of the Austrian, who laid open his cheek at the battle of Temeswar, grew livid.

"I am Ottokar Benedek," he announced, coldly.

The rebuff surprised and confused me. Dimly, it came to mind that my mother was not on good terms with her people. She had never said as much, but now I remembered with what reserve she had ever referred to them, even when she suggested this visit. I could find no words in which to address him. Before I could decide upon a plan of action, he turned to the succession of dust-filled ruts which answered for a road.

"This way," he commanded, gruffly.

One is easily influenced at twenty. Obediently, I followed.

My timid advances toward friendliness were received in silence, so, tiring of the monologue, I held my tongue. It were better, too, that I conserve my breath, for I was burdened with my violin and music roll and a large and heavy valise. Soon I grew weary. The unusual labor made my untried muscles ache, and heartily I regretted having accompanied him. We had covered what seemed to have been an interminable distance when I resolved to bid him good-by.

"I see that I am unwelcome here," I began, lamely. "I only came because my mother——"

"Her name had not been heard here in years, until your letter arrived," he interrupted. "When she, a Benedek, wedded the Jew, we forgot her."

He halted and sneered down at me.

"How like *him* you are. Your every feature bears the mark of Israel. I have not heard; I hope he is dead?"

How I hated him! But I restrained myself. I remembered that he was my mother's only brother—that wild, vindictive warrior—and, of all her blood, the one she loved the best.

"He passed away many years ago, but my mother lives. She bade me see you before returning to her," I informed him.

He picked up my satchel and resumed the journey, without replying. My determination cooled before this apparent concession and again I followed him, but only pride kept me from yielding to fatigue ere we reached our destination.

Sprawled on a hillside at the end of a by-path, the tumble-down place was quite in keeping with its impoverished, rock-strewn surroundings. The slopes, once green and fruitful, were scarred by gullies, cut by the waters of the cloudburst of 'seventy-eight, which carried into the valley of the Szinva the soil stripped from the hills. The outbuildings lay in ruins and the portions of the patched and ancient pile which did not shelter the family were given over to the domestic animals.



The late Margaret Collier Graham, author of "Do They Really Respect Us?" A. M. Robertson.

"My mother will hardly prove your friend," he warned me as we approached the door.

The aged woman leaned forward from a high-backed chair, her hands clutching its arms. Her elder daughter stood at her side. The crone fixed me with angry eyes and seemed about to spring at me. "So . . . you are here . . . a dog!"

"Mother! Mother! He is our Lena's son." My aunt knelt at her parent's feet and with arms about her sought to soothe her.

"We own no Lena here," she snarled.

Ottokar Benedek interposed. His tone was that of one accustomed to obedience. "The boy has a right to be with us. We will live in peace with him while he stays. We are hungry; let us dine."

The dour looks of my relatives proved poor sauce for the food, but even so, my hunger was unappeased when we had finished the one chicken, the black bread, and thin, sour wine which made up the meal. But it was apparent from the manner of my hosts that the dinner was better than the ordinary. My heart went out to these uncompromising folk, who though so proud were yet so poor.

When the lone serving woman had cleared the table my aunt removed the linen covering from a little old melodeon which stood in a corner.

"Shall we have the music?" Appealingly, she looked at her brother, who sat apart, his back half-turned.

"Tonight, there is none in me," he grunted, over his shoulder.

"I am learning the violin; perhaps I might please you," I suggested. The Hungarian passion for music, I hoped, might soften their attitude toward me.

My uncle nodded, somewhat reluctantly I thought.

"Perhaps my sister will accompany you——" He paused as if inquiring my name.

"Aaron."

He leaped to his feet.

"Always the Jew," he exclaimed, in disgust.

Disconcerted by the unexpected outbreak, I fumbled over my selections and took the first which presented itself that would do for violin and organ. I chanced upon "Kol Nidre" and tremblingly began it. He stamped from the room, grumbling: "Jew music! Jew music!"

I could stand no more.

"Sweet little mother," I thought, "I would do anything for you, did it but give you an instant's pleasure, but for what do I submit myself to the insults of these boors?"

Laying aside my violin, I followed my relative out of doors. The chill of the night was as nothing to that in my breast.

"I think it best that I should go—now," I told him.

He showed no emotion, not even relief, at my decision.

"I will accompany you to the railway," he offered, and added: "The train is not due until midnight; there is no need for haste."

Surprised at this belated concession to courtesy, I reentered the house to assemble my belongings. At my heels the door opened and a band of Gipsy musicians trooped in. They seemed well acquainted with my uncle, but looked me over, curiously. One of them, sighting my violin case, whispered loudly: "Who's the Jew? Does he, by chance, sell fiddles?"

Ottokar Benedek ignored the question and the questioner. Neither did he so much as look in my direction nor give sign that he knew me. My boyish heart sank, but I bit my lip when I felt it quiver. How utterly alone I was!

The old servant made hurried trips and piled fuel into the big fireplace. The flames roared in the chimney and their light brightened the dark stretches of beamed and smoke-stained ceiling. The fantastically garbed visitors found fitting setting in the quaint, old-fashioned room, with its time-worn drapes and heavy, carved furniture. Unnoticed, I retired to a shaded corner, when the music began.

As they warmed to their efforts the gipsies worked like mad—the tempo of their numbers beat fast and ever faster—the notes of the reeds swelled and sighed and died away; the strings shrieked and laughed, joyously, hysterically—but my listless ear would have none of it. I was waiting for the train.

"And these are my mother's people," I mused, contemptuously.

Unconsciously, there stole into my bitter thoughts a new, sweet leaven. As one just wakened, I realized that the Romany leader was playing—alone. His deep-toned violin sang like a human voice—a voice I remembered, vaguely. The low notes lulled my tired nerves.

Suddenly it came to me. My mother! How often had I, a sleepy child, heard her croon that folk song of the Magyars.

I recognized it then—a message to her homesick boy!

Stumbling to my feet, my arms went out, beseechingly, to the gipsy. Smiling, he placed the violin in my hands. It snuggled to my shoulder.

My eyes closed. The music poured from the throbbing wood, lading the winds with the answer for the hungering heart beyond the sea. I felt her arms about me, holding me to her breast. I gazed into her gentle eyes. Her lips brushed mine—then lids and brow and hair.

Ah, God was good to me!

The Romany, with one bound, gained my side. He wrung my hands and kissed my cheeks. "Child of my dreams, who are you?"

Ottokar Benedek thrust him aside, rudely. His one arm encircled my shoulders. His tears flowed free. There was pride in his voice as he cried: "He is my nephew; son of Lena, my sister."

Alfred T. Dobson.

San Francisco, November, 1911.

Early-day settlers in any state were a litigious lot, and a search of old records produces plenty of evidence that they were continually suing about trifles which are seldom brought into court nowadays. Nashville, in 1794, gave Andrew Jackson plenty of court work. Out of 397 cases he acted as counsel in 228, while at the same time practicing his profession in the courts of other counties. Curiously enough, the musty tomes of many frontier communities reveal the penchant which many had for libel and slander suits, based upon evidence which today would be considered ridiculous.

Doria palace in Genoa, where Verdi lived at one time, is little associated in these days with the sea rover who gave the palace his name. Andrea Doria, supposed to have been a native of Genoa, fought against his country in the service of Francis I of France. Subsequently he deserted the French and went over to the Spanish-Austrian party, thereby checking the progress of French arms in Italy. He drove the French out of Genoa in 1528, and was made doge, or chief magistrate.

PUBLISHERS OLD AND NEW.

With Some Notes on the Fall Book Season in London.

As I write there is lying before me a copy of the recently issued "Autumn Announcement Number" of the London *Publishers' Circular*, a "trade organ" which is, of course, mostly concerned with the book business of Great Britain. This special issue attempts to do what the *Argonaut's* "Publishers' Special Number" so successfully accomplishes, but tackles the matter in such a stodgy, line-of-least-resistance way that it is useless to the student of comparative literature. The chief defect is that there is no attempt at a classification of the entire fall season output save in so far as such a classification is roughly given in the publishers' catalogues, which are evidently put into type just as they come to hand. One interest the list has, however, for those whose memory of London publishing can reach back for two or three decades—by the names given and omitted recollection is set to work recalling the many firms who have ceased to publish and the many others who are trying to take their place.

Few are the survivors of half a century ago. When I reach down a volume of *Notes and Queries* for 1861, it is the work of but a few minutes to note a dozen houses which fifty years since were seemingly established for all time. There was Edward Moxon, for example, who set up in business on £500 lent him by Samuel Rogers, married Emma Isola, the adopted daughter of Charles and Mary Lamb, and soon had a list of authors calculated to turn a modern publisher green with envy. Lamb was there, with his "Album Verses" and "Elia" essays, and Wordsworth, and Sheridan Knowles, and Tennyson, and Browning, and Landor. Nor did Moxon confine himself to literature; he had sufficient business catholicity to welcome Joseph Haydn with his "Dictionary of Dates," greatly to the benefit of his financial returns. In fact, such was Moxon's list of books fifty years ago that a continuance of his business for another fifty might have been reasonably anticipated. But the connection was so largely of a personal nature that with Moxon's death it began to decline. Tennyson was the first to transfer his books, and about a dozen years later the business had so far depreciated that it was thought advisable to sell it to another firm.

Another house for which a long lease of prosperity might confidently have been prophesied fifty years ago was that founded by Richard Bentley. He was not the first of his name to publish books in London. There was a Richard Bentley in business in Covent Garden in the reign of Charles II who so far anticipated his namesake of the nineteenth century as to issue a series called "Bentley's Modern Novels." The two Bentleys were not even remotely related, for the Richard who was so well established in London fifty years ago was descended from an old Shropshire family which had no connection with the Bentley of the seventeenth century. When the later Bentley set up business in 1830 he started with this in his favor, that he could command the pen of his old school chum, R. H. Barham, whose "Ingoldsby Legends" were written that Bentley might publish them. And the young publisher soon made the acquaintance of Charles Dickens, then a reporter on a London daily, with whom he contracted for a couple of novels, besides establishing him as editor of *Bentley's Miscellany* at a monthly salary of a hundred dollars. Dickens, however, rose so rapidly in popular favor that in a couple of years he resigned his editorship and transferred his novels to another house. Then W. H. Ainsworth took over the direction of the *Miscellany*, and in the meantime Bentley had gathered around him such producers of literature as Thomas Moore, the two Disraelis, Mrs. Norton, and Sam Slick. Perhaps it was his connection with Halihurton which encouraged Bentley to pose as the owner of the copyrights of many American authors, a claim which was disallowed by the House of Lords and cost the publisher some sixteen thousand pounds. Notwithstanding that set-back, his business fifty years ago was of a substantial nature, whereas today it has no place in the list of London publishers.

Others who have fallen in the race include Bell and Daldy, Parker Son and Bourn, Griffith and Farran, and J. H. and James Parker. The first of the Parker firms, that is, Parker Son and Bourn, were the owners of *Fraser's Magazine*, the "courageous magazine" which had the distinction of giving Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" to the world, while the authors on the Parker list included John Stuart Mill, Froude, Buckle, Maurice, Kingsley, and many more, all of whom with their copyrights were taken over by the Longmans in 1863. The other Parker House, that is J. H. and James Parker, thrived for many a year on Keble's "The Christian Year" and other publications of the Puseyites, but has long disappeared from the list of London publishers.

Among the few houses that have survived the test of the last half-century pride of place is due to the Longmans and John Murray. Of these the Longman house is the older by nearly half a century, for while John Murray the first established himself in business in 1768, Thomas Longman began publishing in 1724, when he purchased the business of John Taylor, the first publisher of "Robinson Crusoe," and assumed possession of those premises at the sign of the Ship and Black Swan in Paternoster Row on the site of which the present headquarters of the firm still stand. It would seem, then, that the Longmans can claim to be the oldest publishers in London, and are certainly the sole representatives of the six booksellers who contracted with Dr. Johnson for his famous dictionary. The house in its long history has given many a classic to the world, but has always been notable for its patronage of historical works. Thus, apart from Froude's works, acquired from the Parkers, it would have been sufficient distinction of that kind to have been the means of giving Macaulay's history to the world, a transaction which culminated in the payment by the house of the record check for twenty thousand pounds as a mere installment of royalties. That the Longmans still have a weakness for history is shown by their latest list, which includes another volume from the pen of George Macaulay Trevelyan, a descendant of the great historian.

Perhaps no London publishing house has changed its point of view so little as that of John Murray. And, incidentally, it is interesting to note that next May will bring round the centenary of the establishment of the firm at the famous house in Albemarle Street, which is still in the possession of the family. It was purchased by John Murray the second in 1812 for less than four thousand pounds, but if placed in the market today would realize a sum out of all proportion to that moderate price. For, in addition to the increased value of property in that exclusive district of London, the house has in the meantime gathered such a wealth of literary association as to make the building immensely valuable on that account alone. Here Byron and Scott first met, and the drawing-room in the first quarter of the last century was the recognized meeting-place of all the great writers of the day. The portraits of authors, including those of Byron, Scott, Southey, Crabbe, Moore, Washington Irving, Lockhart, and Hallam, are sufficient in themselves to tell the remarkable story of the house. It was the second John Murray, too, who so greatly impressed John Brown of Boston that he gave the name of John Murray to his youngest son, the John Murray Brown of Little, Brown & Co., who died but a year or two ago.

That, in view of all these traditions, the tendency of the firm should be of a somewhat conservative type is perhaps what might be expected. It is too conservative in some respects. Two examples may be cited. Although Dean Stanley has been dead some thirty years, the price of his works, and notably his book on Westminster Abbey, is still kept at far too high a figure, while the Dr. William Smith dictionaries are still being published in an unrevised form at the old prices. In fact, it is the tendency of the older firms to cling too tenaciously to obsolete business methods. In the main they fail to recognize that the cheapening of book production entails a lowering of retail prices, with the result that when copyrights expire they have to meet an unusually keen competition. It is true that the Messrs. Graball type of publisher makes frantic efforts to hold on to copyright as long as possible by the addition of little notes here and there, but the general reader is not a textual critic and is quite content with an epic or a history even if it has not got the author's latest notes.

For a significant change has come over the publishing business in London. In nothing is that change more strikingly illustrated than by the gradual elimination of the old type of literary adviser. It is no longer necessary that he shall himself be a man of letters with a highly developed critical faculty; his chief asset today is an ability to forecast how many copies can be sold of a given book. This change has so far progressed that more than one firm in London has abandoned the payment of a salary to its reader for the more utilitarian method of giving him a small commission on every copy sold of such books as he recommends for publication. It is no longer a question of form or style, but of demand and supply regarded from a standpoint which ignores literary merit.

And this new policy has impressive results. Within the past few weeks I had a long discussion with an American publisher who was visiting London to make purchases for the United States market. My friend was full of admiration for the achievements of a certain London publisher. He was amazed at his list; dwelt in astonishment upon his readiness to pay big prices for the style of book he wanted; and as a climax declared that "his books sell themselves." They may do so—for a few months. They are shop-window books, books of the "lion of the season" order, books which the clatterers at restaurant tables must talk about. If any one discovers a pole, or has access to the records of the latest scandal, this is the publisher who will give the highest price for the manuscript. But what is the result? He has not a classic on his list. In six months time his precious books are flooding the second-hand stores at any price.

Such methods, supplemented by the activities of the many new publishers who have sprung up within the past ten years, have had the inevitable result. And within the last few days Lord Rosebery has taken the arena to protest against the multiplication of libraries and the accumulation of volumes. As is his ironic way, the occasion he took for his jeremiad was the reopening of the Glasgow library, which he characterized as in the main a huge cemetery of dead books. But he failed to distinguish between the show-window type of book and the book which may be dead today and yet very much alive tomorrow. For as Dr. Richard Garnett remarked to a visitor to the British Museum who asked him what he did with the rubbish, "You see, it's very difficult to know what is rubbish today, and quite impossible to know what will be rubbish tomorrow." Lord Rosebery ought to have remembered the classic case of the library which refused as "trash" a collection of old pamphlets which is now priceless.

After all, then, some excuse may be offered for the enormous output of the present book season in London as well as elsewhere. As G. B. S. would remark, "You Never Can Tell." There is a new novel by Marie Corelli, for example, of which Mudie's have a window full and which is selling like hot cakes. Will it last? Or will its fate be that of Frances Burney's "Evelina," the rage of today and the neglect of tomorrow? And what of Arnold Bennett's latest, "Hilda Lessways," the sequel to "Clayhanger"? Is that to be a classic fifty years hence, a "weather-proof" book as Lord Rosebery would say, or is it also to join the dead in his cemetery? That is the problem which makes destruction so impossible a task. If Scott had been the nation's book censor in chief in his day he would have bound Smollett in the best calf and consigned Fielding to the furnace! And the *Quarterly Review*, "so savage and tartarly," would have devoted Keats to eternal oblivion. Besides, is the burning of books instead of authors—the good old plan—quite such a solution as some think? Tindal was a happy man when his New Testament was bought up for wholesale burning, as it provided him with funds for a new edition.

Fiction is, of course, overwhelming in evidence, despite the fact that the annual reports of London libraries report a decreasing demand for the popular novel and a growing preference for books of an educational or purely scientific nature. This reaction will be a long time in reaching the publishers, for the profits on a really successful novel are tempting enough to make the most upright book-producer a gambler. Among the "sure things" of the season must be reckoned Maurice Hewlett's new novel, "The Song of Renny," a return to the more wholesome mood of "The Forest Lovers"; Mrs. Humphry Ward's "The Case of Richard Meynell," a modernist version of "Robert Elsmere"; Robert Hichens's "The Fruitful Vine"; G. K. Chesterton's "The Innocence of Father Brown"; and, to a more limited extent, Henry James's "The Outcry," a story written less to please himself than is that author's custom.

Apart from fiction, the promise of biography is unusually strong. Many will agree with the publisher's claim that E. T. Cook's "The Life of Ruskin" will be "the most important biography of the year," even though the cream of anticipation was somewhat diluted by the volumes of letters already published. Mr. Cook, however, has made so lengthy and intimate a study of Ruskin, and has had such unrivaled facilities in the shape of access to original material, that if he is able to rise to his opportunity his life of the great critic and prose master may well take a high place among the great biographies of English literature. Of course nothing new can be written of Dickens, but the approach of his centenary has prompted the preparation of an extra-illustrated edition of Forster's well-known life. Other important additions to biography are to include a volume on Tennyson which will embody the appreciations of his friends, the autobiography of the veteran leader of the English Positivists, Frederic Harrison, and, needless to say, many volumes relating to Napoleon. In the way of literary interest no book of the season is likely to excel the life of Churton Collins compiled by his son, for, in addition to numerous Swinburne letters, the volume gives many fascinating glimpses of Carlyle, Ruskin, Froude, Browning, and others.

In fact, John Lane's list, which includes the Churton Collins book, is one of the most attractive I have seen. The items of biography comprise an admirable translation of Joseph Turquan's exceedingly frank study of "The Wife of General Bonaparte," an equally excellent translation of Albert Espitalier's "Napoleon and King Murat," and an original study of that famous poisoner, Mme. de Brinvilliers. In travel books distinction is lent to the list by Agnes Herbert's "Casuals in the Caucasus," a volume which well sustains its author's enviable reputation for humor, pathos, and vivid description.

Another house which may be congratulated on its fall catalogue is that of Constable & Co., who have a close working arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company. Many of the books on their list are American in origin, but on the other hand they are contributing numerous volumes to the catalogues of American publishers. To a more limited extent this is true of most of the leading publishers of London, while of course there are many American houses, such as the Harpers, the Macmillans, the Putnams, the Lippincotts, and the Appletons, which maintain their own branches in the English capital and have the same list for both countries. And English publishers are gradually so awakening to the importance of the American market that it is possible the next few years will witness the establishment on United States soil of branches of English houses which have hitherto been too conservative to contemplate such an innovation.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

London, October 24, 1911.

If a hoarding-house keeper in Austria having a leased house sublets rooms to hoarders and then fails to pay the rent of the house the lessor may levy for payment against everything in the house, regardless of the ownership thereof.

California fruits easily find their way into Scottish markets. Recently a consignment of plums from this state was shipped to Dumfermline, arriving in [illegible] condition. The lot was sold in less than a w[illegible]

FIFTY YEARS OF PUBLIC LIFE.

Senator Cullom Recalls the Experiences of Half a Century.

Senator Cullom reminds us in his reminiscences that he is one of the few living links with the birth of the nation. He says, "I date almost back to the Revolution," and he quotes Mr. Taft as saying of him that "he comes nearer connecting the present with the days of Washington than any one whom I know." He saw the crown of Great Britain descend from George IV to William V. He watched the whole career of Queen Victoria and the reign of Edward VII. He can remember the Papal States before the birth of United Italy, the beginning of the reign of Francis Joseph in Austria, and he remembers when Frederick William III was King of Prussia. His recollections cover the whole of the most feverish period of material advance that the world has ever known. Therefore we have a right to expect a remarkable book, and certainly we are not disappointed. But it should have been longer. It should have been more than 460 pages, and there are very few volumes of reminiscence that inspire regrets for their brevity. The regrets are usually the other way.

Mr. Cullom's earlier recollections are naturally of Illinois. He was admitted to the bar in 1855, and became city attorney at Springfield in 1855. The following year saw him in the Illinois legislature, and he tells some amusing stories of Lieutenant-Governor Hubbard, who became candidate for governor and who admitted in his election address that he was not so great a man as Julius Cæsar nor Napoleon, nor even as his opponent, but "I do not think it will require a very extraordinary smart man to govern you; for to tell you the truth fellow-citizens, I do not believe you will be very hard to govern, nohow":

> At one time, after repeated and annoying application, Hubbard obtained from Governor Edwards what he had reason to believe was a recommendation for a certain office. He became a little suspicious that the letter was not very strong in his behalf, and in speaking of it afterwards, in his lisping manner, said: "Contrary to the uthage amongst gentlemen, he thealed it up; and contrary to the uthage amongst gentlemen, I hroke it open; and what do you think I found? Instead of recommending me, the old rathcal ahuthed me like a pickpocket."

Mr. Cullom's recollections of Lincoln are naturally numerous. Mr. Cullom was Speaker of the Illinois legislature at the time of Lincoln's election, and it was Lincoln who invited him warmly to come to Washington. Of Lincoln's ability as a lawyer the author has a great opinion:

> During my life I have heen acquainted with very many ahle lawyers, and I have no hesitation in saying that Lincoln was the greatest trial lawyer I ever knew. He was a man of wonderful power before a court or jury. When he was sure he was right, his strength and resourcefulness were well-nigh irresistihle. In the court-room he was at home. He was frank with the court, the juries, and the lawyers, to such an extent that he would state the case of the opposite side as fairly as the opposing counsel could do it; he would then disclose his client's case so strongly, with such honesty and candor, that the judge and jury would he almost convinced at once in advance of the testimony. Judge Davis once said that the framework of Lincoln's mental and moral heing was honesty, and that a wrong cause was poorly defended hy him.
>
> The story is told that a man offered to employ him in a case and told him the facts, which did not satisfy Lincoln that there was any merit in it. He said to him: "I can gain your case; I can set a whole neigbhorhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and six fatherless children, and therehy get for you six hundred dollars, which it appears to me as rightfully belongs to them as to you. I will not take your case, hut I will give you a little advice for nothing. You seem to he a sprightly young man, and I advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

We have another story of Lincoln that has been told before, but never told better. Lincoln liked McClellan and stuck to him as long as he could, but he was unable to persuade him into aggressive action:

> The late O. M. Hatch of Illinois told me of a rather interesting incident which occurred on one occasion when the President, accompanied hy Mr. Hatch, visited McClellan's army a few days prior to the hattle of Antietam in Septemher, 1862. They spent the night in a tent, and, rising very early, at the President's suggestion they took a walk before sunrise about the great field, inspecting the field, the artillery, the quarters, and all the appurtenances of the army. Lincoln was in a pensive mood, and scarcely a word was spoken. Finally, just as the sun was rising, they reached a commanding point; the President stopped, placed his left hand upon Mr. Hatch's sboulder, and slowly waving his right in the direction of the great city of tents, seriously inquired: "Mr. Hatch, what is all this before us?"
>
> "Why, Mr. President," was the surprised reply, "this is General McClellan's army."
>
> "No, Mr. Hatch, no," returned Lincoln soherly, "this is General McClellan's body-guard."

Seward and Chase were both sure that they were bigger men than Lincoln. Seward recanted his heresy, but Chase never did, and while he was loyal to the Union he was not loyal to the President. The death of Chief Justice Taney gave Chase his opportunity, and he began at once to pull every wire within reach to get the appointment:

> During this period, after the death of Chief Justice Taney, Chase was not at all averse to writing the President the most friendly letters. One day his secretary brought him a letter from Mr. Chase. The President asked, "What is it about?" "Simply a kind and friendly letter," the secretary answered. Mr. Lincoln, without reading it, replied with his shrewd smile: "File it with his other recommendations."

The author had several conversations with Lincoln as to his chances for renomination. Lincoln was well aware of the force of the opposition, but he thought it was more noise than anything else and he told a little story to illustrate his point:

> He was reminded of a little story. A couple of Irishmen came to America and started out on foot into the country. They traveled along until they came to a piece of woods. They thought they heard a noise, hut did not know what it was. They deployed on either side of the road to find out, hut were unahle to do so, and finally one called to the other, "Pat, Pat, let's go on; this is nothing hut a domned noise." So the opposition to him, he said, was apparently nothing hut a noise.

Mr. Cullom was of course present at the convention that nominated Garfield. He assured him that if he would but keep a level head he would get the nomination, and Garfield replied, "No, I think not":

> I remember vividly the form and features of Garfield in that convention. I see him placing Sherman in nomination, prohahly not realizing at the time that he was nominating himself. I see him taking an active part in all the dehates, and as I look hack now I do not think I ever saw a man apparently so affected as General Garfield was when it was announced that he was the nominee of the Repuhlican party for the presidency of the United States. Seemingly he almost utterly collapsed. He sank into his seat, overcome. He was taken out of the convention and to a room in the Grand Pacific, where I met him a very few minutes afterwards.

Referring to Garfield's appointment of Robert T. Lincoln as Secretary of War, the author remarks that he has known him from his boyhood and that "he has the integrity and the character which so distinguished his father." He then goes on to make the remarkable statement that "it is my firm conviction that long ago Robert T. Lincoln would have been President of the United States had he possessed the slightest political aspiration." This is, of course, a personal opinion, but it is hard to suppose that it is wholly untinted by personal friendship.

Mr. Cullom devotes some space to the impeachment of President Johnson and attaches the direst possibilities to those ill-omened proceedings:

> I can not undertake to go into all the long details of that memorahle struggle. As I look hack over the history of it now, it seems to me to bear a close resemblance to the heginning of the French Revolution, to the struggle between the States General of France and Louis XVI. Might we not, if things had turned differently, drifted into chaos and revolution? If Johnson had heen impeached and refused to suhmit, adopting the same tactics as did Stanton in retaining the



Owen Johnson, author of "The Tennessee Shad." Baker & Taylor Company.

> War Department; had Ben Wade taken the oath of office and demanded possession, Heaven only knows what might have heen the result.

He describes the final scene in the first and, he hopes, the last trial of a President of the United States for high crimes and misdemeanors:

> More than forty-three years have passed into history since that memorable day when the Senate of the United States was sitting as a Court of Impeachment for the purpose of trying the President of the United States for high crimes and misdemeanors. The occasion is unforgettahle. As I look hack now, I see arising before me the forms and features of the great men who were sitting in that high court: I see presiding Chief Justice Chase; I see Sumner, cold and dignified; Wade, Trumhull, Hendricks, Conkling, Yates; I see Logan as one of the managers on the part of the House; I see old Thad Stevens, weak and wasted from illness, being carried in—all long since have passed to the heyond, the accused President, the memhers of the high court, the counsel. Of all the eminent men who were present on that day, aside from the Hon. J. B. Henderson, I do not know of a single one now living.
>
> As the roll was called, there was such a solemn hush as only comes when man stands in the presence of Deity. Finally, when the name of Ross was reached and he voted "No"; when it was understood that his vote meant acquittal, the friends of the President ir the galleries tbundered forth in applause.

Mr. Cullom devotes a chapter to the presidency of Grant and expresses the opinion that it would have been better had he been content with his military success and had entered neither politics nor business. For a considerable time, says the author, he attempted to act as chief executive with the same arbitrary power that he used as commander of an army:

> I remember one little experience along this line whicb I had with him. It is an unwritten rule that representatives in Congress, if in harmony with the administration, control the postoffice appointments in their respective districts. On my recommendation Isaac Keyes was appointed postmaster of my own city of Springfield. Much to my astonishment and mortification, in a month, without any warning, without any request for Keyes's resignation, General Grant sent in the appointment of Elder Crane. When I came to inquire the cause, he said he had just happened to remember that he had promised the office to Elder Crane, and he immediately sent in the appointment without considering for a minute the position in which he left Keyes and the embarrassment it would cause me.

Mr. Cullom is of the opinion that the Roosevelt administration had nothing to do with the secession of Panama, but he admits that Senator Hoar took a diametrically opposite view, a view, it may be said, that Senator Hoar would probably hold much more strongly today than he did then. In this connection we have the following curious incident:

> The President wanted tbe senator to read a message which he had already prepared, in reference to Colombia's action in rejecting the treaty and the canal in general; which message showed very clearly that the President had never contemplated the secession of Panama, and was considering different methods in order to ohtain the right-of-way across the isthmus from Colombia, fully expecting to deal only with the Colombian government on the subject. The President was sitting on the table, first on one side of Senator Hoar, and then on the other, talking in his usual vigorous fashion, trying to get the senator's attention to the message. Senator Hoar seemed averse to reading it, hut finally sat down, and without seeming to pay any particular attention to what he was perusing, he remained for a minute or two, then arose and said: "I hope I may never live to see the day when the interests of my country are placed ahove its honor." He at once retired from the room without uttering another word, proceeding to the capitol.

The appointment of Mr. Fuller as Chief Justice of the United States was largely due to the advice of Mr. Cullom. The Senate was in the control of the Republicans, and therefore it was not surprising that Mr. Cleveland should seek Republican counsel before making an appointment of such magnitude:

> I called on Mr. Cleveland ahout nine o'clock one morning in regard to some personal matter. He at once sent out word for me to come in, tbat he wanted to see me. I apologized for appearing at so early an hour, whereupon he said that he was very glad that I had come because he desired to have a talk with me. Then he inquired whom I considered the hest lawyer, belonging to his party, in Illinois, who would make a good Chief Justice. He at once himself mentioned Judge Fuller. I told him that Judge Gowdy was prohably the ahlest Democratic lawyer in Illinois, hut that he was a railroad attorney, and it would prohahly not be a good thing to appoint him. He next questioned me particularly about Fuller. I told him that I knew Fuller very well indeed; that if I were called upon to name five of the hest lawyers of Illinois helonging to his party, I would name Fuller among the five; that he was not only a good lawyer, hut a scholarly man, a gentleman who would grace the position. He at once intimated that he would send his name to the Senate.
>
> I said to him: "Mr. President, the selection of a Chief Justice is one of the greatest duties you have to perform. *You* can make a mistake; we can raise the devil in Congress; but with a capahle Supreme Court standing steady and firm, doing its full duty, the country is safe."

Mr. Cullom says all that he can in favor of President Harrison. He was an "excentionally able President, a masterly lawyer, and conscientious in his appointments, but his was a cold and distant temperament and "he had no particular friends":

> But at the same time be was prohably the most unsatisfactory President we ever had in the Wbite House to those who must necessarily come into personal contact with him. He was quite a puhlic speaker, and the story has often heen told of him that if he should address ten thousand men from a puhlic platform, he would make every one his friend; but if he should meet each of those ten thousand men personally, each man would go away his enemy. He lacked the faculty of treating people in a manner to retain their friendship. Even senators and representatives calling on official husiness he would treat witb scant courtesy. He scarcely ever invited any one to have a chair.
>
> Senator Platt, of Connecticut, asked me one day if I was going to the White House to dine that evening, stating that he had an invitation. I told him no, that I bad not heen invited, that I had never yet during the Harrison administration even heen invited to take a seat in the White House. Some one overheard the remark and it was published in the newspapers. I visited the White House shortly afterwards, and I assume that Harrison bad seen it because as soon as he saw me, without a smile on his face or a gleam in his eye, he hastened to get me a chair, inviting me to he seated. I declined to sit down, explaining tbat I was in a hurry, and closed tbe husiness I had come for, and left. Afterwards he invited me to dinner and treated me witb marked consideration.

Mr. McKinley's manner was the direct antithesis of Mr. Harrison's. He usually had his own way in appointments, but his demeanor was always so benign and suave that he avoided friction even with those whom he disappointed. On one case Mr. Cullom went to the President to secure an internal revenue appointment for one of two friends whom he named:

> "Cullom," returned the President, "if you had come to me this way in the first place, and urged me to appoint one of them, I would have done it; hut you have waited until everything is filled, and now I must either annoint Powell to this place, or turn him out to grass." He continued: "I was a hoy when I entered the army, and General Powell took me under his wing; be looked after me, and I became very much attached to him. I was standing only a little way off and saw him shot through." The tears came to the President's eyes and ran down his cheeks. When I saw with what feeling be regarded the matter, I threw up my hands.
>
> "I am through," said I; "I have nothing more to say."
>
> General Powell was given the office. Tbis illustrates the manner in which Mr. McKinley always managed to get his own way in the matter of appointments witbout the slightest friction with senators and representatives.

A story of Senator Harris of Tennessee may well serve as a conclusion to a necessarily inadequate sketch of a delightful book. Senator Harris was a useful member of the Senate and a man of marked ability, but he had his peculiarities:

> Many amusing stories were told of him. When I called tbe committee together, preliminary to starting out on our tour, I told them that I would he very glad to allow them everything within reason that was necessary, but the government would not pay for their whisky and cigars. Harris promptly replied: "That's right, Mr. Chairman. So far as I'm concerned, if I can't get my whisky hy standing around the har when other people are drinking, I will pay for it myself."

Several appropriate illustrations and an index complete a volume that is assured of a hearty welcome by a nation-wide audience irrespective of party and of political conviction.

Fifty Years of Public Service. By Shelby A. Cullom. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $3 net.

FRENCH BOOKS AND JOURNALS.

"St. Martin" Talks of Literature and Newspapers in Modern France.

It is not invidious to say that the France of today has no great writers. There are no great writers anywhere. The stage is clear, and not only the literary stage, but also the politieal. In art and the drama a few solitary Titans may still linger, but they belong to the past and not to the future. There may be unsuspected genius in our midst, but it still awaits the summons.

There are, of course, a great many men in France who write, but with the exception of Anatole France they are pygmies, and even Anatole France seems to be running on steam generated years ago and not noticeably renewed. He does not grip as he used to, although this may be the fault of his audience. Around him are a swarm of lesser men who are clever but not great. They are men attached to some "cause," men who want us all to be royalists, or socialists, or clericals, men who cater to classes and castes, sections and circles, men who look so closely at the bubbles on the stream of life that they suppose them to be life itself. Perhaps they will be read a hundred years hence, but they will be read from the historical, not the humanistic, point of view. Our descendants will read René Bazin, for example, not as literature, but as a curious evidence that men of apparent intelligence were once persuaded to despair for the future of the human race because certain religious institutions had been called upon to eat the bitter fruit of their own sowing. Marcel Prévost will be read because he gives glimpses of the feminine psychology of his day, a psychology past comprehension, and Jules Lemaitre will be read because he succeeds in writing so beautifully about nothing. The literature of today will be museum literature in a hundred years' time. It will be read by scholars just as scholars now read the Egyptian "Book of the Dead." But no one will read it for solace or comfort. No one will laugh over it, or cry over it. It will not be the poor man's friend, or company for the lonely man. Our descendants will skip this decade altogether. They will go back to Balzac, to Victor Hugo, to Voltaire, when they want literature that really matters, when they need the things that are eternal. It is the same everywhere. Crowds of little men are writing about crowds of little things.

Posterity will probably judge the France of today by her newspapers rather than by her books, and it is a grim thought that perhaps posterity will judge America by the same standards. But the Frenchman is by no means adverse to such a procedure. He is proud of his newspapers and is not unwilling to be measured by them. And yet the American or the Englishman, unversed in the niceties of the language and of French sentiment, will pass an unhesitating verdict of ineffectiveness upon the French newspaper. It is small, painfully small; there is no elaboration of the news; and the news is of a staleness incredible. An event to which an American newspaper would devote six columns is here dismissed in a few paragraphs. Telegraphic dispatches that the American newspaper would expand into a history of modern times are here given in their original and condensed form. There are practically no interviews, no society news, no departments, no narratives by eye witnesses. And yet the newspaper is the greatest force in French life. It is not read as a duty or to pass the time. It is a delight to be awaited with cynical anticipation and to be reveled in. It is art, science and wit. It is a daily education.

We begin to understand something of this when we realize that the ideal of the French newspaper is a literary one. It is more important to give wrong news in a chaste and elegant form than to give accurate news in a rough and hurried form. The French reporter is engaged not because of his ability to get news, but because he is an artist in the setting forth of such news as he does get. If he has to write a ten-line paragraph it must be so written that the Academy would approve its form and construction. It must be so written as to charm the reader, either by its grace, or its humor, or perhaps by its malice. That the news is several days old does not matter at all, nor does it matter that it is only a fraction of the news. But it does matter that it shall be set forth in a clever way, that it shall be read for its form as well as for its contents. To be a reporter on a French newspaper means also to be something of a scholar and certainly a purist in style.

Even crime is treated in this way. A continuous and complete story is not at all essential, but it is essential that a drama shall be constructed with all the economy of words, the balancing of parts, and the arrangement of detail and emphasis that would be demanded by the stage itself. A Paris newspaper does not unleash a pack of news getters upon the trail of a great crime. Usually it has only one man who can be trusted for such a task, and he is always an artist in words. He may take his time about it. There is no hurry. It is a novel or a drama that he must write, not a news story.

We are forced to the conclusion that the French newspaper reader is more intelligent than either his American or his English *confrère*. Outside of France we can hardly imagine a public that insists upon daily instruction by experts in art, science, music, the drama, and politics. But the French public demands this from its newspapers. Small as they are, they would rather condense or suppress a great murder or divorce story than exclude an article on astronomy by Flammarion, an essay by Prévost, some history by Cain, some statistics from Bertillon, or some politics by Hanotaux. Nearly every newspaper has its daily signed article on some intellectual topic, and by an acknowledged authority. Statesmen are not averse to explaining their policies in this way. If you want the last word of dramatic criticism you can get it from Emile Faguet in the *Débats*, or Adolph Brisson in the *Temps*. It will be the word of a scholar, sober, masterly, and conclusive. M. Tardieu will explain foreign politics, not according to his own speculations, but because he has the *entré* to the diplomatic offices, having been himself a diplomat. If you want to know what the Socialists are doing M. Jaurés will tell you over his own signature. Whatever particular "cause" you may have made your own you will find its newspaper organ and the opinions of experts therein set forth in the form of essays written with that extraordinary lucidity that only comes to those who have made literature—not mere writing—their profession and therefore who know the value of words. Even the poets need never blush unseen. The newspapers are open to them, and a new writer will be received with curiosity. Imagine a public, outside of France, that is interested in a new poet, interested in the fact that there is a new poet even before it has seen his verses.

Nearly all the public men of France have been newspaper writers and have fought their political battles in the public arena of the press and over their own names. The Dreyfus case, for example, was a struggle of gladiators carried on in the newspapers. In America and in England we speak of the impersonal opinions of the newspapers, but in France the newspapers are personal and they represent public men. The *Aurore*, for instance, had no opinions during the great *affaire*, but M. Clemenceau had opinions and he expressed them in the *Aurore*, and being a newspaper man he expressed them with extraordinary force and brilliance. The *Petit Journal* took no sides, but Ernest Judet wrote daily articles for it, and certainly did as much in the cause of injustice as Clemenceau did in the cause of justice. People bought the newspapers, not to read stodgy editorials written anonymously and reeking with



Harold MacGrath, author of "The Carpet from Bagdad." Bobbs-Merrill Company.

insincerity and venality, but to ascertain the personal views of Clemenceau, and Judet, and Zola, and a dozen others. And those views were expressed in classic French, without a superfluous word. And they cut like knives.

Editorial writing is almost non-existent in French newspapers. Its place is taken by the signed articles of experts on all the great topics of the day. A few journals print some editorial paragraphs, but the policy of the pages as a whole is to be gathered from the way it gives the news. Without being unjust or discriminating, without suppression or distortion, it yet manages to envelop its columns in a certain atmosphere of partisanship, and perhaps this is more effective as an influence upon public opinion than editorials could possibly be. It is only personality that counts in Paris. Anonymous writing would be ignored. Public opinion has no obeisance to offer to the vague nebulosity of the editorial "we." It wants to know what the leaders of thought have to say and it wants to know their opinions. It values those opinions because of their source, and who shall deny that it is wise in so doing? But it is probably equally true that the opinions of these same men would be of no effect unless they were expressed in distinctive French, unless they were pungent, epigrammatic, forceful.

Another feature of the French newspaper is its patriotism. It will willingly suppress news, or refrain from comment upon it, until the policy of the government is known. When the Russian fleet fired upon the British fishing boats the first impulse of the newspapers was to remember the alliance and to side with Russia. But the *entente* with England was in the air, and so the newspapers hesitated lest they should embarrass a budding policy. They waited until the views of their government were known.

Therefore the newspaper holds a real place in the literary life of France. Almost it compensates us for the paucity of great books. It is only a few books, and they of the greatest, that appeal directly to the heart or mind of the masses. But the newspaper can do this, and so long as the French newspaper can avoid the literary degeneracy that threatens the popular press of other countries it will provide the vitalized soil from which great literary things may come.

Paris, October 24, 1911. St. Martin.

AGE AND THE INTELLECT.

"The richer a nature," says Carlyle, "the harder and slower its development. Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh Grammar School; John, ever trim, precise, and dux; Walter, ever slovenly, confused, and dolt. In due time John became Baillie John of Hunter Square, and Walter became Sir Walter Scott of the Universe. The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the cabbage." This slowly developed "Sir Walter Scott of the Universe" was thirty-four when he made his first draft of "Waverly," and forty-three when he rewrote and published it. Nearly every one of those tales which conferred immortality upon him was composed after he reached the age of forty-six. Carlyle was forty-two when he published the "French Revolution," the first work of his to which he formally put his name. His "Cromwell" was published when he was fifty; the first two volumes of his "Frederick the Great" when he was sixty-three, another two when he was sixty-seven, and the last two when he was sixty-nine.

Swift was fifty-nine when he published "Gulliver's Travels," and certainly did no work on it before he was fifty-seven. Tennyson had reached fifty when his first idyls, "Enid," "Elaine," "Vivien," and "Guinevere" were published, and was about sixty-two when he completed the series with "Gareth and Lynette." Macaulay was forty-eight when he issued the first and second volumes of his "History of England," and the third and fourth did not appear till he was fifty-five. John Stuart Mill was fifty-three when his essay "On Liberty" was published, and fifty-six when he gave us that on "Utilitarianism." Milton was certainly more than fifty-four when he began to compose his "Paradise Lost." He was fifty-nine when he sold it to Simmons the bookseller. George Eliot composed "Middlemarch" between the age of forty-six and fifty-one, and after that "Daniel Deronda." Bacon was fifty-nine before he published his great work, the "Novum Organum." Cowper was over fifty when he wrote "John Gilpin" and the "Task"; and Defoe fifty-eight when he published "Robinson Crusoe." Darwin published his "Origin of Species" when fifty, and his "Descent of Man" when sixty-two. Grote wrote the larger part of his "History of Greece" between the ages of fifty-two and sixty-two; and Hallam occupied that period of life with his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe."

The two works by which Thomas Hood has survived the grave, "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt," were composed when he was forty-six, and on a sick-bed from which he never rose. Longfellow gave us "Hiawatha" when forty-eight, "Tales of a Wayside Inn" when fifty-six, and following that was as prolific as he was excellent. We need only mention his translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia," and his exquisite poem, "Morituri Salutamus." "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was published when Holmes was forty-eight, and "Songs in Many Keys" when fifty-five. Washington Irving completed "Tales of the Alhambra" at forty-nine, published "Mahomet" at sixty-seven, and the "Life of George Washington" after that age. Prescott wrote, we believe, the "Conquest of Mexico" between the ages of forty-one and forty-seven, and the "Conquest of Peru" between forty-seven and fifty-one. Motley completed the "History of the United Netherlands" at fifty-three, and after that began the history of "John of Barneveld," which he published when he was sixty. Frenchmen have produced very remarkable books long after the noon-day of life. Laplace did an extraordinary amount of mathematical work after three-score and ten, and Victor Hugo scarcely "got under way" before he was fifty. He published "Napoleon the Little" at fifty, "Les Châtiments" at fifty-one, "Les Miserables" at fifty-seven, the "Toilers of the Sea" at sixty-four ,"The Man Who Laughs" at sixty-seven, and the "Annals of a Terrible Year" at seventy.

Racine was fifty when he wrote his drama of "Esther," and at fifty-two that of "Athalie," the finest production of his genius, and a masterpiece of dramatic eloquence. Thiers was sixty-five when he completed his "Consulate and Empire," and Châteaubriand sixty-three when he published his "Etudes." Cervantes had passed his fifty-eighth year before he published the first part of "Don Quixote," and was sixty-eight when he issued the second part. He and Shakespeare died on the same day. Cicero composed most of his philosophical treatises between the ages of fifty-eight and sixty-two. Galileo published his "Dialogue on the Two Principal Systems of the World" at sixty-eight, the "Dialogue on Local Motion" at seventy-four. Goethe and Kant, two of the greatest minds that ever lived, did scarcely anything till after forty-five. Kant was nothing but a professor till fifty-seven, when he published his "Critique of Pure Reason," on which he had begun work ten years before. When sixty-four he issued his "Critique of Practical Reason," and his "Critique on Judgment" was published two years later. But the most conspicuous literary example of fertility at an advanced age is Goethe. At forty-eight he published "Hermann and Dorothea," and at fifty-six his immortal "Faust." "If Goethe," says Carlyle, "had died in 1806 [the year when 'Faust' appeared], he would have achieved a greater renown than any other man of letters; but he was destined to live twenty-six years longer—years of labor and productiveness." In 1809, when fifty-nine, he published "Elective Affinities," and in 1831, at the age of eighty-two, "Helena," the second part of "Faust."

ART AND MYSTERY OF SHOES.

First of Artisans, the Shoemaker Made the Records of Economic Progress, and Passed.

The first shoemaker not only made the first foot covering, but he also made the tools which enabled him to turn out his primitive handiwork. The awl was probably the first tool made by primitive man. With an awl from a deer-shank and a fortunately shaped shell of some mollusc the primitive workman was ready to make armor for the feet of his cavemate who invaded the jungle in quest of food for the primitive family, simple or composite. And human society made its first advance when some one could be spared from the chase to remain in the cave and prepare the covering for the feet of the hunter.

With the awl and some form of cutting instrument the primitive workman could easily shape the undressed skin of the captured quadruped into the primitive brogue. Etymology gives us a pregnant suggestion here—we find that "brog" is a synonym for awl. The brog and the brogue must have been part of the primitive human outfit long before the weaver, the tailor, or the builder came into existence. The hammer as a special tool, so much extolled as a weapon of war and an instrument of peace, was probably the extension of the primitive club which enabled the user to deliver a blow with greater force at the moment of impact, and at a greater distance. It was a much later acquisition and was not necessary to the primitive shoemaker, whom we claim to be the typical artisan. Foot protection of some kind was the first and most important equipment of the primitive man. This protection was as necessary in war as it was useful in peace.

The art and mystery of the shoemaker of necessity takes the highest rank. His is the occupation from which all other trades are derived. All other crafts are but of yesterday when compared to the art and mystery of the shoemaker. And it makes no difference whether the primal shoemaker was man or woman. It follows that as the art of the shoemaker advanced, social order became possible. On the European continent the shoemaker has been for centuries a well recognized and distinctly appreciated artisan, and to a great extent a social functionary. He was frequently the schoolmaster of his neighborhood. John Pounds, the English shoemaker and founder of the "Ragged schools" in London, was but one of a type of teacher and philanthropist that flourished in most of the centres of population in Europe just after the invention of printing.

In the olden days the shoemaker's shop was usually the radiating centre for the discussion of religion, politics, art, aud the gossip peculiar to the environment. The young shoemaker was nearly always a radical, and frequently a revolutionist. It is told that after the suppression of the French Revolution Napoleon kept the workshops of the Parisian shoemakers under strict surveillance.

There is good reason for the distinction maintained by the shoemaker through all history. The trade of the old-time shoemaker was carried on in premises where comparative quiet was the normal condition. His tools were few in number and of the simplest character. No heavy and noisy machinery was required in the manufacture of work which was made for the individual customer. When the workman was once master of his craft he could control the conditions under which he would work. And as he nearly always worked at piece wage-rates he was entirely independent of supervision or control by his employer. The work was so differentiated and individualized that the making of every pair of shoes was a new task; the workman was compelled to think; every pair was an exercise of the judgment, a call upon all the faculties of the workman. All other artisans—except the smith—worked to some rule or pattern; the shoemaker made his pattern. Knowing these facts, the intelligent student of history is not surprised to find men of the type of Jacob Behmen and Hans Sachs in the ranks of the shoemakers. The quiet seat of the shoemaker was a congenial place to study the problems of philosophy or to write the songs of the people.

The old-time shoemaker did not have to "loaf to invite his soul"; he kept at work and accomplished the same end. For the reasons mentioned and which may be inferred, we find the shoemaker all through the ages a well-informed, independent, and withal a sociable workman. Convivial gatherings were much in favor with the younger journeymen, frequently to their detriment and those depending upon them. This was specially true in Germany—and probably in other parts of Europe—where the shoemaker, the tailor, and the carpenter marched and spreed together from town to town, a trio of roistering, turbulent tramps, who were well known in song and story as typical jolly good fellows. This merrymaking was characteristic of those journeys which were prescribed as a discipline and expected of nearly every artisan in the days preceding the introduction of machinery. The reader must not attach the modern meaning to the term tramp. While the old-time shoemaker was frequently a tramp he was seldom a vagrant. In the time spoken of all European craftsmen were members of guilds; those guilds had headquarters in every considerable town, where these tramping journeymen were received and cared for. Again we must remember that before the invention of machinery it took a great many shoemakers to supply the demand, and it did not require a very large town to support a score of shoemakers. In the time of Julius Cæsar there must have been shoemakers enough in Rome to form a legion.

From an early period there were in America two distinct varieties of shoemakers: custom, or "bespoke" workmen, and the shoemaker who worked on factory or sale-work. While those two classes were the same kind of workmen at the beginning of the shoe industry, they very soon became differentiated and distinctly "class conscious." The custom workman had little sympathy with what he contemptuously called the "shoe carpenters." The factory workman, however, constantly gained in importance, constantly produced more shoes that took the place of work that was "made to order."

In many of the shoe manufacturing centres, such as Philadelphia, Newark, New Jersey, Quincy, Massachusetts, and probably other places, both custom and factory workmen labored harmoniously and in very intimate relations. The custom workman was gradually drawn into the team system. Wherever more than one workman could be employed to make the finished product—boot or shoe—the factory system made a beginning which was never relinquished.

The New England shoe-shop is fairly entitled to equal honor with the New England schoolhouse in being the "melting pot of the nations." From 1850 to 1860 thousands of young men and women from Europe, chiefly from the British islands, came to America, and a large percentage of this heterogeneous mass was digested and made good material for citizenship through the ministration and discipline of the New England shoe-shop.

The New England town meeting was very frequently the continuation of the programme discussed and agreed upon in the shoe-shop of the community. There is not sufficient space to enumerate the eminent men in all the walks of life who began their career in the shoe-shops of New England. Mention must be made of Roger Sherman, the jurist and statesman, and of Nathaniel Bowditch, the learned mathematician, both of whom learned the trade in its entirety. The poet Whittier, who might without prejudice be called the American Hans Sachs, graced the seat of the shoemaker. Henry Wilson, a New England statesman, made brogans in a New England town.

It is beyond the scope of this paper to trace specifically the change in the shoe industry or the appliances and machinery which brought it about. There were, however, two inventions the use of which had a direct tendency to destroy the individuality and independence of the American shoemaker. The invention of the peg-making machine some time before 1820 created a revolution in the making and price of pegged work. Pegged work was made long before that period; but the time involved in the making of every peg by hand made the work so slow and tedious that the price of the boot or shoe was not materially different from the same grade of sewed work. When the machine-made pegs became cheap enough to be used in an emergency to start the shop fire, then the opportunity for experiment was presented and taken advantage of. There was much less skill and judgment involved in the making of pegged work with machine-made pegs. And the use of those pegs instead of sewing accelerated the tendency to a subdivision of labor, as any handy young fellow could be taught to drive pegs in a few weeks.

Up to the time of the introduction of the Howe machine the improvements in shoe tools were confined to appliances which could be used by hand. They were, however, of such nature that they facilitated team-work and the subdivision of labor, thus making it unnecessary for apprenticeship as understood in the generations that used primitive tools. The Howe sewing machine was on the market in 1854; it not only created a revolution in the trade, but it contained the germ of the machinery which made it possible to control the shoe operative and his product. Up to this period the shoe manufacturer cut and prepared the stock on his premises, sending it to or having it called for by the workmen who received it at their individual shops and made it up according to general and stereotyped instructions. There was little or no variation and the workman's judgment was seldom in action. Prior to the installation of power machinery the manufacturer sought the workman, and it was not uncommon to ship the stock a hundred miles to some community of farmers or fishermen, who frequently made shoes in the season when it was more profitable to do so than to pursue their usual calling. The invention of improved hand tools made it possible to have team-work and a considerable subdivision of labor, so that even before the era of power machinery the New England journeyman shoemaker, although enjoying great independence, was not a complete workman, and by the time the great manufactory was filled with power machinery and labor-saving appliances the one-time independent artisan was compelled to work there and became an appendage to some one of a series of automatic machines, his sole function being to feed the material to the particular machine he had been trained to manage.

No matter what we may say about the passing of the shoemaker as an intelligent artisan and social factor, the machine operative has taken his place, and we must admit that the best product of modern boot and shoe machinery has attained such a degree of excellence that it would be utterly impossible to replace it even should it be desirable. While the machine does not always turn out good work, it is evident that for uniformity of quality no hand work made under the old conditions can compete with it.

This rapid and necessarily incomplete sketch of the shoemaker, his personal characteristics, and the importance of his art to civilization will have a great deal more value if we refer the reader to the story of his struggle to obtain reasonable compensation for this service. The facts in relation to this continuous struggle and to the shoemakers' trade unions are fortunately now accessible to all readers, thanks to Mr. Commons and others, whose work, "Documentary History of American Industrial Society" (A. H. Clarke Company, Cleveland, Ohio: 1910), is one of the most valuable contributions that have been made to American economic records. The average reader, and especially the labor reformer, will be astonished to find so much space and consideration given in this work to the shoemakers. More than one-fifth of the ten volumes is occupied with the story. Mr. Commons deals fairly if not generously with the followers of St. Crispin and tells of the shoemakers' progress as well as could be expected from a writer who probably has not had the experience of the journeyman or master cordwainer.

The historical analysis of the rapid change in the relations which existed between the journeyman shoemaker, the master shoemaker, the shoe merchant manufacturer, the shoe merchant capitalist, and the public is set down plainly, and is an instructive page. Mr. Commons found that the "several stages [of the industrial evolution] can be traced quite clearly in the boot and shoe industry, and while of course different industries have different rates of progress, it is the distinction of this industry that its documentary records joined to its historical position make it preëminently interpretative of others." The documentary and narrative portion of the story may be corroborated by concrete example or the testimony of those who are still living.

The chief sources of information from which Mr. Commons draws his deductions in relation to the status of the shoemakers just after the war of the Revolution is the trial of the cordwainers of Philadelphia and New York for combination and conspiracy to raise their wages. The trial of Philadelphia Cordwainers, printed in 1806, is reported verbatim in Mr. Commons's work. It is the report of one of the most extraordinary trials ever held in this country, in that the court and the counsel on both sides seemed to be at one in their effort to draw out all the information in regard to the customs of the trade from all the witnesses examined. The witnesses stated the customs and prices back to colonial times, and the efforts of the early Philadelphia master shoemakers to extend their trade to the southern section of our own country in competition with the imported shoes from Europe. And this, too, before any of the modern shoemaking appliances or labor-saving tools were in use. The scale of wages paid in Philadelphia and New York is given, but it is hardly intelligible without an explanatory foot-note which could only be written by some old shoemaker who may even now be found in the territory which was the scene of action described in the trial.

We are told that the shoemakers of Boston received a charter as early as October 11, 1648, presumably from the General Court, or some competent authority. The charter of the Boston guild of shoemakers was requested by the master shoemakers to give them authority to suppress inferior workmen who damaged the country by "occasion of bad ware." This language looks rather strange when compared with the proceedings and recital of grievances of the modern trade union. The officers of the Boston guild were given power and authority to examine the shoemakers and to secure from the courts of the colony an order suppressing any one whom they did not approve "to be a sufficient workman." The bailiffs and officers of the shoemakers' guild were given powers in that early time which seem to us rather arbitrary, but in difficult cases the defendant could appeal to the courts. To fully understand the phrase "to be a good and sufficient workman," we must remember that even in the beginning of the shoe industry in Massachusetts there were at least two classes of workmen: Those who received a charter for their guild and were master shoemakers, who had fixed places of business to receive their customers, take their measures, and deliver the goods which were made by themselves on their own premises. The other class of shoemakers were itinerant workmen who traveled with their tools from place to place.

This paper may very properly close with another paragraph from the work of Mr. Commons. The archives of the shoemakers which he restores to the public are creditable to that most ancient of all crafts. Mr. Commons shows that these archives throw light upon all similar trade organizations. For the reason that "the shoemakers have pioneered and left legible records, their career is interpretative if not typical." And "they have epitomized American industrial history." Much more could not be said in praise of the sons of St. Crispin—even by one of their own craft. So we cheerfully refer the reader to the work of Mr. Commons.

The record of the shoemaker is complete; as an independent and skilled workman it is closed. But the story of his achievements in all walks of life is an imperishable part of the history of human progress.

Patrick J. Healy.

San Francisco, November, 1911.

POEMS OF SAMUEL JOHN ALEXANDER.

Some Extracts from the Advance Sheets of a Volume by a San Francisco Poet.

It is to be feared that the public of today can hardly be described as watchful for new stars upon the poetic horizon or as hastening to acclaim those whose inspirations lead them into the quiet paths of the verse-maker. And yet there is an audience even for the modern poet. He is not wholly unheard, and if he must look to posterity for a full appreciation, he has at least the consolation of fraternity with a right noble company who were "a long time dead" before their merits were acknowledged.

Samuel John Alexander of Beresford is already numbered among those to whom the lovers of verse have looked hopefully. His poem on San Francisco was printed by the *Century Magazine,* in itself no small acknowledgment of value, and occasional contributions from the same pen have found their way into local periodicals, and always with distinction. And now at last the *Argonaut* is favored by the publisher, A. M. Robertson, with the advance sheets of a volume of verse to be entitled "The Inverted Torch, and Other Poems," by Mr. Alexander. It is a small volume and its contents bear every mark of a cautious and a wise selection. Nowhere is there an example that the kindly critic will unhesitatingly say should have been omitted. Nowhere is there a deviation from a high poetic ideal that may not invariably be attained but that is never allowed to drop from sight. It is with a view to arousing some interest in the work of a new poet and one of unusual promise that the *Argonaut* prints some few specimens of Mr. Alexander's work, chosen almost at random and as fairly representative of the whole:

THE HOUSE OF SPLENDID VISIONS.

Prince of Desolation, God to whom no gracious odors rise
Of the flowers upon the altar, or the meats of sacrifice,
There are dearer, richer offerings that find favor in thine eyes.

Thine, the subtle odors rising from the garlands of regret;
Thine, the tears that scorch in falling; thine, the soul's corroding sweat,
Poured from brimming cups of anger, when The Twelve are secret met.

I shall know thee when thou comest, thou whose livid brows are crowned
With a wreath of scarlet poppies, plucked upon the ghostly ground
Where the sullen waters wander, demon haunted, without sound.

I shall know thee not to fear thee; thou and I have often met
In the jousting at the tourney, where the lists of Life are set;
We have met, and thou wert victor; but the end was never yet.

Shall I know and shall I wonder, in the dawn of some new day,
At the House of Splendid Visions, tenantless and in decay,
And the halls a God hath dwelt in, mingling with the common clay.

Shall I wake to fear and loathing when the earth-worm nearer crawls,
Creeping through the open doorways, creeping o'er the crumbling walls,
Rioting with rites unholy through the dark, deserted halls.

Were it all of life to live, and were it all of death to die,
But the ages hear in travail, and the new-born babe is I,
Whipped in fiery circles onward through the cycles of the sky.

Though the perfect Pearl of Memory, cast in death's corroding wine,
Lose its lustre, pale and vanish from its old, familiar shrine,
Yet shall "I" be lord and master in the halls of Thine and Mine.

"I," the redly glowing centre of a black circumference;
"I," the verb to be and suffer, in an ever present sense;
"I," a shadow, dragged a captive, in the triumph of events.

I am I through all the ages of a surety; yet am I
But a dream of angry devils, whipped with curses from on high,
Or the jest of some Mad Boy God, drunk with nectar in the sky?

THE THEFT OF WINTER.

In California.

A lusty boy, not here grown old,
His shining hair was spun
Of the fine raveled cloth of gold,
Gift of our Lord, the Sun.

But, lo, what madness fills his veins,
For he hath drunken full
Of brimming flagons of the rains
In the House Beautiful.

And he hath sought the fields where May
Had laid her down to rest;
And he hath reft and borne away
The green robe from her breast.

Her robe of state! The impish elf!
With gold flowers overlaid,
Wherein to prank his thievish self
For his mad masquerade;

Wherein, through all his sunlit way
His boyish limbs are swift;
Wherein he brings the gift of May,
And shining April's gift.

A golden deed. A gracious thing.
A jeweled gift, to draw
The gilded largesse of the Spring
From Nature's broken law.

But, Mother Nature ill bestead
With impotent surprise,
Tears the gray tresses of her head
And rubs her startled eyes.

The wise old lady! Let her change
The course of sun and star
That the Greek Kalends hands arrange
Our winter's calendar.

TO LIFE.

What God so cursed me that I took to wife
—For surely some mad Boy God aimed the jest
That laid the ancient wanton on my breast—
His cast-off concubine, that men call Life?
Five hath she borne me—Fear, Despair and Strife
To loot my scanty stores of peace and rest;
And black-browed Hate and Scorn, to bring as guest
Pain, and the pang of his red dripping knife.
One hell-bestowed, and five myself begot;
Five and their dam, to hang with foul embrace
And poisoned lips that stain, a scarlet blot
Or livid blotch on my reluctant face.
I am hag-ridden up steep heights, God wot.
And imp spurred downward, in a devil's race.

AVE ATQUE VALE.

The autumn is dead,
And the year lies a-dying,
Where yellow and red
The sere leaves are flying.
They cover him up as a pall, while the winds of the winter are sighing.

They have made him a bed;
They have pranked it with holly;
With berries of red
To slay Melancholy.
Ye fools! She will rise from her grave, though you bury her deep in your folly.

He came to the crown
In the midst of our cheering;
To death he goes down
With our wailing or jeering;
The Boy King we set on the throne of his sires with caresses endearing.



Samuel John Alexander, author of "The Inverted Torch, and Other Poems." A. M. Robertson.

A health to the King
Who comes on the morrow,
From flagons that fling
Defiance to sorrow.
The wine of the present is ours, the wine of the future we borrow.

A health to the King
From glasses of gladness.
His coming shall bring
Surcease to our sadness.
Let us eat of the fruit of Desire and be drunk with the wine of our madness.

THE SEEKERS.

San Francisco, April 18.

The grist for the mills of the Gods, that is gathered from near and from far,
With rending and riving of atoms, with clashing of sun and of star.
We clutched it with desperate hands from the Fates and the Furies who came
With the sound of the rending of gates in torrents of wind-driven flame.
Though the earth fled away from our feet in tremhling and loathing, yet still,
Our souls from the depths of our need, flashed up to the heights of our will.
We wrought in a passionate fury; with hands that were hleeding we wrought.
Though our souls sweat hlood in the seeking, we sought, and we found what we sought.
We strained at the stone over-weighty and wrenched at the girder, and still
Our fingers all torn and defenseless, grew mailed in the armor of will.
The pulse of our heart rang alarm at the sound of a sigh or a moan;
We followed a veining of scarlet that trickled o'er mortar and stone.
We drew them from tangles of wreckage, from pits of the dark where they lay,
From nethermost valleys of shadows we carried them into the day.
The old and the young lay together; together the dying and dead;
The white hair was smirched with the earth-stain; the gold hair bedahhled with red.
To one came the King in his wrath, and the dead man stared up in affright,
Struck full in the face with the hlow, and huffeted into the night.
To one came the King in His love, and the fingers of healing were laid
On the heart and the hrain over-wrought, and he smiled in his sleep, unafraid.
And one clinched his fist in his anger; and one clasped the Cross to her breast;
And one raised his hand as adjuring; and one was more fair than the rest;
He lay with his face on his arm, in the strong, careless grace of the hoy;
Struck out hy the Gods in their pastime, and hroke in their wrath as a toy;
My soul, to his soul that was passing, hy the Name that the lips may not speak
Adjured him with august compelling, that hrought the faint flush to his cheek;
And he tarried a space at my hidding on the hrink of the Great Divide.
And he looked in my face, and his eyes smiled into my eyes, and he died.
There was never the time for a tear, nor ever the time for a sigh,
But my face grew white in the light of his soul as it passed me hy.
And the hand of God had lingered on the finer clay and the soul,
But we laid him the one, with the many, and a part of the hroken whole.
And Fear held the torch to our seeking; we sought in morasses of dread
For the hond of the Human hetween us, the quick, the dying, and dead.
And nearer from ultimate reaches, the wings of the tempest were drawn,
And leading the vanguard of rapine, the Fates and the Furies swept on.

THE THREE AT STANFORD.

Tread ye with reverent feet, for Here is God;
Here, where The Three have trod,
Father, Mother, and Son.
Douht not that to This Three, the Three In One
Gave the enduring palms of victory won
In the high heavens to wave,
But deeply rooted in an earthly grave.

Here where their earthly shadows unsufficed
In very truth is Christ.
Through their Gethsemane,
Up the steep summits of their Calvary,
One, Who had passed before them, led The Three.
His Strength Divine sustained
His Human Brothers, tear and travel-stained.

This is His High and Holy House that stands
Not huilt alone with hands;
Divinely Human Love
Laid the deep stone and reared the arch above,
Man's Immortality of Love to prove.
Within this Holy Shrine
The Human reaches to the All divine.

Oh, Childless Givers of the Gift, to ye
What shall our giving he?
Be this the gift we hring
To reach them in the heavens on swift wing:
As the lark soaring, as the lark to sing,
Cry we with eyes grown dim
Mother or Father unto Her or Him.

THE RED ROSE OF EARTH.

God's Benison upon the Boy
With hoyish grace who came
An apotheosis of Joy
That scorched me as with flame.

A wave of sorrow swept my soul,
My eyes with tears grew dim.
Oh God! What seas of silence roll
Between myself and him.

The morning hlossoms in his eyes.
Shall not, heneath his feet
The purple hyacinth arise
The Sun God's eyes to meet?

Myself am franchised in the stars;
My fingers free upon
The key to loose the morning's hars
And usher in the dawn.

Yet, though I draw him to me close
With pressure of the hand,
And match my Star with his Red Rose,
He would not understand.

I watch from alien heights afar
My kindly Halls of Birth;
And I would give my farthest Star
For his Red Rose of Earth.

THE INVERTED TORCH.

I have pausecl at Thy Shrine in the porch
Where the acolytes kneel and adore,
But I went from their midst, who am more
To the Innermost Holies that scorch
With the flame of Thy Torch.

Yea, My Lord, I have held them apart
From the red dripping fingers of Life
I have held them ahove in the strife.
And I vow Thee my soul and my heart
In the shrine where Thou art.

I have lifted my soul to the vow
And my heart rises up nothing loath
Though Thou claimest the vow and the oath
By the splendour of God on my hrow
Though Thou claimest them now.

Shall I fear Thee, My Lord? Shall I fear?
When the torrent of life is repressed,
By Thy hand on my hrow and my hreast,
Thou, visihly, audihly near
To the eye and the ear.

I have served where the light was withdrawn,
I have sowed for a harvest of wrath
And the whirlwind hath reaped in my path
But Thy Torch was a splendour thereon
And the Promise of Dawn.

Though the Sun God helated shall twine
In the rue for my forehead, a leaf
Of His laurel, to mock at my grief
I will turn to the Torch in Thy shrine
And its splendour divine.

THE INVERTED TORCH, AND OTHER POEMS. By Samuel John Alexander. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

LIFE IN THE MOSLEM EAST.

A High Russian Official Tells Us of Thirty-Six Years' Experience in the Orient.

Mr. Ponafidine's fine volume comes opportunely. Turkey and the east of Europe are fully in sight at the present time. The Mohammedan world is stirring uneasily and is creating a corresponding uneasiness among its neighbors. The Orient, Mohammedan and otherwise, has already asserted itself in the affairs of the world and is promising to play a large part in international politics. It is well that we should know something more of it than we do at present, and especially from one so well qualified to instruct as Mr. Ponafidine, whose experience of thirty-six years is thus placed at our disposal. Mr. Ponafidine was imperial Russian consul-general at Constantinople after occupying similar positions in various parts of Persia and Turkey. He writes not only understandingly, but sympathetically. Indeed it would be hard to find any other work of its kind so free from national and personal bias, so coldly impartial in its treatment of points that are often contentious. The author lived not only in Constàntinople, but in Teheran, Tabriz, Bagdad, and Meshed, as well as being special commissioner to Tashkent and the Pamirs. Such a record places him in the front rank of authorities.

Life in Bagdad, says the author, has its peculiar characteristics, and we may infer that they are usually unpleasant ones. There are practically no amusements, the climate is burdensome, and mosquitoes and snakes give variety to a monotonous existence:

> Once sitting on the veranda we were attracted by the cries of our monkey Figaro, whose language we understood. His danger cry was a shrill sound resembling krrr, krrr. Glancing at Figaro I saw that he was looking and pointing at one of the stone pillars that supported the veranda, but could see nothing. The monkey, too, calmed down, but in a few minutes repeated his warning "krrr, krrr." Soon I saw from a hole so small one could hardly pass one's finger the head of a snake. At my approach it disappeared. We were determined to dislodge our unwelcome tenant, but for a time all our efforts were in vain. Finally some one found the way. Bringing boiling water it was thrown into the hole, and the snake immediately flung itself out and was killed. It proved to be poisonous. Another time a venomous snake was found in the bed. The natives affirm, and in Persia I have heard the same, that as nights become cool snakes often creep into beds to get warm. How correct this interpretation of their motives may be, it is a fact that snakes are not infrequently found in beds.

The people of Mesopotamia apparently hold strong opinions on the abduction of women, an offense common enough in most Oriental countries. Upon one occasion the author missed his servant Ahmed, who had been last seen talking with an unknown Arab and had then disappeared from view. Next morning Ahmed reappeared, but with much added experience:

> It seems that the Arab who had asked for water was nearly exhausted from thirst, as he had had nothing to drink for two days. He had been in hiding from some men of a tribe from whom he had carried off a girl and he begged to be saved from their vengeance. Any one in Ahmed's place could easily have done so by taking the man up behind him and riding after us, for at that time we were yet in sight. Ahmed, however, wasted precious time in aimless questions and so sealed the fate of the poor fellow. Seeing that we were at some distance, several Arabs sprang up from the bushes where they had been in hiding so long as we were near, and falling upon their victim with daggers while he was writhing on the ground in his death agony, they cut out his yet palpitating heart, and dividing it, each man ate a piece; in this way wiping out the disgrace their tribe had suffered. Having satisfied their awful sense of vengeance, the Arabs began to discuss what to do with Ahmed, who had stood, more dead than alive, an unwilling witness of the terrible deed. Some were for killing him for fear he would betray them. Others claimed that it was to their advantage to let him live and tell how their tribe knew how to repay an injury. The latter opinion prevailed and it was decided to spare Ahmed, but he was kept there some time, and in the meanwhile his horse had found its way to the camp.

We have much curious information on the subject of Moslem pilgrimages. It seems that the devotee who has been unable to visit sacred soil during his life may still reap the accruing blessings if his body be transported to the holy places after death. Therefore there is quite a trade in corpses and a particularly noticeable one if the body happens to have been buried for a few months in the interim. The thrifty Turkish government, ever ready to turn an honest penny, imposes a customs tariff upon these grim imports:

> To illustrate the peculiar morals of the rite I will cite an incident told me by a European physician who had been sent to study the pilgrimage routes from a sanitary point of view. Entering Persia by Tabriz he engaged two highly recommended servants, Persians, and started down by the usual caravan route into Turkey. At Khanakin, on the frontier, where there is a sanitary post, the usual customs examination took place in the presence of the local sanitary physicians. While the two colleagues, Turkish and European, exchanged views unanimously denouncing the dangerous practice of carrying so many bodies through the populated countries, the customs officials were busy with the doctor's baggage. With unmoved faces they began to take from the various places human bones in view of determining how many bodies were brought. The doctor was speechless with amazement and horror as he saw bone after bone drawn out, not only from his valises, but from the bags containing his provisions for the road—flour, rice, etc.—his servants coolly greeting each new discovery with "That's a part of my father," or grandmother, as the case might be. It seems that the men had profited by what they considered a good opportunity of smuggling the bones of some of their relatives across the frontier, as they did not expect the physician's belongings would be subjected to examination.

Our opinion of the Bedouin is not raised by a perusal of Mr. Ponafidine's book. He has his virtues, but we would willingly dispense with them if we might rid ourselves of his vices also:

> To rob and murder an unbeliever, or to betray him, is not considered a crime by the Bedouins. It is true that he will not kill or betray an unbeliever who has partaken of his hospitality of his guest tent, but does not hesitate to do so once the stranger has left his camp. Mullahs or any ecclesiastics are rarely to be found among the Bedouins, except occasionally as an appendage to a rich sheikh. This absence of clergy gives rise to the Turkish definition of the Arabs as a "people who have no religion, whose women wear no drawers, whose saddles lack stirrups and whose bridles have no bits," and this is true. As to education, there is nothing to be said. Bedouins are very suspicious of the art of reading and writing. They say a man who can write risks ruining his whole life by a single stroke of his pen.

The Bedouin is certainly right as to the mischief that can be done with a single stroke of the pen, but as an argument against education in general it lacks force. Here is another glimpse of Bedouin hospitality:

> Camel's milk is first offered to the weary guest and is called "kheyr Allah," God's gift. In passing I will mention that camel's milk is easily assimilated in the stomach, but gives colic to those unaccustomed to it if taken in considerable quantities. Coffee follows, prepared by the host himself if there is water to be had in the camp. Only half a cup is offered, as it is not considered polite to fill the cup, which would be a hint to the guest that after drinking it he might depart. If the guest arrives in the morning he gets the usual breakfast of sour milk with perhaps the addition of dates in water. When the meal is served the host says, "Eat, and may Allah give you life." The real Bedouin will not rise until all have finished. The guest at the end of the repast generally says, "Umnaat Allah aleika ia myateh" ("May God's blessing rest upon thee, oh my host"). The supper consists of the same food as the breakfast, and if the guest is to leave the next day it is not the custom to feed him in the morning. Sometimes the hostess may give the departing guest just a handful of dates for the road. Hospitality is obligatory for three days. Sometimes a passing stranger may leave some of his belongings with his host, and on his return he is sure of finding everything as he left it.

The author's account of his journey from Bagdad to Bassorah gives occasion for a curious account of native lion hunting. It is said that the women of the tribe of Muntifek never smile upon their suitors until one had killed his lion, and we may suppose that one who could perform such a feat as the following would



Elsa Barker, author of "Stories from the New Testament for Children." Duffield & Co.

be fully prepared for the equivalent feat of matrimony:

> The lion hunter armed himself with only a sharp, curved dagger, an iron peg sharpened at both ends and a long strip of undressed leather. The leather he carefully bound about the left arm from wrist to shoulder, and carried the peg in the same hand, while in the right he held the dagger. On finding the lion he proceeded to tease and excite the beast, until the enraged lion made his rush with open mouth, which the Arab braced himself to meet. Putting forward the left arm he fearlessly ran it down the great open mouth and with the two-pointed iron tore and cut the throat while with the dagger he ripped open the creature's belly. This method of hunting lions is to be found portrayed on many bas-reliefs. Even to this day a half-naked Arab will fearlessly face a lion in the same way, pouring out a torrent of abuse and shouting, "Who art thou, thou night thief, thou bastard who knows not the name of thy father, how darest thou to defile with thy touch me, the son of so and so [giving his genealogy], of such and such a famous tribe!"

The author's journey from Bassorah to Muscat was rendered memorable by a fight between Arabs, a fight that even a powerful water hose was unable to quell and that raged merrily until exhaustion brought it to a close. The patching up of the wounds gave occasion for a remarkable display of Arab stolidity that perhaps would be called bravery in a white man:

> They themselves paid no attention to any wounds except severe ones on the head, only trying to stop violent bleeding with the bandages furnished by the captain. Those with cuts in the head, a dozen or more men, gathered around the mate in front of the latter's cabin. The amateur surgeon seated himself on his camp-stool, steadying between his knees the head of his patient, who squatted on the deck. We watched with interest and wonder the proceedings. On shaving the hair the skin of the scalp was found to be of such enormous thickness that no ordinary needle would pierce it. Nothing daunted, the mate produced a huge curved needle used in sewing sacks and sails. This we saw him stick into the skin and then push it with as much force as if he were mending a shoe! The patient in the meantime never blinking, but blissfully pulling at a cigarette furnished him by the interested bystanders. Not a groan did we once hear from any of the patients, though some of the rough operations must have been exceedingly painful if the men possessed nerves. The nearest they ever came to complaint was to ask "if he would soon finish."

We have a curious account of thuggery in India, from which it would seem that the unpleasant and murderous practices of the sect are due to a form of piety, doubtless a misguided piety, but piety none the less. Here is a single exploit narrated by a Thug who had been made prisoner:

> "On our way to Dorego we met three Brahmins together with a fakir who was mounted on a miserable horse. The latter was all smeared with sugar to attract the flies, that were swarming all over him. We drove off the fakir and killed the Brahmins. Coming out of Dorego we again met the fakir, who joined our party. On the way we met seven travelers who were going from Bombay to Nagpur. We drove the fakir off with stones and killed the seven. The next morning we again met the fakir and again let him go. Later we met two Kachins and a Sepoy, and on inveigling them to the place where we had intended killing them, we again found our fakir! Losing our patience at last, we paid one of our number five rupees to kill him, taking the sin upon ourselves. We strangled the three and with them the fakir, upon whom we found thirty pounds of coral and 350 strings of small and fifteen of large pearls, also a gold necklace."

Every one has read Kipling's story of the man in India who was thrown alive into the sandpit for the offense of seeming to be dead when he was not so actually. It seems that the Persians also refuse to admit the possibility of suspended animation:

> I was told by reliable persons of a case that occurred in Ardahil sixty years ago. One evening a Persian passing through a cemetery distinctly heard cries issuing from a grave. At first he was so frightened that he started to run, but on second thought he called Allah to his aid and, approaching a grave, heard clearly calls for help issuing from it. As the grave was very shallow, he was able to dig it open with his hands and stick, and soon came to the coffin, from which he helped out a woman. He led her to her home, but her people refused to receive her. The unfortunate creature passed the night in the street, and on the following morning a large crowd escorted her to a Mudjtaheid, who read verses from the Koran proving that the dead do not rise until the last day and commanded her to be put to death and be buried again! Such facts could not take place now, of course, but that many instances occurred where persons supposed to have been dead were not so when buried, I can vouch for.

We are told a good deal of the position of women in the East, but possibly not enough to eradicate the belief that Mohammedanism denies a soul and immortality to women:

> Are women admitted to Paradise? is a question that is often asked, and answered by most Europeans in the negative. We find, however, more than one passage in the Koran that distinctly speaks of a future life in Paradise for women. The most often quoted is the one promising the Faithful that he will meet in Paradise *besides his own earthly wives seventy-two houris*—not an attractive prospect for the poor women, who have suffered enough in this life from the humiliations of polygamy! But in the 4th Sura we find the following more definite statement: "But whoso doeth good works, whether he be male or female, and is a true believer, they shall be admitted into Paradise, and shall not in the least be unjustly dealt with."

Mohammedan women have also had something to say as to the high price of food, and that so long ago as 1861:

> In 1861 there was a famine in Persia. If such years bring suffering to well-administered European countries where quick means of communication exist, and the government and society make every effort to relieve suffering, what must a famine mean in Persia, where communication is slow and at some periods of the year closes, where those in authority buy up grain and sell it at their own prices, becoming rich at the expense of the people, where society and government do nothing to relieve the misery? In Europe it is impossible to realize how the prices can rise in Persia when the crops fail. Bread is sold at eight, ten, and twelve times its normal price. In addition to this, bakers, having but little flour, sell their bread to their acquaintances or to people of position, and others can not get it even for money. This fact was proved by the beggars refusing money and only pleading for "bread, bread." Along the streets lay the bodies of those who had died from starvation. At this time a mob of several thousand women, driven to desperation, in Teheran went out to meet the Shah on his return from a shooting expedition. The women surrounded his majesty so closely that he could not escape from them, and he had to listen to the story of their wrongs and to promise them to cause an investigation to be made. The result was that the chief of police and several others paid for their avarice with their lives, and the price of bread that day dropped one-half!

It will be noted that these women who had no votes were yet successful in lowering the price of bread by one-half, a feat not yet performed even by their modern sisters, who have votes.

The Persian criminal law is distinctly cruel. The author tells us of a man who had committed thirteen murders and who was sentenced to be split in two. Mr. Ponafidine interceded to change the form of punishment and so the sentence was altered to death by the cannon:

> According to custom the condemned man is placed on a bench high enough to bring the middle of his body on a level with the mouth of a cannon. He is then firmly strapped in place facing the cannon, and with unbound eyes watches the awful preparations. Death is of course instantaneous and probably painless, the pieces flying in the air and dropping for miles about, as we ourselves had the ill-luck of seeing when out riding one day, a ghastly hit falling almost on our heads! Well, this poor man was probably badly fastened, for, as he saw the torch applied, he gave a desperate wrench and threw himself to one side, so that only a part of his arm was blown off. The executioner, probably too lazy to reload the cannon, threw him down and cut off his head!
>
> In Urumiah I remember not many years ago several highwaymen were walled up and then buried alive in soft lime.

Here we must leave a delightfully written book and one that seems to cover well-nigh the whole range of Oriental life. It is a work not to be overlooked by those who would understand the Mohammedan world and the spirit of a people of whom we are likely to hear increasingly as the years pass on.

Life in the Moslem East. By Pierre Ponafidine. Translated from the Russian by Emma Cochran Ponafidine. With numerous illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

The Spell of Egypt.

Mr. Hichens is one of the few men who can write acceptably of Egypt, that is to say one of the few men who have imagination enough to bring them into sympathetic communion with the great past. He gives us a volume of 270 pages that makes no pretense to scholarship, that deals with history and archæology only in an elementary way, and that yet makes a stronger appeal to lofty sentiment and to a legitimate sense of mystery than almost any other book of its kind. Many other writers have described the Great Pyramid, for example, but no one else has invited us to "listen to the silence there, feel it with your hands—is it not tangible in this hot fastness of incorruptible death?" Many others have written of the Sphinx, but few among them have recognized or confessed that it is "one of the most astounding facts in the history of man that a man was able to contain within his mind, to conceive, the conception of the Sphinx." The most determined atheist can be imagined, says Mr. Hichens, as "looking at the Sphinx and, in a flash, not merely believing, but feeling that he had before him proof of the soul beyond the grave, of the life of the soul of Khufu beyond the tomb of his Pyramid."

One of the keynotes of the East, says the author, is eternal prayer, a prayer that is unconcealed and unashamed, like eating or sleeping. In the Temple of Horus at Edfu one must necessarily pray, but neither to gods Christian nor pagan, but to the Hidden One, who is nameless, but the soul of all human life. Edfu is the consecration of form. It is "like a music."

Thus the whole of Egypt presents itself to Mr. Hichens, as the perfect expression of a perfect soul that has passed away. We might read a hundred books upon archæology, a hundred learned disquisitions on dynasties



Mrs. Carroll W. Rankin, outhar of "The Castoways of Pete's Patch." Henry Holt & Co.

and kings, and know less of the lore of Khem than Mr. Hichens gives us in his every chapter.

The Spell of Egypt. By Robert Hichens. New York: The Century Company; $1.25 net.

East and West.

Mr. Kirkham writes just such a book about nature as would be expected from a perusal of his earlier philosophical writings. His avowed object is to persuade us into a better acquaintance with our own country, not with one small part of it, but with its many aspects that can be found only by travel. And Mr. Kirkham by no means confines himself to inanimate nature, if so unorthodox a term may be allowed for lack of a better. He would have us on better terms with our unenfranchised fellow-citizens, the animals and the birds, the trees and the flowers. Even the desolation of the desert, the changing individuality of the landscape, the moods of the atmosphere, appeal to him for friendly recognition.

Mr. Kirkham does well to select a few representative places for description. He is scrupulously fair to the East, but his heart is always in the West. He chooses Cape Ann, a scene on Long Island, the Adirondacks, and the Roanoke River swamps for the East, and leaves nothing to be desired in the delicacy of his picturing and a certain dainty selective power that always finds the best material. But it is in the West that he truly "spreads himself." He finds individuality everywhere, but nowhere so untouched, so unstained, as in Arizona and California. Here nature finds full self-expression, here alone her language is still her own, positive, dominant, and pure.

Mr. Kirkham's keynote seems to be the consciousness of nature and its appeal to, even its identity with, similar moods in man. If sometimes he runs into a sort of glorified exaggeration it is of the pardonable kind and to be understood by those who know its sources. The softer landscapes of the East have their appeal, but it is rather the appeal of the tamed and the subject, an appeal "to some cultivated and finished part of us." But the appeal of the West is to the elemental in us. It is defiant, relentless, and resistless.

East and West. Comparative Studies of Nature in Eastern and Western States. By Stanton Davis Kirkham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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The story itself is simple enough. Peter Vibart, quiet, unassuming, and poor, finds himself disinherited by his uncle unless he can succeed in marrying the reigning beauty of the town. To enter into so hopeless a competition with the wealth and fashion of the day is out of the question, and so Peter betakes himself to the road and to the irresponsible life of the harmless and sentimental tramp. He consorts with other tramps, with tinkers, criminals, and the unconsidered lives on "the broad highway," and he finds them to be a noble company, rich in the true wealth of life and in the unspoiled knowledge of direct vision. We know intuitively that the lady who seemed so far beyond his reach must be awaiting him somewhere on the broad highway, but when she comes she is bewitching enough to bewilder it. The plot is so simply ingenious that we care nothing about the probabilities, and we close the book with a feeling that we have read something genuinely of the first class, of an exquisite delicacy, and of a grace rare enough to be distinctive and memorable.

The Broad Highway. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Nine-Tenths.

It might be an exaggeration to say that Mr. James Oppenheim has written the only sane and illuminating novel on the reform and labor problems. It would not be an exaggeration to say that it belongs to a pitifully small minority of romances that display any philosophic grasp of the principles involved. We are heartily sick of the sameness of these productions, of the godlike young reformer, of the beast-like corporation magnate, and of the beautiful girl reared in an atmosphere of profligate luxury and who allows herself to be won over to the cause of the "worker" and the "people" by the heroic virtues of the popular tribune. There are no such people. The pictures are vicious caricatures. The theory of two opposing camps of immaculate virtue and conscience-



H. D. Umbstoetter, onthor of "The Red Hot Dollar." L. C. Page & Co.

less economic vice is false and dangerous. And the monotony of its repetition is sickening.

Mr. Oppenheim's hero is Joe Blaine, the good-tempered, easy-going, and indulgent proprietor of a printing establishment. Through neglect of the fire rules his establishment is burned down and a large number of girls are killed. Lashed by remorse Joe becomes a reformer. He goes to live on the East Side, he starts a sort of revolutionary newspaper, and he throws himself heart and soul into the strike movement. In fact he becomes an industry agitator under the obsessing theory that the world is divided into slaves and slave-owners. Then comes the shirtwaist makers' strike, and Joe is instrumental in calling out a numher of men who have refused to help the girls. That is the beginning of his recognition of facts. He is visited by Albert Lissner, owner of the Lissner Shirtwaist Company:

"Mr. Blaine, I had eighty girls working for me. . . . I always did all I could for them . . . but there was fierce competition, and I was just skimping along, and I had to pay small wages . . . but I was good to those girls. . . . They didn't want to strike . . . the others made them."

Joe was stirred.

"Yes, I know . . . many of the shops were good." . . .

"Well," said Lissner, with a shaking, bitter smile, "you and your strike have ruined me. . . . I'm a ruined man. . . . My family and I have lost everything. . . . And, it's killed my wife."

And so Joe begins to think and to recognize facts. He sees that the struggle is not between good men and bad men, but rather between the good and the bad in men, in all men. Each individual is the battle ground between slave and tyrant. They are not in opposing camps:

And suddenly Joe knew. All are guilty; all share in the corruption of the world—the laborer anxious for mass-tyranny and distrustful of genius, the aristocrat afraid of soiling his hands, the capitalist intent on power and wealth, the artist neglectful of all but a narrow artifice, each one limited by excess or want, by intellect or passion, by vanity or lust, and all struggling with one another to wrest some special gift for himself. In the intricacy of civilization there are no real divisions, but every man is merely a brain cell, a nerve, in the great organism, and what one man gains some other must lose. It was a world he got a glimpse of quite different from that sharp twofold world of the workers and the money-power, a world of infinite gradations, a world merely the child of the past, where high and low were pushed by the resistless pressure of environ-



Edith Rickert, compiler of "American Lyrics." Baker & Taylor Company.

ment, and lives were shaped by birth, chance, training, position, and a myriad, myriad indefinable forces.

Joe is as mucb a reformer as ever he was, but he sees at last where reform sbould lie.

There is, of course, a "heart interest" to the story and a quite satisfactory and foreseen ending.

The Nine-Tenths. By James Oppenheim. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Larger Growth.

We may suppose that there really are such people as the Maddox family and that in many a country town are to be found the old-fasbioned parents who can not conceive why tbeir children look longingly upon the great world beyond and refuse to be satisfied with Main Street and the village pump. But there can not be many such parents nowadays. The waves of an ambitious and restless juvenility have passed over them, and perhaps even tbey themselves are learning the *Wanderlust*.

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The Larger Growth. By Constance Smedley Armfield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.35 net.

The Heart of a Woman.

The reader will be inclined to tbink that Baroness Orczy has made much ado about nothing. Not that the story is not a thrilling one. It is. It palpitates. There are two murders, evidently by the same hand, and not Gaboriau himself would have given us a greater surprise than we experience when we at last detect tbe criminal. We feel as tbough we had caught our own mother stealing the spoons. But as an analysis of a woman's heart we fail to see that Louisa is in any way remarkable. Sbe is engaged to marry Luke, who supposes himself to be Lord Radclyffe's heir. Louisa is prosaic, commonplace. So is Luke. She is not even beautiful. Nor is Luke. In short, tbey are just people.

Then a rival heir turns up unexpectedly and is recognized by Lord Radclyffe. Of course that is bad for Luke, but if we are



Elcanar Hollowell Abbott, author of "The Sick-a-Bed Lady." Century Compony.

expected to rbapsodize over Louisa's continued fidelity we really can not do it. To be faithful in adversity is a woman's long suit. It is what we expect from her. It is what we usually get, wretcbes that we are.

Then the rival heir is mysteriously murdered, and naturally Luke is suspected. But Louisa's fidelity still stands tbe strain. She preserves her composure. She lives behind a mask of true British imperturbability, but she will never abandon Luke. Once more we are tacitly asked to enthuse and once more we decline. Only to a woman author would it occur that Louisa would abandon her lover, believing him to be innocent. A man would bave taken her fidelity for granted. We know, of course, that Luke is not the murderer, although he is untruthful enough to say that he is, but the mystery is preserved until the last pages, and tben we say, "Who would have thought it?" But we still maintain that Louisa is quite an ordinary woman and does exactly what we should expect her to do. But then, of course, we are not in high life, and tbat may make a difference.

The Heart of a Woman. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company; $1.20.

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The Black Cross Clove. By James Luby. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Animal World.

This little volume hy Professor Gamhle appears in the Home University Lihrary and assumes a somewhat greater knowledge on the part of the reader than is usual with other works of this series. In treating the development of the animal kingdom it proceeds from the point of view of function rather than in the more usual way of tracing development from a single cell, up the main stem of evolution and along the hranches and twigs until finally we have the wealth of life in the infinite diversity that we see around us. Professor Gamhle assumes a familiarity with this method and so proceeds to trace the similarity of function, the organs corresponding to function that appear under the stress of need, the appearance of other functions hased on the development of organ, and so on through the ascending layers of function and organ up to the highest forms of animal life. In short, we are asked to witness a phase of the contact hetween life and matter, a part of the process hy which life manifests itself in matter, finding a constantly more hrilliant expression of itself through constantly more complex forms.

The Animal World. By F. W. Gamble. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents.

Irish Poems.

Mr. Arthur Stringer adopts almost a tone of apology in the foreword to the threescore lyrics that find a place hetween the covers of his little volume of Irish poems. He explains that it is a small gallery of small portraits, or a "record of fleeting impressions caught from the west of Ireland character." The people of whom he writes are "partly my own people," and he tries to reproduce something of their whimsical gayeties and something of the "nostalgic mournfulness" never far below the surface of the Irish character.

No one can read Mr. Stringer's verses without pleasure. They are always exact and always musical, and yet they seem to lack something of that suhtle sentiment that only the true Irish poet can supply. Mr. Stringer has given us an admirahle imitation.

Irish Poems. By Arthur Stringer. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.

The Padres of California.

It is satisfactory that a new edition should he needed of Charles Warren Stoddard's "In the Footprints of the Padres." It is still more satisfactory that the need should he supplied in so handsome a form as the present. The introduction hy Charles Phillips explains the changes in the new issue. "Primeval California" has heen included, first published in 1881. Another addition is "In Yosemite Shadows," written when Stoddard was ahout twenty and puhlished in the old *Overlond*, then edited hy Bret Harte. A third inclusion is "An Affair of the Misty City," wholly autohiographical and emhodying pen portraits of all the celebrities of California's first literary days. These are wise and suhstantial additions, largely increasing the value and the interest of the volume. It need not he said that the workmanship is of a high order and the many illustrations in tone all that they should he. It is a hook that should he in every California house.

In the Footprints of the Padres. By Charles Warren Stoddard. New and enlarged edition. With an introduction by Charles Phillips. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; $2.

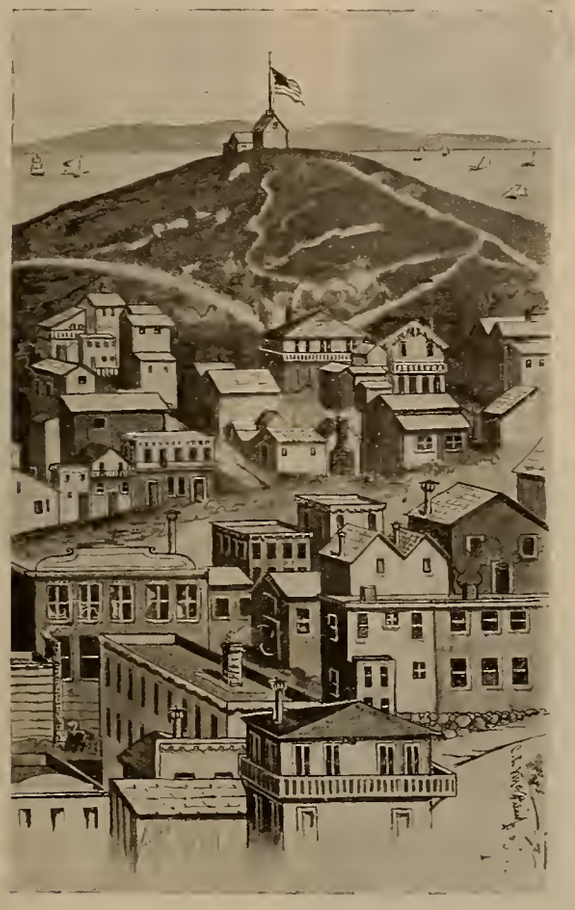
Masks and Minstrels.

Mr. Percival Pollard devotes a book of some three hundred pages to a consideration of the modern lyrical movement in German literature. It is a movement that the rest of the world knows very little ahout, for elsewhere there is little or nothing corresponding with it. Germany, conservative in all else, is radical in her literature. England has heen content to rest upon her oars since the Victorian era. America is too husy with finance to pay any attention to books. Germany herself was for long content to look backward to Goethe and Schiller and to be satisfied with the hathos that followed them. Then came the rebellion against the old restraints. A swarm of writers appeared who regarded life itself as the greatest and the most heautiful of human possessions and as supplying witbout extraneous aid all the essentials to happiness. They were the lyricists, and if their fame has hardly crossed the German frontiers, they have at least done a splendid work at home in clearing away the hanalities and the ruhhish, and in striking a new keynote which is the joy of life.

Mr. Pollard sketches this movement not only with profound sympathy, hut with something of its own spirit. He tells us of Heinrich and Julius Hart, of Karl Bleibtreu, who wrote ninety volumes of novels, poems, plays, and hattle scenes, and of Hermann Conradi, who died at twenty-eigbt. Names that we ought to know more about crowd Mr. Pollard's pages. He tells us of Bierbaum, George, Dauthendey, Klein, Schroeder, Falke, Ernst von Wolzogen, Thoma, and Wedekind, of the drama and the Young Vienna movement. He almost convinces us that Germany is at the dawn of a new literary era and we wonder what shall he its correspondence in political development, for literature, after all, is hut one aspect of national evolution, an index to forces that will find a many-sided expansion and even explosion.

Mr. Pollard's style is admirahly adapted to his subject, and he never talks about himself nor allows the personal equation to tint his picture. He is always the interested ohserver, intensely sympathetic, eager, and laudatory.

Masks and Minstrels of New Germany. By Percival Pollard. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.; $1.50.



Telegraph Hill, 1856, San Francisco. Illustration from "In the Footprints of the Padres," by Charles Warren Stoddard. A. M. Robertson.

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Havoc.

Mr. Oppenheim is once more at his best in this story of international intrigue and of the subterranean forces that underlie modern diplomacy. The bone of contention is a memorandum of the proceedings at a secret conclave between the emperors of Russia, Germany, and Austria that has been called in order to secure the downfall of England. Through the momentary insanity of one of the high diplomats this memorandum has fallen into the hands of an American journalist, who is murdered while trying to escape with it from the country. The pursuit of the document, so vital to the interests of England, is then taken up by an English secret service agent ably seconded by Mlle. Idiale, a beautiful Servian opera singer, who knows that the independence of her own country is at stake and who uses all the wiles of her sex and beauty to undermine the loyalty of those who have charge of the memoran-



E. Phillips Oppenheim, author of "Havoc." Little, Brown & Co.

dum. There is no need to follow all its vicissitudes. Those who know Mr. Oppenheim will need no assurance that they are skillfully described and with sensational effects that are never overdone. Strategy, bloodshed, and beauty are admirably combined so as to produce no shock to credulity, and we are almost persuaded that such things do actually happen on the lower levels of international diplomacy. And perhaps they do.

Havoc. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.

The Dangerous Age.

Whether "The Dangerous Age," by Karin Michaëlis, deserves to be "the most widely read novel at the present moment" in Europe must be left to the judgment of its readers. Probably they will be divided into affirmative and positive camps, with the men in the former and the women in the latter. Books that claim to be a revelation of a secret feminine psychology have been common enough, but they have never received a general feminine



Illustration from "American Belles," by Harrison Fisher. Dodd, Mead & Co.

imprimatur. Indeed they have usually been repudiated with scorn. Probably this one will meet the same fate. Nevertheless it will be read, and as much by women as by men.

It need hardly be said that "the dangerous age" is not the age of youth. The period that witnesses the waning of possibilities is far more perilous than the immaturity that watches their approach. The author would persuade us that the end of sex is the end of life for a woman. Beyond is the abyss full of despairs and of desperate things.

The story is in the form of letters and of a diary. Elsie Lindther, aged forty-two, secures a divorce from her husband. Her reasons are among the things that no man can understand. She craves for solitude. The impulse to be alone has seized her, and in announcing the fact to her friends she is willing that it shall be called hysteria. And rightly so, for it is hysteria, or that state in which feminine nerves dominate over feminine reason.

In her solitude Elsie has time to realize



Mary Openshaw, author of "The Cross of Honour." Small, Maynard & Co.

that she is aging, and then we see that pitiful snatching at a fading youth that constitutes the danger of the epoch. Elsie once had a boy lover who is now winning a name for himself in the world. So she writes to him and offers herself with the frank abandon incidental to her mental state. He responds quickly, visits her, arriving in the morning and leaving again at night. He is disillusioned. Then follow more self-communings and then the letter to her husband proposing a return. But the husband is about to be married again and to a girl of eighteen, and so darkness rushes over her soul. It is the end of all things. Elsie's whole horizon, her be-all and end-all, has been sex—and she is forty-two. Is it possible that women in general will accept her as their type? Is she their type?

No. Elsie will be repudiated. Her sex will have none of her. She will be called names. And this not alone on general grounds, but also for her specific allegations. For example:

> If a woman took infinite pains to reveal herself to a husband or a lover as she really is, he would think she was suffering from some incurable mental disease.

And again:

> She would rather be guilty of incest that reveal to a man the hidden thoughts which sometimes, without the least scruple, she will confide to another woman.

And what shall we say to the following? Elsie quotes from a conversation with her serving maid, who remarks casually:

> "Once I sold myself for a pair of green silk stockings."
>
> I could not help asking the question: "Did you regret your bargain?"
>
> She looked me straight in the face: "I don't know. I only thought about my stockings."

Is such an attitude to be considered normal or phenomenal? The question must remain unanswered. Men can not answer it and women, says the author, are incapable of the truth upon such a matter, and indeed upon most other matters where sex is concerned.

That women feel the approach of old age more poignantly than do men is almost a truism, but is there no exaggeration in such an assertion as this:

> It would be better for her if she walked barefoot over red-hot ploughshares, for the pain she would suffer would be slight indeed compared to that which she must feel when, with a smile on her lips, she leaves her own youth behind and enters the region of despair we call "growing old," and "old age."

And yet it is measurably true. It must be true with the many women who have no interior resources, no love of the intellectual life, no conception of activities other than those of display, adornment, fascination. Those who identify themselves with the per-



Captain T. J. Powers, author of "The Garden of the Sun." Small, Maynard & Co.

ishable must perish with it, and it is of such that the author is writing. She allows her heroine to show no sign of a deeper life, of a mental earnestness, of a love of eternal things, of a recognition of the religion of humanity. Certainly she is not frivolous. For a frivolous woman there would be hope, but what hope can there be for a woman who concentrates the sum total of her force and of her earnestness upon phenomena of life that are usually fated to fade long before life itself is exhausted?

The Dangerous Age. Letters and Fragments from a Woman's Diary. Translated from the Danish of Karin Michaëlis. New York: John Lane Company; $1.20.

Smith.

Mr. David Gray has based a very brisk and acceptable novel on the popular play by Mr. W. Somerset Maugham. Tom Freeman returns to London after several years of farming life in Rhodesia that have soaked out of him the vicious inanities of metropolitan society. The main object of his return is to find a wife, but he soon discovers that the fashionable atmosphere of his sister's home is hardly conducive to success. We have a rather striking picture of what that atmosphere is with its vapid conventionality, its defiances of decency, and a certain enervation of character that is too lazy and heartless even to be vicious. Smith, the housemaid, is the one bright spot upon the scene, and Freeman is sufficiently a man of the world to recognize value when he sees it. The story is delightfully told and with a real literary skill.

Smith. A novel based on the play by W. Somerset Maugham. By David Gray. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.20.

Brazenhead the Great.

We may suspect that Mr. Maurice Hewlett has here perpetrated a gigantic literary frolic. It is true that we have heard of Captain Brazenhead before and have even had small tastes of his quality, but we were far from suspecting that he would be expanded into a sort of epic or that he would become an institution. Three hundred pages of swashbuckler exploits, of boastings that would put Falstaff to the blush, and of deeds of bloodthirsty valor and adventure that would turn Don Quixote green with envy, seem a liberal allowance even for the fifth century, when they made a specialty of such things. In point of fact we get a little tired of Brazenhead as soon as it dawns upon us that he is a colossal joke, a parody, and a burlesque.

Brazenhead the Great. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

The Sick-a-Bed Lady.

These ten short stories by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott have all the dainty charm that we have learned to associate with the author's name. It is hard to suppose that the writer of "Molly Make-Believe" is ever



Mary Caroline Crawford, author of "Romantic Days in Old Boston." Little, Brown & Co.

troubled by the lack of a plot. The world is full of the sort of people that she writes about. All she has to do is to show us what delightfully interesting people they are.

The Sick-a-Bed Lady. By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Company; $1.30 net.

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Gustave Frederick Mertins, author of "A Watcher of the Skies." Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

A Watcher of the Skies. By Gustave Frederick Mertins. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company: $1.25 net.

The Conflict.

Admirers of David Graham Phillips will be pleased to know that there are still three novels by him awaiting publication. At the time of his death there were four manuscripts ready besides "The Grain of Dust." The first of these four to be published is "The Conflict."

It is a political story and is supposed to reflect the conditions prevailing throughout the country, where an aroused moral intelligence is battling against corruption and misgovernment. How far the picture is an accurate one may be judged by readers who have had an opportunity to study the conflict at close quarters, but it seems to be a curiously inaccurate one. It is doubtful if there is any community in the United States that could furnish a set of public characters bearing the smallest resemblance to those depicted by Mr. Phillips.



Marjorie Benton Cooke, author of "Dr. David." A. C. McClurg & Co.

He divides his political gladiators into two groups. One of them, the labor union and reform party, is of an immaculate purity, while their opponents, the "interests" and the bosses, are as vile as a gifted pen can make them. There is a sort of intermediate party led by a young millionaire "reformer" who has vague ideas of his duty to the masses and who conceals his overweening vanity under a mask of self-deception. In his picture of David Hull the author shows considerable shrewdness. He is a fair type of the wealthy and educated young man who is extraordinarily glib with the platitudes of reform, but who is actually the most useful of all the allies of reaction.

The plot of "The Conflict" is an old one.



Beatrice Grimshaw, author of "When the Red God Calls." Moffatt, Yard & Co.

The beautiful Jane Hastings is the daughter of the sordid and fierce old railway magnate who has ground Remsen City under the heel of corporation corruption. Victor Dorn is the labor and reform leader, who has just enough of human weakness to temper his godlike qualities. Jane Hastings hears such fierce denunciations of Dorn that her curiosity is aroused, and we all know what happens when a beautiful girl becomes curious about a man. We foresee at once that capital and labor are likely to make an alliance, if upon a somewhat circumscribed scale. In this respect there is a curious similarity about reform novels and a distinct lack of originality in their authors.

"The Conflict" has the demerit of conventionality. We know all the situations so well, not from real life, but from the rabid writers. There are the corporation magnates who know how to suggest a desirable murder or indictment and who juggle with elementary human rights and liberties with the unconcern of a czar. There are the reptile judges who call for orders as regularly as the grocer's young man. There are the party bosses



Illustration from "I Fasten a Bracelet," by David Potter. J. B. Lippincott Company.

who preserve a semblance of rivalry that they may the better serve the one cause of wealth. And there are the police who are the humble, obedient servants of the same master. On the other side are the reformers and their leader, who is a sort of cross between Napoleon and St. Paul. We should like to meet that leader. He is not to be found in this part of the world.

Doubtless caricature is a legitimate part of literary art, but it should be labeled caricature. The virtues and the vices of political movements are not separated in water-tight compartments as they are in this novel. The good is not all upon one side nor the bad upon the other. Mr. Phillips has given us a vivid and a dramatic story, but it is not a picture of conditions and his chief characters are not human beings.

The Conflict. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.30.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published a little collection of prayers by George A. Miller. The volume is attractively printed and should be welcomed by Mr. Miller's admirers. The price is 35 cents net.

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SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

Bird Life.

This is one of the hooks that go far to persuade us that animals have not only a larger intelligence, but a far greater power of communal organization than are usually ascribed to them. Mr. Lea sets forth to give us an account of "the education, courtship, sport and play, makebelieve, fighting, and other aspects of the life of birds," and if sometimes he talks of instinct and of tendencies inherited from remote antiquity we may suppose that he does so as a concession to scientific conventions and that he would much rather believe in the intelligence that he por-



David Potter, author of "An Accidental Honeymoon." J. B. Lippincott Company.

trays so vividly. He gives us, for example, a graphic account of the birds who pretend to be wounded in order to tempt the hunter away from their nests, and he tells us that "the chicks of the parent hird who behaved so strangely through anxiety for their welfare would probahly themselves act in a similar manner when it was their turn to hring up a family." But this seems to he precisely the way in which human tendencies are carried forward and that are ascribed to intelligence. Indeed this clever piece of animal trickery has found many a parallel in human warfare. Why must we "give up the idea that any hird is capable of such a deep-laid scheme"? The idea seems to he much more decorative than that of an "instinct" which is little more than a meaningless word as it is commonly used.

Mr. Lea's hook is not so much one of original research as of a popularization of scientific knowledge already acquired. He tells us of the youth and education of hirds, of their nest life, of their means of defense, their sport and play, and their courtship. It is all



Edward Alsworth Ross, author of "The Changing Chinese." Century Company.

set forth in a delightful way and as hecomes one who loves birds and would have others love them. There are eight well-chosen illustrations.

The Wonders of Bird Life. By John Lea, M. A. Issued in the Wonder series. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

George Meredith.

Mr. Beach has at least the courage of his convictions. He says that the comic spirit is the chief distinction of Meredith's novels, and he complains of the critic whose eyes are wide open to Meredith's message and to his style, but who passes over his comedy with grave unconsciousness or with nervous haste. At first we are disposed to protest against a view that seems exaggerated, hut Mr. Beach so explains his conception of the comic as to attenuate our objections. There are, he tells us, two functions of humor. The first is to make us laugh. The second is to make us think. The majority of our humorists have emphasized the former, hut Meredith laid his stress upon the latter. His comedy has no facial appeal. It is addressed to the mind. It is lean humor as opposed to fat humor that concerns itself with the sensuous and with sentimentality, the humor of material accident and of waggish, impertinent wit. And yet Meredith shows no lack of human sympathy. He turns upon his characters the searchlight of ridicule, but it is a beneficent and corrective ridicule.

It was in the pursuit of the comic that Meredith peopled his stage with aristocratic characters. He was no lover of a lord, but he recognized that only in the aristocrat of wealth and leisure can the comic traits of character find their full development. Sir Willoughby Patterne, Richmond Roy, and Victor Radnor would have been impossible but for a command of money that aided their foolish ambitions.

The humor of Dickens was often the antithesis of that of Meredith. Dickens was a "genius in charcoal," unsurpassed, unapproachable, but we find no lesson in the eccentricities of some of his characters. There is no moral, for example, in Captain Cuttle's hook. We laugh and that is the end of it.

There is no need to follow Mr. Beach through his able analysis of Meredith's comedy. He finds that it is divisible into categories such as "The Sword of Common Sense," "The Wiseacre," "The Snob," "The Sentimentalist," "The Optimist," and "The Egoist." His comments are always searching and keen, and he may he congratulated on a



Elizabeth Dejeans, author of "The Far Triumph." J. B. Lippincott Company.

distinct addition to our knowledge and appreciation of Meredith.

The Comic Spirit in George Meredith. An interpretation. By George Warren Beach. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; $1.25.

Mechanical Inventions.

Mr. Thomas W. Corbin gives us a hulky and interesting volume on modern mechanical inventions described in non-technical language. And it is surprising how interesting such descriptions can be when so described. The new turbine engines, for example, are matters of current reference, hut their comprehension is usually obscured hy technical phraseology calculated to dismay the layman. Mr. Corbin makes the turhine principle so clear as to he within the understanding of every one. He deals in the same way with railroad inventions, the machinery of the mill and of the forge, and of that great department of mechanics connected with the sea. Altogether we have twenty-five chapters that seem to cover the whole range of modern invention, and they are supplemented by eighty-eight illustrations of an admirable lucidity and by a competent index. The busy man who wants to know something of the mechanical world around him and to acquire that knowledge along the line of least resistance can hardly do hetter than acquire this useful hook.

Mechanical Inventions of Today. By Thomas W. Corbin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Conquest of Nerves.

Perhaps the learned author would have heen better advised had he kept strictly to his text instead of wandering so far afield in order to attack the various systems of mental cure that are so shockingly unorthodox and so shockingly successful. Dr. Courtney's advice on the conquest of nerves is always sane and helpful. Probably it would he generally effective, but we should like to have it without the admixture of hostile criticism that weakens it instead of strengthens it.

For we are told frankly that the victim of the mind-healer is usually driven to unorthodoxy hy the failure of orthodoxy. He goes first of all to the family doctor, "hut the desired relief is seldom ohtained." But the mind-healer succeeds. He gives his patient something interesting to think ahout, he persuades him to good deeds and to unselfishness, he takes him out of himself and—he cures him. That he has cured him by false pretenses does not matter very much. The



Paul Dubois, M. D., author of "Reason and Sentiment." Funk & Wagnalls Company.

family doctor has admittedly failed; the faith healer has admittedly succeeded. There is the whole thing in a nutshell and almost in the author's own words. Why indeed should the wretched patient continue to go to the family doctor when "the desired relief is seldom obtained," except in response to an enthusiasm for medical orthodoxy of which he is wholly innocent? It seems to be the family doctor who needs education more than the patient, and this again is confessed hy the author, who says that "the one consulted fails to perform his most important function —that of *teacher*." What is the poor patient to do?

The only rational cure for nerve trouhle lies, of course, in self-discipline of mind and body, and the author is to he congratulated on his clear demonstration of this. He has written a hook that can hardly fail to he a rock of salvation for every sufferer and that should ohviate much of the self-delusion that may he curative, hut that is inseparable from the evils that must attend upon all self-delusion.

The Conquest of Nerves. A manual of self-help. By J. W. Courtney, M. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

Green Willow.

Those who are searching for something sumptuous and unusual in the way of a gift-book would do well to examine this collection of Japanese fairy tales collected hy Grace James and illustrated by Warwick Goble. Some of them are selected from the "Ko-ji-ki" or "Record of Ancient Matters," which contains the mythology of Japan, while others are told from the memory of youthful days in Japan. Altogether there are thirty-eight of these stories told with much skill and in a way acceptable to Western readers.

The illustrations form an exquisite feature of the volume. Of these there are forty, finely colored and mounted on toned paper, and not one among them unworthy of a frame.

Green Willows and Other Japanese Fairy Tales. By Grace James. With forty illustrations in color by Warwick Goble. New York: The Macmillan Company; $5 net.

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POPULAR NOVELS.

Deep-Sea Adventure.

"The Cruise of the Kingfisher," by H. De Vere Stacpoole, is intended primarily for boys, but it will be read also by parents after the boys have gone to bed. It is a story of two youngsters who ship on board a steamer engaged in repairing the Venezuelan cable. Under false pretenses some financial buccaneers have secured passage on the *Kingfisher* in order that they may secure control of the broken cable ends and so send bogus messages that will result to their own pecuniary advantage. There is naturally an opportunity for some thrilling adventures, and they are



Miss Bertha Gordon, author of "Songs of Courage." Baker & Taylor Company.

to be found in profusion. Notable among them is the capture of the giant octopus and the towing of the ship by the appalling monster dragged unwillingly from the ocean depths. Then comes the seizure of the ship, the escape of the boys, and enough hairbreadth escapes to suit the most fastidious. Mr. Stacpoole can not write otherwise than well, and here we have a boys' story beyond the ordinary.

The Cruise of the Kingfisher. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.

Hilda Lessways.

Every one who read "Clayhanger" will wish to read "Hilda Lessways." To say that it is a continuation is hardly correct. It is the same story. It is about the same people, and it even narrates the same incidents with the same dialogue. But whereas in the former story we took the viewpoint of Clayhanger we now shift our position to that of Hilda. Already we know somewhat of the appeal that Hilda made to Clayhanger. Now we know how Clayhanger appealed to Hilda. It is an amazingly ingenious and even audacious device. Instead of one circle we now have two intersecting circles, two centres, and two circumferences.

The scene is, of course, the same as in "Clayhanger." It is a commonplace scene and the characters who move in it are commonplace. It is a part of Mr. Bennett's art that he can make us look at the commonplace with a new interest, an interest that is expectant of volcanic fires. Every other girl in the world may be a Hilda Lessways, and probably is a Hilda Lessways in essentials. We may select almost any young man from the rank and file of nonentities and he will be found, on vivisection, to be a Claybanger. It makes life exciting.

Not only the chief characters but all the others are commonplace. Take, for example, Hilda's mother. She is next-door neighbor to all of us:

> Her mother was a creature contented enough. And why not—with a sufficient income, a comfortable home, and fair health? At the end of a day devoted partly to sheer vacuous idleness and partly to the monotonous, simple machinery of physical existence—everlasting cookery, everlasting cleanliness, everlasting stitching—her mother did not, with a yearning sigh, demand, "Must this sort of thing continue forever, or will a new era dawn?" Not a bit. Mrs. Lessways went to bed in the placid expectancy of a very similar day on the morrow, and of an interminable succession of such days. The which was incomprehensible and offensive to Hilda.

Mr. Bennett has a fondness for creating a background of useless and vegetative old age. His younger figures move all the more briskly because of it. It is the dreary futility of her home life that sends Hilda to Mr. Cannon's office as secretary and stenographer. It is only a country town, and Hilda has never known anything else, and not much of that. She is in a perpetual state of potential thrill. She handles a proof as though it were Magna Charta and in Cannon's presence she feels that she is forwarding the schemes of a Napoleon. Her hunger for experience is a sort of constantly suppressed desperation that could so easily be taken advantage of by any one who knew of its existence. Perhaps it is true that woman's chief defense is her secretiveness, her concealment of the fact that she is usually ready to surrender on demand. When Hilda finds that Cannon is already married and brings him to account for it we have the following dialogue:

> "Look here!" he said persuasively. "Supposing I'd told you I wanted you, and then that I'd got a wife living—what would you have said?"
>
> "I don't know."
>
> "No! But I know. And suppose I'd told you I'd got a wife living and then told you I wanted you—what then? No, Hilda! Nobody could fool about with you."
>
> She was flattered, but she thought secretly: "He could have won me on any terms he liked."

And yet Hilda is an absolutely good girl, delicate, sensitive, refined, while Cannon is a sort of glorified village vulgarian.

There is still a third story to complete the trilogy, and presumably it will be from some central point where we may look at Clayhanger and Hilda at equal range. So far Hilda has developed much more rapidly than the man who is already her lover and whose character is still a little incoherent.

Hilda Lessways. By Arnold Bennett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50 net.

The Dempsey Diamonds.

The motive of this somewhat unusual story is the remorse of an old woman who discovers that the one indiscretion of her youth has given her a granddaughter of whose existence she was in ignorance. Miss Dempsey is too proud and her name is too high in her Scottish home to permit of open acknowledgment, and so she invests the bulk of her fortune in diamonds and sends them to her lover of long ago to be employed by him for the girl whose identity has thus suddenly been disclosed. But the old man dies under the shock, the diamonds fall into the well-meaning hands of those who know nothing of their purport, and it is with their disposition and the fate of the heroine that the story concerns itself. It is told with a restraint and a dignity and an absence of sensationalism that give it distinction.

The Dempsey Diamonds. By Allen Arnot. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25.

A Person of Some Importance.

In an age that has denied all privacy to domestic tragedy it might be hypercritical to question the propriety of using contemporary public characters for purposes of romance. Mr. Osbourne does this in his latest novel. He assumes that the Crown Prince of Austria, who was murdered or who committed suicide some years ago under mysterious circumstances, did not actually die, but chose a sensational method to escape from public life and to take up a secluded and unconventional existence upon a South Pacific island. The hero of the story accidentally reaches the same island, enters the prince's service without knowing his identity and after six years returns to America. Asked by a secret emissary to explain his possession of a ring given



Charles M. Dean, author of "Rainier of the Last Frontier." Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

to him by the prince, he refuses to do so for fear of endangering the interests of his former employer, and he is thereupon subjected to a pervasive espionage and to an incessant persecution that is evidently intended to force him to return to the Pacific and so to a disclosure of the whereabouts of the prince.

To say that the story is by Mr. Osbourne is to say that it is written with all the skill of the practiced novelist. But it may be questioned to what extent the best of novels may be marred by glaring impossibilities that are sometimes so glaring as to arouse laughter.

A Person of Some Importance. By Lloyd Osbourne. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.25 net.

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SOME SERIOUS STUDIES.

Medieval Europe.

Mr. H. W. C. Davis, who contributes this valuable volume to the Home University Library, has a word of warning to those who would divide history into periods or epochs as a ship is divided, into water-tight compartments. Such divisions may be convenient, but their boundaries must not be rigid. History is a unit. Each of its parts is the result of the parts that preceded it and the cause of the parts that follow it. Every age is therefore one of transition, and to be viewed in its relation to the whole.

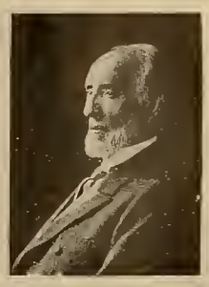
Nevertheless each age may be considered



Mrs. Eleanor H. Porter, author of "Miss Billy." L. C. Page & Co.

separately and as a matter of historical convenience. Indeed each age has its boundaries, although they are vague and nebulous. There comes a time to every community when it is dissatisfied with its conditions and strives for betterment. Gradually it attains to that betterment, and then it experiences a season of tranquillity or equilibrium. There is a "balance of harmonious activities," an identification of the real with the ideal. This period of quiescence lasts until new ideals breed a new discontent, and so the whole era-producing process is completed. The era consists of the three stages, of preparation, of realization, and of disappearance.

Such an era was that of mediæval Europe.



Hon. Shelby M. Cullom, author of "Fifty Years of Public Service." A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Roman empire had fallen through the decay of civic virtue and the rule of the professional politician. Its garrisons had been withdrawn from the vast area that they controlled, and the barbarian people were left to their own devices and to work out their



George Wharton James, author of "In and Around the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona." Little, Brown & Co.

own salvation. The Roman provincials made peace with the conquerors and perhaps did something to leaven them, but the day of Rome had passed. The new order, the new era, had begun. It was not to be altogether an era of darkness nor the long night of ignorance and force represented by Gibbon. The period between the fall of the empire and the Renaissance was "no mere sojourning in Egypt," although it has pleased the historian to dwell upon the vices of the age rather than upon its virtues. To tell the



John L. Mathews, author of "The Log of the Easy Way." Small, Maynard & Co.

story of that age and somewhat to rearrange its lights and shadows is a task that the author performs not only with learning, but with a certain dramatic power that adorns his pages.

But here and there we seem to detect traces of theological bias. For example, he tells us that Rome fell through the "decay of civic virtue," but he hastens to assure us that the ethics of private life could not possibly have deteriorated "when we remember that Christianity was now the all but universal religion of the empire." It might be argued in the same way that Chicago is necessarily a more virtuous city than was Athens under Pericles. It might further be contended that there can be no decay of civic virtue without a corresponding deterioration of private ethics. The state is the reflection of the aggregate of individuals.

Mediæval Europe. By H. W. C. Davis. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents.

Making Both Ends Meet.

This volume describing the condition of working girls in New York is credited to Sue Ainslie Clark and Edith Wyatt. But these ladies explain in their preface that the book is due partly to other authors. The second chapter is chiefly the word-of-mouth tale of Natalya Perovskaya, a shirtwaist worker. The sixth chapter was contributed by Miss Carola Woerishofer, Miss E. H. Westwood, and Miss M. A. Hopkins, the fifth chapter by Dr. Henry Moskowitz, and the definition of "Scientific Management" by Mr. Frederick Winston Taylor. The work as a whole is due to the National Consumers' League "as a testimony to truth."

It has all the appearance of a testimony to truth, of a particularly shameful truth, of the sort of truth that wrecks civilizations. It deals with the thousands of uncared for and unprotected women in New York who earn what is humorously called a living at industrial work in those parts of New York that do not appear in the society reports. It is nothing less than the panorama of misery with typical "instances" and "cases" standing out in bad relief. We read of the girl who earns $3 a week, of the girl who must stand all day until she faints, of the girl who hopes that she will be dead before next Christmas, of the girl who by her speed and energy adds a dollar to her weekly wage and must therefore henceforth pay for her own thread. It is a long catalogue of oppression, extortion, and cruelty, a catalogue that makes us almost hopeless of the civilization that has created it and that ceaselessly extends it.

That the authors have no very promising remedy to suggest is not their fault. The first step in amelioration is always publicity, and it is to be hoped that this at least will be attained by a work so cautious and restrained. What is now called "Scientific Management" is, it is true, put forward tentatively, but it is not easy to be sanguine of its results. Doubtless it will enable the girls to do more work and probably with less fatigue, but will they be allowed to reap the financial benefits? There seems no reason to suppose so. Wages are now regulated by the needs of the barest subsistence for the workers. Whatever is over a bare subsistence is taken from them, and doubtless the same methods of exploitation would be applied to "Scientific Management" with its increased production. It would seem that the working woman is lacking in the power of self-protection, and it may be that until she develops this power her lot will be a hard one, and especially in great centres of population, where competition is able to do its worst in lowering the standards of living and of comfort.



Theodare Thomas. From "Memoirs of Theodore Thomas," by Rose Fay Thomas. Moffat, Yard & Co.

Making Both Ends Meet. By Sue Ainslie Clark and Edith Wyatt. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50.

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"Great Bear Island," by Arthur E. McFarlane ($1.50), is intended for hoys from ten to sixteen. It is the story of the adventures of four hoys who spend the summer camping in the northern woods. It is full of vigorous and wholesome adventure, well printed and illustrated.

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"The Doctor's Children," hy L. T. Meade, is a substantial story hy an author who takes young people seriously and who supposes rightly that complete stories of life rather than of some narrow angle of life are as much appreciated hy children as hy their elders. "The Doctor's Children" is to be highly recommended as a composite picture of young life with all its interests and hopes, rather than of the specialized life that is bounded hy the summer camp or the school.

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Somewhat along the same lines is "The Second Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes," by Francis A. Collins ($1.20 net), although this is not a story. Everything aeronautic that is within a hoy's reach is described here, and with illustrations that supplement the letterpress in a practical way.

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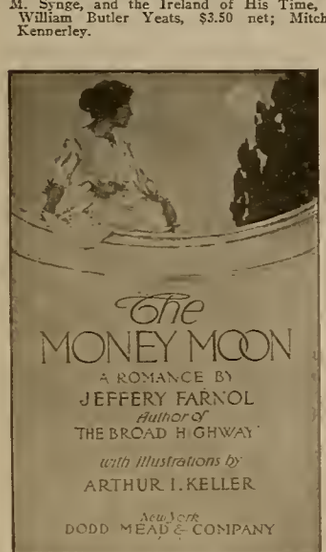
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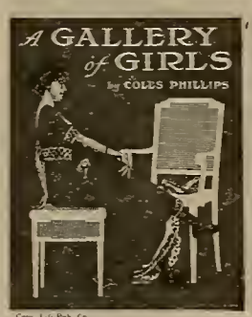
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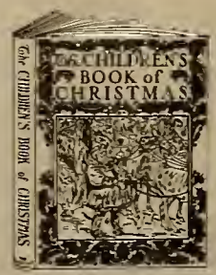


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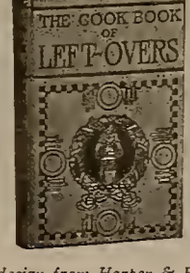
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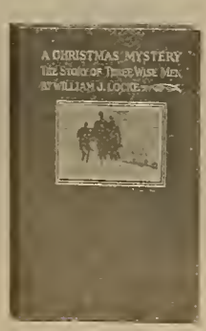
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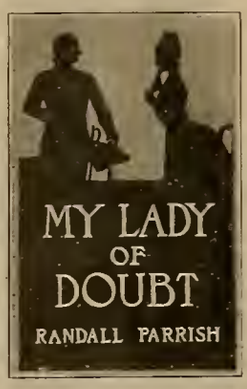


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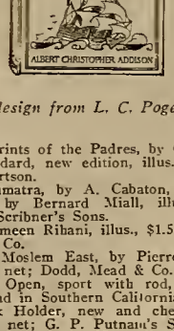
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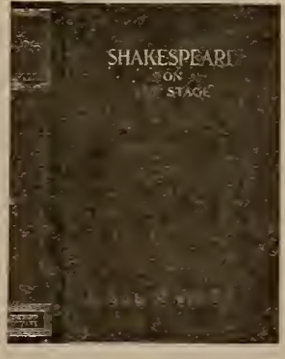
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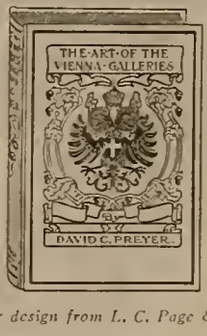


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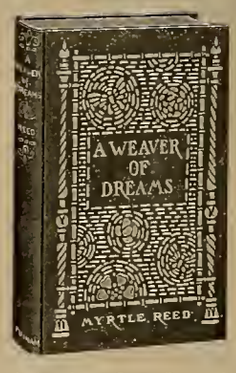
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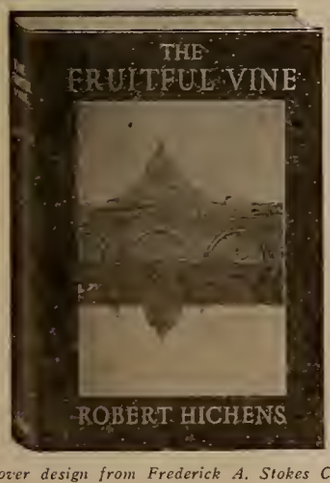
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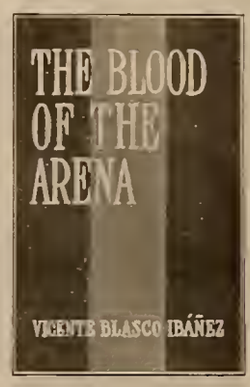
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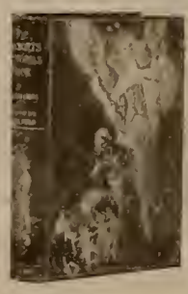
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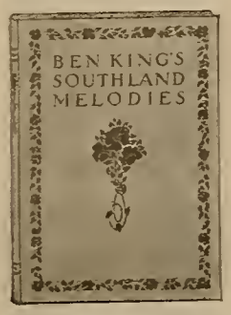
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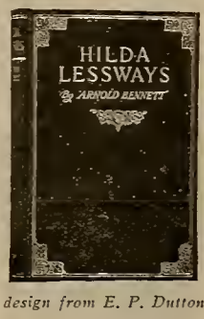
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LITERARY NOTES.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Twelfth Christmas," by Marjorie Benton Cooke (Forbes & Co.), is a poetic drama of the Christ child, with scene laid in Joseph's cottage in Nazareth.

"The New Nationalism," by Theodore Roosevelt, with an introduction by Ernest Hamlin Abbott, has been published by the Outlook Company, New York.

"Master Frisky's Heroism," by Clarence Hawkes (George W. Jacobs & Co.), is the story of a collie dog told in the first person and intended for young children.

"Buttered Toasts," by Fred Emerson Brooks (Forbes & Co.; 50 cents), is a volume of one-stanza verse embodying a sort of homely philosophy of every-day life.

"To Mother," by Marjorie Benton Cooke (Forbes & Co.: 50 cents), is a little booklet of commemorative verse that is marked always by high feeling and sometimes by poetic insight.

"Courage, Ambition, Resolution," compiled by Grace Browne Strand (A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents), is an anthology from the world's great writers admirably selected and attractively printed. An admirable and helpful book for random reference.

"Trobador Poets," translated by Barbara Smythe (Duffield & Co.; $2), contains selections from the poems of eight trobadors, translated from the Provençal with introduction and notes. It is a creditable piece of work and its value is enhanced by the antique leather binding with metal clasps.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published a handsome edition of "The Complete Poetical Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti," with a biographical sketch by William M. Rossetti. The volume is bound in limp leather with gilt titling and decorations, and has a portrait frontispiece.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published a holiday edition of the "Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens. The special feature of this issue is the detachable colored illustrations from drawings by Ethel F. Everett. In all details the publishers have taken care to produce a high-class book. It is a work of art all the way through. The price is $1.50 net.

"Government in the United States—national, state, and local," by James W. Garner (American Book Company; $1), is an elementary presentation of the leading facts concerning the organization and activities of national, state, and local government in the United States.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company has published "Thais," by Paul Wilstach, the play that constituted one of the more recent successes of the American stage. Built on the novel of the same name by Anatole France, it has for its theme the struggle between spirit and body. The price is $1 net.

"Good Things," by Isabel Goodhue (Paul Elder & Co.; $1 net), is otherwise described as "Ethical Recipes for Feast Days and Other Days, with Graces for All the Days." The contents consist of whimsical philosophizings dressed up in the terminology of the cookery book. The page decorations are by Walter Francis.

"On Life's Highway," edited by Edward A. Bryant (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.50 net), is an anthology of verse intended more especially for young men and women who are leaving school or college. The selections are made with discrimination and are wholly free from the "gush" usually considered appropriate to Commencement Day.

The American Book Company has published a "Standard Short Course for Evening Schools," by William Estabrook Chancellor (50 cents). The volume contains a course of practical, elementary lessons in English, arithmetic, civil government, and physiology for students in evening schools, especially the foreign born and the adult beginner.

Those who are anxious for a system of ethical philosophy based upon pragmatism will do well to read "Life in the Making," by Loren B. Macdonald (Sherman, French & Co.; $1.20). The author writes sanely and helpfully, but we should hardly know it to be pragmatism unless he told us so. Pragmatism, from this point of view, seems neither to enlarge nor to restrict the field of human speculative energies.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company has added "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Broads" to the de luxe edition of Thoreau's works now being issued by them. The edition is edited by Clifton Johnson and illustrated by excellent pictures of scenes along the route of the famous inland voyage. The workmanship of these volumes makes them in every way an acquisition to be coveted.

Mr. D. C. Beard, author of "Boat-Building and Boating" (Charles Scribner's Sons; $1 net), explains that he is writing for boys and men who wish to make something with which they may navigate the waters of ponds, lakes, or streams. The book seems to be so complete and the illustrations so numerous and clear that we are tempted to go home at once and construct a boat in the back yard. With this book in front of us we could do it.

"In Praise of Lincoln," collected and arranged by A. Dallas Williams (the Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2), is an anthology of Lincoln appreciations. Among the contributions are those from Aldrich, Bryant, Gilder, Holmes, Julia Ward Howe, Lowell, Markham, Riley, Stedman, and many others, as well as verses, such as the song of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, Tom Taylor's poem in *Punch*, and Mackaye's "Centenary Ode."

"In Tudor Times," by Edith L. Elias (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.50), is designed to relate the history of the Tudor monarchs by means of a series of character studies of Henry VII, Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth, as well as of the great statesmen, navigators, and writers of the era. The author has done her work well, and in spite of a necessarily rigorous condensation the portraits are usually adequate, well-rounded, and accurate.

Those who wish to understand the inwardness of Wall Street should read "Where the Money Grows," by Garet Garrett (Harper & Brothers; 50 cents). The author's object is to show "how familiar illusions refract upon the Wall Street lens and how the stock exchange mind may be affected by the material in which it works." Among the chapter headings are "The Hall of Delusions," "The Hoodoo," "The Manipulator," "The Way of a Client," and "Taking Trouble Home."

If there are any still in doubt as to the value of contentment they may consult the compilation of testimony edited by Mary Minerva Barrows. It is entitled "The Value of Contentment" (H. M. Caldwell Company), and seems to contain most of the things that have been said and that were worth saying. The introduction by Mary E. Wilkins discriminates between national and individual contentment, and labels the former a vice and the latter a virtue.

Houghton Mifflin Company have published in volume form the two latest plays by John Corbin—"Hushand" and "The Forbidden Guest." The former is a presentation of the typical American household with its overworked husband and his silly wife, bent only upon social success and pleasure. "The Forbidden Guest" deals with race suicide and the unwanted child. That the author is able to deal with such questions in an optimistic way is a proof of his inventive and imaginative ability. Price, $1.25 net.

How to Avoid an Accident

It was not so long ago that a well-known college for women announced that it intended to give instruction in alighting from street-cars. The outcome has not been given publicity, but it is significant that a large college should deem it in keeping with its dignity to instruct its women students in this matter.

Throughout the land accidents, which might easily be avoided, occur daily through the negligence of street-car passengers to properly observe the right method in alighting from cars. Operating companies are everywhere improving their service and taking precautionary measures, with the result that their employees are enabled to prevent more dangerous accidents than the public can ever realize. Let a life be saved by the prompt action of a motorman or a conductor, however, and the incident passes without notice, but if a passenger alights from a moving car, despite warnings of the crew, and the act result in injury, it is too often related by the press without tracing the cause of the accident to the proper source.

Women seem slower to grasp the idea of alighting from street-cars, as any keen observer can ascertain in half an hour's time at any safety station on Market Street. Most of them step off the car at right angles from it, and any number step off backwards, running the risk of the slightest movement of the car throwing them violently to the ground. Men are naturally more agile and appear to face the front of the car in getting off without having been taught to do so. That is the only correct way to leave the car.

It is human nature to hurry, but, after witnessing the risks people assume every hour of the day, one is forced to the conclusion that after all it is better to go slow and be absolutely sure than to hurry for a car which is in motion. Oft-repeated warnings of car men appear to have no effect, and it is a duty the general public owes to itself to think seriously about the matter and coöperate with the street-car company in an effort to lessen the number of accidents to people in the course of a year. Here are the main reasons why accidents happen to passengers or those intending to become passengers:

They get on or off before the car has come to a stop.

They attempt to board or alight without the knowledge of the conductor or motorman. At times a vehicle in the track compels the motorman to slow down or to stop before the regular stopping-place has been reached. *This is not the time to get on or off the car.*

They get off facing the rear or without taking hold of the grab-handles.

Or they run after and try to jump on cars in motion.

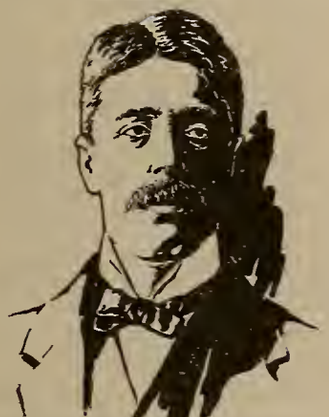
And here are some reasons why street-car accidents happen to pedestrians, because:

They pass behind a car and step in front of a wagon, car, or automobile coming in the opposite direction.

They hurry across streets on which cars are operated intent upon other matters than street-cars.

They start to cross the tracks without looking for an approaching car.

Or they come from behind a vehicle which prevents a view of the track on which a car is approaching, and step upon that track, without looking for the car before doing so.



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"BRIGHT EYES."

"Bright Eyes" is like a pretty, empty-headed girl, who makes almost too confident an appeal for your admiration. On Monday evening everything was, apparently, favorable for a specially good-natured and indulgent verdict. The Columbia Theatre was filled with an audience that had bought seats at extra prices, for some charity benefit. The beauty and shapeliness in the auditorium knocked these always desirable qualities that were put forward for our approval on the stage into a cocked hat, although there were dozens and dozens of handsomely costumed, showy chorus girls in evidence. That ought to have put the feminine side of the audience into a good humor. And then, people had to get all the fun they could out of extra-priced seats. There's a good deal in being determined to have your money's worth.

But the fact is that musical-comedy-loving San Francisco is a good critic of its pet line of entertainment. It recognized, on Monday night, the presence of a good company, meritorious singing and acting, the costliness of the production, the agility of the dancers, and the magnitude of the entertainment from the money point of view, but the musical comedy sharps were distinctly aware that "Bright Eyes" was not born spontaneously, but had its birth, so to speak, thrust upon it.

The name of Karl Hoschna is now familiar as the composer of "Madame Sherry" and other successes. So, instead of waiting for the creative instinct to work spontaneously, this composer apparently feels that he must take advantage of his vogue, and make hay while the sun shines. He has several pretty lyrics to his credit in "Bright Eyes," but they are suggestive of their predecessors, in other operettas. "Bright Eyes," for instance, the song par excellence of the piece, swings the mind back to "Dream Days" in "The Spring Maid." And Mr. Freddie Nice (sic), the engaging youth who plays the coachman, and is such a very good eccentric dancer, sang a dear little song, "The Bumble-Bee" (and sang it sweetly and winningly, too), that reminded us of "The Butterfly," and started other "slumbering echoes in the caverns of memory."

The wit and humor of "Bright Eyes" is rather thin; if it weren't for Cecil Lean, I think it would be difficult to convince us there was any. But Mr. Lean is so unsuggestive of stress and strain that he managed to make us believe that he wasn't working hard in a rôle with few laughs in it on the written page. Mr. Lean has an engaging personality, a spontaneous smile that suggests perpetual good cheer (of temperament, I mean, not of the table), and a comedian's unflagging fund of gayety.

He can not be said to have carried the show on his shoulders only, because of the presence of pretty-voiced, smiling, comely Florence Holbrook, who could have done lots more than she did, to the satisfaction of the audience. But everything that she did was done well. She is chic, pretty, pleasant, and deft in her methods.

Herbert Salinger and Jeannette Lawrence, too, made good—or good enough. The latter, a tall, handsome Diana, who was startlingly distinct both in speech and make-up, did her secondary rôle very satisfactorily and carried her clothes well.

Then, of course, there were shoals of girls; in this kind of machine-made piece they bank on girls. Give the possibly disgruntled musical-comedy sharp battalions of girls and the producers rely upon his being sufficiently won by concentrated and consolidated loveliness to forget the threadbare places in the dialogue. The girls, however, are disappointing in the matter of looks. Not in shape. "Bright Eyes" is what is known in the bright lexicon of youth as a shape show. There are legs to burn, but, woe is Johnny, the faces don't match.

There is always one danger point in musical comedy; one should never be brought to pause. Then you have a chance to think, and thinking is fatal, in such an atmosphere.

That is where Cecil Lean comes in. There are threats here and there of cracks in the frail structure that dams off the tide of care for us poor mortals, but Cecil Lean cleverly repaired them, however temporarily, overlaying them with a cement cleverly compounded of a remarkably genuine smile, a native buoyancy, a faculty for burlesque, and an attractive personality.

And that is where the chorus girls come in, too. They come in marching dozens, group themselves into a long-skirted brigade to the right, a short-skirted brigade to the left, a no-skirted brigade in the centre. They take two dancing steps forward, three dancing steps back, and plump themselves on the devoted knees of some chorus men hired principally for that purpose.

There is some one in the "Bright Eyes" company that has the wrong standard in make-up. At any rate, the company almost to a man (leaving out all the principals, except Miss Lawrence), over-emphasize their feature lines and under-emphasize the softness and winning contours of youth.

"Bright Eyes," by the way, illustrates a new tendency in musical comedies; they have taken to adapting the plots from non-musical pieces or comedies. So "Bright Eyes" is founded on "Mistakes Will Happen," by Charles Dickson and Grant Stewart, the former having written the book for this piece also. This new tendency is rather reassuring; we are more in the way of getting a story of interest. But the plot in "Bright Eyes" is so tangled up with chorus girls that we lose count of it. I think its cause for being (that of the plot, I mean) lay in the opportunities it affords for showy and effective stage settings. The first act is behind the scenes of a theatre, and the curtain shows the previously bare stage dressed up gorgeously for public appreciation, all banked with chorus girls, with a pink ice-cream beauty singing "Good Old Days of Yore," while phalanxes of chorus girls (and eke of chorus boys), costumed as Indians, Puritans, and Dutch, Colonial, crinolined, and modern, hobble-skirted beauties, deploy before our dazzled vision, the while illuminated airships wobble overhead, and all is lightness, brightness, and, to an indulgent eye, feminine beauty.

There are pleasant spots, musically, among the forest of legs and frills in "Bright Eyes." One was the travesty on "Come where the lilies." It went with a lilt and a swing, and took us back to the days of our childhood, when the voices of quartets used to play hide and seek with each other in those vigorous old songs, sacred to the past.

By the way, speaking of what is sacred, that travesty on clergymen and on psalm-singing is rather a ticklish business. A comedian in a recent interview said that a prudent player would always avoid flippancy on two subjects: religion and death. It seems to me that the number referred to, cleverly and amusingly though it was handled, must have rubbed some people very much the wrong way. There are plenty of theatre-goers who are devout church-goers, also, in spite of the fact that they show sometimes an astonishing power of assimilation for rank theatrical fare.

I have never regretted not seeing Rostand's "Chantecler." It struck me from the very first that it was a stage sensation instead of a play, stupid and boresome. The idea of covering up humans with the thick plumage and ugly shapes of barnyard fowls does not appeal. However, if any one is interested in seeing how human beings look in such guise, they may find out in "Bright Eyes." In the last act the numerous legsome girls have a turn in concealing their shapes. They appear as roosters and chickens, and very clumsy they look. The costumes must be very expensive, and are well-contrived, but I must say that I thought it scarcely worth while.

On the whole, an evening spent with "Bright Eyes" must lie more particularly in the province of the Johnnies and the Flossies. Even the baldhead, traditional lover of the shape-show, might be in danger of dropping the gilded thread, and saying to himself, "Lord, what fools we mortals be!"

I saw a man of affairs there, old and wise, sitting the evening through, I suppose, for sweet charity's sake. I wondered what he thought of it, and I meant to look at him to see if his iron jaw relaxed, during the laughing scenes. And, sad to say, I was so busy laughing myself (for Cecil Lean was ridiculous in the dizzying hide-and-go-seek of the carriage-house scene), that I shall never know whether, like Darwin, he relaxed his mind with nonsense, or abstracted it altogether. Let us hope not, for his sake. For even ahead of the popular prettiness of these shows they can more often than not give us the blessed gift of laughter.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

The directors of the Musical Association of San Francisco have elected Will L. Greenbaum manager of the orchestra being formed under its auspices, with Henry Hadley as conductor. Matters are being quickly whipped into shape and definite announcements of the plans of the organization will be made within a few days. This much has been decided. An orchestra of sixty-five players will give six symphony concerts on Friday afternoons between December 1 and April 1, at one of the leading theatres; important soloists will be engaged for some of the events; occasional special soloists concerts, young folks' and students' concerts, and popular concerts, will be given at intermediate dates, with the idea of promoting the love of music in the only way possible—giving the people of all classes an opportunity of hearing the best at a price they can afford to pay.

A new and luxuriously appointed steamer, the *Arabia*, is added this season to the fleet of tourist steamers operated on the Nile by Thos. Cook & Son. For some years there has been a steady increase in travel in Egypt, particularly in the number of visitors from the United States, and to meet the demand for additional and more elaborate accommodations, the *Arabia*, a sister ship to the *Egypt*, which has been so popular with Americans during the past three seasons, has been specially designed and built for the service. She will have a number of private suites of bedroom, sitting-room, and bath-room, many improvements in minor details as compared with the *Egypt* and other steamers, and will represent the last word in luxury and convenience in Nile travel. The new steamer takes her place in the schedule November 21, and will sail from Cairo every three weeks thereafter during the season.

David Bispham is featuring his recitation of Tennyson's "Launcelot and Elaine" with a musical setting by Mrs. Weigel Powers, for many years a well-known pianiste and teacher of this city, where her father was well known also as a violin teacher.

Thomas Hardy has declared that he will write no more novels. He is now engaged in revising his works for a new American edition. The changes, it is reported, are to extend to the text of the novels.

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VANITY FAIR.

Certain Eastern newspapers are commenting in wrathful terms on the "monstrous insolence and egotism" of a New York lawyer who advertises for a stenographer and offers her a high rate of pay on condition that she will sign a contract undertaking not to get married. No man, we are told, is important enough to be justified in requiring a woman to remain single to minister to his convenience.

Now this is undiluted nonsense, the kind of nonsense that newspapers are in the habit of printing whenever they have a chance to truckle to feminine influence. The lawyer in question wishes to guard against the annoyance of training a young woman to do his particular form of work, only to find that she intends to leave his service and to enter the service of a husband just when she has learned to be useful. Men are expected to sign contracts to remain in a certain employment and why should not women do the same. For a woman to sign the same form of contract that a man signs would be obviously futile, seeing that if she marries it may not be in her power to keep it. All that this particular woman is asked to do is to refrain from an act that would incapacitate her for office work, and seeing that she is offered the highest scale of wages as an inducement it is not easy to see where the hardship comes in. She is not even asked to sign a contract to work. She is only asked to refrain from one particular course that might prevent her from working. It is quite a common practice in some places to forbid a bank clerk to marry until he is in receipt of a certain salary. Soldiers are not allowed to marry without some special arrangement. But the moment a woman is invited to make a promise to remain single in consideration of a specially high rate of pay we are asked to believe that an outrage has been committed. It would seem that women have rights, but no duties.

People who ask public officials in other parts of the country to find wives for them are presumably idiots. If they are not idiots then there is probably some good reason why they must go so far afield in their search, and we may assume that no woman within the radius of their reputations can be found to link her fate with theirs. But it is usually a case of idiocy.

Now Arkansas City, Kansas, is quite a large place. It must contain a number of women with the usual average of aspiration toward matrimony. And yet William H. Mummey has the effrontery to write from Arkansas City to Mayor Gaynor of New York enclosing a specification of the kind of woman he wants and asking the mayor to fill his order as soon as possible. But he neglected to enclose an affidavit from the chief of police to the effect that he was fit to have a wife at all. That's where he made a mistake. We have our doubts about William H. Mummey, and they are not based entirely upon his eloquent and illuminating name. But his name alone would terrify a witch.

Mr. Mummey wants a good deal, so much indeed that we can hardly wonder he should send to New York. He should have sent to paradise while he was about it. They make a specialty of angels up there. Here are his requirements in a wife: She must be true and virtuous, of noble character, a good cook and housekeeper, between eighteen and twenty-five years of age, not over five feet seven inches in height, not over 145 pounds in weight, brown hair, good health, a perfect form, and good looking. Mr. Mummey does not state what he has to offer in exchange except his appalling name. Probably little enough if the truth were known.

Now there may be such a woman as this somewhere, but if so she has concealed herself with remarkable dexterity. It is relatively easy to find a woman here and there with the aforesaid physical characteristics and some other woman with the aforesaid moral characteristics, but when it comes to a combination of the whole outfit in one human woman it is quite a different matter. With every desire to oblige, we simply can not find her. And if we could find her we are morally certain that she would not marry William H. Mummey. We could do better than that for her ourselves.

Mr. Booth Tarkington, who has written a good many love stories, but who seems to have some difficulty in living one, has laid down a new rule for the government of polite society. He says in effect that no gentleman who is a gentleman would think for a moment of disputing the assertions that his wife chooses to make when asking for her divorce. A lady's word, like Cæsar's wife, is above suspicion, and no matter what horrifying charges it may please her to bring against her husband there is only one course open to him. He must never be so ungallant as to throw a shadow of doubt upon the word of a woman.

Mr. Tarkington puts his own precepts into practice. His wife's complaint in the divorce court charges him with great and habitual cruelty. Mr. Tarkington smiles inscrutably and says that his wife has made up her mind to get a divorce "and it would not be the part of chivalry to throw any difficulties in her way." Such exquisite courtesy would melt the heart of a tiger, but we have yet to hear that it has melted the heart of Mrs. Tarkington.

But we should much like to know the precise nature of the great and habitual cruelty practiced by Mr. Tarkington toward Mrs. Tarkington. We have our own ideas on the subject of cruelty as a cause for divorce. What could Mr. Tarkington have done to Mrs. Tarkington. We have read some of this author's books, and they do not give the impression of a cruel person. Is it possible that he blacked her eye, for example? And did it habitually? Or threw her over stairs, and made a practice of it? Or pinched, or beat her? This is the kind of thing to which the brutal and practical male mind naturally reverts, but we can not believe it of Mr. Tarkington.

Experience has convinced us that cruelty has a meaning all its own when urged by a woman in the divorce court. Not all husbands are so complacent as Mr. Tarkington, and sometimes the aggrieved wife has been forced to give a bill of particulars and to specify the precise forms that the cruelty has taken. We have heard of "excessive anguish" and "deep distress of mind" that have been caused by a husband's silence, by his failure to supply an exact and regulated stimulus to his wife's eloquence by an occasional and carefully measured rejoinder. Even the best equipped wife can not talk continuously. She needs the fresh inspiration of a well-timed ejaculation, or a skillfully interposed swear word. Absolute silence on the part of her victim causes her "excessive anguish" amounting to cruelty, and it has been so held by legal authorities. Other forms of cruelty are a refusal to go to poodle parties, to admire the new hat, or to take an interest in the church social. And there was one lady who complained of cruelty because her husband objected to supplying the curate with lunch more than three times a week.

Card-playing by women has been the basis of two sensational incidents in the neighborhood of New York. Now there is no particular reason why women should not play cards, but there is every reason why they should not play unfairly. And unfair play seems to be the besetting sin of ladies who tempt fortune at the baize table. As a result of certain disclosures made to the managers of a charity card party at the Church of St. Francis Assisi at Brooklyn eleven ladies were refused admission at the doors. No reason was given for the refusal and no reason was asked. The fair ones turned promptly upon their heels and went away. No doubt their little consciences whispered the explanation that would have been embarrassing if put into words.

The detection of the frauds was due to a curious incident that it is by no means easy to explain. One of the priests connected with the church found himself sitting among a number of ladies in a street-car and he overheard them discussing the most approved methods of cheating at cards, and agreeing upon the particular plan that they would follow. They seemed to be unaware of any need for secrecy, and possibly they were actually unaware of any moral obliquity in the matter. The prizes offered were valuable ones. They wanted to win them. *Voilà tout.*

It seems a little strange that religious organizations should establish gambling houses in the name of charity, for these fashionable card parties are gambling institutions pure and simple. That the stake is a piece of jewelry or pottery makes no difference. Nor does it make any difference that the players are fashionable ladies, and that the net proceeds go to charity. The ladies care nothing about charity. If they did they could easily subscribe the cost of the admission tickets and have done with it. All they want is an excuse for gambling, and therefore they are precisely on a level with those others who creep into some back-street gambling joint that makes no pretense of charity, that does not snuggle under the shelter of a church, and where the stakes are just plain, vulgar coins. Perhaps the churches will amend their ways, now they know that they are creating and fostering the gambling spirit and that they are responsible for a widespread plan of campaign in which pin pricks, lip signals, and many other such devices play their part. There is no reason why the church that holds a charity card party should not also open a charity saloon, not to mention other and still more unclean ways to earn money.

At Pittsburg Attorney Reardon was defending a client charged with illegal liquor selling, when Ruth Woodruff, a former client of Reardon's, was called to the stand. "You have been here before haven't you?" said the attorney. "You ought to know, Mr. Reardon," she replied. "And you were sent to the workhouse, weren't you?" "Well, I gave you enough money to keep me out of it," retorted Ruth. "You were innocent, of course?" persisted the attorney, sarcastically. "Well, you said I was," replied Ruth. This ended her cross-examination.

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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the county clerk of said city and county.

The People of the State of California send greeting to: CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this city and county; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BUSH FINNELL, Attorney for Plaintiff, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Ruhinstein once declared to some one that he was descended from one of the Crusaders who accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to Palestine. "On the piano, presumahly," was the smiling response.

Talleyrand's conservatism was summed up hy a witty compatriot, Paul de Courrier, who declared that if Talleyrand had heen present at the creation, he would have exclaimed: "Good gracious! Chaos will he destroyed!"

Pius the Ninth was not without a certain sense of humor. One day, while sitting for his portrait to Healy, the painter, speaking of a monk who had left the church and married, he observed, not without malice: "He has taken his punishment into his own hands."

The train was full of fierce robhers. Strong men sat in the seats of the cars and held their hands as high as possihle. Women tremhled and wept, with the exception of the spectacled young woman from Wayside Station. A rohher approached her. "Don't you dare to touch me," she shouted, "or I'll scream as loud as I can!"

Brahms dined one day with one of his fanatic admirers, and the latter, knowing the master's predilection for fine wine, had a bottle of renowned quality hrought to the tahle toward the end of the repast. "This," he exclaimed, "is the Brahms among my wines!" The guest sipped of it, saying: "Excellent, wonderful! Now hring on your Beethoven!"

Horace Greeley once wrote a note to a brother editor in New York, whose writing was as illegible as his own. The recipient of the note, not heing ahle to read it, sent it back hy the same messenger to Mr. Greeley for elucidation. Supposing it to he the answer to his own note, Mr. Greeley looked over it, hut likewise was unahle to read it, and said to the hoy: "Go take it back. What does the damned fool mean?" "Yes, sir," said the hoy; "that is just what he says."

A passenger who escaped uninjured from a scrious railway smash, seeing a fellow-traveler searching anxiously among the wreckage with a lantern, offered to assist in the search, and, thinking the old man had lost his wife, asked in sympathetic tones: "What part of the train was she in?" Raising his lantern and glaring at the kindly disposed passenger, the old man shouted with indignant distinctness that triumphed over physical infirmity: "She, sir! she! I am looking for my teeth!"

A physician of Montpelier was in the habit of employing a very ingenious artifice. When he came to a town where he was not known, he pretended to have lost his dog, and ordered the public crier to offer, with heat of drum, a reward of twenty-five louis to whomever should bring it to him. The crier took care to mention all the titles and academic honors of the doctor, as well as his place of residence. He soon hecame the talk of the town. "Do you know," says one, "that a famous physician has come here, a very clever fellow? He must he very rich, for he offers twenty-five louis for finding his dog." The dog was not found, hut patients were.

When Marshal Lefehvre was made Duke of Dantzic, the new duchess (who was the original of Sardou's Mme. Sans-Gêne) went to the Tuileries to thank the Empress Josephine. As Mme. la Maréchale had not demanded an audience, the usher, accustomed to call hei hy that name, entered to take the orders of the chamherlain-in-waiting; he returned and addressed her: "Mme. la Marécbale may enter." The lady looked askance at him, hut entered the salon, and the empress, rising, advanced a few steps to meet her, saying, with engaging graciousness: "How is the Duchess of Dantzic?" La Maréchale, instead of answering, winked intelligently, and then, turning toward the usher, who was in the act of shutting the door: "Hey, my hoy," said she, "what do you think of that?"

Sir Matthew Beghie, Chief Justice of British Columhia, once had hefore him a man charged with having killed another man with a sand-hag. The evidence was conclusive, and the judge charged the jury accordingly, hut a verdict of "Not guilty" was promptly hrought in. The judge was astonished. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "this is your verdict, not mine. On your conscience the disgrace will rest. Many repetitions of such conduct as yours will make trial hy jury a horrihle farce, and the city of Victoria a nest of crime. Go! I have nothing more to say to you." And then, turning to the prisoner: "You are discharged. Go and sand-hag some of those jurymen; they deserve it."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Unrest of Cities.

They lay the asphalt pavement down
And level it with care;
The purpose is to make the town
A thing of heauty rare.
As soon as it has hardened in
The wind and sun and rain
They get a pickaxe and hegin
To dig it up again.

They lay it smoothly down once more:
Again they tear it loose,
And then replace it as of yore,
Fit for the public use.
And those who travel seem to he
Like ocean farers lost.
The street is hut a mighty sea,
Forever tempest tossed.

—*Washington Star.*

After Poe.

It was down hy the dark tarn of Aiden,
At Aiden far under the hill,
That this thing occurred to a maiden
Who went hy the name of Jill,
By the mystic prænomen of Jill.

She was sent up the hill hy her mother
Along with a youngster named Jack.
He may have heen cousin or hrother—
(One guess is as good as another)—
The dead years these details now smother,
And that's a misfortune, alack!

They were sent up the hill to fetch water.
Jack stumhled and dented his crown;
And Jill, with a terrihle clatter,
Accompanied the young fellow down,
Came shuddering, thundering down—
Came hlithering, slithering down.

It was there hy the dark tarn of Aiden,
Of Aiden far under the hill,
That these things occurred to a maiden
Who went hy the hrief name of Jill,
By the boiled-down and terse designation,
The mystic prænomen of Jill.

—*W. S. Adkins, in Puck.*

Idiotic Inquiries.

If a saw-horse saw what a sea-horse sees
Would a see-saw see what a wood-saw saws?

Bill with a hill-file filing hills—
Bill may file for a long, long while,
But who can guess at the size of the pile
Bill with his hill-file
Will file? —*Lippincott's Magazine.*

The Greedy Little Boy.

Apple dumplings from the pot,
Just a dozen, steaming hot;
And the old man, convalescent, says the grace;
Then he takes them, one hy one,
Eats eleven, while his son
Sees them disappear with horror on his face.

When the sick man takes the last,
Speaks his little hoy, aghast:
"Pa, I haven't had one dumpling—nor has ma."
"What!" the old man cries, amazed,
While he dropped his knife and gazed,
"Would you take the last one from your poor, sick pa?"

—*Harper's Bazar.*

Onward the March of Progress

OLD RELIABLE FIREMAN'S FUND MAKES A GRATIFYING INCREASE IN BUSINESS, DESPITE YEAR'S BIG BLAZES

This year to date the fire insurance companies of the country have been hit harder than at any time since the San Francisco fire in 1906. The great forest fires which swept away so much property—wiping out entire towns in some instances—called for vast payments to policy-holders. In fact, so far this year all companies have paid losses in the United States and Canada of about $30,000,000 more than for any similar period since the San Francisco blaze.

This has all had its effect, both in the United States and in Canada. Excessive losses and general reduction of rates have caused some fire insurance companies to combine and others to discontinue business. It is pleasing to note, however, that the Fireman's Fund, one of the oldest institutions, has not only met adverse conditions with gratifying success, but has substantially increased its business, and is maintaining a steady growth and prosperity. Its increase over 1910 is very gratifying. The semi-annual report, ending July 1st, gave assets of $8,434,556, a gain of $363,927. The re-reserve amounted to $3,599,923, or a gain of over $200,000, while the income for the first six months was $3,142,293, a gain of $501,239.

This, in the face of the fact that the company was left practically penniless after the San Francisco conflagration, is remarkable, and is eloquent evidence of the confidence of the people, the ability of the company officials and agents and of the capacity to meet all obligations promptly.

It is not alone the ability to underwrite unusually large quantities of fire insurance which has made the Fireman's Fund strong, for it is a well-known fact that little financial gain results from the underwriting department. The real money is made through the investment department, and in that department the Fireman's Fund is represented by men of rare ability, who have devoted their lives to the study of safe investments, and whose good judgment is evidenced in the position attained by the company in the great institutions of the world.

The good name of this institution is now so widely known that not only are its fire policies in greater demand than ever before, but its marine insurance policies are gladly accepted in foreign ports.

Having been tried by the greatest disaster in the history of fire insurance companies, and having ably proved its strength and ability, the Fireman's Fund is now better able than ever to handle all forms of insurance, backed with the knowledge that its resources are ample to protect every risk, and that its policy-holders will always receive prompt, courteous attention.

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Total Resources..... 43,774,997.72

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Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals Invited

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Guaranteed capital .....$ 1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,605,792.68
Employees' Pension Fund..... 113,473.47
Deposits June 30, 1911..... 44,567,705.83
Total assets 47,173,498.51

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; 1st Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; 2d Vice-President and Manager, George Tourny; 3d Vice-President, J. W. Van Bergen; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Assistant Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodfellow, Eells & Orrick, General Attorneys.
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Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will he found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced in Los Angeles of Miss Susan Wilshire Carpenter and Captain Whitfield Jordan, U. S. A. Miss Carpenter is a cousin of Mrs. John Polhemus and Miss Doris Wilshire. Captain Jordan is attached to the First Infantry, stationed at Vancouver Barracks. The wedding will take place in February.

The wedding of Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt of New York, and Mr. Henry Clifford Woodhouse of Montreal, took place Wednesday, November 2, at the home in New Orleans of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Paxton Blair, uncle and aunt of the bride. Monseigneur Lavalle of the St. Louis Cathedral officiated at the ceremony, which was followed by a reception. Mr. and Mrs. Woodhouse sailed Tuesday for the Orient, where they will spend three months, and upon their return will reside in Mr. Woodhouse's ranch in the Klamath country.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Oliver McCormick to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Louise McCormick, and Mr. Robert Burns Henderson, Wednesday evening, November 29, at Trinity Church. Miss Helena Hughson of Ottawa, Canada, and Miss Marjorie Wilson of Chicago will he Miss McCormick's maids of honor, and the chosen bridesmaids are the Misses Leslie Page, Dorothy Boericke, Frances Martin, Lillian Whitney, Marian Zeile, of this city, and Miss Carol Douglas, of Orange, New Jersey. Mr. Henderson will he attended by Mr. Alfred Holmes as best man, and the ushers will be Dr. Herbert Allen, Mr. Philip Westcott, Mr. Hillyer Deuprey, Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. Winfield Dorn, Mr. Herbert Gallagher, and Mr. John Young.

Miss Ruth Winslow made her début Saturday at a tea given hy her mother, Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow, at the family residence on Pacific Avenue. The reception was followed hy an informal dinner-dance, which was attended hy a large number of young people. Mrs. Winslow and her daughter were assisted in receiving hy Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Harry N. Stetson, and Miss Marian Crocker, Miss Isahel Beaver, Miss Evelyn Cunningham, Miss Genevieve Cunningham, Miss Helen Leavitt, Miss Dorothy Page, Miss Myra Josselyn, Miss Gertrude Cresswell, Miss Helen Bertheau, Miss Cora Otis, Miss Frederika Otis, Miss Constance McLaren, Miss Lee Girvin, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Charlotte Tuttle, Miss Ysahel Chase, Miss Cora Smith.

The Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham will make their formal dcout at a tea to he given Novemher 21 by Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant gave a dinner Saturday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. Frank Stimson entertained a few friends at an informal tea Monday at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Miriam McNear will he hostess at a luncheon Monday at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Marie Louise Foster and Miss Minna Van Bergen.

Miss Jennie Blair entertained a numher of friends Wednesday at a luncheon and hridge party.

The Misses Cora and Frederika Otis were hostesses Friday, Novemher 3, at a tea in honor of Miss Josephine Parrott.

Mrs. Norman MacLaren entertained a dozen débutantes at a tea at her home on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Fannie Crocker McCreary was hostess at a luncheon at the Francisca Club, where she entertained in honor of Mrs. Adolph P. Scheld of Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood gave a dinner last week at the Peninsula Hotel in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker.

Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet was hostess last week at a luncheon in honor of Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer, who is here on a visit from Paris.

Miss Maye Colhurn has issued invitations to a hridge tea Wednesday afternoon at the Francisca Club.

Mr. Raphael Weill was the guest of honor at a breakfast given at the Bohemian Club hy a numher of club members.

Miss Louise McCormick entertained at an informal tea Friday at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Anna Olney has issued invitations to a luncheon at the St. Francis Hotel Wednesday, Novemher 22. The guests of honor will he Miss Marian Stone, a débutante of the season, and Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, whose engagement to Dr. George Lyman has recently heen announced.

Mrs. Harry Weihe was hostess Thursday at a hridge tea in honor of Miss Marie Louise Tyson and Miss Meta McMahon.

Mrs. Kirhy B. Crittenden (formerly Miss Estelle Fay) entertained a numher of friends at a tea at her new apartment.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown gave a dinner Thursday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry MacFarlane of Honolulu.

Dinners were given last week hy Mr. and Mrs. Andrew L. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard at their country homes.

Mrs. Henry Alexander of New York entertained at a dinner last evening at the St. Francis Hotel.

Miss Dorothy Boericke was hostess recently at a linen shower in compliment to Miss Lucy Harrison.

Mrs. J. J. Valentine, Sr., entertained last Friday at her home in Oakland in honor of Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer.

Mrs. Pennoyer was hostess at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club, where she entertained a large numher of friends.

Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten will give a hridge tea Wednesday, Novemher 15.

Mrs. Edward Janss (formerly Miss Florence Cluff) was the guest of honor at a reception last week, when she was formally presented to the friends in Los Angeles of Dr. Peter Janss and Mrs. Janss.

Miss Avis Sherwood was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Miss Antoinette Keystone, whose engagement to Mr. Otto Grau has recently heen announced.

Mrs. Wallace Everson entertained a numher of friends at a luncheon Friday at her home in Oakland, complimentary to Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer.

Miss Marian Huntington gave a lunchcon and theatre party Thursday in honor of Miss Winona Derhy, who was married Tuesday to Lieutenant Burgin, U. S. N.

Miss Franc Pierce entertained at a dinner Saturday evening, her guests heing Miss Derby, Lieutenant Burgin, and the hridal attendants.

Miss Lucy Harrison was the complimented guest Wednesday, when Miss Edith Slack and Miss Ruth Slack were hostesses at a tea.

General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray entertained at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner Friday evening at her home on Broadway, and with her guests attended the Bachelors' and Benedicks' hall at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Ernest L. McCormick and Mrs. M. J. McCahe gave a hridge party last week in their apartments on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Robert Thornherg, wife of Major Thornherg of the Medical Corps, U. S. A., was hostess at a tea last Friday, when the guests of honor were Mrs. Roger Brooke, wife of Major Brooke, U. S. A., and Mrs. Anderson, wife of Lieutenant Anderson, U. S. A.

Major Thomas Q. Ashhurn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ashhurn were the guests of honor at a dinner given in San Jose hy the Misses Morrison, who entertained a numher of army people over the week-end.

The Monday Evening Bridge Cluh at the Presidio had its last meeting at the home of Major K. J. Hampton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hampton.

Richard Kendall Munkittrick, the humorist, died at his home in Stamford, Connecticut, on Octoher 17, aged fifty-nine. His verse and jokes made his odd name familiar to readers thirty years ago, hut for some time he has writen hut little. He was a memher of the editorial staff of *Puck* from 1881 to 1889, and was editor of *Judge* from 1901 to 1905. Mr. Munkittrick was the author of several hooks, among them "The Moon Prince and Other Nahohs," "New Jersey Arabian Nights," "The Acrohatic Muse," and "The Slamhangaree."

Broadway is not only one of the great streets of the world, hut the longest in the world, as it actually extends from Bowling Green to Albany, not heing limited to the environs of Manhattan. Books enough to fill a shelf much more than five feet long have heen written ahout this famous thoroughfare.

Esperanto has heen officially recognized as an international language hy the United States commissioner of patents. He would not register an Esperanto word as a trademark, the rules forhidding the acceptance of any descriptive term for that use.

Winchell Smith's new play, "The Only Son," is said to he a much stronger work than "The Fortune Hunter," and likely to he a success.

The home in Burlingame of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron has heen hrightened hy the advent of a daughter.

The home in Menlo of Mr. and Mrs. Granville Redmond has been brightened hy the advent of a son.

Whoever Wins—No matter which side wins the hig foothall game on Nov. 11th, send her an appropriately decorated hox of Geo. Haas & Sons' candies. If her side wins it will he a heautiful souvenir, if the other side wins it will serve as a consolation offering. Four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The second and final week of the musical success, "Bright Eyes," in which Cecil Lean and Florence Holhrook are appearing with pronounced success at the Columhia Theatre, will commence with Sunday night's performance. That the stars of the piece have made good is quite evident on all sides, for one hears praise of their work wherever the theatre is the suhject of comment. Lean and Holhrook are a team of stars who are indefatigahle in their work. Many are the encores that they receive for the various numhers during the three acts of the piece. The company supporting them is a large one and well ahle to interpret the song gems and other musical hits which the author of "Three Twins" has written into his latest work. The piece is elahorately staged. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday.

The Orpheum offers another fine hill for next week. B. A. Rolfe's latest scenic musical production, "The Courtiers," will he the headline attraction. Its action takes place at that period of the eighteenth century when powdered wigs and patches were the vogue. An old English castle has heen taken as a model for the elahorate stage setting. The cast includes eleven people of recognized ahility, some of whom are vocalists and others instrumentalists. A comedy cycling performance which is thoroughly original will he presented hy Mosher, Hayes, and Mosher. In addition to their ability as trick cyclists the trio have made for themselves a reputation as comedians. They are all Americans and have hut recently returned from a long and successful engagement at the Palace Theatre, London. That tuneful quartet, the Arlington Four, composed of Brenner, Lee, Manny, and Roherts in the guise of messenger hoys will introduce popular songs, any amount of comedy, and some extraordinarily clever dancing. Jane Boynton will charm with her pianologue. She is not new to San Francisco, for first she appeared with "The Pianophiends" and subsequently as the principal memher of the team of Boynton and Burke. Her offering consists of piano playing, dancing, and singing, and several of the songs she sings were written hy herself. Next week will he the last of the Four Fords, Josie Heather, and Augustine and Hartley. It will also be the last of the famous lieder singer, Dr. Ludwig Wüllner, who will be heard in new numbers.

The Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco promise a great programme for the annual henefit in aid of their charity fund, to take place at the Columbia Theatre, Friday afternoon, Novemher 24. Impresario Pierre Grazi and Manager Will Greenhaum have proffered some of the best artists from the French Grand Opera Company, which will then he singing at the Valencia Theatre, and in friendly rivalry, Signor Mario Lamhardi will contrihute a few of the leading songbirds from his Italian Grand Opera Company. The famous comedians, Montgomery and Stone, with the memhers of "The Old Town" company from the Columhia Theatre will appear, and Burr McIntosh, now starring at the Alcazar, will offer one of the monologue entertainments for which he is famous. An interesting numher will be the first presentation on any stage of a sketch entitled "A Scoop," hy Ralph E. Renaud, the local dramatic critic, and played hy memhers of the Alcazar Stock Company. Ida St. Leon and Frederick Thompson's company, in an act of that interesting play, "Polly of the Circus," will he the contrihution from the Savoy Theatre, and the Orpheum management will see to it that the vaudeville numhers on the hill will he plentiful and of the highest order of merit. The cause for which the henefit is to he given is a worthy one, as every dollar realized will he devoted to the care and relief of sick and unfortunate memhers of the theatrical profession. Tickets may he ohtained at any theatre hox-office.

Montgomery and Stone will he the next attraction at the Columhia Theatre, where they will appear commencing with Monday night, November 20, in their latest hit, "The Old Town." They will he supported by a company of eighty-five people, among whom are Clara Palmer, Flossie Hope, Edna Bates, Helen Falconer, Virginia Kendall, Peggy Preston, Charles Dox, Howard Russell, W. J. McCarty, Howard Dyott, Mack Whiting, James G. Reaney, Fred Perine, and Ed Reader. George Ade and Gustav Luders are the authors of "The Old Town."

Frank Bacon is coming again as the old inventor in "The Fortune Hunter." The title-rôle will once more he played hy Fred Nihlo, and Josephine Cohan, sister to the famous George M. Cohan, will have one of the leading rôles in this comedy, which has heen a pronounced winner.

Florenz Ziegfeld announces that he will send nearly one hundred and fifty people here in the company to appear with Anna Held in "Miss Innocence." Harry Watson, Jr., who was here with "The Follies of 1910," is a memher of the company.

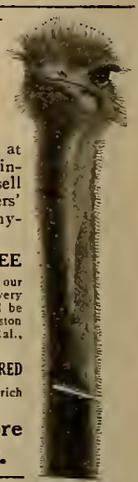
Pears'

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The use of Pears' reflects beauty and refinement. Pears' leaves the skin soft, white and natural.

Matchless for the complexion.

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Have captured first prizes at 7 World's Expositions, including Paris, 1900. We sell direct to you at producers' prices and deliver free anywhere in America.

CATALOGUE SENT FREE

Mail-order customers will find our new 25th Anniversary Catalogue very interesting and instructive. It will be sent free if you write to Cawston Ostrich Farm, South Pasadena, Cal., for Catalogue "C."

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Hearst spent a few days last week in her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William Sherwood left last Saturday for Spokane, where she will spend several weeks with relatives.

Mr. Roy Ryone sailed Tuesday for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney (formerly Miss Daisy Parrott) have returned from a visit with relatives in the East.

Miss Ynez Dibblee of Santa Barbara has been spending the past two weeks as the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. John G. Kittle has returned to her home in Ross after a visit in the southern part of the state. Mrs. Kittle and her sons, the Messrs. Allen and John Kittle, will occupy their town house about December 1.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor has sufficiently recovered from her recent illness to return to her home in Oakland.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett has returned to Burlingame after a visit in town with Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

Mrs. Henry B. Alexander has returned from a trip to the Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. William S. Tevis, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Mr. Gordon Tevis, and Mr. Lansing Tevis arrived last Saturday in Bakersfield after a four months' trip abroad. Mrs. Tevis came to town Sunday with Miss O'Connor, who returned to her apartments at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. George H. Howard left Monday for the East to visit her son, Mr. George H. Howard, Jr., who is attending Harvard.

Miss Eliza McMullin has returned from the East, where she has been visiting friends for the past two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker (formerly Miss Natalie Hunt) have taken an apartment for the winter on California and Jones Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker have come to town from Burlingame, where they have been visiting Miss Jennie Crocker since their return from Europe, and are established for the winter in the home on Laguna Street of Dr. Adolph Barkan and Mrs. Barkan.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and her children are expected home next Thursday from Boston.

Mrs. Douglas Fry has returned from San Diego, where she went to attend the wedding of Ensign Henry Gearing, U. S. N., and Miss Lolita Burling.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker.

Mr. Eugene de Sabla left Sunday morning for New York, where he will remain for several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. de Sabla and the Misses Vera and Leontine de Sabla will go to Europe in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear and their children will spend the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell has gone East to spend the winter.

Mrs. Richard Ivers has returned from Honolulu and is again established at the residence of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin. During Mr. and Mrs. Irwin's absence in Europe Mrs. Ivers visited Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ivers, Jr., at their home in the Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dickinson Sherwood have returned to their home in Spokane after a visit at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Philip Paschel has returned from the East, where he has been visiting relatives.

The Misses Josephine and Rose Nieto have been spending several days here en route from Paris to their home in Mexico City.

Mr. and Mrs. Athole McBean have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear in Menlo.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald has arrived from Louisville, Kentucky, and will spend several weeks as the guest of her sons, Mr. Alan Macdonald and Mr. Kenneth Macdonald.

Mrs. Maynie McNutt Potter and her little daughter, Miss Marie Louise Potter, have returned from Colorado Springs, where they have been spending the past three months. Miss Grace Potter of New York, who has been Mrs. Potter's guest, will visit friends in Salt Lake before coming to this city.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn is taking a rest cure at a local sanitarium.

Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant is established in an apartment on California and Buchanan Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry have taken an apartment for the winter on Hyde and Washington Streets.

Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., has returned from a brief visit in Washington, D. C., and has joined Mr. Marye at the Fairmont Hotel. Miss Esther Moreland accompanied Mrs. Marye on her homeward trip and will spend a part of the winter here.

Miss Helen Chesebrough has been a recent guest at the country home in Woodside of Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman N. Whiteside (formerly Miss Florence Hammond) are established in New York, where they will reside indefinitely.

General Arthur Fitzallan Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long, of Piedmont, have been recent guests at the Peninsula Hotel.

Miss Sybil Stone of Boston is the guest of her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. S. Leonard Abbott, at their home on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss and their sons have gone to Europe for an indefinite visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hellman are in New York, where they will remain until after the holidays.

Mrs. Louis Schwan has returned to her home in New York after having spent the past three months in California. Mrs. Schwan was the guest for several weeks of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, and has since been visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart, in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Dibblee, who have been spending the summer in Ross, are occupying their home on California Street.

Miss Genevieve Harvey of Galt has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bliss during the convalescence of her mother, Mrs. Obed Harvey, who is in a local hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger and the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham are occupying their town house on Pacific Avenue. They have recently closed their country home, Hazelwood Hills, in Woodside.

Dr. Walter Gibbons, Mrs. Gibbons, and their two children will spend the next six months in Berlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor will be in town for the winter at the home on Pacific Avenue of Mrs. William H. Taylor, Sr.

Miss Dorothy Baker has returned home from San Diego and Los Angeles, where she visited Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Weller Sefton and Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin.

Mr. Raphael Weill has returned from his annual trip to Europe.

Rev. Henry St. George Tucker, president of St. Paul's College in Japan, has been appointed Bishop of Kioto. Bishop Tucker is a brother of Mr. James Ellis Tucker of this city, and is successor to Bishop Sidney Partridge, who is now established in Kansas City. Mrs. Partridge is a daughter of Mrs. John Simpson and a sister of Mrs. William Edwin Hough (formerly Miss Amalia Simpson).

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Foster, the Misses Marie Louise and Enid Foster, and Mr. Eldridge Green spent the week-end in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Sicklen have closed their home in Alameda and with their daughters, the Misses Hilda and Dorothy Van Sicklen, are established at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. William Cluff went to Los Angeles to attend the reception given in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Edwin Janss.

Miss Marian Froelich has returned from Paris, where she has been residing for several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton came to town Monday from San Mateo and are occupying their apartments at the St. Francis Hotel, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali and Miss Emily Carolan spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Dr. Edwin Janss and Mrs. Janss (formerly Miss Florence Cluff) have returned from their wedding trip and spent several days in Menlo with Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff en route to their future home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Augustine Strickland, who has been visiting friends in California during the past two months, will leave next week for her home in New York.

Mrs. Arthur Murray will accompany her husband, General Murray, U. S. A., to Honolulu, where he will go on a tour of inspection. General and Mrs. Murray will return in December, when they will be joined by their daughters, the Misses Sadie and Caroline Murray, who will remain with their brother, Lieutenant Murray, U. S. A., at Fortress Monroe until the holidays, when the family expect to be installed in their quarters at Fort Mason.

Miss Priscilla Ellicott of Mare Island is the guest of Miss Leonora Wuest at the Presidio, where she will remain until the arrival of her mother, Mrs. Ellicott, who is expected home shortly from Honolulu.

Colonel Karmany, U. S. A., Mrs. Karmany, and Miss Lucille Cook will arrive tomorrow from the Philippines, where they have been residing for the past two years. After a brief visit with relatives they will go to Norfolk, Virginia, whither Colonel Karmany has recently been ordered.

Colonel Frank Denny, U. S. N., Mrs. Denny, and Miss Esther Denny are expected home next week from Applegate, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Horst, who left here early in October for a visit in the East, were expected home this week, but news comes of the illness of Mrs. Horst in Chicago that may detain them several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Molyneux Worthington have removed their residence from 2984 Clay Street to 3382 Clay Street.



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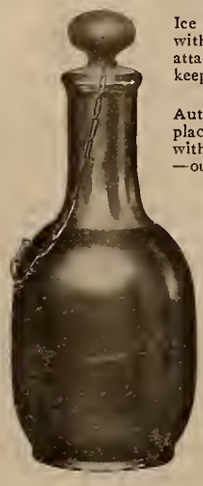
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The opening bill will be "Les Huguenots," one of the standards of the French repertory, and a work requiring no less than three star prima donnas adequately to present. The artists to be heard on this occasion are Mmes. Vallemont, Chamhellain, and Gustin, and Messrs. Affre, Mascal, Coiglio, and De Mangane.

On Thursday night Gounod's "Faust" will be given in its entirety, with Mme. Richardson of the Theatre Gaiete-Lyrique as Marguerite, the Russian tenor, Pascal-Wornski, as Faust, De Mangane as Mephisto, and all the minor parts assumed by stars, making a genuine all-star production of this immortal work.

Friday's night offering will be Halevy's masterpiece, "La Juive" ("The Jewess"), a most dramatic work, in which M. De Garonne, tenor from Covent Garden, London, will make his début with the company.

On Saturday afternoon "Les Huguenots" will be repeated with the same brilliant cast, and in the evening Delibes's rarely heard Indian opera, "Lakme," will be given with Mme. Fregoleska, called in Paris and Bucharest the Roumanian Nightingale, who will assume the title-rôle, and M. Ferrier, still another tenor, who will play the rôle of the British officer who falls in love with the Indian maiden.

Seats for all of these performances, as well as season coupon-books, are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where all mail orders should be sent addressed to Will L. Greenhaum.

It is the intention of M. Grazi to produce each work three times, so that one need not attend on successive nights in order to hear the entire repertory. During the second week the above works will be repeated with the addition of one new one, which will probably be "Herodiade." Scenery is now being painted for "Tannhauser," "Werther," "Hamlet," and "Samson and Delilah."

The success of this enterprise means much to San Francisco, for on it depends the establishment of a permanent opera season here, the maintenance of a permanent opera orchestra, and perhaps the building of a grand opera house at a near date. San Francisco should certainly be able to support such an institution if cities like New Orleans and Montreal can.

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Little Willie—Pa, what's a financier? *Pa*—A financier, my son, is a man who is capable of inducing other men to pile up a fortune for him.—*Chicago News.*

A—How do you know that Maler has come in for a fortune? *B*—Why, formerly, people always said he was crazy; now they say be is original.—*Lustige Blätter.*

"Woman will be famed as well as man!" she ejaculated, as she threw down the book. "Yes," responded old Cynicus, "for untold ages."—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Penam—Colonel Bloodyman's old war traits still cling to him. *Nicks*—How so? *Penam*—I dined with bim last night, and he gave the waiter no quarter.—*Harlem Life.*

The Wife—I do believe I would fall dead if you were to come home early some evening. *The Brute*—You will have to offer a bigger bribe than that.—*Indianapolis Press.*

Father (impressively)—Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, wbat would become of you, my boy? *Irreverent Son*—I'd stay bere. The question is, What would become of you?—*West Chester Critic.*

Clara—While I was playing whist with Mrs. Singleton last evening, she asked me what was thc trump at least six times. *Maude*—Weren't you provoked? *Clara*—I should say so! As if I knew!—*Puck.*

Miss Scribble—The beroine of my next story is to be one of those modern advanced girls who bave ideas of their own and don't want to get married. *The Colonel (politely)*—Ah, indeed, I don't think I ever met that type.—*Life.*

Englishman (patronizingly)—Your school faculties are excellent, I am told. *American (suavely)*—Well, I should say. See the Smithsonian Institution over there? Tbink of a building like that, just to educate the Smiths.—*Vogue.*

Clerk (to patent medicine man)—Here is a curious credential from one of our customers. *Medicine Man*—Read it. *Clerk*—"Before I took your elixir my face was a sigbt. You ought to see it now. Send me another bottle for my mother-in-law."—*Harlem Life.*

Mother (near-sighted)—See that disgracefully intoxicated brute across tbe street! Where can the police be? *Daughter (weeping)*—Oh, ma, it's Brother Bob! *Mother (swooning)*—Then the saloon-keepers have been drugging that poor cbild again!—*Leslie's Weekly.*

Von Blumer—What's the matter? You look sad. *Dimpleton*—I feel sad. Tbis morning I deceived my wife for the first time. *Von Blumer*—Oh, is that all? Pooh! You'll recover. Don't let that worry you. *Dimpleton*—But it does, old man. She caugbt me at it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Hostess—Why, Mr. Smitb, I've hardly seen you all the evening! Now, I particularly want you to come and hear a whistling solo by my husband. *Smith (whose hearing is a trifle indistinct)*—A whisky and soda witb your husband? Well, thanks, I don't mind if I do have just one!—*Punch.*

Mrs. Penfield—My busband has found a way hy which he says I am of the greatest belp to him in his literary work. *Mrs. Hillaire*—How nice that must be for you, my dear! But how are you able to do it? *Mrs. Penfield*—As soon as I see him at his desk, I go into another room and keep perfectly quiet until he has finished.—*Puck.*

At a spiritualistic meeting in Wichita a few weeks ago the spirit of Elijah Crosser was called for. Elijab Crosser had died there many years before, but was remembered for his immense stature, six feet five inches. A voice in the darkness said he was Elijah. "Are you in heaven?" asked an old-timer. "Yes," came the answer. "Are you an angel, Lige?" "Yes." The questioner paused, evidently having exhausted his fund of questions, and then suddenly inquired: "Wbat do you measure from tip to tip, Lige?"

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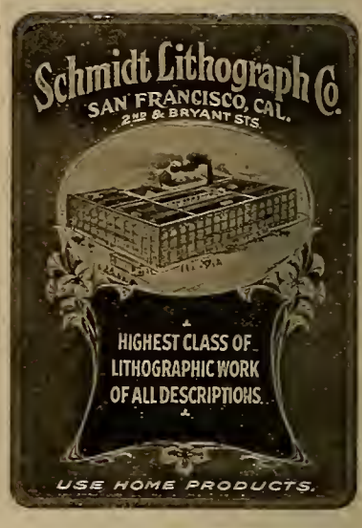
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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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Governor Johnson and Senator-Sheriff Finn.

Billboards all over the city still bear witness, although the municipal election is ten days past, to the intrusion of Governor Johnson into the sphere of our local affairs in behalf of his friend Tom Finn, who holds the anomalous status of sheriff of San Francisco city and county and member of the state senate, in contempt both of the state constitution and the city charter. It is widely declared that the governor's indorsement of Finn was a factor in his defeat; be this as it may, the fact itself is discreditable alike to the consistency and dignity of the governor. And it is particularly and offensively notable in view of the fact that Governor Johnson took no part in the contest when the city was fighting for its life against McCarthyism. Then the "dignities of the gubernatorial office," we were told, held Mr. Johnson to a policy of neutrality. But when it came to his friend Finn he thrust aside restraint and literally "jumped in" in an effort made all the more unworthy by a hair-splitting diplomacy to give Finn the weight of his support without in terms committing himself.

Governor Johnson is enough of a lawyer, albeit his professional activities have mostly been in the line of protecting criminals against the vengeance of society, to know that Finn could not legally at one and the same time be a sheriff and a senator. But Finn wanted to hold on to the lucrative shrievalty and the governor wanted his help as a legislative whipper-in at Sacramento. It was the duty of Governor Johnson as the head of the state to put Finn "over the ropes," so to speak, as a species of political bigamist; and if he were the moralist he pretends to be he would have done it. He would surely have done it if Finn instead of being a pliable and serviceable creature of handy use in the governor's revolutionary schemes had stood on the other side of the political fence.

Because Finn was useful to Governor Johnson his anomalous and illegal position last winter was unchallenged. Because he is in the way of being again useful to the governor in the coming special legislative session he got the indorsement which still—albeit Mr. Finn was ignominiously beaten—appears plastered against a thousand billboards and dead walls of San Francisco.

Governor Johnson poses as a moral light in the sphere of politics. He assumes the rôle of a reformer upon the basis of high pretensions. And a shameless pretense it is in view of the record in the Finn case—in view of the fact that he permitted Finn illegally to hold two offices at the same time and that, while declining to take a hand in the fight against McCarthyism, he was active in behalf of Finn. A shameless business, truly—an especially shameless business when done in conjunction with activities claiming character under the standards of political purity!

A Macedonian Cry.

We get distressful hints of the state of mind in which our over-excited neighbor, the City of the Angels, finds herself in the local press, which, by the way, has long had the habit of taking small things seriously. Here, for example, is Sammy Clover's *Graphic* in a hysterical appeal for any and every kind of help, under the plea that now is a "time for practical politics." "Harriman," declares the excited *Graphic*, "is likely to slip in by the Good Government outposts." Really now, is it true that goo-gooism, another name for emotional and feminine-minded politics, is inadequate to the needs of a crisis? The *Graphic* evidently thinks so, since it declares that "only by complete harmony of all factions opposed to the Socialistic candidate is it possible to elect Alexander."

Then follows a passionate demand for "getting together." The goo-goo scheme, it is declared, must be "supplemented by politics of a practical nature," for "you may resolute till the eows come home"—this phrase being happily adapted to Middle-Western experiences and conceptions—"and not a Harriman man will abate his allegiance, not a single convert will be coaxed to the Alexander mercy seat"—another happy expression in consideration of the *Graphic's* audience.

Proceeding, the *Graphic* hopes that this advice "will not shock the ultra-ethical minded"—another fine stroke—"of the Good Government cohorts." The *Graphic* believes in "making small sacrifices to attain large ends," and "if Barney Healy can be lured to the Alexander camp by a modest offering of this nature, why not hang up the prize? Give the Old Guard leeway. Let it be understood that Mr. Healy * * * in return for missionary work among his people for Alexander, shall be given a municipal position within his scope, as a reward for services performed. If he wants to be a street inspector or a gas inspector or fill some other similar void, all right, let him have it. The object to be achieved is well worth the concession."

Furthermore the *Graphic* would employ "the redoubtable Benny Cohen to go out into the highways and byways to drum up votes for the good government candidate, believing that the end justifies the means." But in Benny's case, the *Graphic* thinks the service should be put on "a salary basis."

But this is not the limit of concession to the requirements of practical politics, for we read that "Tom Hughes, that political giant of the Union League Club, should be urged to inject vigor into the lethargic limbs of his personal following," and that that other local purist, Meyer Lissner, should "be induced to trot out his wonderful card index to the end that no healthy voter escapes doing his duty December 5."

But there is still another resource: *"We would call on Walter Parker to oil up his machine and place it in temparary commissian for the common gaad."* Help, help! in God's name, has it come to this?

There is more. But we forbear. Goo-gooism appealing to Walter Parker for salvation of Los Angeles is a picture which it would be sacrilege to mar.

Last Week's Elections.

There is a world of instruction and suggestion in the results of the several elections of last week. Here in San Francisco, in the choice of seventeen out of eighteen supervisors representing conservative policies, we have a reassertion of the social and political sentiment which carried Mr. Rolph into the mayoralty in the primary election of September. San Francisco, it is plain, is fully even if tardily impressed with the mischiefs of class domination in politics. She has been over-slow in asserting herself, but she has done it at last, and with an emphasis which leaves no doubt in any mind.

The new deal in San Francisco illustrates a wish for plain honesty in administration, but this is only part of its significance. It means, too, denial of and resentment against the pretensions and practices involved in what we locally call McCarthyism, which is only another name for labor unionism allied with politics. The evils of this species of political degeneracy have become manifest in San Francisco. They may be summarized as dishonesty in administration, heavy exactions in the tax rate, paralysis of public confidence, a systematic overcharge in industry, lethargy in trade, a general sense of insecurity and discredit—all this with a multitude of effects attendant upon the loss of community spirit and self-respect. San Francisco in two successive elections has declared her disgust and weariness of the politico-unionistic scheme in politics. The ultimate result will be reëstablishment of the authority and rule of the law, which means nothing less, first or last, than absolute denial at every point of the special privileges which an aggressively led unionism has demanded and enforced.

There are those who even yet do not comprehend the meaning of the late election; for nominally San Francisco is still under the rule of the "closed shop" in industry. But already we are getting on another basis. In multitudes of instances where the closed-shop rule is nominated in the bond it is with impunity violated in the practice. McCarthyism, shorn of its political powers, still clings to its pretensions, but makes no effort to enforce them. The air is freer than it was, for while there is still a world of pretense and bluster on the part of the unions, industry pursues policies quite independent of the rules of McCarthyism and in more or less open contempt of the walking delegate. Even before the new administration has assumed office, San Francisco stands practically redeemed from the abuses and restrictions of the closed shop. The effect of it is already apparent; confidence is higher, industry is more effective, trade is better.

The results of the Eastern elections relate, of course, to broader interests; and they illustrate a tendency many times before observed to take political matters more seriously on the approach of a presidential year. New York, which last year gave emphatic rebuke to the Republican party on the score of manifest and flagrant shortcomings, in this election has

chosen a Republican state assembly, which in a political sense will tie the hands of a Democratic governor and a Democratic senate. Concurrently, the rule of Tammany Hall in New York City sustains a hard jolt in the form of Republican successes in several of the boroughs which make up the greater city.

This result disposes completely of whatever may have been left of the larger political expectations of the present Democratic governor. Mr. Dix came into office only last year as the outcome of an extraordinary contest. It was a success so marked as to place its chief figure in the narrow list of Democratic presidential availables. His stock in trade was not inconsiderable. He had the prestige of individual success, with the prestige of a noble name and lineage—these with the advantages of relative youth, of an impressive "front" and winning manners, and the habit of saying gracious things in an effective style. But a short year in the governorship has been sufficient to take Mr. Dix from a high place and set him in a lower one. He has conspicuously lacked courage in relation to principles and to men. He has tried to maintain his "availability" by standing apart not only from all factions, but from all movements. He has neither run with the hare nor chased with the hounds. Instead of pleasing everybody he has antagonized everybody. If he had taken one positive course or another he would have had at least a measure of respect; now he has none at all.

In New Jersey last week's election administered a distinct jolt to the prestige and prospects of Dr. Woodrow Wilson, who has appeared to be the leading figure in the list of Democratic presidential possibilities. Not only was a Republican legislature elected, but several candidates especially favored by Governor Wilson were defeated. The outcome gives to the governor that unpleasant kind of slap in the face implied in the failure of a politician to carry his own precinct. It is almost a rule in American politics that one who aspires to the national sphere must have a definite backing in his own home. Therefore to be beaten in one's own state is to be under a handicap. Dr. Wilson was not an obvious issue in the recent contest in New Jersey, and the defeat of his friends may easily be taken too seriously. At the same time the result tends to his discredit.

Dr. Wilson is undoubtedly an intellectually brilliant man—a scholar and a gentleman. He is undoubtedly an entirely honest man. But for all his distinction he is a man practically without working experience. His successes and his prestige have been won in the sphere of theoretical and sentimental interests. His experience is akin to that of one skilled in spending but not in earning. He is in nowise to be blamed, for it is given to few to be at once of the cloister and of the forum. With profound respect for Dr. Wilson's character and talents, we have not been able to repress the suggestion that in administrative life he might prove a failure. Evidently there are those in his own state who do not wish to see him put to the test. The presidency of the United States is not only a big job, but it is the job which calls for a man whose working experience has had to do with something more than books, college professors, immature boys, and the higher phases of literature. It is the job of a man hardened to his work by responsible contact with practical life. It is no job for an academic theorist, for a college professor, however high-souled or philosophically minded.

The result in Massachusetts maintains the anomaly of a Democratic executive and a Republican legislature. Governor Foss is reëlected, but by a very narrow margin, there being in the city of Boston a distinct falling off in his vote as compared with last year. This is highly significant when the circumstances of his first election are recalled. It came in the nature and form of a rebuke to President Taft on the score of his moral and tactical blundering, especially marked in his famous Winona speech. Now, the President having righted himself, Massachusetts sentiment is again turning toward him. The process had not, at the date of this election, gone far enough to defeat Mr. Foss, but it barely permitted him to scratch in. It is still possible for hopeful Democrats, upon the basis of Mr. Foss's reelection, to claim Massachusetts for the Democratic column; but every man of political intelligence knows that for all of Mr. Foss the state is practically safe for Taft next year.

Another significant fact in connection with these elections is the growth of the Socialistic party. In Schenectady, New York, the Socialists elected a majority of the county board and with a single exception all the city officials, including the mayor. In addition the district in which Schenectady is located returned a Socialistic assemblyman. In Ohio the Socialists elected eight mayors and made gains in all the larger cities. In the Second Kansas Congressional District the Socialist vote, while not carrying its candidate to success, was beyond precedent. In New Mexico there was a full Socialistic ticket in the field, and it gained a support sufficiently large to indicate that the Socialistic party there must be reckoned with.

It would appear from these returns, as well as from the recent vote in Los Angeles, that labor unionists are very generally abandoning the old parties and allying themselves with the political movement which styles itself Socialism. This, we think, is the agency through which politico-unionism is likely to assert itself in the future. Plainly there is a widespread movement to organize the "have nots" into a political scheme directly aimed against the "haves"; and unless we are very much mistaken it is going to make a considerable and perhaps a menacing issue in American politics. The astonishing result of the primary election in Los Angeles, a community hitherto regarded as invincible in its devotion to freedom in the industries, may well be taken as indicating conditions not pleasant in their suggestion to the conservative mind.

Success in China.

The rebel successes in China have been so continuous and so emphatic that we may look upon the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty as an already accomplished fact. The advisers of the young emperor are practically suppliants for peace and even for mercy, and not one among them seems to counsel further resistance. Every day brings some fresh defection from the lost cause, and although some fighting is still in progress it is only as the flickering of a dying flame. The rebellion, as such, seems to be practically over.

But the end of the rebellion means the beginning of real difficulties for the victors. The work of destruction is always relatively easy. Courage, resolution, organization, and money can usually make short work of institutions that are rotten with age and that have no other strength than that of precedent and custom. But to replace them is quite another matter, and one that calls for capacities of a far higher kind. It must be done after the inspiration of conflict has passed away and in the midst of the jealousies and of the selfish ambitions that always hang at the heels of victory. It may be that there is plenty of constructive political genius lying dormant in China. It is to be hoped so, for without it her revolution will go for nothing, and may even prove to be a scourge worse than that of the Manchus. A revolutionary army, and especially in Oriental countries, is always tempted to govern by the sword and to resist a displacement by civil authorities. Victorious soldiers are not usually prone to regard themselves as hateful necessities, but if the Chinese generals are actually animated by the new patriotism it will take the form of self-effacement. China is about to need statesmen, with the army as a far away background.

The idea of a Chinese republic is a patent absurdity, and this may be said without detracting in the least from Chinese virtues. There has never been such a thing as a republic in the Orient and possibly there will never be one. There has never been a limited monarchy in the Orient, nor even a constitutional government as we understand it. The Chinese are certainly not so far advanced politically as the Japanese, and the Japanese constitution is no more than a legal and orderly definition of the absolute power of the emperor. The Japanese revolution, so far from tending toward democracy, actually made of the emperor an unlimited autocrat who was pleased temporarily to delegate some small executive powers to a parliament. The Oriental mind has no conception of representative government and would hate it if it had. Its highest ideal is a willing obedience to a benevolent despot, and nothing could better fit the temperament of the people or better insure their happiness. The idea that four hundred millions of people, of whom the vast majority have not yet heard of the revolution, will immediately adapt themselves to representative government, or even tolerate the thought of it, is too ridiculous to be entertained. They will continue to obey some selected individual, as their forefathers have done for countless generations, and if the revolution leaders can provide some individual whose rule will be tolerable and who will not transgress certain roughly drawn limits they will have done surpassingly well. To talk of ballot boxes and democracies is mere ghost dancing. The average Japanese has no vote, and certainly the Chinaman will get none for a long time to come.

The immediate danger awaiting the revolution is the possible excesses of its adherents. It is a bitter thing to say, but there are European powers who do not want a strong or an orderly China, and to whom a murdered missionary is a golden opportunity. There will be intervention if any good excuse presents itself, and the government has already defaulted in the Boxer indemnity payments. The Manchu forces have been guilty of horrid cruelties, and if the rebels are tempted to reprisals it will create a critical situation. European and American residents might easily become involved, and in that case the latter end of China might be worse than the first. So far the rebels have been upon their best behavior. They have been led by men who know the game and who recognize the value of dignity and restraint. But the real test of their character is still to be applied. It is the test of success.

The Employers' Liability Law.

During the next year or so the average citizen of California will slowly awake to the fact that he is now faced by conditions that will appear to him to be the last word of injustice and oppression. His surprise will be intensified when he realizes that those conditions were created by his own deliberate vote and that he himself is responsible for a situation full of the financial dangers that can be neither foreseen nor prevented.

The Employers' Liability law was passed in the full light of day. It was open to every voter in the state to ascertain what the legislature was doing and to enter his protest. Every voter in the state knew, or might have known, that there were no limits to the acquiescence of the legislature in every crazy scheme demanded by the few noisy demagogues who call themselves the people. But there were no protests against the Employers' Liability law. At least there were none that were effective, and it now remains for the voter to discover for himself what the law really means, and how sharp is the knife that he has laid to his own throat.

The new law makes the employer responsible for all accidents that may happen to those who take his pay. There we have the whole thing in a nutshell. It does not matter why the accident happens or how it happens, the employer is liable for whatever losses may ensue to the employed. Even though the wage-earner is doing something in direct disobedience to orders and the accident results from such disobedience, it makes no difference at all. The wage-payer is responsible. The domestic servant who lights the fire with kerosene and burns herself may claim full damages. If she herself is killed a judge will assess the value of her life and the householder must pay that value even though it ruin him, as it probably would. The man who spends a few minutes in cutting the grass plot in front of the house and who cuts his foot as well as the grass may take his enforced holiday with a quiet mind. Whoever hired him will pay the doctor's bill and whatever value may be placed upon the wounded foot. He may even deliberately cut his foot if the owner of the grass plot seems to be rich enough to make him a desirable victim of extortion. No one who employs labor of any kind can be certain that at any moment he may not be ruined for life by some accident to a servant, even though the accident was due to gross carelessness or to rank disobedience. Certainly the situation of the average householder whose servant was killed while lighting the fire with kerosene—and nearly all servants do this—would be a ruinous one. He would be ruined under the new law for which he practically gave his vote and that was passed by legislators whom we may suppose charitably had never even read it. It bore the union label and that was enough.

There is just such a law as this in England, and like all laws of its kind it has been a source of serious mischief to the worker. The man who employs five hundred workmen must take out five hundred policies of insurance, and it need hardly be said that the workers pay the premiums, directly or indirectly. He must take out another policy for his cook, another for his housemaid, for his gardener, for the boy who runs his errands and who may lamentably injure himself while throwing stones at the neighbor's hens. There are insurance companies in England who will attend to all such matters, but it need hardly be said that the

workers pay the premiums in the long run, while the workman who has been compensated for an accident is reasonably sure never to meet with another accident, and for the simple reason that he will never again be employed. But there are no insurance companies in California that will handle such business as this. There is no protection here for the employer, whether the employer be the owner of a factory or a struggling widow who employs a girl to help with the housework. If the girl in her enthusiasm for kerosene should destroy the furniture as well as burn herself the aforesaid widow must stand the loss of her home and actually compensate the girl for the results of her own folly. Anything more outrageous it would be hard to imagine or anything more crassly stupid.

A demonstration of the working of this idiotic law will be more effective than any amount of argument. The mind of the modern reformer is not constructed to understand arguments or to entertain ideas, but an appeal to his pocket will do wonders. The Employers' Liability law seems to be aimed at the "bloated capitalist" and was therefore welcome. It appeared to be aimed at those unworthy citizens who happen to own a little money and who therefore have no rights. There may be a change of sentiment when it is found to be a sword hanging over the heads of practically every one who pays wages to another for services rendered. But in the meantime it remains a law. Either it must be neglected and so bring an added contempt upon law in general, or it must be enforced and so inaugurate a sort of reign of terror upon employers everywhere. Its effect in increasing the general sense of insecurity can hardly be measured. And insecurity means bad trade.

Our Perturbed Neighbor.

Los Angeles is illustrating the delicacy of her sensibilities by turning her churches into registration booths. It strikes San Francisco as out of keeping, indeed as a bit *de mauvais gout*, as they say in Paree. But then we have been told by those who speak under the standards of the simple pastoral life of the Middle West, as exemplified in the social practice of Los Angeles, that we of sinful San Francisco have developed our taste at the cost of our virtue. Be this as it may, the Los Angeles churches are open as registration offices and the newly enfranchised element is being brought in by hundreds to set down their names, their complexions, their distinguishing physical marks, and—God pity and forgive them—their ages.

Thus we have as one of the first fruits of the new dispensation a certain association between church and state which it has been the policy of advancing ages to minimize. However, we find it enthusiastically commended by the Los Angeles press, which appears, with an insight not given to all of us, to see beauty and advantage in a mix-up of politics and religion. If anybody has had the mind to fear that this scheme may cut both ways—that it may hurt both religion and politics—he has not summoned the hardihood to declare it.

Speaking seriously, the incident illustrates how completely all ordinary standards of propriety go down before a crisis, or what appears to be such in the eyes of timidity perhaps not untinged by remorse for past excesses and follies in politics. The truth appears to be that Los Angeles, long a seat of political and other sorts of Phariseeism, has lost her nerve. In the panic of a wild and quite unnecessary alarm Los Angeles is doing things she will be ashamed of when she comes to her sober senses.

The incident has its depressing aspects, but one good thing is coming out of it. It is this, namely, that it is forcing upon the newly enfranchised women a course in line with public duty, which many of them, and the most worthy of them, were in the way of neglecting. Under the impulse of popular excitement and a sense of vital danger, the women—even many who had vowed they would not do it—are registering as a preliminary to voting on December 5. One of the dangers of woman suffrage has been that the better sort of women would not vote. President Taft put it straight when he said to the women of Washington state that the duty of good women was to take their political responsibilities seriously; and that if they failed to do this the result would be calamitous.

The *Argonaut*, as its readers well know, opposed the amendment imposing the ballot upon women. It believed and still believes that the principle is one of essential danger to the integrity and welfare of society. But, since women have been made voters, since the responsibilities of political participation have been put upon them, the immediate and obvious obligation is to make the best of it. We regard it as the absolute and positive duty, especially of every good woman, to register her name—and as nearly the fact respecting her age as she can bring herself to declare—then to cast her vote. We repeat what has been said before in these columns, that under the circumstances any other course is founded in false logic and false delicacy.

Scientific Management Again.

Some weeks ago the *Argonaut* drew attention to the system known as Scientific Management and to the indications that organized labor would declare war upon it. Those indications have now been verified. A motion of hostility toward Scientific Management has been included in the programme of the American Federation of Labor now in session at Atlanta, and Mr. Gompers has specifically referred to it as injurious to the interests of the workman.

It is hardly necessary to remind ourselves of the nature of the new system. It is no more than an attempt to economize the physical motions involved in the performance of manual work, to ascertain the quickest and the easiest way to do it, and to avoid whatever movements are unnecessarily exhausting or time-consuming. To repeat a simple illustration, it may be said that a girl who is stamping envelopes and who so arranges her basket that the stamped envelopes fall into it by their own weight is working under the new system. If she places each envelope separately in the basket she is working under the old system. If she tears the stamps into strips of a convenient length instead of removing each one separately we have an illustration of Scientific Management. The same principle can be applied to every kind of work. Without a careful study of routine motions there is sure to be a wastage of energy. The untrained hand is liable to move in curves instead of in straight lines.

It must have been hard for Mr. Gompers to devise any plausible objection to motion study and to the application of its results. Presumably he himself walks the street in a straight line and not in zigzags, and we may suppose that he carries his fork direct to his mouth instead of first passing it under his chair. But he objects to the studied extension of the same principle to the domain of the day's work. He says that it will turn the workman into a machine and rob him of his manhood, and perhaps this plea will do as well as any other. At least there is no record that his audience laughed when he made it. But the temptation to laugh must have been great. We are asked to believe that a bricklayer who stoops to pick up each brick separately from the ground is preserving his dignity as a man, but that if the bricks are supplied to him on a table breast high he becomes a machine. He can preserve his self-respect if the bricks are thrown in a promiscuous heap on the ground, but if they are arranged in an orderly way so that each comes to his hand in a correct position he sinks at once to the level of an automaton. To temper the mortar so that the brick sinks into place by its own weight instead of being hammered to the proper level is an insult to his manhood, while to lessen the ache in his back and to increase his pay is an affront that he can not tolerate. It is a curious line of argument, but apparently good enough for the purpose.

Mr. Gompers need not have troubled to give any reasons at all. They are incorporated in the basic policies that govern the majority of labor unions. They include a resolve to do a minimum of work for a maximum of pay, to do that work with a contemptuous inefficiency, to reduce the level of capacity to its lowest terms, and to regard the employer as an enemy who must be pillaged. There are unions that are distinguished exceptions to these rules, but Mr. Gompers was speaking to the majority, and he need have done no more than point to Scientific Management as something of advantage to the community at large to secure its instant condemnation.

Life Terms for Judges.

Judge Conrey of Los Angeles makes a suggestion in regard to the judiciary that ought to commend itself to those who look upon a judge as something more than a pawn in the political game. Judge Conrey, himself a supporter of the recall principle, believes that it should be supplemented by a longer tenure of office, even a life term, and that the judiciary should thus be taken out of the arena of party strife. So long as the recall remains upon the statute books there can be no possible justification for a continuation of the term principle. Every judge will hold office unless and until he shall be so unfortunate as to incur the resentment of some momentarily existing majority. Why should he be exposed to the additional ordeal of recurring elections?

To say that we shall have to do something to invest the bench with a greater dignity is to state an axiom. We should have been compelled to do this long since if the judges had allowed themselves to descend to the level of the conditions that have been imposed upon them. They have been superior to those conditions, but we can not expect that they will continue indefinitely to honor their functions more highly than we ourselves honor them. If we persist in filling the bench by pettifogging means we may find presently that we are filling it with pettifogging men. There is not an intelligent voter in the country who does not know that a judge ought not to be removed from office because of his party affiliations or for any other cause than misconduct, nor is there an intelligent voter who does not know that the cause of justice would be better served by life terms subject to those safeguards that prevail in other countries where life terms are the rule. Justice in England is not usually supposed to be deficient in quality, and the judges there are appointed for life and without reference to political opinions. They are invariably selected from the leaders of the bar and are therefore men who have been under public observation for years and who have proved their possession of political capacity. That our own judges have been very much better than our methods have deserved is no reason why we should not reform those methods and put ourselves in the way of attracting the best men available. Judge Conrey has made a practical proposal that would give a new dignity to the bench and that would rescue it from the demoralizing atmosphere of the election. It should be kept in sight.

Editorial Notes.

The Progressive Republican conference at Chicago put forth a demand that all delegates to the next Republican National Convention be elected by direct vote. The matter will come before the Republican National Committee at its meeting next month, but it is not believed that the plan of direct election will be adopted. The present method of election has been in force for many years and has been generally approved, and it is not likely the national committee will take it upon itself to enforce an arbitrary change. If change is made it will have to be upon the authority of the body directly concerned—of the national convention itself. In the meantime it will be interesting to see what means the Progressive leaders in California will take to interpret the "will of the people" in the matter of national delegates. The party machinery is in their hands, giving them a tremendous advantage in the matter of making up the delegation. Now, will they use this advantage after the manner of the wicked ones they have succeeded, or will they put the choice up to the people as the Progressive conference so earnestly advises? The temptation to keep every advantage in their own hands will be great; but on the other hand there are the issues of principle and of consistency. Curiously, the wish of the old-liners or anti-Progressives in California is in line with the recommendation of the Chicago conference. The old-liners are for Taft and they have no question of getting a Taft delegation if they can only get a square deal from the powers that be.

If the breed and quality of horses in military service in the United States shall fail of improvement within a few years to come, it will not be through indifference or lack of liberality on the part of the great horse-breeders of the country. The government has had much help, since it took up the matter of careful breeding for remounts, from well-known horsemen, the latest contribution to the cause being a gift of two notable thoroughbred sires from August Belmont. Private enterprise is also doing much to bring up the standard of the type of horse desired for military service. Among other agencies of improvement the effort to re-create and re-popularize the "Morgan horse" is especially notable.

An Annapolis upper classman had to go to the dispensary to be patched up the other night after an encounter with a stalwart freshman, the room-mate of a youth marked to be a victim of hazing. If hazing episodes were always of this sort they could be tolerated with some cheerfulness. A former president of Amherst College, before hazing was entirely forbidden, used to tell the new freshmen to defend themselves with an ax, if necessary, if they were attacked by upper-

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The proposal to hurn all the superfluous literature in the world is one that grips the imagination and tempts us to hegin at once upon the list for the pyre. It would he a pyre of gigantic size. The librarian of the British Museum states that out of the millions of volumes upon the shelves only ahout 75,000 are ever asked for. Lord Rosebery, speaking in Glasgow, said of the Mitchell Lihrary that he was "filled with a hideous depression at this enormous mass, this cemetery of dead hooks." Mr. Edmund Gosse, lihrarian of the House of Lords, is heartily in favor of the holocaust. Without some such relief he says that lihrarians will go mad and the puhlic, face to face with such gigantic masses of ruhhish, will give up reading altogether. No one has a good word to say for the superfluous literature. It ought not to he allowed to cumber the ground, hut a good many authors who have heen consulted are apprehensive of difficulties in tbe choice of a committee to determine what can and what can not he spared. They feel that individually they are well qualified for the task, hut tbey are filled with a strong distrust of any associates that might he chosen for the good work And of course there is always the extremist who must he dealt with and who persists in rushing to the front with his incendiary plans. Tbus we have Mr. Roy J. Horniman, who implores us not to take two bites at a cherry, hut to destroy all hooks without any reservation and begin again on a cleared slate. The suggestion is a tempting one, but when Mr. Horniman goes on to urge that the authors be hurned along with their hooks we feel that we must draw the line somewhere. And yet there is much to he said for Mr. Horniman's plan, and like a skilled advocate he lures us with a picture of Mr. Bernard Shaw at the stake with Mr. Granville Barker recording his last words. But Mr. Horniman has to admit that very few authors would hurn really well. With most of them there would he an intolerable amount of smoke and possihly even a had smell.

The Socialist mayor of Elbeuf in France has committed suicide because of the failure of the municipal gas plant, which he expected to he the great achievement of his municipal career. France is theoretically hut not practically Socialist, and the experiment at Elheuf was among the first of its kind. It is to be feared that the mayor's example will not be contagious and that other Socialist officials here as elsewhere will cling harnacle like to their offices so long as the deficit in the municipal account is not large enough to endanger their salaries. In the meantiue we may lay a small tribute upon the grave of the mayor of Elheuf. He made whatever reparation he could. Most of them do nothing.

Bret Harte has found his hiographer in Mr. Merwin, who tells us that while Harte was certainly an express messenger there is no certainty that he was ever a miner. The duties of an express messenger were more dangerous but less arduous than tbose of a miner. Harte's predecessor was shot hy a highwayman and his successor was killed. Only once did he show a marked interest in public affairs. At the opening of the war California was supposed to he an uncertain quantity, and when Starr King helped to organize the mass meeting in San Francisco he asked Bret Harte to write a poem for the occasion. The result was "Tbe Reveille," of which the first stanza reads:

Hark! I hear the tramp of tbousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
'Round the quick alarming drum,—
Saying, Come,
Freemen, Come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum.

At the conclusion of the reading the great audience, says Mr. Merwin, rose to its feet and with a mighty shout proclaimed the loyalty of California.

It seems strange to read of an exploration of the Louvre undertaken with all the zest and sense of the unexpected that would be associated with the catacomhs of Rome or the huried tomhs of Egypt. Such an exploration has just been undertaken by M. Pujalet, accompanied by the architect of the building and a numher of experienced caretakers. To their amazement they found a network of passages and rooms that were unknown to exist and that probably have been unentered for a century. Some of tbese passages were found to open in mysterious ways upon exhibition rooms where priceless values were stored, and it is said that if the thief of "La Gioconda" had half the knowledge of the Louvre now possessed hy M. Pujalet he could have stripped the galleries with the utmost ease and made a leisurely escape. A comprehensive plan is now to be made of the building and the unneeded entrances to the galleries are to he sealed. Tbe precautions are somewhat like locking the stable doors after the horse has been stolen, but that is the way things are done nowadays.

Mr. G. Davidson, an Englishman who has heen employed as a teacher in China for twenty-five years, says tbat the young men and hoys of China are showing an extraordinary avidity in acquiring a knowledge of modern history. In the schools of Chengtu, for example, there was hardly a boy unacquainted with the story of the French Revolution, and they have all followed tbe progress of recent events in Turkey, Persia, India, and Egypt. A patriotic British teacher in one of the schools of Chengtu was pointing out to his geography class the many red-colored possessions of Great Britain when he was stopped by shouts of "You stole them" from his class. Such a display of historical erudition was doubtless surprising, if not gratifying to the teacher, who probably made haste to choose some other subject upon which his pupils were not so well informed.

Switzerland is one of the few countries in the world that is fully alive to the value of scenery and the untouched works of nature, but how long she will he able to preserve that value is problematical. The Swiss League for the Protection of Nature has made at least a step in the right direction by leasing the Val Cluoza from the commune of Zermetz in the lower Engadine. So long as the lease lasts it will he forbidden to fire a shot in the valley, to uproot a single flower, or to erect an hotel. The mule paths and simple hridges will he kept in order and a few cahins for shelter will be provided, hut with these necessary exceptions there will be no interference with nature. But there are still other places in Switzerland where no tourist can set bis foot unless be is prepared to live the primitive life. In the Locbenthal there are resorts whence letters have to he carried for many hours hy hand or mule to the railroad. At Blatten, too, the national dress is still worn by every one, but such places are becoming increasingly rare. The tourist who wishes to see nature undefiled insists upon being taken there hy a railroad and lodged in a modern and well-appointed hotel when he gets there. He has even heen known to return to his own country and to write indignant letters to the newspapers on the ruin wrought by the invading hordes of visitors.

The publication in Berlin of the letters written by Professor Bergmanu to his wife during tbe illness of the Emperor Frederick have reopened the ancient medical quarrel which was undoubtedly the cause of the emperor's death. Naturally writing without restraint or view to publication the celebrated surgeon relates the whole story of the case from day to day, from the initial stages when be pronounced the emperor's throat disease to he malignant down to the period after the delayed operation when the empress decided to pin her faith to Sir Morell Mackenzie and to dispense with the services of Bergmann. The letters give an extraordinary description of the operation itself. Bergmann was not available when Mackenzie finally decided that an operation must he performed at once. Mackenzie himself refused to operate, and there was a final unscemly quarrel as to the propriety of giving chloroform. At last the operation was performed hy Bramann, who had himself to give the chloroform and also to operate, as Krause had lost his nerve, and Mackenzie, as he himself admitted, was more dead than alive. Bergmann in one of his last letters to his wife says: "Proud I am of Bramann, but it surely has never happened since kings and operators have existed that a man wbo, after the emperor, is the mightiest on earth, has had to he operated on hy a second-class doctor. For German surgery and my Berlin hospital Bramann's feat is a great honor; but that the physicians entrusted with the treatment of the crown prince relied on such a test of skill is an act which under Frederick the Great they would have had to expiate on the gallows."

Even then the operation was only that of tracheotomy and to relieve the breathing, and not for the removal of the growth, which Mackenzie still believed to he harmless. Nevertheless it killed the emperor within three months of his coronation. The publication of the Bergmann letters is in defense of his reputation, but it is almost certain to elicit a reply from those whose hehavior is tbus so vigorously arraigned.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Pure food law labels were in existence in 900 B. C., according to a discovery made by Professor George A. Reisner, of Harvard. Inscriptions excavated in the ancient city of Samaria, in Palestine, are labels which were employed as seals on jars of wine and oil. They mention the years in which the wine was laid down in the cellar of the palace storehouse and they state the vineyard from which the wine came. These labels, about seventy-five in number, have been dug up on the ruins of the storehouse attached to the palace of King Ahab some 3000 years ago and the names of the owners as given indicate that not only the king himself but other men stored their wines and oils there.

Stories of the ancients who performed prodigious feats pale into insignificance compared with modern accomplishments. For example, the story of Leander, who swam the Hellespont with the praiseworthy object of passing an hour in the presence of his sweetheart. Now, the body of water known in ancient times as the Hellespont is in these days called the Strait of Dardanelles, and the distance across is rather less than a mile. Compared with such a swim as that of Captain Webb, who first swam across the Strait of Dover, a distance of twenty-one miles, Leander's performance seems not only credible, but insignificant.

It is said of Dalny, the chief city and port of Kwangtung province, that it has the finest harbor and wharves in the Far East, vessels drawing up to twenty-eight feet being moored alongside the quay. Goods can be discharged from a ship and placed aboard the freight cars, which run out onto the wharves, in one operation. While ice forms in the protected parts of the bay at Dalny, it never becomes sufficiently thick to interfere with navigation, so that the port is open the year round and, Dalny being the southern terminus of the main line of the South Manchuria Railway, the advantages offered are at once evident.

Hugo Lilienthal, who believes that he has discovered the parent vine of all grapes in the world—the vine which produced the enormous clusters of grapes found by the spies of Moses on their first entrance into the Holy Land—is superintendent of parks in Berkeley, California. The specimen was found by him in Palestine in 1884. Claim is made that the improved plants now produce bunches of grapes thirty inches long. Lilienthal has not grown the plant in Berkeley, but declares that when it is distributed it will be one of the wonders of the world and will treble the grape-growing capacity of the country.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Sultan's Career.

On New Year's Night, in Baghdad, walked our King:
Omar Ihn Al-Khattâh, Khalifa he,
Commander of the Faithful, just and mild;
With Ahu Zeyd, his Minister. And hread
Was dear, and poor folk suffered, since the rains
Held off, till, in their grain-pits, dealers hid—
Like gold and silver—all the corn and rice;
Yet this the Sultan wist not, wandering
Full of rich meats, and rosy with good cheer—
And Ahu Zeyd, hehind him, fresh from feast—
At night, in garments such as merchants wear,
Hither and thither, up and down his town.

So spied they presently a twinkling fire
Under a garden wall, whereto they drew
Amind to find what wight on such a night
Made lodging on the chilly waste. They see
A woman, woe-hegone, in hanging rags,
Who hlows, with pinched lips, at the leaves and sticks
Under an earthen pot, where something hoils—
Or should hoil, if that feehle flame would take—
But while she strives, it dies; and, at her side,
Two wailing, hungry children moan anew.

Then spake the Sultan, "Peace be unto thee!
My sister! what is it thou dost here
In the hard darkness, and the bitter cold,
With thy twain habes?"

"My lord!" the woman said,
"Fain would I make a drink of water hot
To warm the bellies of my little ones
Who die of cold and famine; hut some day
Allah shall settle this with him who rules,
Omar the Sultan: he will answer for't
That my pot boiled not, and we died like dogs."

And answer gave the Sultan—sorcly moved—
"Think'st thou, O woman! Omar knoweth this,
Or, knowing, had not succored?"

"Sir!" said she,
"How dares he be a King, and rule our land,
Holding the place of Allah over us,
And not be ware how these, his mean ones, pinch
In sight of lavish comfort of his Court,
In smell of his kab'ahs?"

Then the King cried,
To Aslam Abu Zeyd, "Come we away!
I have a thing to do! So parted those
Quick for the palace, where they turn anon
Into a store-room. Here our lord dislodged,
From loaded shelves, a hag of wheaten flour,
And, from another part, a close-sealed jar
Of sheep's fat; and some salt, and cinnamon;
Next, a dry kindling faggot. "Load thou these,"
Quoth he, "upon my shoulders, Minister!"

"Allah forbid!" cried Abu Zeyd. "But I
Will hoist and carry. What! a hamal thou!
The Emir of Believers!"

"See now, Friend!"
Replied the Sultan: "When comes Judgment Day
Is it thy hack will hear the heavy sack
Which holds thy Sovereign's sins?"

So Abu Zeyd
Piled on his master mutton-fat and flour,
And salt, and cinnamon, and faggot-sticks;
Which toilfully conveying, while the sweat
Beaded the royal hrow, the Sultan bore
Back to the wall. There were those three forlorn,
Mother and hahes; and there our lord knelt down,
And laid the wood fair underneath the pot,
And set good blaze aglow; then spread his skirt—
Of silk, with pearls and turkis round the seams—
To mix the flour and fat, and knead them in
With salt and spice and sprinkled water—so
As ye roll dumplings. Then he thrust them deep
To hob and buhble in the goodly hroth,
Watched hy those three; while, full solicitous,
Omar—Crowned King of all the shining East—
On hands and knees hlew hard to fan the flame,
Scorching his golden beard; till, aptly cooked,
With point of jewcled sword he pitted each
And laid it in their laps. So those did eat,
And eat, and eat again, of mutton-cakes;
Then, joyful, wandered home, with sack and jar.

But backward pacing hy his master's side,
Quoth Zeyd: "Now by His name, Who is the Truth!
The fire hath scorched great holes in heard of thee
That art the Lord's vicegerent!"

Omar said:
"Peace! It is nothing, Minister, that flame
Singeing my heard bath lighted up my heart."

—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Accompanying the Italian troops sent to Tripoli were ten flying machines, eight monoplanes and two biplanes. After flying over the fleet on October 23, Captain Piazza made a forty-five-minute flight in a Blériot monoplane about the neighboring country. The Arabs were awe-struck when the machine swooped over them, and the theory that an aeroplane can be used for the purpose of creating a panic was shown to be a correct one. The flight mentioned extended as far as the Zanzor oasis, some fifteen miles from Tripoli. Valuable information was obtained as to the disposition and numbers of the Turkish infantry.

Since the beginning of the seventeenth century Jerez de la Forontera has been the most noted horsebreeding centre of Andalusia, for many hundreds of years famous for its fine horses. Jerez de la Forontera was one of the first and last Moorish strongholds in Spain, and the best horses there were all bred from famous Arab stallions, so that what is known as an Andalusian, or Spanish, horse has always a good deal of Arab blood; it has, however, been crossed with so many other breeds, especially Flemish, that today the Spanish horse is not registered in the books of record of pure-bred animals.

Members of the Panama Canal Commission have begun advertising warnings that the canal zone is oversupplied with workingmen.

AN IBSEN PLAY NEW TO GOTHAM.

Production of "The Lady from the Sea" by Uplift Actors from Chicago.

It would be unjust to decide that the following well-spiced criticism of an Ibsen play, reprinted from the New York *Sun*, was inspired by the fact that a Chicago company made the production. However, it must be said that the few words given to the Drama Players are not sufficiently illuminating. The Chicago organization has the indorsement of a large circle of enthusiastic friends of "dramas that induce thought." Both the company and its friends are serious in their efforts, but New York is not the best field for their endeavor. The paragraphs following are from the pen of the *Sun's* critic, written after the first performance, Monday evening, November 6:

"It was fine open weather along Theatre Alley last night and there were some enthusiastic actors on hand to produce at the Lyric Theatre one of the good doctor's obsolescent products. The Drama Players, responsible for this temporary return from the lesser of bad plays, are not, of course, organized with the same purpose that animates most theatrical companies. Their motto is not 'We strive to please.' It might seem obvious from the proceeding of the Drama Players last night that they strive to lose. Yet that is not altogether true. The company was formed to imitate in modest fashion the experiment of the New Theatre in New York. So their purpose is in reality to elevate.

"Elevation is a noble process on all occasions. The audience seemed last night to take it hard, however, and more than one spectator wondered why elevation always has to begin with an application of Ibsen. If it be on the theory that any subsequent attempt will be less painful, there is something in the theory. If on the other hand the insistence of the appearance of the Norwegian playwright is intended to imply superiority, such hopes are vain. It is one credit to the New Theatre that its programme contained but one small dose of the wise old doctor's philosophy in dramatic form.

"'The Lady from the Sea' was never acted here before in the vernacular, although it seems improbable that the drama could have escaped our active German theatres. That it has been brought forward at this day is an evidence of the sporadic survival of the Ibsen myth. There are acres of plays just as poor which no manager or association would ever think of dragging from their dusty graves. If any commercial manager produced 'The Lady from the Sea' his family and friends would summon the insanity experts or send him away for observation.

"As a specimen of dramatic aberration that once interested a large number of readers—theatre-goers were never interested in Ibsen in this country—of plays it might be thought worth while to place this five-act riddle before the public. All the hoot owls that in all tongues sat in solemn judgment on the Ibsen theatre were never able to dig much of a message out of his play. Most of the contemporaneous comment on the work generally referred to the author's life at the time it was written, or to his youth or his health or something that was not perceptible in the drama—as if a work for the stage did not have to stand or fall by the impression which it makes in action entirely independent of any external influences.

"Last night Hedwig Reicher played Ellida, the daughter of a lighthouse keeper who loved the sea and then a sailor and kept on longing for both after she had married a physician. But the minute he set her free to follow her sailor if she wanted to, this neurasthenic wife, with the innate cussedness of the Ibsen heroine, elects to remain with the tiresome doctor who had made her his second wife. Donald Robertson, the artistic head of the Drama Players, was seen as Wangel, her husband. The part of the Stranger, who is the sailor lover of Ellida, was in the hands of Sheldon Lewis. The other parts in the play are unimportant and impress the audience only by their dullness. Some of them are more or less lengthy so far as their mere verbal acreage goes, but the trio named alone possessed any interest for last night's audience.

"To the unenlightened spectator who does not possess the piercing eye of the perfect Ibsenite, which sees in dullness the deepest wisdom, in childish symbolism the most eloquent interpretation of the poetry of the soul, and in the notorious and well recognized facts of life discovers only novel principles, to such an unfortunately Philistine section of the audience at the Lyric Theatre last night there seemed but one interesting element in 'The Lady from the Sea.' There is undeniably a certain poetic beauty in the thought of the young girl born and bred within the sound of the waves and then giving her heart to a sailor who had to run away before they could marry in the usual way because he had murdered his captain. Forever there sing in her ears the harmony of the sound of the sea and the words of his promise that he would some day come back to take her away whatever might happen. She, on her part, had promised to regard as sacred their wedding, which was only the binding of two rings with a third and throwing them into the sea.

"So the audience sees Ellida in the first act longing for the sea and fearing the return of her lover, who she is led to believe may be dead. There is even a suspicion of drama in the incident of the birthday celebration which her step-daughter had arranged for their mother, but not for Ellida as the world believes.

"After the first act there remains only Ibsen to the *n*th power. The wife grows more and more neurasthenic, talks with more truth than beauty about herself and the sea and the sailor and leads the audience to agree with her husband, who in his capacity as physician declares that he hasn't the least idea what is the matter with her, although she certainly must be sicker than she seems. All the lyric touch in the love of the girl for her sea and the coast on which she used to see her sailor—all this element that might charm or allure was promptly pounded out of the drama by the usual Ibsen formula.

"To be sure there was only one other sick person in the play, but he was a man with tuberculosis, which is notoriously a very unhealthy kind of illness. The sly, insinuating, irresistible Ibsen humor was provided by a painter of scenery in theatres who had been left behind with a stranded theatrical company and said he was the village barber, dancing master, and guide. He described himself thus, but did nothing before the audience to add any point to these characteristics. There were two step-daughters of Ellida, who did not seem to care especially for her and did much talking about their aims, then about going out into the world and following other courses which show that a girl has turned her thoughts toward leading her own life. Mercifully abridged as these two rôles were, they remain colossally dull. But all is dullness after the close of the first act. The temptation to be psychological was too strong for the author to resist after the opening scenes. So he summoned his invalids, lunatics, ghosts, and the rest of the dramatic stock in trade to finish the drama in the most heartless and remorseless tedium that was ever offered under the guise of the wisdom of genius.

"One wonders at the power of this historical force in the theatre to see at the Lyric last night, thousands of miles away from the place of its authorship, such a feeble product. The whole viewpoint is so suburban that, however effective such a thing might have been as drama, nobody could accept these little villagers, with their narrow ideas, their ignorance of life and their self-satisfied assumption that they really are alive and play any rôle in the world. Even in their own restricted existence they are hopelessly uninteresting to any public. Future students of the theatre will probably find nothing in its history so baffling as the vogue of Ibsen. Their complexities may not be diminished, moreover, by our present knowledge that the Ibsen movement did not rest on his acted plays, but on those that were read by a part of the public that was generally unacquainted with the stage and was therefore quite unable to realize how poor a dramatic product the majority of them are.

"Last night's example of the Ibsen ineptitude might have been made less of an ordeal by some attempt at a realization of the poetic phases of 'The Lady from the Sea.' But from such a standard the investiture of the drama was quite pitiful. To the actors in this black walnut specimen of the Norwegian dramatist's theatre there should be extended only the deepest sympathy. They must make whatever bricks they can, with no straw whatever. Donald Robertson is an elocutionist, but not an actor. He reads well, but the gift of impersonation seems to lie wholly beyond any powers he revealed last night. Hedwig Reicher as the lady who came from the sea showed little sense of climax. She shuddered just as much at the first line of the recital about her sailor husband as she did at the last. But she was appropriately solemn and incomprehensible and uncomfortable. That is about the most an actress needs to play Ellida. It has been said that amateurs act best of all others certain dramas of Ibsen. Even they would be wasted on such a work as 'The Lady from the Sea.' The perfect Ibsenite, if one were present last night, must have fervently prayed that the dust be allowed to settle over it again."

Much unadulterated nonsense has been written concerning the symbolism of Navajo Indian blankets, and the poetry, legend, tradition, and history woven by the squaw into its fabric. It is true that some designs have a symbolic meaning, but Hopi, Zuni, and Apache symbols are used quite as freely as those peculiar to the Navajos. The Navajo squaw is one of the least imaginative and least poetical of human beings, and it is quite safe to say that even when symbolic designs are employed in blanket weaving it is without the remotest reference to their true significance.

At one time the county of Lancashire, in England, produced practically all the sulphuric acid in the world. The commercial development in Germany and other foreign countries of a special process of manufacture, originally invented by an Englishman, has lost this trade to England. Similarly, the working out by Germans of a method of making artificial indigo has already revolutionized the indigo business and bids fair also to revolutionize the cotton dyeing industry. Four-fifths of all the dyes used in the world are made in Germany.

English growers are finding it more profitable to send their lavender to market in bunches, instead of selling to perfume makers, the result being a surprising rise in the price of oil of lavender.

Deep diving is the special mark of progress in building submarine vessels now. The *Salmon* went down 144 feet recently, off Prudence Island, and remained at that depth twenty minutes.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Demetra Vaka, author of "In the Shadow of Islam," is a Greek by birth, but was reared in Turkey. She is now the wife of Kenneth Brown, an American writer.

The Duchess of Albany is an adept with the oars, and while on a recent visit to her daughter, Princess Alexander of Teck, she enjoyed some early morning rowing on the Thames. A seven-mile pull she regards lightly.

Samuel Parsons, said to be the oldest soldier in the British army, has served sixty-seven years, and since 1859 has been royal gunner at Windsor Castle. He was born at Morval, East Loo, Cornwall, in 1825, and at the age of nineteen joined the army. During the Crimean War he saw hard service, and he has medals for Sebastopol, Inkermann, and Balaclava.

Mrs. Ellen Rose of Buena Vista, Pennsylvania, is carrying on a unique business for a woman—pumping sand and coal from the bottom of the Susquehanna River. Although Mrs. Rose has passed her seventieth year she directs her force of fifteen workmen personally, going out with them every morning and visiting them several times a day to see that everything is going right.

Reed Paige Clark, the New Hampshire man who is going to Liberia to assume the position of financial adviser to that perplexed government, taught French and German in the earlier days of his career. He was born in 1878 in the town of Londonderry, educated in the common schools and in Columbian University at Washington, later taking a law course in the same school. For the last ten years he has been private secretary to Senator Henry E. Burnham of his native state.

F. A. Aglen, who succeeds the late Sir Robert Hart as inspector-general of the Chinese maritime customs, has been virtually performing the duties connected with the office for the past eighteen months. He is forty-two years of age, and his advancement has been rapid, but deserving. He has the complete confidence of the service and has introduced numerous reforms. He is now elaborating a pension system to take the place of the existing system, which has given rise to much discontent.

Dr. Simon Flexner, who recently announced a method for the absolute control of epidemic spinal meningitis, is a director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, a post-graduate of Johns Hopkins, and has studied abroad in Strasburg and Berlin. He announces that a new method of using the serum has perfected the cure. It is now injected into the cerebral spinal membrane instead of into the blood. Dr. Flexner is a native of Kentucky, an interesting writer, and has published numerous papers on infectious diseases.

Rev. H. G. Heaven, "king of Lundy Island," off North Devon, who has spent practically all his life there in his granite castle among his people, will spend the remainder of his life on the mainland, owing to failing health. He is eighty-four years of age, owns the bleak granite island, and has been king, parliament, and preserver of the peace, endearing himself to his subjects, some thirty-five in number. At his own expense he built a fine church on the island and conducted service regularly before his little congregation. Apart from coast guards and lighthouse-keepers, Mr. Heaven's subjects are all engaged in agriculture, to which placid career is added freedom from all rates and taxes.

E. R. Stettinius, president of the Diamond Match Company, the largest concern of its kind in the world, left school at eighteen and went to work. For a time he was employed in a stockbroker's office, but developing unusual organization talent, he accepted a business opportunity in 1892, which led to his removal to Chicago. In 1906 he became vice-president of the match concern. It is particularly notable that his company gave to the world its non-poisonous process for making matches, putting an end to "phossy jaw," a disease which hundreds of workmen in match factories have died from, and which has caused many others to be shunned as though they were lepers. President Stettinius motors, plays golf, and goes to the opera, but he likes best to be at home with his wife and four children at Staten Island.

Thomas Pryor Goar, United States senator from Oklahoma, blind from the age of fourteen, has realized his boyhood ambition, having had the Senate in view all these years. He managed to keep up with his classes in school with the help of another student, who read the lessons for him. In the same manner he studied law in the Cumberland University of Tennessee. He practiced law in Mississippi and Texas, but decided the field in both states was overcrowded, while the chances of a United States senatorship were infinitesimal. Then came the opening of Oklahoma as a state. Gore joined the foremost rush and located at the tent city of Lawton. His personality brought him naturally to the front. Declining to be a candidate for the House of Representatives, he borrowed $1100 and made a campaign for the Senate. Senator Gore has no sympathy with blind asylums, declaring they unfit the inmates for the outside world. He cares nothing for recreation, and is chiefly interested in books of history and political economy, which members of his family read to him. As a speechmaker he is tireless, and can continue for hours.

THE SOCIETY PORCHCLIMBER.

Between the Doorbell and the Telephone.

Kean's finger was yet on the button when the door of the apartment opened. He stepped quickly across the threshold into the dimly lighted room. The door was closed behind him, noiselessly, yet swiftly, and he was acutely conscious that the key was turned in the lock. Then she turned to him.

"You should not have come! Why did you do it?" she cried in a tremulous voice.

"I thought perhaps you were lonely," he answered, grasping both her hands.

She snatched them away and drew back from him. "But you can't stay at all—my hair——" Her hands flew up to where her hair was gathered in a loose mass at the nape of her neck. "My clothes——"

"Your gown does not conform to the demands of absurd convention, I admit," he said, smiling. "But this is not a formal call, you know. I just dropped in—and you are charmingly garbed." He started to lay down his hat and coat.

She caught them out of his hands. "No, no," she said, "I really mean it; you can not stay. You might have 'phoned?"

"I tried to; it's out of order."

"That's so, it is. But why did you come, then?"

Kean glanced at the ceiling. "I thought—well, I received a sort of thought message: it said: 'Come to me—I am alone—a little unhappy—and want to see you.' Did you send out anything like that?"

"No."

"Honest, now?"

"I am not a little unhappy—not unhappy at all." She spoke with spirit, her face flushed, and she seemed to resent his implication. "Why should I be unhappy?" she asked, laughing lightly, and as she put the question she indicated her surroundings with an inclusive gesture. "Unhappy?" she repeated. "Why, how absurd!"

"But you were alone," he insisted.

"Oh, I am often alone," she responded with careless air. "One often wants to be alone." Her gaze shifted from him to the floor and she appeared to be studying the hideous open-mouthed head of a polar-bear rug. For the instant she seemed to have forgotten his presence. "Too often alone," she repeated, hardly above a whisper. Then she looked up suddenly. He saw that her eyes were moist, her lips quivering. He stepped toward her, and she fell into his outstretched arms.

"I did want to see you! Right or wrong, I did want to see you!" she sobbed.

Abruptly as her weeping had commenced, so it ended, and her body turned rigid in his embrace, then limp, as a buzzer signaled a presence at the door. She staggered out of his arms, and trembling with terror looked hopelessly around the room. Again, in quick, accusing spurts the buzzer threw out its terrifying demand. Weakly, she indicated the dining-room entrance. Kean snatched up his hat and coat and tiptoed out of the room. Swiftly he tried door after door, and passed through those that admitted of entrance. He found himself in the kitchen. He bounded to the rear door, as he conjectured; the tradesmen's entrance would not be so bad. His frantic twists at the knob availed him nothing; the door was locked—and the key was gone. He was in a trap. She was right; why had he taken such a chance? What a fool he was! For himself it did not much matter—if he could not find a way out he could pay. But for her—he must get out! He rushed back to the dining-room. He saw another door, one he had missed before. He pushed it open and entered an unlighted room. Worse; he was in a boudoir. He whirled about and found himself facing an outside window. He raised it. The situation suddenly struck him as humorous; he smiled grimly as he pushed the curtains aside and reached out to the iron railing of the fire escape.

To her, effort that might relieve mental tension was denied. She must face the situation. She waited for the buzzer to sound again. It did not, and in desperation she hurried out to the sleeping-room. A gentle evening breeze moved the curtains, and hope came back to her when she recalled that she had left the window closed. She whispered his name, and received no answer. She lowered the window and flew out of the room, back to that door that must be opened.

But the buzzer did not sound again. Would it ever sound? She would go to pieces, and shriek or scream if it held off much longer. Pacing the floor, she turned about with a start when she caught herself moving toward the boudoir. She could stand the suspense no longer. She walked over to the door, and for an instant hesitated with hands to knob and key. Then, with a supreme effort, she turned them simultaneously and opened the door. No one was there. She closed it and, gasping for breath, rushed across the room and flung herself at full length on a couch.

With her head buried deep in the pillows hideous noises reached her ears. She heard—or fancied she heard—curses, shrieks, and pistol shots. It all seemed far away, then close by, and she wondered if her reason was gone.

The buzzer sounded several times, short, then prolonged. Now, somehow, it was a welcome sound, and with frantic eagerness she bounded to her feet and flung back the door.

Before her, his face flushed and eyes shining, stood an imp of a messenger boy. He handed her a note. She tore off the envelope and read:

What's the matter with the phone? Yachting season opens tomorrow—I am going to sleep over at the Cove clubhouse, so won't be home tonight. George.

"There is no answer," she said to the waiting messenger, and started to close the door. "Oh, boy!" she called as she again pulled it back. He turned around, already he was a dozen paces down the hallway. "Did you ring a little while ago?" she asked.

"A minute ago," he answered. "Nobody come, and I took a run outside when I heard the shooting. Cop plugged the society porchclimber. He confessed 'fore he croaked. I want to get back 'fore the morgue wagon comes."

She closed the door and again started toward the couch, but sank in a heap on the floor.

John Alfred Galpin.

San Francisco, November, 1911.

William Clark Russell, also known under the pen name of Clark Russell, died in London November 4. He had been bedridden since April last. Mr. Russell was born in New York in 1844 and in early life spent several years before the mast. Later he engaged in newspaper work in London, and wrote many successful novels, the greater number of them being stories of the sea. He was a son of Henry Russell, composer of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and other stirring and popular melodies. His mother was a connection of the Wordsworths, and was associated in her childhood with Coleridge, the Lambs, and Southey. He made voyages to all parts of the globe, and, although he escaped the experience of shipwreck, underwent all the vicissitudes incident to long voyages, and most of the episodes narrated in his novels were suggested by personal observation. After leaving the sea, he entered a stockbroker's office, but his love for literature made him discontented with a mercantile life, and he soon gave it up. He wrote a tragedy in blank verse in five acts, called "Fra Angelo." This attempt was the last play produced by Walter Montgomery before he committed suicide. It saw light at the Haymarket Theatre and proved a failure. In 1868 he married a daughter of D. J. Henry, the engineer. Soon afterward he took over a weekly paper called the *Leader*, which proved a losing speculation, and induced him to give up editorial work. He then left London and went to live at Ramsgate, where his career as a novelist may be said to have begun, for here he wrote "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" and "John Holdsworth." One secret of Mr. Russell's success was his sincerity in trying to expose sailors' secret grievances, and to enlist public sympathy on their behalf. Not only in his novels did he seek to distinguish the modern merchant seaman from the old shellback, while bringing prominently into notice the simple heroism of which he is capable, but in all his miscellaneous writings. During his sojourn at Ramsgate and other English seaport towns, he never lost an opportunity of making himself practically acquainted with life on board the various craft along the coast. He made short experimental voyages in all sorts of queer "hookers," and the results of these out-of-the-way experiences were from time to time published in a series of articles under the signature of "A Seafarer."

Christianity is not progressing in some parts of the world, despite every effort made. In Africa Mohammedism is gaining ground. Even where Christianity once had a firm foothold—for example, in Abyssinia and along the west coast—Mohammedanism is now winning converts by the thousand. The causes of all this were plainly stated at the recent conference of Christian missionaries in Lucknow. The Mohammedan missionary, nine times out of ten, is of the same stock as the tribe he seeks to bring into camp. He speaks the same, or a closely allied, language. His customs and habits of mind are the customs and habits of mind of his hearers. He preaches a gospel which appeals with tremendous force to warlike peoples. He does not hesitate to embellish and transform it, that it may meet their prejudices and needs. In competition with such a man the Christian missionary is at a very serious disadvantage. He talks of things that the native African can not clearly understand. He preaches a scheme of living which, to the black, often seems preposterous. And so he loses.

A monument commemorating the union of Brittany with France by the marriage of the Duchess Anne in 1491 to Charles VIII was unveiled a few days ago at Rennes amid popular rejoicings. The monument, which is of an elaborate character and contains many Breton and French figures in the costumes of the period, has been erected in a niche in the Hotel de Ville, where formerly stood a statue of Louis XV, which was demolished in 1793 by the Revolutionaries. In the centre is the King of France with his crown stooping to embrace the Duchess Anne, who wears the voluminous Breton coif of that period. It appears that the Breton "Particularists," and especially the confraternities of the Bands and Druids, protested against the symbolic features of the monument, which make Anne and Brittany seek the protection of France rather than an alliance on equal terms. Manifestoes were issued, and demonstrations were feared; but the proceedings, which included an historic pageant, appear so far to have passed off according to the programme.

LONDON'S NEW OPERA HOUSE.

Oscar Hammerstein 's Attempt to Capture the British Capital

Where Wych Street once stood, with that famous tavern kept by Mark Lemon and frequented by Douglas Jerrold and Charles Dickens, and within a stone's throw of the church which stands on the site of the house in which Mary Lamb killed her mother, there now runs, connecting the Strand with Holborn, the finest and least appreciated thoroughfare of central London. This is the street, known as Kingsway, in which Oscar Hammerstein will, a few days hence, discover whether the British capital is ripe for grand opera.

Nothing has he left undone that is possible to the man who would command as well as deserve success. Nowhere else in London could he have found a site more suitable for a shrine of grand opera. The rival house in Bow Street, apart from its close proximity to the cabbage odors of Covent Garden market, stands in so narrow a thoroughfare that the arrival of grand opera patrons is fraught with many difficulties and tedious waiting. Not so in Kingsway. That street is so spacious that a royal equipage or a corporation procession can approach its destination without a halt, while leaving room to spare for uncounted carriages and motors.

And the new building—fittingly christened the London Opera House—is worthy of its setting. Save on one side, it is isolated from all other structures, and is a distinct addition to the architectural adornment of the city. "There is nothing in the London Opera House," Mr. Hammerstein assured me, "copied from houses on the Continent, because there is nothing in existing opera houses worth copying." That assertion, however, needs a slight qualification so far as the outward and inward aspects of the building are concerned. The exterior is a blend of French and Grecian styles, while the interior with its painted ceiling, white and gold scheme of decoration, and Rose du Barry upholstery, is strongly suggestive of Parisian influence. But what Mr. Hammerstein means is that in the seating arrangement he has not been indebted to any model, but has relied upon the lessons he has learned as the builder of three opera houses and nine theatres in the United States. He has come to the conclusion that "the curse of grand opera" is the providing of too many boxes for people who can afford to pay enormous prices, and the lack of sufficient seats for those who can not compete with the wealthy.

A view of the house from the stage on private-view night disclosed that the whole floor is given up to orchestra stalls, of which there will be some seven hundred; then come the private boxes; above is the grand circle with more than six hundred seats; and over that is the amphitheatre with accommodation for nearly seven hundred more. It will be seen, then, that the stalls, circle, and amphitheatre will seat some two thousand persons, and when to those is added the capacity of the boxes, the total will reach two thousand seven hundred, a figure which makes the house the second largest in London and places it ahead of the opera house in Paris by some six hundred seats. In all there are forty-five boxes, roomy and aristically decorated, the royal box being on the right of the stage, and the corporation box—an innovation which ought to insure the constant patronage of the lord mayor and the city fathers—immediately opposite. The scale of prices is such that the opening night is in no danger of a repetition of those O. P. ("Old Prices") riots which perturbed the early days of the old opera house, for they will range from five dollars for a stall to fifty cents for a seat in the gallery.

With an astuteness which does credit to the shrewdness he acquired in America and also to his appreciation of British insularity, Mr. Hammerstein has supported "home industries" to the utmost limit of his power. Everything about his venture, with the somewhat important reservations of principals and operas, is to be "all-British." The stone of his house is from Portland (not Maine), its architect is British, its workmen pure cockney. And let no sinister suspicions be aroused by the name—Lanzillotti—of his designer of costumes. Mr. Lanzillotti's name may be Italian, but his blood is "Irish." And his musical director, although the son of Mme. Marie Roze, was born in London and is claimed as an "English composer." Even in the chorus the sons and daughters of John Bull are to predominate. Two months ago Mr. Hammerstein returned from a tour of France and Italy a sadder and a wiser man. He had been in quest of choristers, but with so unsatisfactory a result that it occurred to him to try the voices of London singers. "The result," he, or his press agent, said, "was so encouraging that I have determined to make use of a large supply of the talent I find here. In my investigations I have found in the British singer a rare combination of what I call the essential features for great singing, namely, voice, heart, and brain. Moreover"—and this should secure many patrons—"the English language as it is spoken here approaches nearer in its intonation and vocalization to the romance languages. It is not gutteral like the German, nor is it nasal like the American."

And the cost? Fabulous of course. So fabulous that Mr. Hammerstein must have drawn heavily upon the sum he took from New York as the price of his capitulation to the Metropolitan. "Yes," he admits, "in the carrying out of these plans there has been a great expenditure of time, thought, and money. A single act

in any of the principal operas I am producing—I am preparing for thirty operas in the forthcoming season—will probably cost double as much as the production of the whole of a musical comedy. The scenery of a single act of 'Quo Vadis' has cost £2000. Over twelve thousand costumes have been made for this opera house, and I shall have invested over £300,000 in it before I am through."

Not that Mr. Hammerstein is posing before the London public as a musical philanthropist. As the basis of his operations he is convinced that in grand opera everything must be "grand" in auditorium and on the stage; "grand" in singers, musicians, scenery, and costumes; but by providing that he expects to reap a reward of the same class. "I think London will support me," is his cheery faith. "Most of the opera houses on the Continent are maintained by subsidies of governments or municipalities. I am not subsidized, nor do I intend to have a subsidy. I rely, and will rely solely, upon popular support. I am going to give 'an incentive value.' If I give great productions I am positive English people will appreciate them, and will get into the habit of coming to see them. They will, in fact, include grand opera in the sum they allot to amusement expenditure. What one has to do is to make the productions so inviting and attractive that even people who do not know anything about music will appreciate them."

For his principals Mr. Hammerstein is relying largely not upon has-beens but upon may-bes. His list of tenors and basses and baritones and sopranos and contraltos is at present mostly formidable for its length. There are two or three exceptions, such as the alluring Lina Cavalieri and Maurice Renaud, but the names in the bulk are unknown. But Mr. Hammerstein is full of faith; not entirely forgetful of the land whence his dollars came, he assures us he has discovered a young American who has as fine a voice and as great a range as Caruso. Of the operas on his list for his first season seventeen are to be sung in French and thirteen in Italian. The former include "Thaïs," "Manon," "Faust," and "Herodiade"; the latter "Norma," "Dolores," and "Lucia di Lammermoor." And German operas? Well, not yet. The air in London is rather electric for German products just now, so Mr. Hammerstein has adopted the prime minister's policy of "wait and see." If Wilhelm should announce a visit to his cousin of England something in the German line will no doubt soon be forthcoming. Meanwhile, although a native of Berlin, Mr. Hammerstein keeps that fact dark and is ready to sink what may be national predilections.

Of course the success of the opening night is assured. Is there not coming for Saturday, November 11, a large party of five or six hundred Americans? And has not Mr. Hammerstein reared on the roof of his opera house a Marconi installation whereby one can book a seat five hundred miles from the English coast? And are not reservations being demanded at the rate of a thousand a day? But whether the London public has that "love for grand opera" in which Mr. Hammerstein has such unbounded faith will be somewhat clearer six months hence.

Henry C. Shelley.

London, October 31, 1911.

It costs the government about $71 less per pupil at the Carlisle School than it does for the education of the Indian at other nonreservation establishments. The average cost for a year, for a student, is $154. And for every dollar that the government spends in educating him—or her—the student returns almost the full value in manual labor or in salable merchandise that is the fruit of his toil. In the vast majority of cases the Indian remains what Carlisle has made him—an industrious and useful member of the community, knowing and following a trade, and exemplifying his belief in the doctrine of the dignity of labor.

Colorado potatoes are sold at fancy-fruit prices in New York City. The plebeian tuber is hand-cleaned, wrapped in tissue paper singly, and finds a market at five cents a pound. Secretary Wilson says they are the best potatoes grown in the United States. Arguments in opposition may be expected from the Salinas and Mokelumne valleys in California and the Jim River valley in South Dakota.

Hindus for centuries have used new honey as a laxative and old honey as an astringent. Aborigines of Persia offered honey to the sun. Greeks still mix it with milk or water and use it as a libation to the dead. In one section of India milk and honey are handed to all bridegrooms as they arrive at the door of the bride's father, and in ancient Egypt honey was long a chief ingredient of embalming fluid.

Although more beer is consumed in the United States than in any other country in the world, the per capita consumption of beer is not as great as in Belgium, the United Kingdom, Germany, and Denmark, and the per capita consumption of distilled spirits is less than in Denmark, Austria, France, Netherlands, and Sweden.

Beet cultivation has been raised from a production of 1000 tons in 1885 to more than 500,000 tons in 1910. There is so much beet-sugar territory in this country that if only one acre in fifty were planted with beets once every four years the entire United States demand for sugar could be supplied.

MAURY OF THE DOCKS.

A Steamboat Captain's Story.

"That Maury deal was something that shook me up all right. I didn't get over it for a long time. There was nothing much to it, but some way it set me seas over."

Captain Jack Simms, sometimes "Hell Roaring Jack," straightened his slouch length and brought his full weight down on the wheel as the *Islander* yawed in the eddy off Long Reach point. He noted our look of inquiry as he spoke of the "Maury deal," and he swung about and eased his foot upon the wheel.

You see, something went wrong amongst his running gear. I don't know what was the trouble. It seemed to me as though an artery or a feed pipe split. Anyhow, something went adrift and Maury went out, bound for Heaven like a soft plug a foot above a safe boiler water level. This happened in the days when we worked. I had with me for a spell the best crew of deckhands a man ever got his nippers onto. Maury was one of the gang.

Maury came aboard one night at Pointville. It happened to be that I was hard up for a man. We was right down to our guards with freight, walking in water amidships, when this specimen drifts along. He was a little feller with a face as thin as a sea pigeon, a sort of a holler run for'ard like a racing yacht and a cough that gripped him at times like he was a lame engine and blowing through bad. His eyes were black and just as pretty as a person ever had hung in their heads.

"No life in him," says I, to myself, as I sized him up. While I was trying to make him out he steps up and asks me for a job. I stood looking at the human for a minute, wishing the walloper might be a bit heavier, until I guess he thought I wan't going to ship him, for he spoke of bein' hard run. His voice was wheezy, but not bad soundin'. I could see there was not much steam to him. I had to have a man—it'd a been all the same if Maury had been a dyin'—so I gaffled onto a truck and sung out to him to git.

He didn't know no more about handlin' a truck than a righteous man knows about sin. Seein' that, I gave him a runnin' course and he was that quick that he was onto it in no time. I felt sorry for the poor little cuss after taking the second look at him. He seemed so different from anything that ever struck a steamboat. There was something in his innocent, peaked face. It looked to me, in his eyes, that his tear-tanks was about to run over and slosh down his cheeks. He was polite, too. That was another thing that got me. He stopped and thanked me for the job. Just to think of a man doin' that aboard of a steamboat. Bein' that way I couldn't jack him up like I could a man. I just told him to walk. I was that surprised, you know.

What surprised me most was the way he stayed with the job. I thought the first trip would end him and he'd make a run for something on shore where folks know how to live. There was nothing to keep him up and goin', but his cough. I just figured, after thinkin' it over, that when a man in his shape was willing to stay with steamboatin' there was something mighty queer about it. Of course most of these wallopers I don't pay any attention to but this bucko was different from the gang.

I never fairly got the swing of him. I tried, after we got some better acquainted, but it was no go. He kept his runnin' course to himself. He never said a word as to where he hailed from or anything about his folks. He was curious—a regular barge-load of junk for a man to study on. Another thing: he didn't swear or touch a drop with the gang. Being such a sort of a kid I didn't think he could make anything more than a flunkey, if he stayed steamboatin'. But after watching him I see he would make a fair mate for "Sanctimonious John" Troutman. He never would have a cussin' man around. When I see there was a chance for Maury making a mate for the old man I thought I'd keep an eye on him, as I judged he'd make a rattlin' good mate for them that might like his kind, and I'd work him into a berth if I had the chance. So when the watchman quit I slid him into his job. But his cough never got no better. He did a whole lot of things to get rid of it, but he couldn't down the thing. He'd say to me: "I'm feeling some better this mornin', thank you."

Among the stuff movin' at this time was a good deal of stock for the logging camps. We'd take all the way from one to eighteen head of horses or cattle. We never had much trouble in handlin' them, no more than is usual with a bunch of stock and so wa'nt thinking of trouble when they run about fifteen head onto us. The horses was all big brutes, just fresh from the hills and as tittilish as could be. Seein' this way I double corralled them. I had the horses on one side and the cattle on the other.

I had been at the wheel while Cap was eating supper and was going below for mine. Just as I turned into the men's cabin I heard a crack like a pistol shot. The next minute there was racket enough below to have waked the dead for a couple of hundred years back and one of the roughest sights that I ever see in that line started. A water glass had busted right alongside them animals and they began to get out of there. There was plenty of flying steam to scare them on and they took my corrals down like they was matches. The oxen couldn't move very fast and one of them got crowded down into the fire hole.

A young fellow named Getty was firing. He was down in the pit when the critters went down. They crushed him, and a fellow called Nigger Smith was hurt, too. When the brutes had got overboard we had some trouble in getting cleaned up. Nig lay out, blacker than the maw of a hungry cyclone. He was bleeding at every stroke of his pumps. When I see the fix he was in I knowed something had to be done. I hustled around and got a turn on him with a line and was haulin' it down good and tight when Maury hove in sight.

Maury was lookin' mighty sick. The black look had left his eyes and his cheeks had red spots to them like the side-lights of a steamer looming out on a cold night. Seein' he was a pretty sick kid I told him to turn in. He just looked at the way I was taking them hitches. Then begs my pardon and told me he thought he could help "Mister Smith," as he was dangerously hurt. He stood by and gave me an idea of the runnin' hitches to take. I knowed he knowed what was right and I never said a word. It seemed to me like he'd been there before in such accidents.

It was morning before we hit Pointville. As soon as we struck the dock I started for a doctor; just to see if he couldn't put a better-looking soft-patch on Nig than us fellow had done. Doc looks at him a minute and asks me who done the job. I told him, and Doc wanted to know if he had ever been around a hospital. That got me. While we was talking about him Maury comes drifting up. Of course I intended having the doctor fit him out. I could see he needed it. As he came up I heard him sort of choke like—you know—a sort of a little noise? At that we looked around. Then this doctor, he was a fair-weather sort of a chap and excited like, sings out:

"Maury or Marie?"

Then something seemed to let go in Maury. A streak of blood showed in the corner of his mouth. He tried to wipe it away, but more come. He looked at Doc, kind of queer. He says something I couldn't get, about "Bobby" and "the end of the fight." It was something I couldn't get a line on. Then this doctor jumps for him, saying: "My God! How long have you been here?"

But the lad seemed to shiver all over as though a norther had struck down cold or his pumps was suckin' air. He tried to speak to Doc, choked and keeled over.

Me? Well, I stood there for a minute like the devil's second cousin. Then I walked aft. Sometimes it is best for a man not to be around. But, do you know, for about five minutes I stood out there by myself and came near bellering like a two-year-old shrimp in the boiling pot.

Yes, died. That is the way little Maury went out on the ol' Wabash. He died right there in the doctor's arms, and him cryin' all the time like he was poundin' to pieces. Yes, for sure I knew there was something between them, but what was a red-headed fool of a steamboat man ever supposed to know when it comes to using the common sense that the Lord Almighty gave mortals. But I knew there was somethin'.

That is the way her lines let go, with Maury feelin' some better for this doctor bein' there, I judged. The kid was a smilin' last time I saw the peaked face. You see the fellows got some posies and I trucked them up just to remember us.

Dyin' makes it night work, I guess, and for us that don't know the Book, as the sky pilots say, the course is a mighty nasty one. A man makes it on his own time and must be skipper, mate, and deckhand. But when it comes to making any of the far away ports, I'll bet little Maury made it if any folks do. A taste of steamboatin' is a help to my notion. The skipper that docks us all wouldn't be hard on a little girl like her. I'd——

"Girl?" It was Frazier who spoke.

"Yes—girl—Maury was a girl. She was somebody all right. I see that when I took the flowers up. They never made no better. No paint, fuss, or feathers about her. Just a little girl, and on her face that ca'm look that comes to her kind when He clears them for his own in foreign ports."

Jack ceased speaking as though out of the mists of the years that had gone Maury appeared to him, just as she came one night: her face thin and drawn; her spirit unbroken, but with heart aching with sorrow, as she drifted down to the docks. And Jack had not forgotten her.

"You can just bet I'd put in a good word for her any time. I knew she was just as white as a gull against a black sea."

He was silent for a moment, then lighted his pipe slowly and muttered softly—for him: "And Maury was only a kid of a girl." James Bashford.

San Francisco, November, 1911.

Not a scrap of paper is permitted to be carried out of the United States Treasury Department until it has passed the censorship of the official examiners of the waste-paper baskets. They are two women, who sit side by side, going through the contents of the department waste-baskets. For years they have been doing this work, and have saved the government the amounts of their salaries many times over. Some time back one of them found in a waste-basket a $10,000 United States coupon bond.

RECOLLECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY.

Mrs. Burton Harrison Recalls Civil War Days in the South.

Mrs. Burton Harrison has given us an unusually vivid picture of life in Virginia before and during the war. Mrs. Harrison's grandmother was Virginia Randolph Cary, herself an author, while her father, Archibald Cary, must have had similar tendencies, as he was the editor of a Maryland newspaper. When the war broke out Miss Cary's brother, Clarence, a boy of fifteen, joined the Confederate forces and later on became a midshipman in the Southern navy. The family had then removed to Richmond, Virginia, and Miss Cary became acquainted with Mr. Burton Harrison, private secretary to President Jefferson Davis. Some time after the war she was sent to France to finish her education, and on her return she married Mr. Harrison. Her reminiscences have therefore a suggestion of quasi-authority. At least she was in a position to learn much of the inner workings of the Confederacy, and it is evident from her book that she made good use of her opportunities.

The figure of Jefferson Davis was of course a familiar one to residents of Richmond, and it made a deep impression upon the mind of Miss Cary. She quotes the sketch that she made of him for "Richmond Scenes in '62," which was edited by her husband:

He might be seen daily walking through the Capitol Square from his residence to the executive office in the morning, not to return until late in the afternoon; or riding just before nightfall to visit one or another of the encampments near the city. He was tall, erect, slender, and of a dignified and soldierly bearing, with clear-cut and high-bred features, and of a demeanor of stately courtesy to all. He was clad always in Confederate gray cloth, and wore a soft felt hat with wide brim. Afoot, his step was brisk and firm; in the saddle he rode admirably and with a martial aspect. His early life had been spent in the Military Academy at West Point and upon the then northwestern frontier in the Black Hawk War, and he afterward greatly distinguished himself at Monterey and Buena Vista in Mexico; at the time when we knew him everything in his appearance and manner was suggestive of military training. He was reported to feel quite out of place in the office of President, with executive and administrative duties, in the midst of such a war; General Lee always spoke of him as the best of military advisers: his own inclination was to be with the army, and at the first tidings of the sound of a gun, anywhere within reach of Richmond, he was in the saddle and off for the spot—to the dismay of his staff officers, who never knew at what hour of the night or of the next day they should get back to bed or to a meal.

Jefferson Davis's anxiety to play the part of a soldier as well as of a politician was the cause of some annoyance to the Southern generals, and they did not hesitate to show it. When Lee crossed the Chickahominy President Davis rode after him and overtook the force just before the battle of Mechanicsville began:

General Lee observed the President's approach, and was evidently annoyed at what he considered a foolhardy expedition of needless exposure of the head of the government, whose duties were elsewhere. He turned his back for a moment, until Colonel Chilton had been despatched at a gallop with the last direction to the commander of the attacking brigade; then, facing the cavalcade, and looking like the god of war indignant, he exchanged with the President a salute, with the most frigid reserve of anything like welcome or cordiality. Then without allowance of opportunity for a word from the President, the general, looking not at him but at the assemblage at large, asked in a tone of irritation:

"Who are all this army of people, and what are they doing here?"

No one moved or spoke, but all eyes were upon the President; everybody perfectly understood that this was an order for him to retire to a place of safety, while the roar of the guns, the rattling fire of musketry, and the bustle of a battle in progress, with troops continually arriving across the bridge to go into action, went on. The President twisted in his saddle, quite taken aback at such a greeting—the general regarding him now with glances of growing severity. After a painful pause the President said, deprecatingly: "It is not my army, general." "It certainly is not my army, Mr. President," was the prompt reply, "and this is no place for it"—in an accent of command. Such a rebuff was a stunner to Mr. Davis, who, however, soon regained his serenity and answered:

"Well, general, if I withdraw, perhaps they will follow," and, raising his hat in another cold salute, he turned his horse's head to ride slowly toward the bridge—seeing, as he turned, a man killed immediately before him by a shot from a gun which at that moment got the range of the road.

The author says that she could hardly have borne the strain after the fighting outside Richmond but for the fact that her brother had been invalided home by the Navy Department. When the army had crossed into Maryland the people were sustained by the letters from the front describing successes that alone rendered bearable the hardships of the march, the insufficient food, ragged clothing, and dirt intolerable:

Many of these privates in the ranks were mothers' darlings, hitherto lapped in the luxury of lavish Southern homes—numbers of them just ready to enter the university. One of his comrades told us of the youngest son of the commanding general, a private in the Rockbridge Artillery, at the battle of Sharpsburg, where his battery had suffered from having three guns disabled and losing many men and horses. Having but one gun left, they were ordered out of the fight. Coming unexpectedly upon General Lee and his aide, the general looked at first with unrecognizing eyes upon the smoke-stained goblin who revealed himself his son. Upon hearing that their remnant was ordered again to the front for duty, young Lee protested: "Why, General, you are not going to send us in again?"

"Yes, my son," he answered smiling, "you must all do what you can to help to drive those people back."

Another incident, told in a soldier's letter, was when Private Robert E. Lee, shabby and travel-worn, appeared at the commanding general's headquarters barefooted, carrying in his hand the ragged remnant of a pair of shoes. "I only wanted to ask, sir, if I might draw a new pair, as I can't march in these."

"Have the men of your company received permission to draw shoes yet?" asked the general.

"No, sir; I believe not yet."

"Then go back to your battery, my boy, and wait until they [illegible]"

Miss Cary's brother had been transferred to the "Ladies' Gunboat," a four-gun ironclad given by the ladies of Charleston and called the *Palmetto State*. The *Palmetto State* was successful in ramming the *Mercedita*, belonging to the blockading fleet. Young Cary wrote to his sister: "A crash, a smash, a broadside, and the *Mercedita* surrendered, sinking. We had a running fight all day, but slipped away unharmed, and came back by Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie, receiving their salutes." But the Cary family was not to escape wholly:

In December, 1862, Fredericksburg was fought. In that notable victory to Confederate arms our family met with an irreparable loss. My uncle's son, Randolph Fairfax, aged eighteen, a private in the ranks, fell beside his gun and was buried by his comrades after dark upon the spot. This youth, handsome and gifted, serious and purposeful beyond his years, the flower of his school and college, in all things worthy the traditions of his warlike ancestry, was killed by a piece of shell entering the brain, as he stood by his gun at sunset under hot fire from the enemy's batteries. A day or two later his body, still wrapped in his soldier's blanket, was disinterred and brought through freezing weather to Richmond, where he was placed, uncoffined, on a bier before the altar in St. James's Church. An ever fresh memory is that of the sweet and noble face so unchanged, after two days' burial. Save for the cruel mark on the temple made by a piece of shell, and the golden curls matted with the clay of his rude sepulchre, he might have been asleep. He wore still the coarse flannel shirt, stained with battle smoke, in which he fell, and across him was thrown the blanket that had been his winding-sheet. When it was proposed to my uncle that the body be dressed again, he answered:

"No. Let my son sleep his long sleep as he fell at the post of duty." And thus, his coffin draped with the flag he had died for, Randolph Fairfax was borne to his rest in Hollywood.

Life in Richmond is well described. It was not entirely without its humorous incidents. On one occasion Miss Cary went to a negro baptism in a millpond. The clergyman stood knee deep beside a log and beckoned to the aspirants one by one. Observing that one among them seemed reluctant, he called out: "Why does yo' tarry, brother? Why don't yo' come to glory? What is it that yo' fear?" The reply was instant and conclusive: "I'se afeard o' that darned little moccasin on de lawg 'longside o' you." One wild leap carried the holy man into safety. That moccasin had no sense of piety. On one occasion the present of a turkey from the country justified a dinner party, for while there was never a lack of hospitality it did not usually include food, and this for very good reasons:

To return to my chronicle of Richmond gayeties. Now was instituted the "Starvation Club," of which, as one of the original founders, I can speak with authority. It was agreed between a number of young women that a place for our soldier visitors to meet with us for dancing and chat, once a week, would be a desirable variation upon evening calls in private homes. The hostesses who successively offered their drawing-rooms were among the leaders in society. It was also decided that we should permit no one to infringe the rule of suppressing all refreshment, save the amber-hued water from the classic James. We began by having piano music for the dances, but the male members of the club made up between them a subscription providing a small but good orchestra. Before our first meeting, a committee of girls waited on General Lee to ask his sanction, with this result to the spokeswoman, who had ended with: "If you say no, general, we won't dance a single step!" "Why, of course, my dear child. My boys need to be heartened up when they get their furloughs. Go on, look your prettiest, and be just as nice to them as ever you can be!"

Miss Cary and her mother were indefatigable in their devotion to the wounded. They forgot their own discomforts in the awful realities of suffering, although Mrs. Cary herself suffered from an illness brought on by the heat, the smell of wounds, and the close confinement:

My whole heart passed into the work. I could hardly sleep for wishing to be back in those miserable cheerless wards, where dim eyes would kindle feebly at sight of me and trembling lips gave me last messages to transmit to those they would never see again. Once, going into one of my mother's wards, I found my way blocked by an arm lying on the floor, and the surgeons who had just amputated it still at work on Cavanagh, one of our favorite patients, a big, gentle Irishman, always courteous and considerate. The blood was gushing profusely from the flaps they were sewing together, and for a moment I paused uncertain. "Can you stand it?" asked one of the doctors kindly. "If so, there's a little help needed, and we're short handed this morning." I stayed, and in a moment I saw clear and all seemed easier. When they hurried off, leaving Cavanagh to me, he came out of chloroform looking me full in the eyes, as I stood sponging his forehead. "So it's gone at last, the poor old arm we worked so hard to save," I said, trying to speak lightly. "Yes, miss, but it's not meself you should be thinkin' about," he answered, "an' you standin' by, dirtyin' your dress with the blood o' me." Cavanagh, I am glad to say, got well and left the hospital, swearing eternal fealty to his nurse.

Upon one occasion the devoted women gathered up their last fragments of poor food and hurried to the hospital to meet a fresh consignment of wounded, many of whom were starving. There was little enough for so many, and the author says that "to hurry by carrying off these morsels, to take cups away from thirsty lips before they were satisfied, was a keen sorrow":

At length, when I had nearly finished the task and almost exhausted my resources, I came upon a cot where lay upon his face a mere boy apparently dying. There was no time to call a doctor. I mixed milk and brandy, and after forcing his body over poured it by teaspoonfuls down his throat, keeping on till I had the joy of seeing the vital spark creep back. Little by little he reached the point of opening his eyes, and telling me he didn't exactly know what was the matter with him, but that he felt "so tired." As soon as I could capture my favorite doctor, I brought him to my patient. A wound was found, but a slight one. The lad was simply dying from exhaustion, the joggling of hours in the ambulance, and want of food. "He may thank bis stars you kept on trying," said my doctor, "or he'd have been a dead one before now. Think of children like this put into the ranks to fill the places of the seasoned men they've killed for us!"

The occupation of Richmond added humiliation to the horrors of war. Some negroes and poor whites began to burn and loot. "Thanks to our grim Yankee guard in the basement," says the author, "we felt safe enough, but the experience was not pleasant." There were daily services in the churches, and "I never knew anything more painful and touching than that of this morning when the Litany was *sobbed out* by the whole congregation":

A service we went to the same evening at the old Monumental I shall never forget. When the rector prayed for "the sick and wounded soldiers and all in distress of mind or body," there was a brief pause, filled with a sound of weeping all over the church. He then gave out the hymn, "When gathering clouds around I view." There was no organ and a voice that started the hymn broke down in tears. Another took it up, and failed likewise. I, then, with a tremendous struggle for self-control, stood up in the corner of the pew and sang alone. At the words, "Thou Saviour see'st the tears I shed," there was again a great burst of crying and sobbing all over the church. I wanted to break down dreadfully, but I held on and carried the hymn to the end. As we left the church, many people came up and squeezed my hand and tried to speak, but could not. Just then a splendid military band was passing, the like of which we had not heard in years. The great swell of its triumphant music seemed to mock the shabby, broken-spirited congregation defiling out of the gray old church buried in shadows, where in early Richmond days a theatre with many well-known citizens was burned! That was one of the tremendous moments of feeling I experienced that week.

The author reproduces a letter that she wrote from New York on May 18, 1867, describing the admission to bail of Jefferson Davis. The legal issue was much in doubt, and we are told that "the women were in an agony of prayer—the men more anxious than at any moment since the evacuation of Richmond":

But it really seemed as if the deep feeling of the community had possessed the United States officials. The desire to be polite and gracious manifested itself in every one of them. After we were all in the court-room awaiting the arrival of the judge and the prisoner, General Burton came in dressed in full uniform and followed by Mr. Davis. The marshal conducted them to the prisoner's dock, coming immediately to me to invite me to sit by Mr. Davis, that he might feel he had a friend with him and lose the disagreeable consciousness of the presence of constables and turnkeys. As I pushed my way through the crowd I thanked the marshal heartily, and sitting down beside the prisoner felt that I was enthroned with a king.

In a very few moments, the courtesy was extended by asking us to remove from the seat of the accused to join Mr. O'Conor and Mr. Reed within the bar. There I stood behind Mr. Davis during the whole of the proceedings, and when it was all over was the first to congratulate him.

Observation of this kindness on the part of the officials had inspired in anxious friends more hope in the judge—but there was still such a dread in everybody's eyes when Underwood was about to speak—such a perfect stillness in the halls as I shall rarely see again in a lawyer's life of anxiety in court-rooms. And when the oracle came—"The case is undoubtedly bailable, and as the government is not ready to proceed with the trial, and the prisoner is and for a long time has been ready and demanding trial—it seems eminently proper that bail should be allowed"—such joy and relief as came upon all faces——!

When it was done and "the prisoner discharged," Mr. Davis asked me to convey him as rapidly as possible from the court to his rooms at the Spotswood, and I did so in triumph.

The war naturally occupies the greater part of Mrs. Harrison's book, but she allows us some few glimpses of her life in the North after the great struggle. One incident of this period, and struck in a lighter key, may well serve as a conclusion to a survey necessarily inadequate:

I first met Ellen Terry at the house of Mr. Parke Godwin, son-in-law of William Cullen Bryant, at an evening party. Miss Terry was simply radiant in face and voice and manner, an irresistible being on the stage and off of it. Mrs. Lemoyne had just recited for Irving and herself the spirited poem of "Kentucky Belle," Miss Terry yielding to her the tribute of a gentle rain of tears. One reads of a certain Miss Sophy Streatfield, a friend of Dr. Johnson's, to whom her friends would say, "Cry, pretty Sophy, cry," when she immediately responded by an overflow of weeping in which she looked prettier than before. Miss Terry must have been the only other living person to whom tears were becoming.

We were sitting apart, a little group of women, of whom one cried out, "Oh! I am ashamed of myself. I have *such* a bad habit—that of sitting on my foot!"

"*Have* you?" cried Miss Terry joyously. "I've always done so, and often on the stage. It lends one such height and dignity; don't you think so? And as to not being able to manage it gracefully, just see here?" And she rose and resettled herself with the perfect ease and distinction of a swan returning to its nest, amid laughing applause from us.

Mrs. Harrison has written a book that is not altogether without its faults, but that is absorbingly interesting and a distinct contribution to history. Among its faults is the needless inclusion of the names of people who do not matter, apparently for the sake of so including them. But the flies in the ointment are few and small.

Recollections Grave and Gay. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.50.

Three pages in the current issue of the *Scientific American* are devoted to a description and views of the Peking-Kalgan Railway, which is the first railroad to be financed, engineered, and built solely by Chinese. The road is now 130 miles long, was built in spite of many natural obstacles, is first-class in roadbed, bridges, quarters for employees, shops, and other accessories, and was constructed at a remarkably low cost. Work was begun at in 1905. Jeme Tien Yow, the chief engineer, has won great credit for his skill and ability. He is a graduate of Yale.

A subsidiary line of the Canadian Northern Railway has completed plans for effecting an entrance into the heart of the city of Montreal by building a three-mile tunnel under Mount Royal. A new terminal will also be constructed. The total cost of the tunnel and terminal together will be $25,000,000.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

When Woman Proposes.

Anne Warner is not quite at her best in her latest story. Her heroine is as delightful as ever, and the humor of the story is sparkling and spontaneous, but the central idea of the story is so irresponsible as to jar. Nathalie is an immensely wealthy young woman who meets Captain Francis Mowbray at a ball and decides forthwith to marry him. Fortune favors her, for the gallant captain meets with an accident outside her door and is brought into her house for an illness that lasts some months. But honor holds him back from a proposal. The poor fellow has only $3000 a year, and it is obvious that no human being can marry upon such a pittance as that. Then the story becomes a little absurd. The country is threatened with a general strike and at about this same time a bill for the better payment of army officers has been rejected by Congress. So Nathalie visits the labor leader and places her millions at his disposal for the purpose of appealing to the army to sustain the strikers. When at last the troops are called out to suppress violence it is found that they, too, are on strike, and so a panicky Congress passes the bills to give everybody everything and to raise the pay of army officers so that they may marry heiresses. The idea is, of course, a wild extravagance, and not a very wholesome one, but it will be forgiven by those who want no more than a delightful heroine and sprightly dialogue.

When Woman Proposes. By Anne Warner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25.

American Socialism.

This interesting work is not so much a plea for Socialism as a statement of the Socialist position in America and a general and speculative forecast of its development. That there is at present a flowing tide of Socialism few will be bold enough to deny. At the last national election the Socialist vote was 604,-756, and it is not likely that there will be a falling off upon the next occasion. However much Socialists may quarrel among themselves, however vague may be their terminology, there need be no doubt that they represent an aggressive and a cohesive force and one that is able to attract a large volume of voting discontent.

The problem of definitions is one to be faced early, and the author selects that of Morris Hillquit, founded of course upon the theories of Marx. It reads: "Socialism advocates the transfer of ownership in the social tools of production—the land, factories, machinery, railroads, mines, etc.—from the individual capitalist to the people, to be operated for the benefit of all." She then proceeds to a review of the history of American socialism, and the application of general Socialist theories to the particular problems of the country. Among the immediate demands upon which all Socialists are agreed are the shortening of the working day, an improvement of working conditions, and restriction of child labor. Upon a multitude of other points such as immigration and the tariff there is no general agreement, but we have a candid statement of the Socialist attitude toward reform movements of a general kind. The radical, we are told, supports every movement that works for social betterment. The Socialist asks first the relation of the movement to the working class and the social revolution. In other words, unless the sick man can be cured by a certain specified medicine he shall not be cured at all.

We turn with some curiosity to the means by which a Socialist state is to be attained. The author herself seems to be an opportunist rather than a revolutionist, but she admits that the majority of Socialists can not be said to have "adopted the Quaker attitude toward physical violence." Capitalism, they believe, will not yield without a physical struggle, and "while violence in labor disputes is not advocated by Socialists, arguments against it are seldom based on any other ground than expediency." Some indeed look upon violence as an "essential accompaniment of political struggle between classes."

The attitude of the labor party toward Socialism is the subject for some speculation. Socialists themselves seem to be by no means agreed as to whether the labor union should be invited or repulsed. Debs, for example, protests against a catering to the Federation of Labor as a degeneration into "mere bourgeois reform." On the other hand there is an expectation in many quarters that labor unionism in America will advance rapidly toward the Socialist position and possibly to actual affiliation.

Whatever the individual attitude toward Socialism may be, we have here a book that can not be overlooked by those who wish to be supplied with the facts of an organization that is likely to make itself increasingly felt in American politics.

American Socialism of the Present Day. By Jessie Wallace Hughan, Ph. D. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25.

Children of To-Morrow.

The author is to be congratulated upon a piece of work that is interesting and conscientious, but by no means great nor marked by striking literary ability. It belongs to what may be called the two generation type of story. Governor Lyman Innes finds himself in a difficult position toward a great labor strike. He sympathizes with the men, but at the same time he has to face a demand for repressive measures in which his worldly minded and selfish wife joins. Then comes the intrusion of a woman who acts as his secretary, and who gives him just the kind of feminine aid that he needs and with inevitable, but innocent, results. The governor is shot by the woman's jealous husband, but the crime is supposed to be political and no scandal ensues. Then the scene shifts to the next generation. The governor's children are living together in New York and the same woman who figured in their early life appears once more on the scene. There are various dramatic situations and metropolitan life with its contrasts is well described. But the author has a tendency to an inflated style of dialogue hardly to be found in real life. It is a small defect in an honest and well conceived narrative.

Children of To-Morrow. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.30.

The New Italy.

Those who read this book with some expectation of finding a startling presentation of misgovernment or incapacity will be disappointed. And such an expectation is justified by the circumstances. It seems that Signor Garlanda was apprehensive of results if it were known that such an arraignment of Italian institutions had emanated from an Italian. He therefore wrote his volume in the form of letters from a fictitious American traveler in Italy, while he himself posed as the translator of those letters, writing a somewhat circumstantial preface to explain how he came into their possession and his difficulties in securing permission from the writer to translate them into Italian. Such a procedure may be impugned or not in accordance with individual ideals. But such are the facts. Why the author should be apprehensive of results to himself is not apparent. We have never heard that the Italian government prohibits political criticism nor does it seem that Mr. Garlanda has now suffered in any way from the results that he dreaded before he made his identity known. He seems to have been afflicted with a needless timidity. It may, moreover, be said that if Mr. Garlanda's readers actually supposed that these letters were written by an American they must be very gullible or very ignorant of Americans. They positively shriek of Latinity, and they show no signs of that intimate knowledge of American institutions that a native American would possess.

Mr. Garlanda does indeed succeed in proving that Italy is governed with a sad lack of wisdom, that she suffers grievously from bureaucracy, that her taxes are ill-devised, her resources undeveloped, and her finances mismanaged. Now these things are intensely interesting, but they are not surprising. We have troubles of our own. If Mr. Garlanda in his peregrinations had discovered a country that was governed wisely, whose taxes were just and equitable, and whose financial management was impeccable he would have what the city editor calls a "story," but there are no such countries. Many of the abuses and stupidities that Mr. Garlanda reveals have indeed the force of novelty, but it would be quite easy to parallel most of them in England, France, Germany, Scandinavia, and even America. Every government has its pet stupidities, but we may doubt if there is any great difference in their quality or substance. When Mr. Garlanda scolds his own country for its undeveloped resources and points to America as an example he lays himself open to the question if he has ever heard of Alaska and its coal fields. When he sneers at the Italian army for allowing its soldiers to perform domestic duties for its officers and says in his American rôle that *"we"* should consider such duties at odds with the military ideal, he is evidently unaware that precisely this same charge is urged against our own military practice. When he talks about the Mafia and reminds his countrymen that "it would not be possible to incite the people . . . of Philadelphia to a lynching" he may be reminded that it was quite possible to incite the people of Coatesville, a few miles from Philadelphia, to a lynching.

As has been said, the book is both instructive and interesting as a picture of Italian administrative life. But one would suppose that its tone of comparison with another country, while flattering enough to America, would be considered as an affront to Italy and would therefore be ineffective. We have only to imagine how we should feel if we were invited to profit by a book written by a supposed Frenchman and translated into English for our benefit, and that represented France as a concatenation of good institutions and America of bad ones. We could tolerate honest criticism, whether from Americans or from foreigners, but we should draw the line at comparisons which are proverbially odorous.

The New Italy. A discussion of its present political and social conditions. Translated from "La Terza Italia: Lettere di un Yankee" of Federico Garlanda, by M. E. Wood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.

Africa.

Sir H. H. Johnston's volume on "The Opening Up of Africa" that appears in the Home University Library will come as a revelation to those who have allowed the progress of African exploration to pass unnoticed. Africa is no longer an unknown continent. The hunter and the traveler have robbed it of the mystery that once gave a sort of fascinating probability to Mr. Rider Haggard's stories. We can no longer believe, even furtively, that the people of Khor may yet be lurking in their inaccessible fastnesses and preserving the wisdom that was old when Egypt was young. The hunter, the trader, and the scientist have driven away the romance, and Africa is no longer an empty outline upon the map.

The author begins with prehistoric times, perhaps some fifty thousand years ago, when the Neanderthaloid men lived in the northern part of the continent. Then came the primitive negroes, and they, too, were invaders, and finally the white men, who settled in the country from Morocco to Suez. The negro spread over tropical and South Africa, giving rise to the various types as we see them today. They mingled freely, just as the six-feet-two Soudanese soldier of today will marry the pigmy woman and have normal size children by her. The negro came to Africa before the Caucasian, but not very long before, and in the southern, remoter part of the continent he had no predecessor.

The author then goes on to describe the work of the Egyptians, the arrival in Africa of the Greeks and Romans, the pioneer activities of Portugal, and the influence of the Dutch, the French, the British, the Belgians, the Germans, and the Italians. The expanding nations of Europe have looked hopefully toward Africa and have marked out their spheres of influence. The best sites are nearly all gone.

The author has a word of praise for the Mohammedans, whose faith has not much to offer to civilization and intelligence, but that has certainly been a blessing to the negro. "To negro Africa," he says, "and no doubt to parts of India and Malaysia, it came as a great blessing, raising up savages to a state, at any rate, of semi-civilization, making them god-fearing, self-respecting, temperate, courageous, and picturesque."

The Opening Up of Africa. By Sir H. H. Johnston. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; 75 cents.

On Anything.

In this little volume Mr. Belloc presents us with thirty-eight miniature essays contributed by him to various English periodicals. They are well worthy of their present more permanent form. Mr. Belloc has not quite the same sprightly audacity as Mr. Chesterton nor the same enthusiasm for proving things that are not so, but Mr. Belloc always conveys a sense of sincerity, and even when he ventures upon the humorous narrative we feel that it is animated by some worthy and dignified belief. These little essays are good to read and to possess.

On Anything. By H. Belloc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.25.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Briefer Reviews.

A suitable volume for presentation to young girls is "Marcia of the Little Home," by Emily Calvin Blake (D. Appleton & Co.; $1.20).

The American Book Company has published "White Patch," by Angelo Patri, intended for supplementary reading in the fourth and fifth years of school. Price, 40 cents.

The Macmillan Company has issued a new and eminently satisfactory edition of "The Virginian," by Owen Wister, with illustrations by Charles M. Russell and drawings from Western scenes by Frederic Remington. The price is $1.50 net.

"Our Country and Its People," by Professor Will S. Monroe and Miss Anna Buckhee (Harper & Brothers; 40 cents), is intended to correlate simple geographic reading matter with the best modern tendencies in the teaching of structural and commercial geography.

The latest addition to the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Essays in Economics is "Criminal Statistics in the United States," by Louis N. Robinson (Houghton Mifflin Company; $1 net). The volume is carefully arranged and the suggested plan for the reorganization of criminal statistics is worth attention.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have published a handsome edition of "The Princess," by Lord Tennyson, with an introduction by Stopford A. Brooke. The five illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn constitute a beautiful feature of the edition, which is finely printed and handsomely bound.

Professor Francis G. Peabody's concluding volume in his Harvard Chapel series, entitled "Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel" (Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.25 net), contains a selection of sermons preached at the Sunday evening services of the university during the twenty years of the author's administration.

Those who wish to know what the great men of the world have said about "Conduct, Health, Good Fortune" would do well to consult the little volume compiled by Grace Browne Strand and published by A. C. McClurg & Co. (50 cents). The book is decoratively printed and the quotations numerous and apt.

Those interested in the new science of economy in physical movements should read "Motion Study," by Frank B. Gilbreth (the D. Van Nostrand Company; $2). Mr. Gilbreth describes his theories as "a method for increasing the efficiency of the workman." The introduction is written by Robert Thurston Kent, editor of *Industrial Engineering*.

The Macmillan Company has published "The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet" in the Tudor Shakespeare series, edited by W. A. Neilson, Ph. D., and A. H. Thorndike, Ph. D., L. H. D. Thirty-four volumes of this series are now in preparation. For finely artistic form and workmanship this series should be a favorite. The volumes are of pocket size and neatly bound in dull green and gold.



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Lure of the Switchback Trip

For the person interested in seeing San Francisco the street-cars offer a means otherwise unobtainable, except at a price wholly out of proportion to the real importance of the trip. And of all the many little journeys which can be made none is more picturesque—many claim that it can not be surpassed—than the switchback trip over the summit to Golden Gate Park. Certainly the view is wonderful and the route should become one of the most popular and best known. It is doubtful if more than a few people in a thousand, exclusive of the residents along this line, have ever traveled to the Park over the switchback, though it possesses attractive features not attendant on many lines in or about San Francisco.

Perhaps the most convenient way for the public at large, or for the visitor in town to make the trip, is to board the Daly City car at Mission and Fifth Streets, which travels via Guerrero Street. It takes one past the United States Mint, the Postoffice Building, and away out Mission Street, through considerable of the older part of the city, now humming with business. Obtaining a transfer, the traveler alights at the junction of Guerrero and Eighteenth Streets, there boarding an Eighth and Harrison car, and begins to climb toward the top of the ridge. As the car climbs, the whole southern section of the city spreads away below, unfolding as the car climbs terrace after terrace, until the bay, with its teeming shipping, seems newly discovered, calmly reposing in the sunlight, some miles to the east.

Up, up, up, winding among picturesque surroundings, the car turns into Falcon Avenue, which is one of the most cheerful, homelike little streets imaginable. Its yards are all aglow with blossoms at this season of the year, and great, spreading willows overhang the street, sweeping the roof of the car as it passes. A little distance farther and the car halts, only to give one a momentary view of the thousands of homes nestling far below, ere it doubles on its tracks and begins the last leg of its climb up Ashbury Heights. One is forced to admire the engineering skill which made this part of the journey possible, and it must be seen to be fully appreciated.

Reaching the summit, the car rolls along a comparatively level piece of roadbed for some distance, affording a magnificent view of the Park district, Goden Gate Park itself, the ocean, and on a clear day the Farallones, something like twenty miles out at sea, may be seen quite plainly from this height. With a powerful glass they can be brought much closer.

Through a handsome residence district the car winds downward, and a few minutes later reaches the end of the line at one of the main entrances to the Park. From there the many points of interest in the magnificent grounds can be reached without loss of time. In scenic attractiveness alone the switchback trip is worth many times five cents, the price charged, and, after one has seen all that Golden Gate Park has to offer, return to the heart of the downtown business section or to the Ferry can easily be made in about half an hour, through another portion of town, by taking either an Ellis or a Haight Street car. The Haight Street line affords a longer view of Market Street, as it enters that main thoroughfare far enough out to allow the traveler a clear view of it for several miles before the Ferry Building is reached.

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OPENING OF THE OPERA SEASON.

A mid-week opening of the season of grand opera seemed auspicious, as it gave the event especial prominence, and the accomplishment realized the hopes of the managers. Society rose to the occasion, and the audience at the Valencia Theatre was large and representative. In almost every particular there was complete fulfillment of the promises made for the company and its opening production, and comparisons with earlier offerings in this field show little to the disadvantage of the French singers. Fairness compels the remark that much greater claims than the press agent set down could have been made for them, and there are few such errors of moderation to be noted among advance declarations.

That "Les Huguenots" should be chosen for the introduction of M. Grazi's Paris Grand Opera Company is more in keeping with tradition. Meyerheer remains after seventy-five years "the Parisian idol and monarch of grand opera," and this is most generally considered his masterpiece. Its features may be emphasized easily, and they are all prominent and pleasing. An heroic tenor, a heavy bass, and three sopranos have fine opportunities in the opera, and the chorus is heard to good advantage in every act. Against these positive merits there can be urged only the great length of the piece, when given without cuts, and the possible distaste for its historical associations.

Many of the principals in the company were reserved for later productions, but had the organization no more or better singers than the first night brought out it would still deserve strong commendation.

M. Affre, the Raoul of the cast, is a tenor of robust quality, whose voice and method are remarkably good. He is of commanding physique, and an accomplished actor. From his first entrance, and his song at the table, "Fairer than Fairest Lily," he proved his right to high regard. In every scene he was at his best, and even in the dramatic duet at the end of the third act, in the stress of emotion, his every tone was rich, full, and melodious. There is no phrase in the music of his part that he does not give clearly, smoothly, and with sympathetic expression. If it was not altogether an Affre night, it was certainly a great success to which his capabilities gave the most important and satisfying values.

As Marguerite de Valois, Mme. Chamhellan had a particularly grateful rôle. It presents her in royal state, and the highly colored aria in the second act is the showiest of the jewels, real and paste, with which the composer decorated his work. Mme. Chambellan was more than equal to its requirements. Her voice is light and sweet, round and flexible, with a scope that makes the ornamentation of her solos the easiest of tasks. In the duet with Raoul, and in the trios, her distinction was maintained with seemingly as little effort. She has a stately presence, and the grace and personal charm which should accompany her voice.

The dramatic soprano of the evening, Mme. Vallemont, has a voice of greater power, or the singer made greater demands upon it, but it was not so pleasing in her earlier scenes. The great test came in the third act, in the emotional scene between Valentina and Raoul, and here she was completely master of its resources. It took on a new tenderness and vibrated with a passion that had seemed foreign to its nature before. Mme. Vallemont is an attractive woman and an actress of good technic.

Mme. Gustin, the mezzo, as Urhano, had the earliest feminine appearance, and her song, "A Most Charming, Noble Lady," in the first act, was most delightfully given. Through the succeeding scenes her voice was no less pleasingly shown, and her ability to charm in any rôle was demonstrated.

Good bassos are abundant, yet M. Coiglio as Marcel, the bluff Huguenot soldier, proved his eminent quality easily. He had much work to do, but none that was not well done, and with a tone as deep and velvety as might be wished. He was more than Raoul's faithful servitor, he was the foil and complement of the lighter voices in every scene.

But two other names appeared in the printed cast, M. Mascal as De Nevers, and M. Demangane as Saint-Bris, and these proved fit associates, if without pointed distinction.

Worthy of note is the fact that the company exhibited no member who was barren of art as an actor. Some of the popular coolness for grand opera might be traced to the painful attempts at histrionic expression usual on the operatic stage. Happily, these Parisians have had training beyond the rudiments in that department of their profession. They move as if humanly jointed, and their gestures include more than the usual mid-phrase flourish with the left hand and the heaven-adjuring right-hand thrust at the full stop.

Even the chorus does not gaze on vacancy when disengaged, or otherwise counterfeit a collection of disinterested idlers. It sings lustily, almost in the Italian method, and in good time and tune, and it marches off stage with an air as sprightly as that in which it comes on for the semi-circle. The ballet, which fortunately had but one chance, was a comic interlude. It did not accord with the sombre grandeur of Meyerheer's inspiration. There was no premier danseuse, only a dozen or so subordinate members of the corps, and their evolutions displayed a lack of nearly everything except physical equipment. It did not matter very much. A recent surfeit of ballet divertissements has made San Franciscans sensitively critical.

Forty or more musicians occupied the orchestra pit and adjacent space, and the organization seems well balanced. Conductor Bardou kept it well in hand, and the result was much to his credit. Raoul's song in the first act was written with a viola d'amore accompaniment, and the composer's intention was faithfully carried out, though the instrument is rarely heard. The violins are numerous, and their pizzicato passages and frequent chords are given with musicianly precision and close attention to the directors' baton. The brasses are in full force, but they are tacet by far the greater part of the time.

As a whole the company is excellent, and its productions will be of a high order. The new city has not seen or heard anything of the kind that could rival its appeal. In the list of operas to be given there are several novelties, many that are unhackneyed, and nothing that has gone out of fashion. Whether it can keep enthusiasm up to the desired pitch is not contingent upon its merit so much as it is on the actual love for music existent among the people. It can spread the banquets with little difficulty, and they should gratify an appetite which grows by that it feeds upon.

George L. Shoals.

Lady Gregory, the distinguished Irish dramatist, with the talented band of Irish players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, now in Boston, is a director of the Irish National Theatre Society, to whose devoted work is due the establishment and successful maintenance of the new noncommercial school of drama in Ireland. Lady Gregory has written several delightful books for children in addition to the many successful comedies she has done for the Irish theatre. She is as vigorous physically and mentally as a woman half her age; she seems to find no difficulty in managing the affairs of the Dublin Theatre in addition to administering her large estate in County Galway. Lady Gregory is Irish to her finger tips. She was born and grew up in Galway, and has never lived away from there. She knows the Irish peasant mind thoroughly, for she has had opportunity to study its many phases all her life. Lady Gregory is naturally delighted with the remarkable artistic success of the Irish players in America.

Alice Nielsen of the Boston and Metropolitan Opera Companies, will appear at the Sunday concert November 19 at the New York Hippodrome; also, Rosa Olitzka, the Russian contralto; Oscar Seagle and Paul Morenzo, the Spanish tenor who has been a member of Mary Garden's concert company. Albert Spalding is to be the instrumental soloist, and the orchestra will be the Russian Symphony. That bill ought to draw as well as the spectacle given week-days, though it represents a much smaller company.

Mrs. Belle Lowndes, whose new novel, "Jane Oglander," Charles Scribner's Sons have just brought out, is the daughter of M. Louis Belloc, a French barrister, and of Bessie Rainer Park. She is descended from Dr. Joseph Priestly and is a sister of Hillaire Belloc. She has made a special study of French history, contemporary literature, and biography. In 1896 she married Frederic Sawrey Lowndes, M. A.

Shakespeare's chronicle plays, "King John," "Richard II," and the two parts of "Henry IV," will be produced by Sir Herbert Tree in London at his next Shakespeare festival.

Mabel Fenton-Ross and McKee Rankin have formed a combination for the presentation of a condensed version of "Oliver Twist" in vaudeville.

Mrs. Langtry is back on the London stage, playing in "The Degenerates" at the Coronet Theatre.

Ask your grocer for the Italian-Swiss Colony's California bottled in bond grape brandy. It blends nicely with the raisins in making pies for Thanksgiving.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

"The Old Town," the play to introduce Montgomery and Stone in their first visit to San Francisco, is considered by those who have seen them in a round of their most brilliant successes to be the happiest vehicle yet accorded them. However, Montgomery and Stone in any little old play would be certain of a warm welcome, and when these two favorite entertainers are announced as the co-stars in a musical comedy by the invincible George Ade, with musical score by Gustave Luders, whose twinkling Teutonic tunes are well remembered from the days of "The Prince of Pilsen," the theatre-goers of the city will sit back and with good warrant promise themselves a feast of fun. No two comedians on the American stage today have to an equal degree the hold upon popular favor possessed by these two young men, who first made famous "The Wizard of Oz," and who subsequently proved the all around qualities of their capabilities in "The Red Mill." They now come for the first time, opening next Monday at the Columbia Theatre in "The Old Town," in which they have played most successfully the past two seasons, dividing nearly all the time between Charles Dillingham's Globe Theatre, New York, and his Studebaker Theatre, Chicago. The first act of "The Old Town" shows the grounds of a millionaire's palatial cottage at St. Augustine, Florida, and the second act discloses a marvelous vista of mountain and valley from the porch of a modest bungalow in California. Montgomery and Stone first appear in the guise of two stranded circus men, who under stress of circumstances are obliged to give an entire performance by themselves, the artists of the troupe having deserted as a protest against nonpayment of salaries and infrequent meals. The plot gives the two comedians opportunity to appear in a dozen disguises, which means, of course, the introduction of excellent specialties in their own peculiar style. The musical score of "The Old Town" is highly spoken of, and Mr. Dillingham, the producer, has given the two stars a supporting company fully equal to the interpretation of Mr. Luders's melodies as well as Mr. Ade's comedy situations. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Pat Rooney, the second stage celebrity of the name, and the son of the famous Pat Rooney whom old playgoers remember as a peerless dancer, will appear with Marion Bent at the Orpheum in "The Busy Bell Boy," which affords both artists opportunity for the display of their terpsichorean ability. Mr. Rooney's skill as a dancer is quite equal to that of his celebrated father, and Miss Bent is a pretty girl, who under his tuition has learned much of the art. She also sings well and dresses handsomely. Ed F. Reynard will introduce Seth Dewherry and Jawn Jawnson in "A Mornin' in Hicksville." Mr. Reynard is appropriately styled "the ventriloquist with a production," for a sketch complete is given with the assistance of his automatons. All the events are acted by the puppets, to whom his ventriloquail ability appears to give the power of speech. Mazie King and her company will present "The Legend of Spring." It is a poetic hit that tells of the magic spring wherein the prince beholds his heart's destiny. The fantastic story of their courtship is illustrated in song and dance. The production is most elaborate and beautiful, and the features of it are Miss King's clever toe dancing and expressive pantomime. Lynch and Zellar, who style themselves "Bang, Bang Boys" and clubmaniacs, will be included in the novelties of the bill. Next week will be the last of Mosher, Hayes, and Mosher, the Arlington Four, Jane Boynton, and B. A. Rolfe's musical offering, "The Courtiers."

Friday afternoon, November 24, at the Columbia Theatre, the tenth of the all-star continuous performances for the benefit of the Relief Fund for Actors will be given, and everything points to the customary packed house and a magnificent programme. The cream of the various attractions playing at the principal theatres will be in evidence, and the curtain will go up at two o'clock sharp. The great artists from M. Pierre Grazi's Paris Grand Opera Company at the Valencia Theatre, and those of Signor Mario Lamhardi's Italian grand operatic organization will raise their voices in sweet charity's name; Montgomery and Stone, California comedians who have achieved world-wide fame, will appear with their company in bits of "The Old Town," the current attraction at the Columbia Theatre; Burr McIntosh will offer one of his novel monologues, and some of the brightest lights of the Alcazar players will present, for the first time on any stage, a sketch by Ralph Renaud entitled "The Scoop"; the best acts in vaudeville will be supplied by the Orpheum; Ida St. Leon and Frederic Thompson's company from the Savoy Theatre will present an act of "Polly of the Circus," and the managers promise a number of distinct surprises during the progress of the programme. It will take all of the stage hands in town to handle things behind the curtain line during the performance, and the combined theatre orchestras will furnish the music. Tickets for the benefit, a most worthy affair, may be obtained at the box-offices of the leading theatres.

Following Montgomery and Stone at the Columbia Theatre comes Klaw and Erlanger's star, Robert Hilliard, in "A Fool There Was," founded upon Kipling's poem "The Vampire." This is Hilliard's fourth season in the play, and he will bring with him a notable supporting company.

Early next year comes the Cohan success, "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," which is expected to create a stir, as it is accounted one of the season's biggest hookings.

Pending the completion of the new Æolian Hall, New York, the second largest city in the world, will have no satisfactory room for chamber music concerts and song recitals (says the *Evening Post* of that city). The situation thus created by the withdrawal of Mendelssohn Hall from the musical field is preposterous. It compels musical associations and soloists to play a game of hide-and-seek with the public and the critics in theatres and minor halls. This week Maud Powell, chief of violinists of her sex, had to play at the Lyceum Theatre, and the incomparable Kneisels had to seek refuge in the hall-room of the Hotel Astor.

Gaby Deslys and Annette Kellerman are to appear shortly in a new pantomime, "Undine," written and composed by Manuel Klein, who does the music for the big New York Hippodrome spectacles. It is evident that the producers are going as far as possible in selecting their actors for fitness, of form, at least.

Werba and Luescher have arranged for the Pacific Coast appearance of Eva Tanguay in the production of "Little Miss Fix-it." The vivacious star will be seen here shortly after the first of the year.

Josephine Preston Peabody's poetic drama, "The Piper," has been translated into German by Miss Margaret Munsterberg, Professor Munsterberg's daughter, and will be produced in Munich.

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, $1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C1570.

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VANITY FAIR.

Miss Lillian Russell has resolved that women shall he free, and who can doubt that with the aid of that noble reformer the end will be achieved? There was a time when Miss Russell hid her light under a bushel, so to speak, and allowed us to believe that her mind was otherwise occupied than with thoughts of liberty. But it was only a ruse. Her heart was in the right place all the time. It was palpitating with ideals of freedom for her crushed and abject, and yet insurgent, sex. We knew that it was palpitating. We have read about it from time to time, but we did not know it was thusly.

But Miss Russell's adhesion to the sacred cause will not be the occasion of unmixed satisfaction. The enemy against whom she levies her artillery is not man, but the fashion plate. The fortifications that she would storm are not those of politics, but of the styles. To paraphrase Miss Russell would be to spoil her. Here are her very words:

> The fight for style is causing more crimes and unhappiness in this country than liquor. Nearly every women in the land is imbued with that one idea—she must have style. It is wrecking homes, breaking hearts, and making a certain group of men rich. These men are reaping great rewards from the foolishness of a certain group of men in this country and in Europe, who are making alleged styles so fast that it is impossible to keep up with them. Twenty years ago, yes, ten years ago, styles changed two or three times in the year. Now it is that many times a month.

It is to be feared that Miss Russell's crusade will lack the support that should be given to so noble a cause. We can hardly expect that the serried ranks of women will rise as one man to sustain it. There will be no house to house canvass against the fashion-maker, no fevered orations from the cart tail, and the voice of Dr. Aked will not be heard in the land.

The English hostesses of the kind that entertain royalty are said to prefer the company of the king when his royal consort is not with him. The king's sentiments in the matter are not mentioned, but without wishing to be in any way treasonable it may be said that there is a stage in married life when one faces with a certain fortitude the necessity for a brief parting in response to social obligations.

The satisfaction of the hostesses is easily explained. When the king or the queen is to be entertained it is necessary to submit in advance a list of the other guests. If this list is found to include any undesirable names they are blue-penciled without compunction and the hostess is left to make her own excuses to the victim. Now the queen uses the blue pencil more freely than the king. There are quite a number of people whom the queen does not wish to meet. Doubtless her reasons are good and sufficient, but such is the fact. It may be that the unfortunate ones are lax in the matter of family prayers, or are addicted to race suicide, or are suspected of reading improper novels in bed, or have been seen out after nine o'clock at night. There are so many ways in which one may become undesirable, and it must be truly heavenly thus to be able to let your dearest friend know exactly what you think about her.

But the king blue pencils no one. He does not believe that the pillars of the constitution will rock at their base merely because he is seen eating a sandwich with some man who may not be wholly entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life or who may be unorthodox on the question of peppermint for that distressing Borean ailment that sometimes afflicts the young. The king was once a sailor, and it is said that sailors are sometimes inclined to take a broad view even of such deadly sins as card-playing. This may be a libel on a noble profession, but it is undoubtedly true that the more extreme forms of Puritanism are rarely found among naval officers. Their piety is seldom of the aggressive type, and hence it is that the English hostess submits her little list of guests to the king without fear that she will have to imperil her chance of salvation by manufacturing excuses to those unlucky ones whose presence is not desired by royalty.

We wonder how it comes about that the West Side Young Men's Christian Association of New York has a woman for librarian and that the said librarian is empowered to censor the books admitted to said library. Such are the facts if we are to believe the newspapers, which heaven forbid. We might never have heard of the matter at all but for the double fact that one of Mr. Arnold Bennett's stories has just been placed under the han and that Mr. Bennett himself was in New York at the time and refused to say a word about the incident. But he sighed, and he confessed with a blush of shame upon his manly cheek that the disgraced novel was the favorite among his creations.

Now we know the name of that book, but wild horses could not drag it from us. We will not be instrumental in spreading the miasma of a book that a young woman librarian of a Young Man's Christian Association says ought not to be read. We are curious, although in the newspaper trade, to know what young women nowadays read so many naughty books that they can be trusted to identify them by the smell of the paper knife. And they can find them every time, too. They have an infallible instinct that enables them to go straight to this pernicious literature and brand it with public infamy after satisfying themselves that it really is as bad as they suspected. Faithful, devoted creatures, they will actually take these perfectly horrid hooks to bed with them, and read every line so that no injustice shall be done to the author.

The trouble with Mr. Bennett is that he knows too much about kissing. How fatal to the morals of the young men members of an admirable association must he such a passage as this:

> We read one another's eyes at arm's length. I shivered with pleasure when I saw his arms move, and then he clutched and dragged me to him and I hid my glowing face on his shoulder, in the dear folds of his overcoat, and I felt his lips on my neck.

We can quite understand the point of view of the young woman librarian. No doubt she thinks that a young man whose education had been pious would have gone for the girl's lips, but there may be differences of opinion about this. There is much to he said for the neck, and it must be remembered that in this case the young woman had hidden her glowing face in his overcoat. Of course he might have let a chaste salute fall upon the tip of her pearly ear, or he might have been so intoxicated by the subtle fragrance of her hair as to miss his chance altogether. That is what happens in books, but not, oh, not in life. And Mr. Bennett is a realist.

But if the young lady librarian had only read on she would have seen for herself that it came out all right in the end. It is to be feared that in this case she came to a snap judgment. The neck kiss was only in the shape of a preliminary canter, as it were, for a few lines lower down we read as follows:

> And then hegan the first instinctive blind movement of the day with him. His arms came forward and around my neck and drew me forcibly to him, and then, just before our lips touched, he opened his eyes and shut them again.

But the book is excluded and there's no more to be said. The Christian young men will have to buy it for themselves, and Mr. Bennett's publishers may congratulate themselves that the book will find just so many new purchasers as there are members in the association.

Some time ago a novelist based a story on the idea of a woman who determined to marry a certain man whom she saw for the first time at the other end of a ball-room. Of course she married him or there would have been no story, but the critics seemed to think that the plot was an absurd one, and that no woman could make up her mind in this way and on the basis of a single glance. But Mrs. Maeterlinck confesses in *Harper's Bazar* that she did better than this. When she decided to marry Maeterlinck she had never even seen him. She was already an eminently successful actress when she came across a book by Maeterlinck, and upon the strength of that one book she decided to marry the author, which just shows how dangerous it may be to write a book. She knew nothing about him, not even his approximate age, and even when some misinformed friend told her that Maeterlinck was an old man she was still undeterred. We are allowed to speculate as to the precise way in which she did it, but her success is obvious enough. Her husband, she says, has taught her to be orderly, and above all else he has taught her that the imagination can find free play only when the material life is forced into the paths of regularity and restraint.

The King of England is to have an entirely new crown for the Indian Durbar, the old one presumably being worn out. Now comes the momentous question whether or not the Koh-i-Noor diamond is to be included among the gems to be used. The Koh-i-Noor has never been in India since it left the country for the first time, after being "conveyed" from its original resting place. There is an ancient tradition that says that the owner of the diamond will be the owner also of India, and so it is supposed to be good policy to wear it in the special crown that is being made for the purpose. Queen Victoria never visited India, and the coronation durbar was held by Lord Curzon. For some time it seemed doubtful if King George would actually undertake the journey on account of the plague, and now it is hinted that the war between Italy and Turkey may be an obstacle, but in the meantime the preparations are going on apace and a change of plans seems to be fading into the distance.

Another ugly situation bas been created by prize card games for charity. In this case the scandal comes from Elizabeth, New Jersey. A numher of society women belonging to the Catholic church have been holding "euchre drives" at which valuable prizes were given. Rival forms of piety run somewhat high in New Jersey, and so the members of the Protestant churches have invoked the opinion of the puhlic prosecutor. That exalted official has decided that euchre drives are an infringement of the anti-gambling law, as of course they must be, and so quite a number of the socially elect are facing indictments for gambling, which is unpleasant for the socially elect, who have reasonahly supposed that laws apply only to quite common people. But the Catholic ladies have now retaliated upon their Protestant sisters. If euchre drives are illegal, then what about the whist drives? It would seem that there are religious distinctions even in gambling and that the main divisions in Christendom are represented respectively by euchre and whist. So now the Protestant ladies have been arrested also and, as the local report says, "half of Elizabeth's society is out on bail." And hail was not an easy matter for a good many of them, seeing that the arrests were made in private houses and the victims were taken straight to jail.

If society ladies would but gamble openly and for the love of gambling a sinful fellow-feeling would secure for them a measure of sympathy. It is the sickly pretense of charity that causes the gorge to rise. If a fashionable lady is interested in a charitable institution why does she not draw a check and mail it to the secretary? That is what a man would do. Of course society is not in the least interested in charity. It is interested in nothing but itself, its follies, and its vices. But charity is a convenient cloak to throw over those same follies and vices.

The artists of Paris are in revolt, or at least that section of them whose art takes the form of portrait painting. They value the shekels as much as any one, and in order to live they must have commissions, but when it comes to a choice between art and money they give their vote to art every time.

Their trouble is thusly: The costumes worn by their patrons are now of such an outrageous nature that all hope of an artistic picture must be abandoned. The unfortunate painters shudder at the spectacles offered to them and refuse to immortalize the modern fashions upon canvas. They have their reputations to preserve and they can not sleep quietly at nights when they think of a posterity standing aghast before their pictures and wondering at an art that could prostitute itself to the perpetuation of such monstrosities. The success of the portrait itself, they say, makes very little appeal to the sisters. It is not their faces but their costumes that they are anxious to see portrayed upon canvas. So what is a poor painter to do?

What the poor painter has actually decided to do shows a lamentable ignorance of feminine psychology. He has fallen into the popular error of supposing that his patrons wish to look beautiful, but are unaware of the right way to do it. A meeting has been held at one of the great ateliers and a plan of campaign elaborated. A large number of lay figures are to be procured, and these are to be dressed artistically and placed upon exhibit. In this way the feminine taste will be educated and ladies who wish to have their portraits painted will be able to select a costume that will be beautiful without extravagance, neat but not gaudy.

It is a vain hope, a fond delusion. The ladies will look at the lay figures, enthuse over them, rhapsodize about them—and go on precisely as they are now. They will he just as much influenced hy the lay figures of the artists as they are now by the Venus di Milo in the Louvre. Who has not seen the crowd of worshipers around the famous statue? They sit in rapt silence, awe-struck, fascinated by the classic outlines of the goddess. Not one among them but will say that at last she has seen the perfect and idealized beauty of the human form; not one among them would dare show herself to her friends with a waist of the same proportionate size or with feet of the same ample dimensions. Not, at least, if she could help it with the aid of hydraulic machinery.

Women do not want to be beautiful. They want to be fashionable. If they ever had any love of beauty, any power to recognize beauty, it has been crushed out by the consuming fires of the prevailing mode. The lay figures of the artists, no matter how exquisitely they are dressed will but waste their sweetness upon the desert air.

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LOS ANGELES

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Rastus, with his anxiety plainly apparent, inquired of the "doctah," "What you tink is de mattah wif me?" "Oh, nothing hut the chickenpox, I guess," replied the doctor. Rastus demurred stoutly. "I 'clare on mah honah, doctah, I aint heen no whar I could ketch dat."

Once, after exposing the ridiculous blunders of the editor of certain old plays, James Russell Lowell concluded with the remark, "In point of fact, we must apply to this gentleman the name of the first King of Sparta." No one remembered, of course, what this was, hut when they looked it up they found it was Eudamidas.

A Scotch divine took one of his parishioners to task for his non-attendance at kirk; the man said: "I dinna like lang sermons." The parson, with some wrath, replied: "John, ye'll dee, and go to a place where ye'll not have the privilege of hearing long or short sermons." "That may he," said John, "hut it winna he for lack of parsons."

The latest circulation scheme of a Berlin newspaper is the engagement of two physicians to attend gratuitously upon their yearly subscribers. An annual subscription carries with it the free services of one of these two skilful doctors. A few months ago the paper telephoned to one of the staff physicians: "Don't attend Herr Mueller any more. His subscription has expired."

Jones had just run over to see if Mr. and Mrs. Blank would go to the theatre with them. Mrs. Blank was sorry, hut, unfortunately, Blank was out. Probably he was at the club. She would telephone. The following conversation ensued: "Halloa! Is this the ——— Cluh? Is my husband there? Halloa! Not there? Sure? Well, all right then; hut hold on. How do you know? I haven't even told my name." "There aint nohody's husband here—never," was the wise attendant's reply.

Real hathrooms are scarce in the interior of India, as a lady who was traveling with her hushand discovered, upon arriving at an out-of-the-way place one evening. The host, when showing them their room, said, pointing to a door: "The shower hath is there." Later the lady went into the hathroom, disrohed, and seeing hefore her just a tuh and a tin mug and nothing more hegan to investigate for the source of the "shower." Suddenly she heard a voice apparently in the ceiling say: "If memsahih coming more this side I throwing water more proper!"

It is related that a well-known Bostonian who was to he married next week went to his tailor the other day and was measured for his wedding garments. When the agony was over the tailor coughed apologetically and said: "I am sorry, Mr. ———, hut I must ask you to pay cash for this suit." "What?" cried our friend. "Why I've had an account with you for eight years now, and I've always settled promptly at the end of every month." "Yes, sir," answered the tailor. "You have always heen prompt. But up to now you have always had the handling of your own money, sir."

A country hotel, a good deal frequented by motorists, took in a showman and his performing hear, and one morning the hear escaped from the stahle. Everyhody fled hefore the animal. The hotel man, however, pursued it courageously. It entered the hotel, mounted the stairway, pushed open a hed-room door and vanished. Then the hotel man, close behind, heard from the hedroom an angry exclamation in a feminine voice and the words: "George, dear, how often have I forhidden you to come into my room without knocking—and in your automobile coat, too!"

On the occasion of a foothall match, in England, between a number of military officers and a team of lawyers, the former had prepared a splendid lunch for the visitors before the game. Both teams did thorough justice to the lunch, and the legal gentlemen going in strong for champagne and cigars, the officers anticipated an easy victory. On looking toward the foothall ground, however, after lunch, the officers espied a remarkahly fresh-looking lot of giants kicking the hall ahout, and, in amazement, asked their guests who the strangers were. "Oh," replied one of them, finishing his last glass of champagne, "those are our playing team; we are only the lunching team, you know."

Downcast, the rejected darky suitor declared he had been encouraged, only to he refused. She wanted to know what she had done to lead him to think she had loved him. Whereupon he said when she danced with other men she kept them at arm's length, hut when she danced with him she leaned her dusky head on his hroad shoulder and almost let him carry her. "Dat wan't love," she sniffed. "Dat wuz to keep mah feet of'n de flo' so's yo' wouldn't he trompin' all ovah mah toes—yo such a po' dancer."

Not so long ago a knowledge of Latin was essential to an orator and long quotations from the Roman poets embellished every debate. James Payn, the novelist, was once at a dinner party where a learned clergyman insisted on quoting Greek. The lady sitting next to Payn asked for a translation. Payn's Greek was rusty. Accordingly he assumed a blush, and hinted to the lady that it was scarcely fit for her ear. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "you don't mean to say——" "Please don't ask any more," murmured Payn, "I really could not tell you."

A tourist in the mountains of Tennessee once had dinner with a querulous old mountaineer who yarned about hard times for fifteen minutes at a stretch. "Why, man," said the tourist, "you ought to he ahle to make lots of money shipping green corn to the Northern market." "Yes, I orter," was the sullen reply. "You have the land, I suppose, and can get the seed." "Yes, I guess so." "Then why don't you go into the speculation?" "No use, stranger," sadly replied the cracker; "the old woman is too lazy to do the ploughin' and plantin'."

At Fort Monroe some time ago (this is an old story), where one of the vessels of the navy was temporarily awaiting orders, a delegation of army officers stationed at the fort came ahoard. There is a set naval regulation that nothing can he so on hoard ship until the commanding officer orders it. While the army party were looking over the ship, twelve o'clock arrived. A junior officer approached the captain and said, with a salute: "It is twelve o'clock, sir." "Make it so," responded the captain, and eight hells were struck. The army officers suspected that the navy men wanted them to ask some questions and get sold, or that this was a hit of foolery got up to joke the land warriors. Some time after, a party of the army officers invited the officers of the warship to dine with them. The dinner was progressing when a lieutenant entered and, saluting the senior officer preseut, said, gravely: "Colonel, the major's hlind horse is dead." "Make it so," responded the colonel, with the greatest gravity, and the dinner proceeded. Nothing was said at the time, hut the navy officers tell the story.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Unappreciated.

Said the hride: "Here's my first hatch of hiscuit!
Just wait! From the oven I'll whiscuit."
How the poor woman cried
When her hubby replied:
"Let it hurn! I don't think I should riscuit!"
—*Philadelphia Press.*

As to Queer Names.

The man from Punxsutawney and the man from Kokomo
Discussed the Chinese troubles, and the first said, "Don't you know,
I think these Chinese names are queer enough to stop a clock."
"That's right," replied another man from fair Caucomgomoc.

The man from Kokomo observed, "By ginger! that's a fac'.
That's what my hrother says—he lives down here in Hackensack."
And still another stranger said the man's comment was true;
And added with a smile of pride, "My home's in Kal'mazoo."

Another man took up the strain, "Now, down Skowhegan way
And up at Ypsilanti we speak it every day.
The names are all uncivilized and heathen in their ring.
That's what I told my uncle yesterday in Ishpeming."

"Hohokus is my native town," another stranger said;
"And I think all these Chinese names the worst I ever read."
"Quite true," agreed a quiet man; "they're certainly uncanny.
That's what my neighbors all assert in Tail Holt, Indianny."
—*Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.*

The judge, a pompous and long-winded individual, was charging the jury. He was in the midst of an unusually long and tedious address when he suddenly noticed that one of the jurymen had fallen asleep. The indignation of his honor was houndless. Rapping sharply on his desk he awakened the slumherer, who seemed not at all ahashed at heing thus caught napping. After glaring at him angrily for a few moments the magistrate in his most sarcastic tone said: "So that's the way you attend to your duty, is it? You're a fine specimen to have on a jury. Do you think your opinion will he of any value when I send you out to determine the fate of this prisoner?" "Yes, sir," said the juryman quietly. "I think so." "Oh, you do, do you?" shouted the exasperated judge. "Pray, tell me, sir, how long have you been sleeping?" "I don't know, your honor," was the reply. "How long have you heen talking?"

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will he found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Harriet Allen and Mr. Marshall Williams took place Wednesday io Harrison, New York. Mr. Williams is the son of Mrs. E. G. Williams of San Jose and a hrother of Miss Margaret Williams.

The wedding of Mrs. Marion O. de Lappe and Mr. Robert D. Pike took place Tuesday. Mrs. de Lappe is the daughter of Mrs. M. B. Owens. Mr. Pike is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pike of Berkeley and a nephew of Mrs. George Barr Baker of New York, and the Messrs. Roy, Thomas, and Percy Pike.

The marriage of Miss Gertrude Williams, daugh ter of Mr. Gardner Williams, of California and Washingtoo, to Mr. Frederick DeCourcy Faust, whose engagement was announced last spring, will take place on Tuesday, November 28, in the home of the hride's father, Washington, D. C. Bishop Harding will officiate. There will he no attendants and only the relatives will attend, owing to the deep mourning of the hride's family for her mother, who met with such a tragic death last summer.

Invitations have heen issued hy Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger to a reception Tuesday evening, Novemher 21, at nine o'clock. The affair will he in honor of the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham, the dehutante daughters of Mrs. Folger.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page will give a reception at their home oo Broadway this afternoon, when their daughter, Miss Dorothy Page, will make her formal dehut.

Mrs. McKee Sherrard was hostess at a bridge-tea Wednesday at the Claremont Country Club in honor of Miss Theo. Spalding and Miss Carolyn Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin gave a dlinner Friday evening and later accompanied their guests to the charity hall.

Mr. Henry C. Hadley was given a reception Thursday evening at the Fairmont Hotel hy friends aod musical enthusiasts.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Stuart Baldwin entertained at a dinner to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton was hostess at a luncheon Monday at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Dorothy Boericke gave a tea Tuesday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Louise McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter entertained a numher of their friends at a dinner Sunday evening at their residence on California Street.

Miss Metha McMahon was hostess at a luncheon at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen.

Mrs. M. C. Porter gave a luncheon last week at the Hotel St. Francis, where she entertained a dozen friends.

Miss Maren Froelich, who has recently returned from an extended residence abroad, gave a reception Saturday at the Sequoia Club.

Miss Miriam McNear was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Miss Marie Louise Foster and Miss Minna Van Bergen.

Miss Marie Bullard gave a tea Wednesday in honor of Miss Lucy Harrison.

Mrs. George W. Beaver was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon in honor of her dehutante granddaughter, Miss Isahel Beaver.

Mrs. Russell Lukens gave a luncheon Sunday complimentary to Miss Ruth Winslow.

Mrs. Charles Blake gave a reception recently at her home in Piedmont in honor of Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., gave a dinner and theatre party complimentary to the Misses Josephine and Rosita Nieto of Mexico, who will spend the winter in this city.

Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Miss Jennie Crocker entertained twenty friends at a luncheon Saturday in Burlingame and with their guests motored to Palo Alto to attend the foothall game.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday in honor of Miss Grace Potter of New York.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin and her son, Mr. Peter Martin, entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening at a dinner which was followed hy a box party at the opera.

Mrs. George Sperry was hostess at a tea at her apartment on Hyde Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson gave a dinner recently at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker.

Mr. George H. Willcutt was host at a dinner in honor of Miss Antoinette Keyston and Mr. Otto Grau.

Mrs. Edward Howard gave a tea at her home in San Mateo complimentary to the Misses Emilie and Josephine Parrott, who recently arrived from abroad to visit their grandmother, Mrs. Ahhy Parrott.

Miss Lillian Whitney gave a tea last week in honor of Miss Louise McCormick.

Mrs. Samuel Blair entertained at a luncheon and bridge party complimentary to Mrs. Harry MacFarlane of Honolulu.

Mrs. Theodore Murphy (formerly Miss Marie Garneau of St. Louis) and Miss Clarisse Lucke will he the guests of honor at a tea to he given November 29 hy Mrs. Paul Kingston at her home on Vallejo Street.

Miss Louise McCormick gave a tea Thursday in honor of Miss Marian Crocker and Miss Dorothy Page.

Mr. and Mrs. Gay Lombard gave a dinner last week at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Josephine Johnson was hostess Wednesday evening at a dinner-dance at her home in Oakland. The affair was complimentary to Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen.

Miss Harriet Stone has issued invitations to a tea to be given Novemher 24 at her home on Vallejo Street in honor of Miss Madelaine Clay of Fruitvale.

Miss Edith Rucker has sent out cards for a tea on Novemher 22 in honor of Miss Metha MacMahon.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Fraser Douglas gave a dinner recently in honor of Captain Charles Stone, U. S. A., and Mrs. Stone, who have gone to Fort McPherson, Georgia, to reside indefinitely. Lieutenant Fisher, U. S. A., and Mrs. Fisher entertained at a bridge party complimentary to Captain Stone and Mrs. Stone, and Mr. John Hess was host at a dinner at the Bohemian Club i honor of Captain Stone.

Colonel John Wisser, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wisser gave a dinner in honor of Major Thomas Q. Ashhuro, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ashhurn, who have recently returned to the Presidio from a three months' visit in the East.

The Army and Navy Cluh gave a reception which was attended hy a large numher of guests from the posts around the Bay.

Miss Muir, who is visiting Captain George Grimes, U. S. A., and Mrs. Grimes, was the honored guest at a reception Saturday given at the Presidio.

Mrs. Benjamin Wade was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday in honor of Miss Muir.

Miss Grace Brown Wilson and Miss Margaret Earl Wilson were hostesses at a tea Thursday in honor of Miss Hannah Woodmao.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, and Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl were among those who gave dinners Friday eveniog preceding the charity hall.

Mr. and Mrs. George de Latour entertained a numher of friends at dinner Wednesday evening and with their guests atteoded the opera.

Mr. Frank Stimson entertained a numher of friends at an informal tea at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Marian Zeile will give a luncheon and theatre party today in honor of Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen and Miss Louise McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle will entertain a numher of friends this evening at a theatre and supper party.

Miss Marian Crocker will he hostess Monday evening at a dinner complimentary to Miss Louise McCormick.

The charity hall, which took place last evening at Scottish Rite Hall, proved a success both socially and financially. The affair was for the benefit of the Mount St. Joseph Orphanage.

The Daughters of the American Revolution gave a reception Tuesday afternoon at the home on Gough Street of Mrs. Charles P. Osgood.

David Bispham.

David Bispham, the most eminent operatic and concert haritone that America has produced, a man of exceptional personality, intelligence, and interpretative powers, and the man who has done more than any other for the advancement and encouragement of the American composer and for the use of the English language in singing, will again delight our music lovers with a series of song recitals, under the management of Will. L. Greenhaum.

Mr. Bispham's wonderful performances in the Wagner cycle with the Grau Opera Company at the old Grand Opera House are vividly remembered, as is also his portrayal of the rôle of Beckmesser in "Die Meistersinger," and it is this quality of dramatic inspiration which he knows just how to utilize on the concert platform that makes his recitals so different and so interesting.

Assisted by Mr. Henry M. Gilhert. pianist, Mr. Bispham will give his first recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, Decemher 3, and the second one week later. During the week he will appear at an afternoon concert at Ye Liherty Playhouse in Oakland.

It is likely that one evening concert will he arranged, the date of which will he announced later.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward de Laveaga has heen hrightened hy the advent of a daughter.

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The Paris Grand Opera Company.

Valencia Street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth, looks like Broadway, New York, nowadays, with its hright lights, lines of automobiles, and special street-cars, all hrought about hy the season of grand opera inaugurated at the Valencia Theatre hy M. Pierre Grazi of Paris and his local representative, Will L. Greenhaum. The hig company of over two hundred has proved to be capable of giving the kind of entertainment our puhlic was hungry for, and the success of the entire season seems assured.

This Friday night Halvey's masterpiece, "La Juive," will he given, with Mme. Vallemount as Rachel, Mme. Chamhellan as Eudoxia, M. de Garonne as Elazar, and M. Coiglio as the Cardinal.

At the Saturday matinée, "Les Huguenots" will he repeated, with the same all-star cast, excepting that Mme. Richardson will sing the rôle of Valentine. The performance will commence at two o'clock sharp.

Saturday night's attractive offering will be "Lakme," with Mme. Fregoleska, "the Roumanian Nightingale," in the name-rôle and the tenor, M. Ferrier, will make his dehut as the English officer, Gerald.

Sunday night another all-star performance of "Faust" will he given.

The repertory for the coming week is as follows: Monday night and Saturday matinée, "Lakme"; Tuesday night, "Les Huguenots"; Wednesday night, "La Juive"; Thursday night, great double hill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "La Navarraise" (the first time in this city); Friday night, "Faust," and Saturday night "Herodiade" (first time here).

"La Navarraise" is said to he to the French repertory what "Cavalleria" is to the Italian —one of those dramatic gems that reach the heart. The scene and characters are Spanish. It was one of Calvé's greatest successes. "Herodiade" is written on the Bihlical story of John the Baptist, Herod, and Salomé, and is considered hy many the greatest of the modern French works.

Seats for all the performances are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

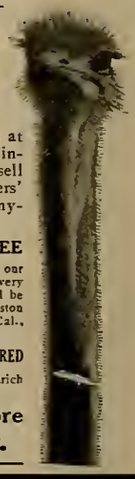
Both "La Navarraise" and "Herodiade" will he repeated the third week, and another hig production will he announced early in the season.

Special attention will he paid to country orders during the engagement of the Paris company.

Townley—Living in the country, I suppose you're something of a sportsman. *Subbubs*—I frequently go hunting cooks.—*Boston Transcript.*

Whoever Wins—No matter which side wins the hig foothall game on Nov. 11th, send her an appropriately decorated hox of Geo. Haas & Sons' candies. If her side wins it will he a heautiful souvenir, if the other side wins it will serve as a consolation offering. Four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. John Parrott and his daughters, the Misses Emilie and Josephine Parrott, have returned from a visit in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Henry Addison Alexander left Saturday for her home in New York after having spent the summer with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Antonio de Echeguren left Monday for their home in Mazatlan after having spent several months in this city.

Mrs. E. Dore and Mrs. Ruby Bond have closed their home in San Mateo and are occupying their town house on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Grace Potter is at present the guest of Mrs. McNutt Potter, with whom she has been spending the summer at Colorado Springs. Miss Potter arrived a few days ago from Salt Lake, where she has been visiting friends.

Mrs. George Edwards, Miss Margaret Edwards, and Miss Katherine Kaime, of Santa Barbara, have been spending a few days in town.

Miss Harriett Alexander spent the week-end in Menlo as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin and their daughter, Miss Lee Girvin, are established for the season at the Bellevue Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker (formerly Miss Natalie Hunt) moved to town Wednesday from Ross, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Green have come to town from San Mateo and are occupying an apartment on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. William S. Tevis returned to Bakersfield Sunday evening after having spent a few days in her town house.

Mrs. A. Mountenay Jephson, who has been here for the past two months, left Saturday for her home in London.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., have returned from the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hayne (formerly Miss Jane Selby) have arrived in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker (formerly Miss Mary Keeney) left New York yesterday and are expected home Tuesday. They will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Peter Martin has returned from a ten days' visit in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hood (formerly Miss Helen Sidney-Smith) are settled in their home on Chestnut Hill in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Edward Pringle and Miss Nina Pringle have closed their home in Santa Clara County and are occupying their town house on Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Walsh of San Rafael have rented the home on Larkin Street of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sperry.

Mrs. Arthur McArthur, Jr. (formerly Miss Mary McCalla), who for several years has resided in Washington, D. C., is at present visiting her sister, Mrs. Dudley Knox, in Philadelphia. Mrs. McCalla and Miss Lily McCalla are in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall spent the week-end at their country home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green and their son, Mr. Eldridge Green, have closed their home in San Mateo and are at the Hotel St. Francis for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lilburn Eyre have returned from Menlo and are occupying their town house on Sacramento Street.

Mr. Francis Burke-Roche left Thursday for New York after a week's visit in this city.

Mr. Wakefield Baker returned Monday from a six weeks' trip to London.

The Misses Ella and Isabelle O'Connor, who have been abroad for several years, are at present in Paris.

Mr. Wiliam B. Hopkins has gone to Honolulu for a few weeks' visit. During his absence Mrs. Hopkins will remain at the bome of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brayton.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Taft of Oakland have gone East to remain until the holidays.

Mrs. Walter S. Hobart, Mrs. Conrad Babcock, and Mrs. John Babcock have recently been enjoying a motor trip through Brittany.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott spent a few days in town with Mrs. Irving M. Scott at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Wellington Gregg, and Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker have returned from a trip to Merced.

Miss Innes Keeney spent the week-end in Menlo with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel and their daughters, the Misses Anita and Lupita Borel, will occupy their town house during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Weller Sefton have recently moved from San Diego to Los Angeles.

Mrs. John J. Brice and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Brice, who have been abroad for the past year, are expected home the middle of December.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney, Sr., have arrived from the East and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt, Mrs. Moffitt, and Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels spent the week-end at Sobra Vista, Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. Bergie B. Beckett (formerly Miss Lutie Collier) have returned from their wedding trip and are established in their apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin are established for the winter in their home on Clay Street.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. David Cohn and Miss Edith Cohn, who have been in Europe the past year, will return to the Fairmont Hotel about November 20.

Miss Nina Jones has gone East to spend several weeks with friends. She is at present in Akron, Ohio, where she is visiting Miss Mary Raymond.

Mrs. Lane-Leonard spent the week-end in Pleasanton as the guest of Mrs. Hearst.

Mr. Edward H. Bennett spent the week-end in San Mateo with Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn has returned to her home in Woodside after a three weeks' rest cure in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson have gone to New Orleans for a brief visit, after which they will be the guests of relatives in Savannah, Georgia.

Miss Marian Zeile and Miss Jeanne Gallois have recently been the guests of Miss Florence Hopkins at her home in Menlo.

Mrs. Beno Smith and her daughter, Miss Edith Smith, of South America, will spend the winter in this city. Mrs. Smith is a sister of Mrs. John Mailliard, Mrs. Horace Hellman, and the Messrs. Charles, George, Arthur, and William Page.

Miss Minna Van Bergen has returned from San Luis Obispo, where she has been visiting Miss Edith von Schroeder.

Mr. Cutler Page has returned from a tour of the world.

Mr. Horace Hill has returned to New York after a visit of several weeks in this city and the McCloud country.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carlton Mullen have recently been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Duncan.

Miss Laura McKinstry spent a few days last week at the country home in Woodside of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have returned from a brief visit in New York.

Admiral Kempff, U. S. N. (retired), and his daughter, Miss Cornelia Kempff, are at present in Washington, D. C. Miss Kempff will remain during the winter with Major John D. Myers, U. S. N., and Mrs. Myers (formerly Miss Alice Cutts of Mare Island).

Colonel Guy Edie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Edie are en route to Manila to reside indefinitely. During their stay in this city they were with Mrs. Edie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William I. Kip, at the Hotel Monroe.

Captain Loeb, U. S. A., and Mrs. Loeb arrived last Saturday from the Philippines.

Lieutenant-Commander T. Powers Symington, U. S. N., is visiting relatives in this city.

Captain William Montrose Parker, U. S. A., and Mrs. Parker have arrived from the East and will reside here indefinitely. They will soon be established in a home on Broadway.

Mrs. Silas Terry, widow of Admiral Terry, U. S. N., has gone to Italy to spend the winter with her daughter, Mme. Campario (formerly Miss Eleanor Terry), wife of Lieutenant Campario of the Italian army.

Ensign Henry Chalfant Gearing, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gearing (formerly Miss Lolita Burling) have returned from their wedding trip and are established in Coronado.

Dr. Wilhelm Bode, curator of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, who has come across the ocean from Berlin to visit a number of American art galleries, is one of the best-known critics in Europe. Two years ago he raised a storm about his head by purchasing for $40,000 a wax bust which, he said, was the work of Leonardo da Vinci. Others attributed the bust to Lucas, an Englishman, and there was a great rumpus in the German and English newspapers. Dr. Bode stood by his guns, however, and finally the Diet appropriated money to pay for the purchase.

Jan Kuhelik, the wizard of the bow, and the most sensationally brilliant violinist living, will give his first concert in this city this season on Sunday afternoon, December 17. Mr. Kuhelik will spend the Christmas holidays in California taking a quiet vacation and enjoying the climate. He will resume his tour immediately after Christmas.

The home in Washington, D. C., of Major B. F. Cheatham, U. S. A., and Mrs. Cheatham has been brightened by the advent of a daughter. Mrs. Cheatham is the daughter of Mrs. James Denman and sister of Mr. William Denman, of this city.



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CURRENT VERSE.

The Gift.

I wish you joy of this and that:
The new look from a path's quick turn,
The sunshine on the long home street,
The unexpected fern.

I wish you power to draw delight
Because a bough blows so—or so;
To love to walk within the wind
Or in the thick, slow snow.

I wish you joy of everything—
Of all the living, singing lands
And of the smiling, sleeping sky
That no one understands.

Take these, Dear Babe, and then I pray
A magic for you—here's a part:
The blessedness of being near
The wild, glad, aching human heart.
—Zona Gale, in the Delineator.

Indian Summer.

It was a day of tender haze
That shrouded half the earth.
Along the leafy woodland ways
Awoke no sound of mirth.

There was a silence in the air
That breathed upon the dust
And made the grasses tall and fair,
And all the flowers august.

A magic not of light or shade
Was laid upon the stream.
And every nook in glen and glade
Was steeped as in a dream.

A mystery held the skies in thrall,
And no wind loosed its breath;
Hushed nature dreamed, while over all
There slept the peace of death.
—Edward Wilbur Mason in the Craftsman.

The Comrade.

Be thou young, I will romp with thee,
Sun up, sun high, sun down, stars;
Be thou old, I will lean with thee,
Cackling over the cattle-bars.

Be thou sad, I will weep with thee:
Tears are water, and, mingled, dry.
Be thou glad, I will laugh with thee.
Mirth is maddest when two are by.

Be thou lone, I will come to thee:
Twaining hearts make dearth of woe.
Be thou ill, I will sit by thee,
And bid thy devil quickly go.

Be thou living, I'll live with thee,
Strong in waking and warm in sleep.
Be thou dead, I will lie with thee
Under the cedars, cold and deep.
—Richard Wightman, in Century Magazine.

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Santa Fe

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Customer—What have you in the shape of oranges? *Grocer*—Well, we have baseballs.—*Harlem Life.*

"Yes, it's a poor country. None of us has a sou in the winter." "How do you live then?" "We lend each other a little."—*Journal Amusant.*

Figg—Well, how do you like having a place in the country? Hasn't the exercise done you good? *Fogg*—Yes, and so has the real estate agent.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Your husband seems less careworn than formerly." "Yes; now that the baseball season is over, he hasn't anything but his business to worry him."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Citizen—Say, officer, there's a riot going on in the flat building over there. *Officer*—That's nothing. It only some installment men collecting the easy payments on the furniture.—*New York Globe.*

"Aren't you afraid that stenographer will divulge some of your business secrets?" "No," said Mr. Growcher. "I'm safe on that point. I've got one who can't read her own notes."—*Washington Star.*

"Yes, Johnny's doing nicely at school," Mrs. Lapsling said, "and he remembers everything he learns, especially in history. He told me the story the other day about Alexander cutting the accordion knot."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mrs. Kaller—Cooks are such ignorant things nowadays. *Mrs. Justwed*—Aren't they? They can't do the simplest things. I asked mine to make some sweetbreads the other day and she said she couldn't.—*Washington Star.*

Lord Luffingham (warmly)—The blawsted Commoners will soon have us out of business entirely, bah Jove! What? *Lord Punleigh*—Ya-as, hab Jove! We'll soon—ha, ha, ha!—be nothing but recreation peers, y' know!—*Puck.*

He (rejected)—Then you regard me merely as a summer lover, a convenient escort to excursions and picnics? *She*—That's about the case, George. I have looked upon you as a lover in the picnickian sense only.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I was out in the woods hunting yesterday and I shot a man who was wearing one of these fuzzy hats." "Well?" "I am afraid people may think I did it intentionally." "Afraid? Why, man, if they think that, you will get all the more credit."—*Houston Post.*

"George," she asked, "if we were both young and single again would you want me to be your wife?" "Now, my dear," he absent-mindedly replied, "what's the use of trying to start a quarrel just as we have settled down to enjoy a quiet evening?"—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Contractor—I wish to get a permit to dig up the pavement on Main Street. "Why, we can't give you that. There isn't any pavement in Main Street." "I know; but I want the permit so that we can dig up the pavement as soon as there is one."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Joe—How are you, old man? *Arthur*—Got a beastly cold, y'know. *Joe*—Hard luck, bah Jove. Been going out in the cold without your monocle? *Arthur*—No. Called on Henery at his house, and that wretched dog of his persisted in wagging his tail and creating a draught.—*Tit-Bits.*

Patience—This paper says that the French language is more suitable for use when telephoning than the English has been discovered since London and Paris were linked by telephone. *Patrice*—Why, that's ridiculous! I had a Frenchman telephone one day, and I couldn't understand a word he said!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"And how is your excellent son, the divinity student. He graduated from the theological academy about a year ago, I believe?" "Yes, just a year ago. And he's doing so well! They pay him a wonderfully large salary and next year he's to get more." "Indeed! That's very unusual. Perhaps it is his excellent delivery that nets him the large emolument." "Yes, that's it. He's one of the pitchers in the big league."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the county clerk of said city and county.

The People of the State of California send greeting to: CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed thereto within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this city and county; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BUSH FINNELL, Attorney for Plaintiff, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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More Trouble in Mexico.

A few days ago we were assured by President Madero that the last embers of resistance were flickering out and that he was about to take his place at the head of a united and satisfied people. Why President Madero should have gone out of his way to make an announcement as incredible as it was unsolicited may be left to conjecture. There are some people who seem to be irresistibly tempted to assert the things that are not so, and if Madero actually believed his own words he must be less well informed upon events than the meanest peon upon the frontier. Certainly there was never a statement more quickly falsified. At the very moment when a few shallow-witted newspapers to whom a revolution means the millennium are exulting in what they humorously suppose to be a new democracy comes the news that the situation is now quite as dangerous as during the struggle against Diaz. It is obvious enough that the news is not mere sensationalism. The United States government does not act upon newspaper canards, and the government deems the situation serious enough to justify the arrest of General Reyes and a new disposition of the American forces upon this side of the frontier. Madero himself seems to be equally alive to the danger since a Mexican army is also on its way northward. So much for the tranquillity that was to follow the rule of right and reason as personified by Madero.

It goes without saying that the Mexicans are disappointed with their revolution. Obviously it has done none of the things that they thought it would do. Where we find that masses of a wholly ignorant, illiterate, and almost barbarous people are persuaded into rebellion we need hardly inquire into the nature of the inducements offered to them. The only inducements they know are money, food, and idleness. Those who suppose that the average Mexican went to war in defense of the abstract rights of man as laid down by Rousseau or Tom Paine or because Diaz had exceeded his constitutional rights must be singularly verdant. The average Mexican went to war because of some fuddled belief that he would thereby have more bullfights, more to eat and drink, and more chances for the *dolce far niente*. He has had none of these delights, and in his disappointment he seems ready to fight again. The only thing that he has a slight chance to get is a vote, and as he never before heard of a vote he may be exeused for his lack of enthusiasm. The one obvious result of his exertions is the substitution of Madero for Diaz, a result satisfactory enough to Madero and to his followers, but to no one else except the aforesaid verdant newspaper writers, who are always ready to hail new tyrants at home and abroad so long as they wear the correct label.

The Terror at Los Angeles.

There is no alleviation of the situation in Los Angeles, no abatement of the frenzy of dread lest a Socialist shall occupy the mayor's ehair. Such a fluttering in the dovecotes was never before seen in a eity that has prided itself upon a prim and proper demeanor and whose citizens have been inclined to thank God too audibly that they are not as other men. And yet we should like to believe that the southern metropolis is not quite in such desperate straits as its newspapers would have us believe. It may be possible to hope that even the election of Mr. Harriman would not be followed by the scenes of carnage that some hysterical scribes are able so clearly to foresee. The ravings of the agitators, we are told, are too horrible to be reported, but we are allowed to understand that their text is "kill, burn, destroy." The only hope of salvation from a state of murderous anarchy is in the election of Mr. Alexander. The election of Mr. Harriman, on the other hand, would be the signal for red-handed chaos and those who eseaped with the confiscation of their property would be the fortunate ones. It is too dreadful to contemplate.

It is just as well that Los Angeles should face whatever possibilities the future may have in store for us. At the present moment it is quite upon the eards that Mr. Harriman may be elected. The vote of the women at which the anti-Socialists are clutching so desperately and often so inconsistently, is just as likely to go one way as the other. Indeed we may believe that the wives and the sisters of the Socialists are more likely to go to the polls than are the wives and sisters of clergymen, merchants, or stockholders, while the woman Socialist is probably a far more effective canvasser among the people of her own class than the woman who is only half freed from the conventions of the day and by no means satisfied as to the propriety of her unusual political activities. But the election of Mr. Harriman will mean none of the terrible things that are foreshadowed. The most noticeable demerit of a Socialist administration is its deadly dullness and its stifling atmosphere of political piety, and this should prove not wholly uncongenial to Los Angeles. In addition to its dullness and its piety a Harriman administration would probably try its hand at municipal ownership of various kinds and it might even establish relief works for the unemployed, which the unemployed would studiously avoid through a preference for unemployment. These things would act slowly to the detriment of the city's finances and credit and presently there would be another election and that would be the end of it. Nothing worse is to be apprehended. There would be no carnage, no pillage, no anarchy, and it may be said that those who talk of such things are making themselves ridiculous and are doing the best possible service to Mr. Harriman. The real mischief has been done already. Whatever may be the result of the election, the ineffaceable fact remains that Mr. Harriman, a Socialist, received at the primary more votes than any other candidate. By a feverish whipping and spurring it may be possible to prevent his election, but it is not possible to wipe out the record of the fact that more people voted at the primary for Mr. Harriman than for any one else.

And it is not surprising that they should. Nothing is surprising in a community that will vote for twenty-one constitutional amendments, including one for the judiciary recall, and that is ready to vote for anything at the bidding of a demagogue with a glib tongue. The so-called progressive reformers have no monopoly of glib tongues, they have no corner in demagogery. It is they who taught the Socialists how to appeal to popular cupidity and how to lash discontent into a brute fury. It is they who first stigmatized the possession of wealth as a crime and who led the initial assault of the have-nots upon the haves. They can not expect to define the precise limits of the confiscatory policies that they advocated. It is they, moreover, who preached the new democracy, who saturated the electorate with the mischievous idea that every popular whim, every passing passion and prejudice must be carried forthwith into law, no matter what wholesome restraints and prudences may be destroyed in the process. That the conservative elements of the community should be distressed at the vagaries of Los Angeles is natural enough, but that the self-appointed reformers should hold up their hands in horror is a mark of stupidity or impudence, and probably of both. The triumph of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Lissner made inevitable the victory of Mr. Harriman, just as Mr. Harriman's victory makes possible other excesses as yet undisclosed. We can not knock a stone out of a reservoir dam and expect to dole out the water in a cup. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Lissner have appealed to the forces of greed and cupidity that it is the mission of statecraft to soothe and to control. We must necessarily believe that the storm will subside in time, but before then we may have some experiences that will make Mr. Harriman's success look like an unconsidered trifle.

The Tripoli Situation.

The suppression of news from Tripoli is so complete that we are on the way to forget the existence of war. From Rome and from Constantinople come a few stercotyped official reports of victories that have about as much value as the paper that they are written on. No unofficial news is allowed to pass through Tripoli, and as this is due to the Italian censorship we may assume that the unofficial news is of an adverse kind. The latest communication is a formal denial of the stories of atrocities committed upon Arab non-combatants by Italian soldiers. It is so little conclusive that it will satisfy no one and can not be weighed for a moment against the positive statements of many disinterested eye-witnesses. It may be perfectly true that the Arabs used explosive bullets and that they mutilated the bodies of the dead. Arabs usually do. But if atrocities are to be answered by atrocities, what becomes of Italy's claim that she is waging a war of civilization against barbarism? In any case the [illegible] is a preposterous one. The charge of bar[illegible]ties

against those who have deliberately made war without even a formal recognition of the international organization whose mission it is to prevent war. If Italy is a champion of Christendom then it may be said that her championship is disowned by the whole Christian world that has ceased to regard a difference in religion as an excuse for unprovoked rapine and murder.

Italy herself can hardly look upon the situation with equanimity. It is said that the resistance of the Arabs has taken her completely by surprise. She supposed that she would have no other enemy than a feeble Turkish garrison that was beyond the reach of aid since Turkey has no ships to carry her troops nor a right of way for her army through Egypt. But the Arabs are in a very different position. They are at home in the vast and treacherous deserts of North Africa and they have the incalculable forces of religious fanaticism to sustain them. No one knows what aid they may get from Egypt, Tunis, and the Soudan, and it is an aid that is independent of commissariat and free from all the disabilities that attend the movements of white armies. It is likely enough that Italy can hold the city of Tripoli, but it is of no value to her while the country behind is in the holding of hordes of the fiercest fighters upon earth. And to conquer the desert seems an almost hopeless task.

The struggle would be bad enough if it were to remain within its present confines, but there is good reason to fear that it will not. King George of Greece has not the reputation of an alarmist, and moreover he has no reason to love the Turks, but he speaks of the Italian aggression as constituting a "world danger so grave that the consequences can not even be speculated upon." He says that the world is in danger of a universal holy war "when Islam will rise up en masse with the one purpose of exterminating the Christians." It is by no means a new idea, and it has been usually held by the well-informed rather than by the ignorant. There are no national boundaries nor national interests where Islam is concerned. A common faith has produced a solidarity not to be found elsewhere, as England has discovered more than once when she has been compelled to invoke the aid of the Sultan of Turkey in discouraging rebellious movements in India. We may hope that the situation in Tripoli will not assume a purely religious aspect and that the dangers suggested by King George will be avoided. But it is obvious that they exist and that they are of a portentous magnitude.

The McNamara Jury.

Five hundred veniremen have now been examined in the effort to find a jury for the McNamara trial at Los Angeles. The net result is five sworn jurors and two talesmen passed by both sides. It is said now that the judge is making special efforts to hasten the proceedings, and it is hoped that the five hundred names still remaining upon the list will include those of some half-dozen men competent to decide upon a question of fact and honest enough to state their decision. If this result should be attained it will mean that out of a thousand citizens selected at random only twelve could be trusted by both sides to act with elementary decency in a matter involving human lives. Even the most censorious of foreign critics never yet ventured to make such a stricture upon national honesty as is implied by such discreditable proceedings. And they are not confined to Los Angeles. We had a similar debauch in San Francisco during the graft trials, when the number of veniremen ran into the thousands. It is the same all over the country. Wherever there is an important trial or one that appeals to sentiment we have this same abominable assumption that the average citizen will hand over an innocent man to death or a guilty man to freedom in response to his own personal prejudices or spites. If this trial had been held in any other country in civilization a competent jury would have been found in half an hour and the trial would have been finished in a week or two after the first sitting of the court. It is only in America that the American citizen is assumed to be incapable or a rogue.

Mr. Clarence Darrow disclosed the true inwardness of the legal attitude when he said, "If we can find twelve fair-minded men among the talesmen now being examined we will accept them without exhausting our twenty peremptory challenges." As an illustration of magnanimity this is a grievous failure. Why should not Mr. Darrow accept twelve fair-minded men without driving them from the box by peremptory challenges? It might be supposed that Mr. Darrow was in court for that very purpose, that the court itself was sitting for that very purpose rather than for the exhaustion of every known method to delay the proceedings and to make a mockery of justice. Mr. Darrow and his opponents are well aware that they could have selected an irreproachable jury from the first twenty men that presented themselves, a jury of intelligence and of honesty, but then there would have been a correspondingly less opportunity for self-display.

Socialism and the Unions.

Reports of the Labor Union Congress at Atlanta seem to show the presence of a strong Socialist contingent that is by no means afraid to put its policies to the vote and to challenge the supremacy of Mr. Gompers. In fact it would seem that Labor Unionism is exposed to the same process of fission into conservatism and radicalism that is to be found elsewhere. The more extreme among its members are open advocates of an alliance with Socialism. The more moderate are unwilling to see the introduction of vast economic theories that have no immediate or exclusive bearing upon their condition. The conflict is becoming more and more sharply drawn, and if we may judge from the present tendency of events elsewhere we may predict a more or less speedy victory for the extremists. In other words, there is likely to be an alliance between Socialism and Labor Unionism, and this will be a prelude to the swallowing of the latter by the former. And an indigestible morsel it is likely to be.

It is hard to see what Socialism expects to gain by holding out the olive branch to Labor Unionism. Either Labor Unionism must abandon many of its cardinal principles and practices, or Socialism must be prepared to stand sponsor for much that will be abhorrent to its best membership. Socialism has at least the pretense of an ethical platform. It appeals for and against certain measures on the broad ground that they are right or wrong. It talks of human brotherhood, and its avowed hope is to obtain some sort of economic expression of human brotherhood. But all this is an unknown language to the masses of Labor Unionism. Their only platform is the "dinner pail," they are absolutely insensible to ethical claims, and, so far as their unionism is concerned, they have no conception of right and wrong. The whole unionist policy is a frankly sordid one. Every public question is measured with the yardstick of the wage scale and the working day.

Now if Socialism is to be identified with this sort of thing it will lose all the ethical support that is now so valuable a part of its membership. Thousands of its adherents have been attracted to it because it seems to indicate some beautiful possibilities of human brotherhood and a law of fraternity that shall supplant the law of teeth and claws. There are comparatively few avowed Socialists who have any adequate conception of economics, but there are thousands who believe that in some way it will mitigate the social injustices of the day, that in some way it will protect those whom no one now protects and who can not protect themselves. That such people are doomed to disappointment is not the question. They believe that Socialism will do these things, and because they believe it they call themselves Socialists. They are attracted by ethics rather than by economics. But what will they say if they find that Socialism has committed itself, even in semblance, to a labor union policy of brutal cruelty? Is it a part of Socialism to say that vast numbers of young men shall be debarred from the mechanical trades and shall be forced into hoboism and crime because apprenticeship has been limited? Is it a part of Socialism to assert that seven out of eight of the working men of this country ought to be debarred from earning a living because they are not members of a union that in many cases refuses to receive them? Can Socialism afford to ally itself with a caste that makes war upon the poor and the unfortunate, that selects a small minority of the community and demands for it special privileges, special immunities, and special rights at the cost of the majority? It is hard to see how Socialism can do any of these things without abrogating those very ethical principles that exercise the strongest hold upon unreflecting benevolence. An alliance might indeed produce a momentary inflation of the Socialist vote, but it would be a dearly bought gain. It would be followed by an alienation of all those who now attach themselves to Socialism because they believe that it stands for some sort of a moral ideal, some kind of an effort to realize the forces of justice and brotherhood. Perhaps it is just as well that it should be so if Socialism is indeed capable of allying itself with Labor Unionism without demanding that its new consort shall first recant the cruelties and the violences that it has committed.

If the heart of Socialism is indeed attuned to Labor Unionism it is as well that we should know it. But it might be thought that Socialism would be too shrewd to ally itself with a doomed cause or indeed with any organization that would compel it to appear as the champion of special and narrow interests and as the oppressor of disability and misfortune. The enemies of Socialism could wish for nothing better. And it is evident that current events are pointing that way and that Socialism is likely to rid itself of an uncomfortable cargo of moral "notions." At the same time it will rid itself of all those decent elements that have been beguiled by specious pretenses.

The Roman Conclave.

A universal regret and one wholly unaffected by religious bias will follow the unofficial announcement from Rome that the Pope's tenure of life is now so frail that some definite recognition of future necessities can no longer be postponed. The figure of Pius X has been one of an almost pathetic dignity. It has represented the sovereignty of a benign virtue, it has proved the unquestioned precedence that must always be accorded, as it always has been accorded, to the spiritual faculties over the purely intellectual.

If it were possible to look into the heart of the venerable Pontiff we may well believe that we should find there a sentiment of wearied toleration of the political forces that have already begun to move in the atmosphere of the Vatican. To him they must seem of the earth earthy and very far removed from the kingdom not of this world that to his vision is the supreme reality. Hardly without sorrow can he view the sudden invasion of policies and diplomacies, the subtle movements toward priority, the anxious calculation of parties, the weighing and measuring of popularities and followings, the estimating of influences, the checking and balancing of powers and principalities.

There has been no modern precedent for the simultaneous creation of seventeen new cardinals, of whom twelve are foreigners. There will be sixty-three members of the coming consistory, and of these only thirty-four will be Italians, a majority narrow enough even for practical purposes, and strangely at variance with the unwritten rule that two-thirds of the consistory shall be Italian. Such a situation brings within sight some strange possibilities. It is many a long year since a foreigner has been suggested for the Papacy, but there is no reason why it should not be done at any time. If all the foreign cardinals should vote for one of their own number, and if they could persuade one-third of the Italian cardinals to join them—by no means impossible—they would at once have the two-thirds majority necessary to their purpose. Moreover, it is to be remembered that five of the existing Italian cardinals are over eighty years of age and can hardly count with certainty upon participation in the conclave. The situation in many ways is an unusual one, so unusual that the grouping of interests and the weighing of possibilities have been hastened and accentuated.

Some of these political processes, necessary though they may be, seem ill consonant with the ideals of a spiritual organization. The marked increase among the foreign cardinals is said to be due to a determination to bar Cardinal Rampolla from the Papacy, a determination that is, perhaps, natural enough and in the interests of the church. The two Austrian cardinals are supposed to owe their good fortune to the nomination of the emperor, whose peremptory action during the last conclave is said to have resulted in the choice of the present Pope. Mgr. Vico is now the Nuncio to the court of Spain, and as he must leave Madrid to take up his new dutics the appointment may be intended as a rebuke to Spain by leaving the position indefinitely vacant. Archbishop Ireland has been overlooked because his chief friends at Rome are Cardinals Rampolla and Vannutelli, and both are in disfavor, the former because of his supposedly subtle ambitions and the latter because of an indiscreet speech directed against the Turks. It is also suggested that Archbishop Ireland is being made to suffer for an Americanism which is misunderstood as approximating to modernism. Other appointments to the cardinalate are ascribed to anti-modernist zeal and still others to pure opportunism.

We may well hope that some measure of renewed vitality on the part of the Pope may delay indefinitely the conclave that seems now to be in the near future.

Whenever it is held it is likely to be of extraordinary importance. It seems too much to hope that the choice of the next conclave can fall upon any man who will relax the intensity of an expectant gaze upon the temporal power which has done more than all other forces combined to bar the church from the position of world-wide spiritual leadership to which it might otherwise aspire. Such a vision is an alluring and even a sublime one, the vision of a vast organization using its incalculable powers for the persuasion of humanity into virtue and peace and careless of the transitory dignities that belong to temporal affairs. Such a church would inspire a new and an immense enthusiasm, and it might well expect that all other things would be added unto it. It seems also too much to hope for the choice of any man who will widen the frontiers of intellectual speculation and broaden the mental base upon which the edifice of faith may legitimately be reared. None the less these things will be done with the concurrence or against the opposition of the church. It is the church alone that will profit or lose. But we may at least hope, and with some confidence, that the successor to Pius X will be a man of like dignity and one whose spiritual exaltation will carry him into the region where all political asperities and temporal ambitions are assuaged by perpetual benevolence and by direct vision.

The Extra Session.

Governor Johnson may express an expectation that the special session of the legislature will finish its labors before the holidays, but there is only one way in which such a result can possibly be achieved. If the various measures outlined by him are already in definite form and if the legislature is willing to express its approval without debate and by what is known as the rubber-stamp method, then indeed the time limit is a not unreasonable one. But if the legislature should remember that it is a deliberative body and that it must bear the responsibility for its own acts, it can hardly expect to finish its labors by Christmas, although it might get through by the Christmas of 1912. Between November 27 and the holidays there are twenty-three working days, including Saturdays, when legislative fancies lightly turn to thoughts of home, or other things. The governor's call contains twenty-six provisions, so that it is evident that somewhat less than a day apiece is considered sufficient for these twenty-six reforms. Possibly such trifling matters as the presidential primary and the reapportionment of the state could be disposed of in a morning and afternoon session, and the definition of the powers of the railroad commission could be taken immediately after prayers on the following day. In fact all the trivialities mentioned, as well as those connected with reclamation, taxation, schools, municipal government, highways, city charters, the building and loan commissions and inebriates should be swept out of the way in a few hours. The road would then be clear for the really important work of the session, which is the cobbling and the tinkering of the constitutional amendments. A free, intelligent, and self-governing community, having solemnly adopted these amendments, has a right to know what they are and what they are expected to do. What they will actually do is another matter, and there is no need to meet trouble half way.

To present such a programme as this and to ask that it be completed in three working weeks is nothing less than a piece of audacity. If the legislature actually obeys its implied orders it will reduce itself to the level of an automatic machine and it will lay up for itself a store of retribution against the day when the community once more asserts its right to stop, look, and listen. That such a demand should be made upon it is proof of the extent to which voters have allowed themselves to abandon the principles of representative government and to allow their affairs to pass into the hands of a dictator. Until a few days ago the average voter had hardly even heard of more than half of these twenty-six proposals. They are now announced for settlement by a legislature that is to meet in four days after such announcement and that is expected to legislate upon all of them within three weeks. If this sort of government is neither representative or democratic it may be said to bear a striking resemblance to the crudest form of boss control.

It is to be feared that the legislature is hardly likely to resent its reduction to the status of a registering machine. Having passed twenty-one constitutional amendments in less time than it would take a back street grocer to organize his store, it is hardly likely even to read over any other propositions submitted to it. Recollecting its procedure with the amendments, it will have no difficulty in realizing the hideous chaos that resulted, a chaos only partially indicated by a mutinous secretary of state who was at his wits' end to know what had been passed and what had not been passed. We may assume that every one of the twenty-six proposals will be accepted *nemine contradicente*, no matter whether they are directed to cleaning up the mess of the last session or whether they constitute entirely new legislation. The period of repentance will come later, when their meaning has been impressed by ruinous consequences, both financial and political.

Editorial Notes.

These are hard days for the American women who have paid liberally for continental titles. For example, the case of Gladys Vanderbilt, who for all her titled husband and for all her American dollars can not get herself presented at the Austrian court, because she does not represent three generations of aristocratic lineage according to Austrian standards. Now comes another sad case, that of Anita Stewart, who some two years ago married Dom Miguel of Braganza. The Braganzas are not just now on the crest of the wave, but they hold a certain place all the same, and only the other day the Princess Zita, of Parma-Bourbon, was married to the young Archduke Charles Francis of Austria. It might have been supposed, and indeed it was expected, that Dom Miguel and his American wife would at least be invited to the wedding. But not so. It appears that Dom Miguel since he married a plebeian wife and went into trade—he is doing something in the stock-brokering line in London—is no longer regarded in his hereditary dignities, at least from a social point of view. Perhaps it might have been otherwise if Miss Stewart's family had had the "common decency" according to royal logic of paying his many debts. They have neglected to do this, and so have lost whatever chance they may ever have had to get even a look-in on the charmed circle of royalty, or even near-royalty.

Logical discussion is not exactly Mr. Roosevelt's strong point. Something convincing and conclusive like a college yell is somewhat more in his line, but he never showed himself to worse advantage than in his persistent assaults upon the arbitration treaties. He finds in the Chinese revolution an unanswerable argument against Mr. Taft's humanitarian proposals, but unfortunately he fails to show us the connection between the turmoil in China and a sober agreement between the three leading nations of the world. He might as well tell us that boards of commercial adjudication are doomed to failure because armed policemen are still needed in the Bowery, or that an agreement between individuals to talk over any difficulties that may arise between them can have no good results unless they are ready to cut each other's throats upon due provocation.

Mr. Rolph, the mayor-elect of San Francisco, has allowed it to be known that he has neither made any appointments nor negotiated for the making of them and that he will do neither the one nor the other until he takes office. That is as it should be. It is an assurance that there has been none of the huckstering, bartering, and bargaining that are usually such discreditable features of a municipal contest. It may be said, moreover, that it speaks volumes for the new mayor's strength of character. It is no small matter to resist the importunities and the beseechings of the would-be office-holder who can see nothing and think of nothing but his own reward. If Mr. Rolph will carry the same stiff back through his term of office San Francisco is not likely to have much to complain of.

Mr. Balfour's resignation from the leadership of the Conservative party in England will have the effect of removing an irreproachable figure from the stage of public life. There are not so many of them that we can view the loss without regret. The tendency of political life is not toward the finer mental virtues, and Mr. Balfour belonged to the nearly extinct race of statesmen who kept themselves immaculate from all the grosser aspects of their profession. In the most heated controversy he was always a thinker and a philosopher, abhorring personalities, and with a dignity that never failed him because it was a part of his nature. Mr. Balfour was a type of the aristocratic Englishman to whom politics appealed as a duty, as a debt to the nation. The same may be said of his uncle, Lord Salisbury. Of ample means, beset by all the elegant temptations that surround the scholar and the scientist, both uncle and nephew devoted all the best years of their lives to the treadmill of exacting public duty and of vast responsibilities. Lord Salisbury was practically in harness when he died, and no one will blame Mr. Balfour if he reserves the twilight of his life for the mental pursuits that he has denied himself so long. The pity of it is that there seems to be no one of the same calibre who can succeed him.

Pulitzer Prizes for Writers.

Under the will of the late Joseph Pulitzer, the journalist, the executors are required to make provision for the following prizes and scholarships, which shall be awarded or paid annually or otherwise, as designated:

Annually, for the best and most suggestive paper on the future development and improvement of the school of journalism, or for any one idea that will promise great improvement in the operation of the school, $1000.

Annually, for the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by any American newspaper during the year, a gold medal costing $500.

Annually, for the best history of the services rendered to the public by the American press during the preceding year, $1000.

Five annual traveling scholarships of $1500 each, to be awarded as follows:

Three to three different graduates respectively of the school of journalism who shall have passed their examinations with the highest honor and are otherwise most deserving, to enable each of them to spend a year in Europe to study the social, political, and moral conditions of the people and the character and principles of the European press.

One to the student of music in America whom the advisory board shall deem the most talented and deserving in order that he may continue his studies with the advantage of European instruction.

Another to an art student in America who shall be certified to the advisory board by the Society of American Artists as the most promising and deserving; or, if none be certified, then as the advisory board may select, in order that he may continue his studies in Europe.

Annually, for the best editorial article written during the year, the test of excellence being clearness of style, moral purpose, sound reasoning, and power to influence public opinion in the right direction, $500.

Annually, for the best example of reporter's work during the year, the test being strict accuracy, terseness, the accomplishment of some public good commanding public attention and respect, $1000.

Annually, for the American novel published during the year which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood, $1000.

Annually, for the original American play performed in New York which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste, and good manners, $1000.

Annually, for the best book of the year upon the history of the United States, $2000.

Annually, for the best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people, illustrated by an eminent example excluding, as too obvious, the names of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, $1000.

If in any year no book, play, or other subject of competition submitted for prizes shall be deemed of sufficient excellence by the advisory board, consisting of the president of Columbia, the Board of Education, and the Press Publishing Company, the amounts of the prizes not awarded are to be added to the sums offered in succeeding years.

The silencer for firearms invented by Hiram Percy Maxim appears to have proved itself a practical proposition and to be growing in use. It is reported from Hartford that a special market has been found for it among target shooters and that shipments are being "made all over the world, recent ones being to the Fiji Islands," etc. There is a sinister connotation to mention of silencers in the Fiji Islands which recalls the fears which were expressed when the invention was first made public that it would lend itself to target practice on human beings. But, however the use of the invention may develop in connection with firearms, it is at least comforting to learn that a silencer for motor-boats and motorcycles has also been invented and that preparation for its manufacture in quantity are now under way. It would be a boon of consequence if the principle could be extended to include a thousand disturbing noises.

In the Culebra cut at Panama the workmen were surprised to come upon two crocodiles, the first to be found in Central America for many generations. Each was about fifteen feet long and each had seven full sets of teeth on the upper and lower jaws. Such dental equipment is supposed to indicate an age reaching into many centuries. Both are now on their way to the National Museum at Washington.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The Turkish correspondent of an important English newspaper draws a lugubrious picture of the state of affairs since the Young Turks "abolished tyranny" and founded a constitution to take the place of despotic rule. The penal code, he says, has been abrogated and martial law has taken its place. All freedom of speech has been crushed and all assemblages forbidden. Obnoxious persons are assassinated and justice denied to whole communities. The parliament is a farce and all practical power lies in the hands of a secret council which enforces its decrees by bayonets. And yet we are still asked to admire the march of liberty and to rejoice at the overthrow of despotism. But there is nothing strange in all this. On a smaller scale we have the same state of things wherever "reform" has succeeded in overthrowing ancient iniquities. The worst of tyrannies may flourish if it only label itself as a new liberty, and no man is quite so contemptuous of freedom and of law as those who reach power by the championship of freedom and of law. Mexico, Portugal, and Turkey were once beaten with whips, and now their liberators are beating them with scorpions.

The republic of Colombia has ordered that a new history be prepared for the use of the public schools, and the director-general of education has ruled that its use is compulsory. The main feature of the new history is a complete narrative of the events leading to the secession of Panama, a narrative that does not mince words in imputing the blame. The United States is accused of "criminal intent," incited and fostered by "criminals of the vilest type," and Mr. Roosevelt is described as the "soul of the conspiracy." Possibly the sentiments inculcated into the children of Colombia are not of great importance, and yet it seems a pity that any nation should be stirred so deeply as to teach the gospel of hate in its schools.

The decision that no elephants shall be employed in the procession when King George enters Delhi has raised some comment among Hindus as well as Mohammedans as a departure from immemorial custom. But a learned Munshi now comes forward to defend the exclusion of the sacred animal. Apart from the size of the elephant and the disorder likely to follow any uuruliness upon his part, it seems that there are reasons why he should be kept in his stable upon the coming occasion. The native driver of the elephant has to turn his back upon royalty, which is a dreadful thing to contemplate. In order to mitigate the sacrilege so far as possible the driver must be a Brahmin or a Syed, and a man of pronounced holiness, in point of fact a bishop. Now the elephant is so little used that it would be quite hard to find a driver with the necessary amount of holiness and who is always sufficiently skilled in the ways peculiar to the elephant. Therefore it would be better to have no elephant at all. Even in Western countries, where education has reached its highest development, it would be no easy matter to find a bishop who was also entirely reliable as an elephant driver. To expose the king either to a lack of holiness or of skill would be an evil augury for an auspicious occasion.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, describing the favorable attitude of the English mind toward Home Rule, says that the Irish orators are heard with bated breath and sometimes with tears. If Englishmen have actually taken to weeping at political meetings it is a sign of the times that ought not to be overlooked. Modern politics conduce to profanity, but seldom to tears. And yet there was a time when English statesmen wept upon small provocation. Pepys makes frequent reference to this weakness, while the story of the Long Parliament as written by D'Ewes gives the impression that the legislators of that day were singularly prone to tears. They wept on the slightest provocation, and sometimes their excessive grief was so noisy that proceedings had to be stayed until the lachrymose lawmakers could compose themselves. We don't weep nowadays, although we have even better cause for self-pity. The men of three hundred years ago had soften hearts than their descendants.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Arctic explorer, says that sailors are peculiarly prone to the making of poetry, and are more inclined to "drop into verse," like Silas Wegg, than the members of other trades. He edited two papers in the Antarctic, and his sailor contributors responded gallantly to the demand for verse. One of the stokers hailed the appearance of the sun after the long winter night with an impromptu stanza worth preserving. It read:

Created by the Creator: a mighty power from birth,
With a kingdom from the equator to the uttermost end of the earth.

But it is sad to relate that when privations became severe the poetic afflatus waned. Darwin's "Origin of Species" took its place. The crew took it in turns to read aloud a chapter, and the invariable comment from his awed hearers was, "Dear me! how he must have thought it all out." It was undeniably so.

Flora Annie Steel, the novelist, is disposed to champion Mr. Maeterlinck's plea for a painless euthanasia in cases of incurable disease, but she can hardly be complimented upon her argument. She says let us take the case of malignant disease of the stomach. "A patient is unable to swallow. He is in the last stage of emaciation. Twenty-four hours more would inevitably bring him death's adventure by exhaustion—a painless, quiet passage. The surgeon, intoxicated by his own skill, makes a hole in the stomach, prolongs life for a time, and gives the patient an agonizing death. Has he the moral right to do this? I hold not."

But that is not the question. No one doubts that some useless sufferers would be better dead. What we have to consider is whether we are prepared to give authority to any man or body of men to decide the degree of hopelessness and of suffering that will justify murder. Possibly Mrs. Steel has a truly delightful confidence in the mental and moral perfections that descend like a mantle on the holders of a medical degree, but it is a confidence that is not shared by the majority of us. That certain powers might advantageously be conferred upon an archangel is no reason why we should hasten to bestow them upon young men who were medical students only yesterday.

It now becomes the duty of the patriots of China to formulate a national anthem, and several scholars are said to be busy on the task. The Japanese national anthem was the product of the Japanese revolution, and if we may judge from the following translation it has some distinct poetic merits:

Until this grain of sand,
Tossed by each wavelet's freak,
Grow to a cloud-girt peak,
Towering above the land;
Until the dewy flake
Beading this blossom's gold
Swell to a mighty lake—
Age upon age untold,
Joy to joy manifold,
Add for our Sovereign's sake.

It is to be hoped that the Chinese poets will take their time. There is no hurry, and it would be a pity to spoil the work by precipitancy.

Mr. Carnegie's fresh donation to the sacred cause of the free library recalls the fact that Herbert Spencer had strong views on the unwisdom of socialism in literature as in everything else. He wrote: "I disapprove of free libraries altogether, the British Museum included, believing that in the long run they are mischievous rather than beneficial; as we see clearly in the case of local and municipal free libraries, which, instead of being places for study, have become places for reading trashy novels, worthless papers, and learning the odds. I no more approve of free libraries than I approve of free bakeries." Probably we are none of us so enthusiastic about the free library now as we were ten years ago. The library that excluded all fiction less than twenty-five years old and all newspapers would not be uncomfortably crowded, but at least it would be free from the evils of the present institutions.

The Socialist advance as indicated by municipal elections is not confined to America. England has a precisely similar tale to tell. The provincial contests are just over and they leave the Socialists with forty-six seats to the good. The Unionists lost forty seats and the Radicals lost twelve. The Socialist victories come mainly from the great industrial centres of the north, such as Liverpool, Bradford, Leeds, York, Manchester, and Huddersfield.

Reports from Tripoli continue to speak of the number of Italian-Americans who have joined the forces in Africa. One correspondent says that he met several men from San Francisco who had returned to their own country in order to fulfill their military obligations and who had arrived just in time to find that these obligations were not exactly of a formal kind. Militarism can hardly be said to be on its last legs so long as it can bring men from the other side of the world in order to comply with its obligations. The motive of the Italian who travels from San Francisco to Rome in order to serve for a few months with the colors is evident enough. Doubtless he himself would talk largely of patriotism, but we assume that his object was to keep open the door for his ultimate and final return as soon as he had amassed a competence sufficient for the modest Italian life. The Italian-American now in Tripoli will have an admirable opportunity to compare the old civilization with the new and to decide upon the balance of advantages.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Deadman's Island, in Burrard Inlet, not far from Vancouver, British Columbia, once a common burying ground for Burrard Inlet's population, red-brown, white and yellow, has been for many years the dwelling place of a most picturesque community of the human candle-ends and shakings of a sea-coast city, the sea-gipsies which twenty years have left on the beach of Vancouver. Portuguese fishermen, Chilean and Italian seamen, Austrian, Finnish, and French sailormen, Kanaka foremast hands, blown into Burrard Inlet by all the winds from all the latitudes, and from fifty strange ports, squatted on Deadman's Island and picked up a living by fishing and beachcombing. Some of them squatted on the island, living in their shanties of driftwood and fence boards, for twenty-five years. Recently a period of activity swept the region, due to outside forces and eviction of the beachcombers and fisherfolk, met with bitter opposition by the class which had so long lived there unmolested.

Baldwin, Kansas, is the home of more superannuated preachers, perhaps, than any other town of its size in the world. The spirit of the place just suits them, for Baldwin is owned and operated by Methodists and stands in a class by itself. It is the home of Baker University, the big Methodist school of the West, and religion enters into every form of business in the city. It is said a person can walk the streets for six months and haunt every public place, even the livery stable, without hearing an oath uttered. Baker University has about 500 students.

Last year in the Philippines more than a half million boys and girls were brought under the influence of American educational institutions, and the Philippine government spent over three and a quarter million dollars of local revenue for education. There are at present employed as supervisors and class-room teachers over 9000 American and native instructors.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Doorstep.

The conference-meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past,
Like snowbirds willing to be mated.
Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes hitten,
Than I, who stepped before them all,
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no; she blushed, and took my arm;
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.
I can't remember what we said;
'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet;
The moon was full; the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.
The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mold it!—
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone—
'Twas love, and fear, and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.
The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered;
We heard the voices nearer come;
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her head,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled;
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.
A cloud passed kindly overhead;
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister;
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!
Perhaps 'twas boyish love; yet still,
O listless woman, weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

—*E. C. Stedman.*

Langley Lane.

In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet
As Langley Lane, in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street?
Little white cottages all in a row,
Gardens where bachelors'-buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky,
Where the woolly-white clouds go sailing by—
I seem to be able to see it all!
For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day,
With her little hand's-touch, so warm and kind;
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak—
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.
Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets, and dark eyes clear,
And I am older by summers three—
Why should we hold one another so dear?
Because she can not utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water-cart's splash, or the milk-man's call,
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly—
Yet know she is gazing upon them all.
For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash-splash down the dusty row;
And the little one, close at my side, perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear, though I can not look, and she,
Though she can not hear, can the singers see—
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine.
Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
Hath not my soul an eye to see?
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,
That I only hear as they pass around;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.
Why, I know her face, though I am blind—
I made it of music long ago;
Strange large eyes, and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand, and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I knew she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And *seeing* the music upon my face.
Though if ever Lord God should grant me a prayer
(I know the fancy is only vain),
I should pray: Just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street—
It is better to be as we have been—
Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.
Ah! life is pleasant in Langley Lane;
There is always something sweet to hear—
Chirping of birds, or patter of rain,
And Fanny, my little one, always near.
And though I am weak, and can not live long,
And Fanny, my darling, is far from strong,
And though we can never married be,
What then?—since we hold one another so dear,
For the sake of the pleasure one can not hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see.

—*Robert Buchanan.*

CARUSO THE MAGNET.

Brilliant Opening of the New York Opera Season with "Aida."

What a happy provision in this sad world that here and there one wins all that human nature should ask in the way of reward! It would not do for all who strive with earnest care and great talent to reach the highest level. There is room there for only a few Carusos. The great tenor long ago reached the eminence, but he has not held it securely. It was more than an artistic relief to see and hear the demonstration last night that his voice, in spite of all real or pretended dangers, is still supreme in quality and strength. Any opening night of the opera season in Manhattan assures a big and brilliant audience at the Metropolitan Opera House, and this year furnished no exception to the rule, but there would have been a notable difference had not the reappearance of Caruso made an irresistible appeal.

Time was when "Aïda" did not stand so high in favor, but it seemed exactly the right thing for this occasion. It gives the tenor as golden opportunities as any singer could demand, and fills the eye as well as the ear with studied and artistic harmonic effects. It is to me one of the most pleasing of operas in its emotional strength, with less of incongruities and aberrations than any other of the old-school compositions, and it was received in a spirit that seemed to declare thorough appreciation.

In another paragraph I shall speak of those who occupied the boxes in the great "horseshoe," the subscribers who make the season possible, but it is pertinent to say that there are thousands who can not pay high prices for tickets and yet have a desire to hear the music that will not be denied. Lines began to form before the box-office windows more than four hours before they were opened, and a cordon of anxious applicants stretched a three-blocks length before the sale began. The upper and farther vantages of the great opera house were filled to capacity.

It is one of the pleasing oddities of Verdi's masterpiece that the tenor, Rhadames, should be discovered on the stage when the curtain rises, and last night the storm of applause that followed every effort of distinction broke first at the sight of Caruso. A little later came his "Celesta Aïda," and though he seemed to be under some restraint it was not long until every auditor was satisfied that Caruso was himself again. Emmy Destinn had the rôle of the Ethiopian captive princess, and she sang with all her beauty of expression and volume, though there have been more regally impressive figures in its impersonation. Mme. Matzenauer, the Amneris, is a new contralto, from Munich, but she justified all expectations and achieved a genuine success. Real contralto voices are rare, and the newcomer's possession of that much-prized gift is a joyful certainty, even with memories of Schumann-Heink still fresh. Pasquale Amato, the splendid baritone, was a magnificent Amonasro, and that he is one of the notable favorites of other seasons was proved by the remarkable demonstration when he appeared. William Hinshaw, the King, is an American basso who thus made his first appearance at the Metropolitan, and his singing as well as his presence and bearing won for him instant favor.

It would not be exact to say that it was altogether a Caruso night in realization, even if it were in promise. Signor Toscanini, the conductor, has a legitimate claim to high praise for his work. He is master of all the musical and dramatic possibilities of the score, and with a thoroughly accomplished and ductile orchestra under his baton he ministered with an art that is next to genius in every phase of the tone-poem. We can ask no more capable guide and expositor. There was a unanimity of spirit and expression in principals, chorus, and instrumentalists that spoke of more than ample rehearsals.

Few changes were to be remarked among those prominent socially who never fail to mark an opera première with their presence. Mrs. George Jay Gould and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont were not in their boxes, the former probably awaiting the arrival of her daughter, Lady Decies, and the latter being still in Europe. In the Belmont box, No. 4, was a family party, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, Jr., and the Messrs. Belmont. Mr. and Mrs. M. Orme Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mr. and Mrs. Craig Biddle, Mr. and Mrs. James Speyer, Mr. and Mrs. William D. Sloane, Miss Ruth Vanderbilt Twombly, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, were in their boxes. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the much discussed bride, was in the old Astor box, No. 7, and with her her sister, Miss Force. It is probable that few opera-glasses missed this point of attention in their sweeps of the parterre row and grand tier. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. James B. Duke, and Mrs. Willie Jay, were among those whose appearance attracted no less studied attention from those who gain much desired glimpses of society only on sueh occasions.

Manhattan is to have twenty-two weeks of grand opera at the Metropolitan, one hundred and seventy performances. The advance subscription is said to amount to more than $800,000, a slight advance on that of former seasons, the prices having been raised in a corresponding degree. Should the sale of seats reach $500,000 during the season, a grand total of $1,300,000 would be figured in the treasurer's report, and even that amount will not equal the cost. The prospectus assures us a number of novelties, in addition to the standard favorites. There are to be two new German operas, "Lobetanz," by Ludwig Thuille, and "Versiegelt," by Leo Blech. The former was once popular in Germany, but was neglected for years; the latter is a modern work, the composer still living. An Italian opera, "Le Donne Curiose," by Wolf-Ferrari, the author of "Il Segreto di Susana," and a Russian piece, "Boris Godounoff," by Moussorgsky, are also set down for early production. Especial notice will be given to the staging of "Mona," the $10,000-prize American opera by Horatio Parker and Brian Hooker. This work will be sung in English by as nearly an American cast as the big roster of the Metropolitan company can supply. Mikail Mordkin, at the head of an important organization of Russian dancers, will appear during the season when the shorter operas make up the bill.

All told, Manager Gatti-Casazzi has arranged as taking a season as seems possible under present conditions. He is indefatigable in his efforts for a perfect ensemble, yet his list of great singers is almost as formidable as any made up in former years. To name all of his principals would more than fill my space, and I can only hope for opportunity to note their continuance of the high regard which now seems on tap for the organization. FLANEUR.

New York, November 14, 1911.

A plaster cast has just been erected in the Pantheon, Paris, of a monumental group of statuary which is partly symbolic and partly representative of the national heroes of the great revolution and the national convention. The sculptor, M. François Sicard, was commissioned more than five years ago by M. Dujardin-Beaumetz, who in successive governments remains minister of fine arts, to execute this monument. He has just completed the plaster cast, and has had it erected in order to test its suitability to the architectural setting. The monument represents the draped female figure of France with drawn sword on a pedestal in the centre. On her right are the heroes of the Revolution pressing forward with uplifted arms as if taking the famous oath of fidelity to the constitution. In the front rank are Robespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins; immediately behind them Vergniaud and Condorcet, followed by Gensonné, Lazare Carnot, and Marat. On the left is Hoche, on horseback, preceded by two little drummer boys, and with a young revolutionary volunteer marching beside him with eager, uplifted face. The figures behind Hoche, over which floats the French flag, represent the conquering races from which the French nation sprang—the Gauls, the Normans, the Franks, and also the Huns, as well as the Roman conquerors and the Greek colonists. The execution of the monument in marble will, it is understood, occupy the sculptor for the next four or five years.

A perpetual pension, said to be the only one of its kind in existence, is enjoyed by a Smith family in England, having come down without interruption from the days of King Charles II. The present holder of the pension is a groom who lives at Peterborough. It appears that after the battle of Worcester an ancestor of Smith assisted Prince Charles to escape and was one of those who helped to hide him in the famous oak tree. Years passed, and it was not until 1675 that King Charles II was informed of the incident. Parliament, on the advice of the king, was not slow at rewarding those who had rendered services, however slight, to the sovereign. The consequence was that Mr. Smith's ancestor was placed on the perpetual pension list at the rate of thirty shillings a week, with the result that the family have received (in round figures) something like £21,500 since the pension was granted.

The idea of handling brick by machinery originated in New England. In 1909 a system of handling from 600 to 1000 bricks on a somewhat different plan was put into successful operation, and is now being used in Chicago. By this system it is possible for the brick to be carried from the molding machine to the drier, from the drier to the kiln, and from the kiln to the stock yard or the delivery car or cart without being touched by hand. Each of these machines is said to do the work of forty men.

Since the first of January automobiles have been held responsible for the death of eighty-nine persons and the serious injury of 855 more in Greater New York, according to the report of the secretary of the National Highways Protective Association. The actual causes are laid to "joy riding, drunken chauffeurs, ignorant owners of cars, and irresponsible and reckless nighthawk cabmen."

England's pure food law requires that every can of condensed milk must contain a label visible to the purchaser on which are the words: "Machine-skimmed milk" or "Skimmed milk." Dr. J. F. Coutts now suggests to the British local government that cans of condensed skimmed milk should be labeled: "Skimmed milk; unfit for infants." He has made a special study of the subject.

Ruby mines of the Mogok Valley are known to have been worked since the year 1600. Just how old these mines are nobody knows, for they have produced practically all the rubies of ancient and modern times.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Margaret Bevan, aged eighteen, who has arrived in this country from Wales, is a preacher of the Gospel in the Baptist church, and is visiting the United States for the second time in a ministerial capacity. She comes to America at the invitation of the Baptists, and under the direction of Dr. J. T. Lloyd of Youngstown, Ohio, she will make an extended tour.

E. W. Rust, who has just been appointed government entomologist of Peru, was until a short time ago assistant of the Southern California pathological laboratory, and has made a study of cotton and sugar-cane pests. His work attracted the attention of the Peruvian government, which made him a flattering offer. He is a graduate of Stanford University, class of 1908.

Colin Lee McKenzie, a young Scotch college student whose progress is remarkable, has just been honored by King George, who personally handed him the gold medal for general work at King Edward VII grammar school. McKenzie has this year passed the Cambridge local examinations with honors in five subjects, and has also won a scholarship at University College, London.

Mrs. Willard A. Leonard, for forty-seven years in the United States Treasury Department, where the greater portion of her official life was devoted to the search for counterfeit bills, has resigned at the age of seventy-one, on the advice of her physician. She has handled fabulous sums of money for the government, in two days over $89,000,000 having passed through her hands.

Mrs. Clark Fisher, the only woman member of the National Association of Manufacturers, is the head of the Eagle Iron Works of Trenton, New Jersey, which makes her an ironmistress. She began as a regular apprentice, learned how to chisel, mold, temper steel, and make rails. She outbid all male competitors on part of the Panama Canal equipment, and is said to have made a fortune.

Sir Edward Norman Baker, K. C. S. I., who is resigning the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, is ranked among the ablest members of the Indian civil service, which he entered in 1876. He won his reputation in the financial and commerce department of the government of India. During his period of office as lieutenant-governor, since 1908, he has made substantial improvement in the political conditions of that country.

Rev. D. M. Spencer, a blind minister of Gentry, Missouri, has just completed a Bible printed with raised letters, after seven years of the most painstaking labor. In making the Bible he employed a girl to read to him while he set the type which had been cast for his use. Spencer has preached in nearly every state in the Union, and finds his lack of sight compensated for in other ways, for at one time he homesteaded a claim in Nebraska and did his own work.

Edward Howorth, whose painting in commemoration of the first sitting at Capetown of the Union convention was recently inspected and approved by the king at Buckingham Palace, comes from a Manchester family, but has lived in South Africa. The picture, a commission from the Union government, is his first attempt at painting on a large scale, and covers over 180 feet of canvas, being the most important work of art yet produced in South Africa. It will be formally unveiled on the occasion of the meeting of Parliament next February.

Sir William E. Smith, who is to succeed Sir Philip Watts as director of naval construction of Great Britain, has developed from rope-house boy, that being his first place when he joined the Portsmouth dockyard at the age of eleven. He has already given the service fifty years' continuous service, and his scientifie knowledge of naval architecture has influenced his extensive work towards the development of warship designs. At present he is superintendent of construction accounts and contract work. His wide interests are suggested by his membership in the British Astronomical Society.

Professor Caspar Rene Gregory, an American who has been professor of theology of the University of Leipzig since 1889, recently returned to this country to spend the winter, and will devote himself to lectures in the East. He is a native of Philadelphia, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and has been honored by degrees from the leading schools abroad. He is said to be the only American teaching theology in any German university. At the age of sixty-five he is as persistent and optimistic as a youth, writes much, translates a good deal, and seldom wears a hat, preferring to go bareheaded.

Thomas J. Foster, founder of the Scranton International Correspondence Schools, reached middle age without achieving any signal success. He served as a Union soldier in his early twenties, was later a shoe dealer in a small way, and at forty-one was a village editor. What he did, however, he did with enthusiasm. In 1891 he moved his paper, the *Mining World*, to Scranton, believing he could be of more assistance to the anthracite coal miners in that centre of activity. Then the idea came—by a course of correspondence he could teach the miners how to avoid accidents to a greater extent, by instructing them in every principle involved in coal mining. That was the beginning of the schools, which today require the services of [illegible] employees.

THE FAITH OF A FOOL.

Friends and a Desert Terror.

The relentless chill of a desert night clogged the slow-moving currents of life. Williams lay blue and shivering, vaguely conscious of an oncoming blaze of sunshine that would dissolve the chill, replacing it with a long daytime horror of thirsty, skin-searing heat. Next he became more acutely conscious of some deadly new depth in the silence. Not mere absence of whispering leaves rustling stealthily to the covert industries of wild creatures; that had become a familiar void; but—had the oxen gone into league with the desert in a hatred of sound that outdid the ardors of berodded schoolroom tyrants? Had the men lost their voices? Had they even stopped breathing? His own breath disturbed the peace like a whistling locomotive; yet he was ill, and it must be that the elixir of life trod softly among his air passages.

With a swift movement of his stiff arms he brought himself to an upright position and stared incredulously about him. Not a living thing was in sight. The men were gone. The oxen were gone.

He had known that the situation was growing desperate. He had urged the men to save themselves and leave him to follow them later, when he should grow strong enough to walk. He had urged them, knowing that nothing would drive Billy Miner from him; but he had not besought them to go like thieves and cowards while he slept, saying nothing of their intention, taking his supplies to reduce a little the scantness of their own; leaving him a small can of water and a short strip of dried ox-meat; nothing more.

Where was Billy Miner? The others were of common clay. He could conceive of them, driven by desperate need, gripped in the desert's devil-clutch, robbing and abandoning a fellow-man in the hope of saving their own lives.

What of Billy Miner? His gun was gone. There was nothing to shoot; not even one of those dark birds that hover in the wake of tragedy. No one but a fool would misinterpret the meaning of that. No one but a fool would believe that Billy had not gone with the others.

When Williams suffered from slight irritations he had been wont to stamp his right foot emphatically and speak a blasphemous word. When deeply disturbed he had smiled a startling, beware-of-the-dog sort of smile; when his mind floundered among solvable problems he had fumigated his befuddlements with the smoke from a good black pipe. Now, the fountain of words was choked with too many for utterance. His mouth closed tighter by the very effort to open it, like a schoolhouse door in a fire-panic. He had neither strength nor desire to stamp his foot. His awful smile faded on the threshold of his immovable lips; and the pipe, the good old pipe, even had the tobacco supply not been long ago exhausted, was not for insoluble problems; it was not for clearing up the fragments of a wrecked universe.

Doubt the facts? He could not. They were there, like daylight and hunger—plain, staring, primitive facts.

Doubt Billy Miner? He could not do that, either. Yet he must doubt either one or the other.

Confronted by all that the body instinctively shrinks from: chill nights, broiling days, pain, thirst, starvation, yet desertion by Billy Miner was the fact that his mind grasped acutely. Other truths about his situation could be met by and by when they began to compel attention. First he must struggle with the main fact, wrestle with it, down it, disown it; for it could not be true; it must not be true. It was a brain-mirage, born of hardship, belonging to this foolish journey by untrodden ways toward the new land of gold in California. It was a nightmare. He should wake in the morning and find himself sharing a woodman's hut with Billy in a sweet-smelling forest; not alone in a desert part way between Minnesota and California.

Perhaps it would help matters to review his friendship with Billy. Then he would know beyond doubt that Billy could not have deserted him. He would know himself insane to have admitted such a possibility, even while denying it.

He sank back upon the ground. His mind rummaged among old years. He was a boy of ten, anæmic, helpless in the burly strength of his mates as a threadbare rag in a spring gale. A New Boy with feline agility, adult strength, Lapp endurance, declared war on his tormentors and stood by him with steadfast loyalty from that day forward through childhood, youth, manhood. Equally pommeled in the mortar of hard conditions, the boys had turned more and more toward each other and become inseparable comrades. Williams, older and stronger, nursed Miner through smallpox. Miner saved Williams from drowning. Each preserved the other from that loss of faith in human goodness which is worse than fevers or floods. In manhood they lived and worked together, whether as choppers or raftmen in the lumber regions, or stokers on lake steamers, or coal miners on the banks of Nemuchakinock. Through good and bad luck, sickness and health, frozen north and burning south, they had been more than brothers.

And now? Any one but a fool could read the lesson of the facts. They pointed one way. There was no other interpretation. Billy had gone, like the rest, leaving him to die alone in the desert.

Very well, he admitted steadfastly, he was a fool, for he did not believe it. He might be delirious, or dreaming. Anything else might be, but Billy, he knew Billy, knew the very heart of him. He had asked Billy to leave him and save himself, and Billy had refused. He had not wanted Billy to stay and face this awful hazard with him. He had wanted his friend to go forward and seek a place where men and beasts could live, and to go soon, before supplies were entirely exhausted and hope was folly; but he had wanted to continue believing in Billy. He had wanted to send him away with a brave god-speed, seeing him go reluctantly, torn by womanish pangs; not to be deserted and robbed by him without a word to smooth the edge of jagged truth.

This all served to show that Billy had not really gone. By and by the nightmare would end. Then he should see his friend beside him.

Feebly he drew the water-can toward his mouth and moistened his lips. Leaning upon one elbow he sent his eyes outward and back again, out and back until they had traversed the whole of his horizon and all that lay between him and its grim circle. No moving thing was in sight. No man was there, living or dead.

Williams threw himself backward and lay quite still, resolved not to think. The quietude of his body was not relaxation. It was rigidity. His members strove to continue their habit of obedience to the centre of command and only half succeeded. Neither did his brain-cells submit to be officered. This was not mutiny. It was an example of life's unity. The will being active, there was no real rest anywhere; but there was determined semblance of it, as children endeavor to extract happiness from the costly play-houses supplied, with an air of consequence, by their elders while their secret hearts turn to domiciles by the gutter outlined with grimy chips from the pavement.

Thought, like the incoming of breath and the laborious thud of arterial pumping, moved ahead, disorganized, but never entirely arrested.

Sometimes he seemed to see the glitter of axes, to hear the keen impact of them upon yielding trees, to smell inciting, penetrating, woodsy fragrances, to feel a delicious trickle of cool water purring its way toward his outraged vitals, washing out the memory of warm, slippery, alkaline substitutes, to taste the sustaining fare of fertile midland states while the softly rough voice of Billy babbled happily close to his ear. The voice always had a ring in it of solid qualities—integrity and faithfulness and unselfish devotion that could not be questioned. As well argue and reason about the moon's seasons, doubting the regularity of their sequence, as cut your soul with pin-pricks of uncertainty about Billy. The thought of not believing in his friendship could not occur to a sane man, wide awake and in full possession of his senses.

And yet—— Where was Billy's ox? Where was Billy's gun? Where was Billy?

Suddenly he turned his face downward, placed his palms and knees against the ground and got upon his feet.

"Billy is dead. I must find his body and bury it."

He sipped water from the can. He chewed some of the dried meat, striving for strength to act. Ah! He was awake! He could taste the meat! He tried to remember whether he had ever dreamed of tasting anything. He was seized with a great horror of the loneliness and the silence. With Billy dead, why submit to the torture of life? Why not do sometbing to hasten death?

But he had forgotten: the body of Billy must be found and buried. He staggered forward, unconscious of the fact that he was following the westbound trail that must have been taken by his deserting fellow-travelers. His movements were curiously stiff. His knees scarcely bent as he walked. He did not feel the ground excepting as an obstacle that rose or fell, billowing under him unreliably, like water. Some alien self, mechanical, unsentient, seemed to carry him forward, leaving his bruised mind to grope into its hideous budget of facts.

Thus he made his way to the top of a slight ascent, the edge of the saucer-shaped valley in which the camp had been made, encouraged by a few tufts of grass and a water-hole of uncertain supply and ill-tasting content. Evidences that men and cattle had passed left him unimpressed. He knew they were gone. He was not searching for verification of the truth. He had told them that he had not strength to walk with them nor to cling to the back of an unwilling ox, even had one of the starving creatures been able to support his weight. He had counseled them to save themselves and leave him behind. Evidently they had listened to his counsel and super-added some greedy wisdom of their own, leading to that silent flight and appropriation of his effects which changed their going to desertion and their disposal of his goods to robbery.

He paused on the top of the ascent with a sharpening of consciousness in that department which takes cognizance of detail and minor, detached facts. A scrap of blue rag fluttered against the corner of a salt-rock. Let it flutter. It was a piece of Cormal's handkerchief. He was not looking for Cormal. And there was a print of Old Hobble's broken hoof. Old Hobble was Blendon's ox. Lost creature; defrauded victim, hobble on. He was not looking for Old Hobble nor for Blendon.

For what, then, or for whom was he looking? Billy Miner? Not here. Not among the traitor-band whose tracks were fresh before him. Billy's body? It must have dropped on the spot to which Billy had urged it, and Billy, dead or alive, could not be found among the Cormals and the Blendons.

Feebly he faced about, resolving to return to the water-hole. It was damnably clear in his sight, where he stood. Not a flicker of life nor a sbadow of death broke the glistering circlet of its rim. Nevertheless, Billy must lie there. Why? Because it was so utterly improbable that he was anywhere else. It was a problem in elimination. Billy must have gone after water. There was nowhere else to go. Not having returned to camp, he must have died there besides it.

The ground that had risen at every step as a stubborn, silent but smooth-faced obstacle presented a slight inequality. Williams set a foot upon it, wavered, recovered himself and stooped to examine it—a small sheep-skin bag, roughly cut but tightly sewed, with a closing-string of the same material attached near the top. It was an empty purse. Williams knew it well. He had made it and presented it to Billy long before the beginning of this mad journey.

Fiery arrows, shot from everywhere, pierced his eyes. Crickets chirped in his ears. The fire changed to darkness, the crickets to swarming bees. Williams knew the symptoms. He lay down to forestall falling. He was fainting.

Consciousness did not return gradually; it smote him sharply with a taunt: "How now, thou fool of faith? Here is Billy's purse on the path that leads toward the west. Where is he if not robber and traitor, like the others?"

Williams, as if a voice had spoken, answered aloud, angrily: "I know hunger, myself. It takes the heart and strength and character out of a man. It leaves him like a beast, with a body that urges to any measure for relief, and no power of soul to curb it. I would not hlame him if he had become a cannibal and taken my flesh for his needs. It would not have been Billy that did a thing so foul; it would have been hunger-madness. But this is wild talk. I need not excuse Billy for going. He did not go. Would not the men who took his ox take his purse? Billy is dead. I must reach the water-hole and find his body."

Speaking aloud was labor. The sound of his own voice deepened his sense of the desert's awful loneliness and uncanny silence. A shudder passed over him. His lips ceased to move.

Thoughts and speculations about Billy passed to the undercurrent of consciousness. Thirst and hunger became preëminent. The water-hole was no longer a place to find Billy; it was a place to drink. He thought regretfully of the bit of dried meat left behind and the water-can he should have brought with him. He tried to rise, that he might return to the camping-place, but found that he must wait.

His mind traveled backward and found a day of his boyhood, a day of feasting on spring chicken and green corn and red June apples and hot biscuits. He had been chaffed because he laid his book down reluctantly; he had been so fond of reading. Should he ever feast again? No book could tempt him from the table, now. Not even "Robinson Crusoe" nor "Gulliver's Travels." And a baked potato would be a feast; or a slice of bread, even unbuttered. He had lived so long on ox-meat, alone.

All day he lay there in the sun. Toward nightfall his strength increased with advancing coolness. He rose and set his face toward the water-hole. He found it, drank freely, and fell asleep beside it.

Some time in the night he was waked by sounds like the tramping of an army. Were Indians coming to the water-hole? If so they were welcome, whether friendly or unfriendly. In one case his suffering would soon end. In the other he would have help. He sat up, peering across the dimness, searching with clearing eyes where deeper shadows moved down the slope from the southwest toward the deserted camping-place. No army; no tribe, that little bunch of moving darkness. His ears had been the sport of outraged desert silence. A familiar yodel fairly lifted him off his feet.

"Billy! Billy!" he cried.

"Hello, mate. Bully luck!" The voice was roughly soft, broadly cheerful. "I didn't catch the thieves, but I found a good chief and swapped my watch for a tough pony and two weeks' grub. Lone Rock knows the route. He told me. We'll beat them skunks to the Pacific yet, if you can ride the pony."

Clarissa Dixon.

San Francisco, November, 1911.

It is said that the peasantry of East Anglia were much puzzled when Canon Lloyd was made suffragan bishop of Norwich, and many a child was held back from confirmation by its parents, who objected to having their children "bishoped" in a makeshift manner by what they called a "sufferin'" bishop. Once, when this bishop noticed that the flag on the church which he was visiting flew at half-mast, he inquired who was dead. He was told that it was for him—"We only give the hull length of the pole to the real bishop."

For thirty-one years Manuel K. Silva, a Portuguese wachman in the snowsheds of the slope of the Sierra Nevada, tramped his lonely beat by night, being off duty but twice, and then owing to illness. He tramped 200,000 miles in that time. Recently he left for a trip to Portugal. He has a rival in George A. Burns, the oldest trackwalker in point of service on the Pennsylvania railroad, who has walked practically 178,000 miles.

It will be a century before the world will again be able to write the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the eleventh year, but in December of next year there will be a close approximation to it with 12-12-12.

GUY FAWKES GUY!

The Great Gunpowder Treason Plot May Be Forgotten.

American Sane Fourthites should be of good cheer. Their campaign is not so hopeless as it may seem. Even if it were not for the consolation to be derived from the lessening tale of woe told by the casualty statistician of the Chicago *Tribune*, there is another reflection which suggests the ultimate triumph of the good cause. Put in a nutshell it is this: If the British Fifth can peter out why may not the American Fourth?

Some years have passed since I spent a Fifth of November on my native soil. And—O fleeting time!—far more years still since the return of that festival was the red-letter day in boyhood's calendar. For weeks in advance the advent of the day was heralded in the shop-windows by piles of fireworks and ravishing assortments of hideous masks. But to the boy mind of Britain those articles of commerce held no attractions comparable to the home-made variety. And, in any case, a ready-made Guy could not be purchased for untold wealth.

In garden outhouses, then, the weeks preceding the Fifth were spent in secret and thrilling preparations for the great night. What syndicates were formed, corners in gunpowder and charcoal and saltpetre and metal filings beside which tobacco and steel trusts are the trifles of babes! And corners, too, in everything burnable. Alack for the neighbors whose fences were insecure, for the hedges and trees with decaying branches, for empty houses with desirable flooring, for flapping doors with weak hinges! Everything inflammable was the prey of those lawless days, seized upon without any scruples as to *meum et tuum* and haled away to that hidden store which was to furnish bonfire fuel for the night of the Fifth. Corners, also, in such inconsidered trifles as would contribute to the anatomy of Guy himself. Ancient trousers supplicated here, a tattered waistcoat there, an outworn pair of boots elsewhere—so the skeleton was collected in readiness for the stuffing of straw and the broken chair which was Guy's inglorious throne.

But there were districts of London and country towns of note where these things were provided by public enterprise instead of by boyish piracy. When Lincoln's Inn Fields were fields indeed—ah! those were days worth living in. Why, the bonfire of that now sedate haunt of lawyers was the glory of London and the envy of all England. No surreptitious gathering of fuel there, but instead a day-long procession of spacious wains loaded with wood—two hundred wains, it might be, bringing such a supply as reared a pyre high as a house. And not one, but maybe thirty, Guys to hang upon gibbets and disappear in flames amid the hissing of catherine-wheels and the explosions of squibs.

In many a country town, too, the Fifth brought a night of wild saturnalia. Huge and darkly ominous on some open space rose the mammoth pile of faggots and tar-barrels, what time through the length and breadth of the town there passed the shouting, torch-lit procession of Guy bearers, their familiar faces hidden behind grinning masks. That was the night of nemesis for the unpopular statesman or a local *bête noire*. No nondescript Guy would serve for such auspicious occasions; it would be a waste of the license of the Fifth not to burn one's enemy. The likeness of the substitute of Guido Fawkes Esquire might not be startling, but it generally served for recognition. The curl over Disraeli's Hebraic brow was not hard to imitate, or the amplitude of Gladstone's collar, while Chamberlain's eyeglass or a bag of golf-sticks for Balfour were not difficult of reproduction. And the local Gorgon usually had some personal trait which lent itself to easily recognized symbolism. One way or another, then, the likeness was sufficient for gloating exultation. How it warmed the Radical heart to see the Tory leader lapped in flames, or the Tory to watch the "Grand Old Man" collapse into a heap of ashes. To pelt them with squibs and crackers placated political wrath, just as a fusillade against the local Guy was a safety-valve for village-pump anger.

Guys, however, were not the only sufferers on the Fifth. Unhappily, England never had a Tribune watchman of its annual battlefield, but the casualties of gunpowder plot were once as serious as those of America's Fourth. So serious, indeed, that Parliament intervened with an act imposing dire penalties on any who indulged in "squibs, serpents, fire balloons, or other fireworks." One still meets men of mature years who sacrificed a thumb or finger on some distant Fifth, and who count themselves fortunate to have escaped so lightly from a celebration for which others paid with their lives; but serious fatalities are as rare as white blackbirds.

This year, for example, there's a clean bill. A close scrutiny of all the morning papers discloses that not a finger or a thumb has paid toll to the Fifth. Not all the merit of this is due to that act of Parliament aforesaid. John Bull is changing, whether for the better or worse need not be argued. He is no longer sentimental on the Fourteenth of February or sanguinary on the Fifth of November. In fact, he is inclining to reverse things and become sentimental on the Fifth and sanguinary on the Fourteenth. Many things are more improbable than that in his future calendar Valentine may figure as a sinner and Fawkes as a saint. For what's the use of the higher criticism if it does not criticize? And of course there are countless voters who think the present House of Commons is sadly in need of a Guy Fawkes to blow it into the air. While, on the other hand, H. G. Wells and the Suffrage ladies are doing their best to depose the lover's saint.

Meanwhile the festival of Guido Fawkes Esquire has taken on a milder hue. Had the old spirit been alive, what opportunities were available for the political pyrotechnist! Lloyd George and Lord Halsbury offer two ideal models for Tories and Radicals, each stunted in stature and thus compact Guys, not making large demands for wardrobes or heavy of weight. Or, on the other hand, John Redmond and Sir E. Carson as the bogeys of Home Rule should have blazed under Ulster or Nationalist bonfires. And then there are the lords and dukes—what bewildering prototypes of patrician oppression for plebeian pyres! Materials in rich abundance, it will be seen, for all kinds of political immolation.

But the burning spirit is extinct. In all my wanderings I have not met a recognizable Guy. The nearest approach to a likeness adorned a poster announcing the merits of a certain brand of fireworks, but what, at a first glance, seemed to bear a suspicious resemblance to Uncle Sam, proved, on closer inspection, to be a highly colored reproduction of a George Cruikshank cartoon of Mr. Fawkes himself. Even the fireworks displayed in the store windows were neatly arranged on cardboard or in dainty boxes as though for drawing-room amusement, while the street urchins seemed to cry "Guy Fawkes Guy! Stick him up high!" in less strident tones.

And when night set in and provided a dark November background for squib and cracker and rocket those genteel-looking fireworks did not belie their appearance. Such feeble fizzles and brief flashes of colored light! The squibs in the next-door garden went off with a mild sibilant swish somewhat akin to the dash of a summer shower against the window pane; the crackers jerked and spluttered innocuous on the lawn; the rockets flamed for a moment and staggered skyward, but fell back to earth in a moment; the catherine-wheels made a few spasmodic fizzes and then went out. The only effect of the sorry exhibition was to start the dogs of suburbia yapping and baying, an exercise they are prone to indulge on the slightest provocation. But that was all. No rapturous "Oh's," no lusty shouts of triumph such as used to hail the immolation of Guys in the good old days, no blown-off thumbs or fingers, no sacrifice of human life on the altar of "gunpowder, treason, and plot." Alas! for the faith of the small devotee who used to assure us that he "saw no reason why gunpowder treason should ever be forgot." Alas! too, for the glory of James I. It really seems as though John Bull is beginning to regret that Mary Stuart's son was not blown back into Scotland or somewhere else.

Henry C. Shelley.

London, November 6, 1911.

"Old West," the first building of the Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, group erected in 1783, is to be restored. The work has been undertaken by Eugene Allen Noble, the new president of Dickinson. It was in ancient, vineclad "Old West" that Pennsylvania's only President, James Buchanan, received the finish to his education, and it was James Buchanan who carved his name on the old stone steps that grace its front. One of the features of "Old West" are the steps, a series of huge blocks covered with carved initials of hundreds of students, made faint by the wear of the elements on the surface. These are the original steps, dating back to 1783, when the institution was founded. It is the intention of President Noble to reserve to the senior class the right to sing on these steps.

Wu Ting Fang, who has taken his stand with the Chinese revolutionists, and asserts that popular rule must triumph, is very well known in this country, having served as Chinese minister to the United States at two different times. He first came to Washington in 1897, and was decidedly popular. He was educated in England and practiced law in the English courts at Hongkong. At the time of the Boxer uprising he worked earnestly to save the foreign legations at Peking.

Fourth place among the tea-exporting countries of the world is taken by Java, which follows closely after Japan. British India with Ceylon is first and China second. Java is rapidly gaining on Japan, for the cultivation of tea is increasing steadily and the product is gaining in quality. Java tea can now be kept for upward of two years and even improve in flavor by the keeping. This has been found out already in Australia.

Production of silk is one of the most promising industries offered to the Filipino people. Reports on samples sent to the United States and Europe also indicate that there is an unlimited market there, the samples of Philippine silk having rated up with that imported from other countries. The gross income from a hectare (2.47 acres) planted in mulberry trees used for silk culture is placed at $2300 to $3000 a year.

Cordwood made from sawdust and shavings is the outcome of an idea of a planing mill man in a Western city. The material is compressed by steel plungers into dies. A pressure of thirty tons forces the particles together into a solid mass. The machine turns out five tons of fuel a day, which sells readily at $9 a ton, returning an average net profit of $4.50, all of which was formerly thrown away.

SONGS OF REGINALD DE KOVEN.

In that red book of native aristocracy, "Who's Who in America," it is stated that Reginald de Koven was born in 1861, that he was educated abroad, in England, Germany, Italy, France, and Austria, that he has written much for periodicals and was the founder and conductor of the Washington Symphony Orchestra, and that he has composed the music of no less than twenty light operas. His influence in musical interests is, however, by no means bounded by the compositions referred to, for his songs are even more numerous and better known. The *Musical Courier* of November 15 devotes a page to a study of his songs, and from the introduction to the entertaining and able article the following paragraphs are quoted:

"The retirement of Reginald de Koven from the post of music critic on the New York *World* is an event that we can not let pass without comment, for musical journalism can ill afford to lose a man who is at once a distinguished composer and a broadly educated graduate of Oxford University.

"But, though music journalism is the poorer by the loss of a gentleman and musical authority, it is a consolation to know that the greater cause, that of music, is to be the gainer in that the composer, now in the zenith of his powers, will be free to devote his undivided attention to that art of which he has so long been an acknowledged master. He is not quitting the arena. The fight goes on.

"But the net of the *retiarius* is cast aside that he may more potently—or rather, let us say, more leisurely—wield the sword of the bold *sicarius*. For, without question, Reginald de Koven, brilliant as his literary, critical, and polemic powers are, is greatest as a composer. He was born in the United States of American parents, and, therefore, in spite of his English university education and German and French musical training, is, in every sense of the word, an American composer. But, with no disrespect to the Stars and Stripes, be it known that Reginald de Koven has a greater claim on us than that of being merely an American composer. Too many insignificant ditty-and-dance makers wave the national emblem over their twaddle and shout 'Make way for the American composer!' As a man De Koven is American; as a composer he is of international repute. His compositions find their place on the programmes of every concert hall and his operas go the rounds of all our theatres. It is quite unnecessary for De Koven to do any flag-waving. His compositions are not compelled to beg a hearing on the grounds that they are American. On the contrary, it is the nation that is glad to claim De Koven as an American because he is a distinguished composer.

"The achievements of this well-known American composer have been, for the greater part, in opera and in song. But with the composer of 'Robin Hood' and some twenty or more operas we are not now concerned.

"It is as a composer of upwards of three hundred songs that De Koven's place is permanently assured in the Pantheon of American Music. Three hundred songs over and above the solos in his operas! It is difficult to grasp the amount of mere physical labor necessary to write down three hundred songs, to say nothing of the creation of so many melodies. Yet, Reginald de Koven has accomplished this feat and is as full of enthusiasm and musical ideas as ever, and in all probability will greatly augment this total before he finishes the grand Finale and joins the glorious company of old masters.

"Historically De Koven's name has a permanent value if only on account of being first on the list of American composers to make a reputation as a popular song writer since the epoch of Stephen Foster's songs of slave days and Root's war songs. The early songs of De Koven were the first American songs since then to sell literally by the million. Such songs as 'O Promise Me,' 'Winter's Lullaby,' and 'Past and Future,' have had a vogue that few songs, past or future, have had or are likely to have. It is interesting to observe that when these songs were published they represented the popular style of the period. Compared with the popular rag-time of today these songs are almost classics.

"Now, while music has expanded in both directions, De Koven has developed in one direction only. The 'linked sweetness' of his early popular songs has never degenerated into the kinked fleetness of the ubiquitous drivel that would kill us all with syncope if it had the power to make our heart-beats fit its ragged rhythms. But while De Koven has profited by the influences of the best modern composers, as well as by the natural growth of his own musical mind, he has never forsaken that preëminently melodic manner which is as characteristic of his earliest work as of the ultra-modern 'Les violons d'Automne'—a superb setting of Verlaine's poem, which the Schirmer house is about to publish. It would be easy to find compositions of much greater harmonic complexity than any of De Koven's most elaborate works. In fact, we often meet with songs by very young composers in which harmonies run riot and discords abound. This kind of harmonic display, while it may impress the unskillful, in Hamlet's words 'can not but make the judicious grieve.' Reginald de Koven, on the other hand, invariably makes melody his chief end and aim, incidentally employing harmony to heighten the effect of the melody. It need hardly be said that this is the method, not only of the classical masters, but of all the best modern composers as well."

THE WIFE OF GENERAL BONAPARTE.

Joseph Turquan Tells the Story of Josephine and Paints Her Picture in Unfavorable Colors.

Mr. Joseph Turquan's life of Josephine Bonaparte will settle no controversies. It is more likely to reawaken them and to give them acrimony. Napoleon himself, says Mr. Turquan, has little to fear from the searchlight of history. He can only gain by being better known. But it is time to paint Josephine as she really was and to dethrone her from the heights where sentiment has placed her. History should be neither merciful nor pitiless. The portrait that it draws should be true to life.

Mr. Turquan begins his history with the end of the Terror, with the insurrection of folly that succeeded the insurrection of cruelty. At the receptions given by the unspeakable Barras the relief of the moment finds full expression. Mme. Tallien with a tunic reaching no lower than her knees, wanders with feline grace around the room and tries to forget that she was *Our Lady of Thermidor*. The woman in the corner with the auburn hair and with eyes full of the divine languor of the Creole is Mme. Beauharnais, whose husband was guillotined and is forgotten:

> Yes, that handsome dark-haired woman is the widow Beauharnais, who has been taken to Barras' ball by the *citoyenne* Tallien; and the chances of love will lead her, after having been loved by Hoche, Barras, and one or two less important personages, to the throne of France. Do you see that little officer there in his shabby uniform still smelling of gunpowder, with his sallow skin almost sticking to his bones, his lank hair plastered down on his temples, with sunken eyes which flash and blaze with some hidden fire from time to time?
>
> He is talking to the mistress of the master of France. Poor fellow! he humbles himself to speak to this very important personage; he has just been introduced to her. The *citoyenne* Tallien, who is always gracious, nay more, patronizing, invites this young out-at-elbow officer, notwithstanding his shabby appearance, to come to a soirée which she is soon going to give. The young man thanks her, bows, then moves away and is soon lost among the crowd of guests.

Mr. Turquan persuades us easily that Napoleon was unsurpassed as a writer of love letters. He quotes many pages of effusions that are filled with an abandon of passionate devotion that has never been surpassed and that is framed in language that is both fervent and dignified. The least hint of Josephine's illness would bring him back from Italy. He was filled with dire presentiments, and although "never has fate dared to withstand me," yet the news of his wife's indisposition has felled him by a blow "which wounds me and me alone":

> This letter, overflowing with love, true, sincere affection, is very singular in all respects. How Bonaparte humbles himself before the woman he adores! He accuses himself, poor fellow, of having teased her to come and join him in Italy! He did not know that she was unwell, that she was *enciente!* The mere thought of her being ill makes him feel ill himself! Was there ever a more passionate, a more affectionate lover? No! But there was never a colder, a more unsympathetic wife than the *citoyenne* Bonaparte. It was in order to postpone this journey which she could not make up her mind to take—she was so happy in Paris!—that she announced to her husband that she would probably soon become a mother, for she knew that she could easily tell him later that she had been mistaken. Besides, she never minded telling a lie; she lied about everything, and she kept this vile habit all her life: she found it so convenient to lie when a lie could serve her purposes and hide her little peccadilloes. Oh! what a true woman she was! But what a trivial woman: she cared nothing for her dignity. Dignity? What is that? It is nothing anybody can see. . . .

In one of these impassioned letters Napoleon tells his wife that "I am always thinking of your kisses, your tears, your pretty fits of jealousy; and the charms of the incomparable Josephine kindle a strong, clear flame in my heart and in my senses." Josephine had no faults except those of being too beautiful, too charming, too affectionate, and too kind. In sending her a million kisses he can even include one for her evil little dog, Fortuné, "although he is so spiteful":

> Fortuné was an ugly little mongrel of which Josephine was very fond, an affection which Bonaparte had no reason to share. We shall see, however, that like all lovers, he tried to please the house-dog; and he neither bore spite to the dog nor to its mistress for their unkindness. A little later, the conqueror of Italy, who had not been able to win either his wife's affections or those of her pet dog, said to Arnault while pointing to the hideous Fortuné, who lay curled up on a sofa: "Do you see that young gentleman? He is my rival. He was occupying madame's bed when I became her husband. I tried to turn him out: I might just as well have saved myself the trouble; I was told that I must either make up my mind to sleep elsewhere or consent to go halves. I felt rather cross, but I had to give in. I bowed to the inevitable. The favorite left me very little room and disliked being disturbed: I bear the proof on this leg." So Bonaparte had been bitten by his wife's pet dog, who was jealous of him wanting to share the soft resting-place, and did not like being disturbed—and that probably to the great delight of Josephine, who must have been highly amused by this little scene.

The dawn of Napoleon's disillusionment may be dated from Josephine's failure to meet him at Milan after she had agreed to do so. He had written to her from Verona, "I hope soon to find myself in your arms. I love you to distraction." She knew that her husband was coming, but there were some fêtes at Genoa and so off she went. Here is the letter that Napoleon wrote in the sting of his disappointment:

> "I reached Milan. I rushed up to your room; I had left everything in order to come and see you, and clasp you in my arms. . . . You were not there. . . . You were gadding about, going to entertainments. You go away just as I arrive. You no longer care for your dear Napoleon. Your love for him was the result of a passing whim; inconstancy makes you indifferent to him.
>
> "Accustomed to face danger, I know a remedy for all the ills and woes of life. The misfortune which I am now enduring is incalculable. I did not deserve such a blow.
>
> "I shall be here until the 9th instant. Don't disturb yourself, go to as many parties and entertainments as you like. You were made to be happy. Everybody is only too glad to be able to serve you, and your husband alone is unhappy!"

And the man who was thus made the plaything of a frivolous woman was already "a hero, a demigod whom the whole of Europe admires and envies."

Josephine's dogs figure somewhat largely in the narrative. The ill-favored Fortuné had been killed by another dog of low degree belonging to the cook, but Fortuné was succeeded by Carlin:

> "Carlin, who had already inherited his predecessor's rights and little failings, had already reigned for some weeks when the general perceived the cook taking the air in a little coppice some distance from the castle. On seeing the general, the cook tried to hide in some bushes.
>
> "'Why do you run away from me like that?' said Bonaparte to him.
>
> "'General, after what my dog did——'
>
> "'Well, what about it?'
>
> "'I was afraid you would not like to see me.'
>
> "'Where's your dog? Haven't you got him any longer?'
>
> "'Forgive me, general, but I do not allow him to set so much as a paw in the garden now that Madame has got another pet dog.'
>
> "'Let him come as often as he likes; perhaps he will rid me of the other brute!'
>
> "I like to relate this anecdote," Arnault adds, "because it is so characteristic and because it gives a good idea of the power exercised by the most gentle and most indolent of Creole women over the most self-willed and most despotic of men. His will, to which everybody and everything had to bow, could not withstand a woman's tears; and he who dictated his commands to the whole of Europe could not even turn a dog out of his own house."

The author gives us a spirited description of Napoleon's passage of arms with Mme. de Staël, who wrote him a succession of love letters and even ventured to say "that they had been created for each other, that it was a great pity that the calm, sweet Josephine's fate had ever been joined to his." Mme. de Staël met her hero at Talleyrand's ball, and the scene is thus described:

> "She overwhelmed Napoleon with compliments; he replied very stiffly to her advances; she, bitterly disappointed, tried every subject imaginable.
>
> "'General, what sort of women do you prefer?'
>
> "'I prefer my wife.'
>
> "'That is quite natural, but what sort of women do you esteem most?'
>
> "'Those who look after their own households.'
>
> "'That I can also understand. But what, in your opinion, constitutes an ideal woman?'
>
> "'The woman who bears the most children, madame!'"
>
> So saying, General Bonaparte bowed and left Mme. de Staël quite thunderstruck, but less angry at seeing her advances repulsed than at receiving this cruel snub in the presence of such a large audience.

Josephine disapproved of this retort. She thought it was vulgar, but she was not jealous of Mme. de Staël. The fires of her jealousy were not yet aroused, and it was her own fault that they were ever aroused.

It was Junot who first awakened Napoleon to the fact of his wife's infidelity. Bourrienne describes the scene as follows:

> "I saw Bonaparte," says he, "walking alone with Junot, as was his custom to do. I was not very far away from them, and I know not what made me watch him during this conversation. The general's face, which was always pale, for some unknown reason suddenly became still paler. The muscles of his face seemed to contract; his eyes became fixed and he struck his forehead several times. After conversing for about a quarter of an hour, he left Junot and returned to me. I had never seen him look so angry, or so preoccupied. I advanced to meet him; as soon as we were together, he said in a harsh, brusque tone: 'You are not my friend! Oh! women women! . . . Josephine! . . . If you were really my friend, you would have told me all I have just learned from Junot; he is a true friend. . . . Josephine! . . . And we are parted by six hundred leagues! You ought to have told me! . . . Josephine! to think that she would deceive me so! . . . She! . . . Woe betide them! I will exterminate that breed of effeminate puppies and coxcombs! . . . As for her, I will divorce her, I will divorce her. . . . Yes, a divorce. . . . And everybody shall hear of it. . . . I must write. . . . I know everything now. . . . It is your fault, you ought to have told me!'"

The ensuing interview with Josephine was a stormy one. Napoleon was desperate and enraged. He decided that he had been too kind to his wife in Italy, but now "never, never, will I take her back," and he shut himself up and paced the floor in his agitation:

> Mme. Bonaparte, with disheveled hair and streaming eyes, went and knocked at his door
>
> "Open, my friend, my kind friend! I will explain everything." Her voice was broken by deep sobs.
>
> "Oh! he won't open the door! . . . Ah! if you only knew how you pain me!"
>
> She used the most endearing, the most passionate terms of affection; her sobs were enough to soften the hardest heart. But Bonaparte was unmoved; he paid no attention to her prayers. And now, though despair took the place of prayers and supplications, it had no effect upon the heart with which she had trifled hitherto with such impunity. She passed a terrible night: in her despair, she groveled on the floor, struck her forehead against the fast-closed door behind which stood a man, her husband, whose love she had despised, whose honor she had dragged in the mud while he was away exposed to countless dangers, whom she would have covered with ridicule if such a genius could have been made ridiculous by the sayings and doings of such a silly, insignificant creature as she was! . . . And now she lay there, with disheveled locks, only half-clothed, overwhelmed with despair, the picture of grief, begging pardon of him whom she had wounded so cruelly.

But the end was not yet. Josephine's waiting-woman suggested to her that she send her children to the general. They would intercede for her and soften the heart of her husband, who could never tell Hortense and Eugene that their mother had been guilty of misconduct:

> He who had vanquished Austria and Turkey was vanquished in his turn by these defenseless young creatures. And yet Lamartine dared to say of him:
>
> "Nothing human ever beat beneath that thick armour."
>
> "Very well," said he, "go and fetch your mother."
>
> The poor young things ran and found her lying bent double with grief on the stairs leading to the servants' quarters; she was overwhelmed . . . her despair was genuine.
>
> "Mama, come!" said they; "the general is waiting for you."
>
> She ran and fell into his arms without being able to utter a single word; her tears were choking her. . . . And then she fainted.
>
> Bonaparte picked her up in his arms and laid her on the bed. . . .
>
> And when Lucien came to see his brother on the following morning he found him lying by her side.
>
> The couple had made friends. But Bonaparte had exacted a promise. Poor general! he had "asked her to send away M. Charles, and to promise that she would never see him again."
>
> Josephine had granted his request. What did she care for her lover now? She had sacrificed him as easily as she had once sacrificed her husband's honor. Oh! the inconsistency and thoughtlessness of women!

Mr. Turquan would have us believe that there were no limits to Josephine's rapacity. She coveted a set of pearls worth $50,000 according to one authority and $100,000 according to another. Napoleon had just paid her debts and was therefore short of money, so she persuaded Berthier to pay for the pearls with public money reserved for the hospitals in Italy. But she was afraid to wear them, so she suborned Bourrienne to support her in a contemplated lie:

> "Bourrienne, we are going to a grand reception tomorrow. I want to wear my pearls; but you know that Bonaparte will scold me if he suspects anything. I beg of you, Bourrienne, keep by my side so that if he asks me where I got them, I may be able to tell him without hesitating that I have had them for a long time."
>
> Was not Mme. d'Abrantès perfectly right when she said that Josephine "lied whenever she thought it necessary to do so"? Yes, Mme. Bonaparte unfortunately was far from disdaining suspicious subterfuges; she could stoop to do mean things; she did not belong to those noble-minded creatures who prefer to acknowledge that they are in the wrong rather than demean themselves by hiding their faults with a lie. She lied like a chambermaid who has been caught stealing her mistress's hairpins.
>
> Bourrienne, who seems to have been particularly partial to nasty situations, gladly humored Mme. Bonaparte. She wore the pearls as she said she intended to do. Her husband, as she had foreseen, did not fail to notice them.
>
> "Well, what have you got there? How lovely you look tonight! Where did you get those pearls? I don't think I've ever seen them before."
>
> "Oh, good gracious! that's the necklace which the Cisalpine Republic gave me. I've put it in my hair."
>
> "But it seems to me——"
>
> "Here, ask Bourienne, he'll tell you."
>
> "Well, Bourienne, what have you to say about the matter? Do you remember them?"
>
> "Yes, general, I remember quite well having seen them already."
>
> And Bourienne adds jesuitically:
>
> "I was not lying, for Mme. Bonaparte had already shown them to me, and it was quite true that Josephine had been given a pearl necklace by the Cisalpine Republic, but their pearls were incomparably less beautiful than those of Foncier."

Josephine had a sense of humor that was distasteful to her husband, and it may be admitted that Napoleon's humor was unwelcome to his wife. Upon one occasion and with every appearance of delight she brought to Napoleon a basket containing a hideous and miserable dwarf capable only of suffering. He begged her to take it away, as "it pained him to see it looking at him":

> If Bonaparte did not appreciate his wife's silly pleasures and amusements, Josephine, in her turn, did not display much enthusiasm for her husband's little jokes. Bonaparte, it is true, was rather rough; but were the tricks and pranks of M. Charles which, only a few years ago, had so delighted Josephine, any more witty?
>
> One day the First Consul invited several generals to breakfast at La Malmaison. During the repast, General Bonaparte took it into his head to ask his guests to shoot in the park; whereupon Mme. Bonaparte became much agitated.
>
> "What?" cried she, "shoot at this time of the year? What are you thinking about? All the animals are with young. It is not the season for shooting."
>
> "Oh! well," replied the First Consul rather roughly, "I see we must give it up. Everything is prolific here except madame."

Josephine's debts were a constant annoyance to her. She bought everything that was offered to her, and when she realized her obligations she became afraid and decided to confess to only one-half:

> Mme. Bonaparte's debts were enormous. Besides the 1,200,000 francs which she owed her different tradespeople (and money was worth twice as much in those days as it is worth nowadays), "she had purchased national property in the *canton* of Glabbaix, in the department of la Dyle, to the value of 1,195,000 francs and she still owed two-thirds of the price—the other third was to be paid by her aunt, Mme. Renaudin, who had become Mme. de Beauharnais and who had not got a penny to pay for it." And, what was more, La Malmaison, which Mme. Bonaparte had bought during her husband's absence in Egypt, was still unpaid for, viz. 225,000 francs.
>
> And then people said that General Bonaparte married the widow Beauharnais for her money, whereas the unfortunate creature only had debts!
>
> The First Consul paid everything: he paid both big and little bills; he paid the saddler, the coach-maker, the upholsterer, and the milliner who had supplied thirty-eight new bonnets in the space of one month, herons' plumes to the value of 1800 francs, and 800 francs' worth of perfumes, etc. He paid everything and everybody. However, Josephine's ruinous extravagance made a painful impression upon him as we can readily understand; and it was while he was still suffering from her conduct, that he said one day at the meeting of the *Conseil d'Etat:*
>
> "Women only think of dressing up and of amusing themselves."

The author describes the honorable part played by Josephine in connection with the execution of the Duc D'Enghien, but he seems surprised that she should forsake even momentarily the frivolous rôle that was usual to her. It is an interesting narrative, but it must be left untouched for those who are fortunate enough to peruse Mr. Turquan's vivid pages. We may not be able to acquit him of certain prejudices, but the charge of dullness will never be laid at his door.

The Wife of General Bonaparte. By Joseph Turquan. Translated from the French by Violette Montagu. With seventeen illustrations. New York: John Lane Company; $4 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Little Cities of Italy.

The French Academy acted with conspicuous justice when it crowned this tender and beautiful picture of some of the more famous of the Italian cities. M. Maurel writes not so much as the traveler or the historian, but rather as one who revisits the scenes of a well remembered and sacred past that he may the more vividly recall the stories associated with its monuments. His was not a voyage of discovery. We can not discover Florence, for example. Rather must we "radiate in her sphere"; unfasten the *cestus* and delight in the goddess. The guide-book will be a bewilderment. We must saturate ourselves with reminiscence from some kind of subconscious storehouse.

And so San Gimignano is sacred because of the inscription in the Palazzo Communale. "In this chamber, Dante, sent by the republic of Florence, took the word." And therefore, says the inscription, "salute this place with respect." And when the author reaches Monte Oliveto he understands the inspiration of Dante. Here, at last, is the Inferno. He had attributed the imagination of his bruised heart to exile, but "that was because I never had been here, never had crossed this clay. As are the borders of the Inferno, such is this Tuscan region of death."

It would be pleasant to follow M. Maurel more closely upon his pilgrimage, but to paraphrase is to spoil. He tells us of Pisa and of Lucca, the city that was bandied about from owner to owner until at last she suffered the depths of shame in seeing herself offered to Florence by Mastino della Scale, and hearing Florence answer, "Keep her." We have a chapter, too, on Prato and that strange genius, Fra Filippo Lippi, who was commissioned to paint the altarpiece for the convent. Fillippo asked that the nun Lucrezia should be his model for the virgin, "and that which was bound to happen happened." They loved one another openly, and even with some small success, since Lucrezia gave birth to a son. Pius II forgave the erring couple and allowed them to marry, perhaps because no one could paint quite like Filippo, and so the monk who married a nun was to labor four years more painting the choir of the cathedral "under the kindly eyes of priests and nuns," to whom he had set so deplorable an example.

M. Maurel has written to be read by those who can read reverently, a book that has the pathos of a funeral oration.

Little Cities of Italy. By André Maurel. Translated by Helen Gerard. With a preface by Guglielmo Ferrero. With thirty illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Victor Olnee's Discipline.

Let us pity the sorrows of a popular university student who discovers suddenly that his mother is a professional medium who has been exposed and is likely to be prosecuted for fraud. To the credit of Victor Olnee, he leaves the university at once and hurries to the defense of his mother. This is the beginning of a novel that turns entirely upon psychic phenomena, spirit photographs, and all the customary paraphernalia of Sludge the Medium. Mrs. Olnee is not a fraud. However much she may misunderstand her powers, they are genuine enough, and so we have a conflict between the prejudices of a healthy young athlete to whom spiritism and all its works are abhorrent and a filial affection that is proof against the noisome conditions of the medium's trade. A scientific treatise is better adapted to this sort of thing than is a novel, but we note with some interest the final explanation that spirit photographs are "only mental images transferred by some unknown mental power to the plates." Of course there is a beautiful young girl who helps Victor to pass through his ordeal, but even with her efficient aid the story is not exactly a gladsome one.

Victor Olnee's Discipline. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.30.

Educational Problems.

It may be admitted without reservation that Dr. G. Stanley Hall is among the most expert of the experts upon education. And yet a perusal of his two ponderous volumes leads not so much to satisfaction as to disappointment. Hoping to find the elaboration of some central idea, the presentation of some wholesome and clarifying principle, we find ourselves in a perfect jungle of psychological speculations that cause us to look back wonderingly upon our own childhood years and to marvel that we ever survived them. The child throws off its guise of innocence and simplicity and becomes a complicated mechanism in which perverted instincts play an unsuspected and often a horrible part. It may be that childhood will benefit from the morbid dissections and vivisections that constitute so large a part of the expert speculations of the day. It may be an evidence of unthinking conservatism to doubt it. But doubt it we certainly do.

The two volumes under consideration are practically a reprint with revision of many hundreds of lectures delivered by Dr. Hall and of magazine articles written by him. They cover the whole ground of pedagogy and they overlap the territory of the doctor and the minister. Nothing seems to be omitted upon which a theory could be constructed or an analysis based. That all this mass of material had to be recast and rewritten "with the printer at my heels" may explain, but it hardly excuses, a certain chaotic arrangement that keeps us with our fingers in the index pages. So monumental a work deserve at least the advantage of whatever orderly and sequential presentation is possible to it.

There is, of course, a large amount of sound common sense scattered through these fourteen hundred pages. Common sense can not wholly be banished even by expertism. But the common sense is to be found only in connection with those theories that are already accepted by intelligent and wholesome, but non-expert, minds everywhere. Wherever the distinct and specialized expertism comes to the surface there we usually find something from which we are inclined to shrink. Indeed we are led rather to doubt the existence of any useful expertism in education except the expertism possessed by all intelligent persons who love children and who have the virtues of patience, tact, and sympathy.

The kind of specialized expertism to which we refer may be gathered from the author's emphasis upon the facts of sex. They seem indeed to be an obsession with him. Sex lurks behind every phenomenon of child life, and we become asphyxiated with the atmosphere of it. We are not allowed to be in doubt as to the end of it all. Children, apparently, should be sent to school in order to learn about sex. At their most impressionable age, when the power of suggestion is at its height, the evil fires are to be blown into a flame by instruction in zoölogy, anthropology, and botany in order that analogy may convey the needed lessons. The idea of expert teachers conveying sex lessons by means of natural analogies will keep us awake at nights.

Over two hundred pages are devoted exclusively to sex, and the author carefully removes his gloves and talks right out in meeting. We are spared nothing, absolutely nothing. And then for fear that any nastiness may be left untouched we have actually a sort of experience meeting of mothers, who relate their most intimate experiences with a morbid frankness that suggests some phases of hysteria. We wonder who are these mothers who thus give to the author such confidences as would usually be hidden modestly from a wet nurse and what these confidences have to do with education. The author speaks as though he were urged to these considerations by a high sense of educational duty. Doubtless he thinks he is so urged. But he does it with a zestful amplitude and an abandon that suggest predilection.

That an educational expert should be grammatical is of course too much to expect.

Educational Problems. By Stanley Hall, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; 2 vols.; $7.50 net.

The High Hand.

Here we have another of the political novels that are now numerous, but one that shows none of the paucity of imagination usually to be found in these stories. It suddenly occurs to Jim Warren, a young mechanic, that he will break into politics and "clean them up." He has the support of his fellow-workmen and this gives some weight to his challenge of the seat in the state legislature now held by Francis Everard Lewis. And Lewis is easily worsted after Warren has persuaded his chief agent to betray him and to photograph a number of his incriminating documents. When Lewis finally tries to buy his opponent the conversation is recorded on a phonograph, and that, naturally, is the end of Lewis, and so Warren takes his seat in the legislature.

His next move is to demand his share in all the graft that is going, and he gets it. He deposits each payment in a safe-deposit box at the bank, and with it a statement of its source and of the names and shares of all other participating members. At last Warren is arrested at the instigation of a political enemy, and soon after his acceptance of a heavy bribe paid in marked bills. Then he opens the safe-deposit box in the presence of detectives and reporters. There are all the sums of money that he has ever received, with full particulars of each deal, as well as a preliminary statement of his plan of campaign with dates attested by the bank officials. Warren's triumph is of course assured and we see him on the high road to the governorship and about to be married to the girl of his heart. For of course there is a girl. There is always a girl.

The High Hand. By Jacquel Futrelle. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Find the Woman.

The story opens well. John Fenton's boyhood has been filled with mysteries, privations, and abductions, but now that he has broken away from his past and is facing a more promising future what more natural than that he should turn in casually to a Broadway fortune teller for a dollar's worth of prophecy. Unfortunately the seeress is raided just as she has hit upon some lucky guesses, Fenton rushes upstairs to avoid detention as a witness and intrudes upon a beautiful lady sitting on the floor and surrounded with jewels of unimaginable value. She, too, it seems, is in trouble, and so Fenton, always a perfect gentleman, allows her to cram the jewels into his pocket and promises to meet her subsequently at an up-town restaurant and hear all about it. These events are quite surprising and make us wish to go to New York. They also make us wish that Mr. Burgess would curb his prancing imagination and spin us a yarn that would have some relation to something real. The book is appropriately dedicated to Baron Munchausen, Scheherezade, and others. Those who reach the end of the book will "find the woman."

Find the Woman. By Gelett Burgess. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.25 net.

The Tariff.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell has done more than any other living person to direct public attention to the tariff and to popularize a knowledge of its history. For this reason the publication in book form of the magazine articles written by her during the last five years deserves something more than a casual mention. It is a book that the political student will wish to possess, to read, and to keep within reach of his hand for ready reference. Miss Tarbell's work is so well known that any general comment upon its weighty import would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that it makes its appearance in worthy form and with a competent index.

The Tariff in Our Times. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

Calendars for 1912.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are to be congratulated upon an unusually varied selection of art calendars for 1912, a selection designed to meet all tastes and all pockets. Every one is a work of art irrespective of the price, while the subject-matter of the letterpress has been chosen with a literary taste that never descends from the high levels. Among the fancy calendars may be mentioned "By the Silver Avon" ($1.25), a turn-over calendar with Avon views associated with Shakespeare; "The Landseer Calendar" ($1.50), with twelve reproductions of Landseer's masterpieces; "A Year with Keats" ($1.25), a twelve-leaved calendar with illuminated lettering and decorated borders; "The Charles Dickens Calendar" (75 cents), of six leaves with medallion portrait and character designs from Dickens's works; "Helpful Thoughts" (50 cents), with a "thougbt for every day of the year"; "The Shakespeare Calendar" (25 cents), of five finely colored leaves, floral decorations, and apt quotations; "The Longfellow Calendar" (25 cents). There is also a large assortment of religious calendars and calendars intended specially for the young and ranging in price from $1.50 to 10 cents.

The Booklet Calendars form another distinctive variety and one sure of its adherents. Among them may be mentioned "The Rubaiyat Calendar" (50 cents), bound in vellum, finely decorated, and containing the whole of FitzGerald's text; "All the Year Round" (50 cents), with Dickens designs and well-chosen selections; "Thoughts from Browning" (25 cents), bound in white vellum with ribbons; and "Thoughts from Ruskin" (25 cents), similar in form to the Browning calendar. Still other varieties are "The Rosemary Series" (25 cents), dainty booklet calendars with quotations; "Gems from the Poets" (25 cents), and "Pearls of Poetry" (15 cents).

The same publishing house has also a fine selection of Christmas cards to satisfy every age and all of delicate workmanship. The catalogue of these various productions occupies forty pages and should not be overlooked by those who buy their Christmas gifts with discrimination.

Three Gift Books.

From Hodder & Stoughton, New York, come three splendid gift books of a workmanship that represents the book-making art at its highest. "Stories from Hans Andersen" contains seven favorite tales printed in exceptionally large type with decorative margins in tint and with twenty-eight exquisite colored illustrations by Edmund Dulac printed on detachable sheets.

The same general description applies to "The School for Scandal" and "The Idylls of the King," the illustrations in the former volume being by Hugh Thomson and in the latter by Eleanor F. Brickdale. The three volumes are of uniform size, about 8 inches by 11 inches, although of different external decoration. They are well worth the attention of those in search of something of special excellence for the holiday season. Price, $5 each.

The Sensitive Plant.

Lovers of Shelley will rejoice in a volume of such rare beauty as this. The substantial introduction by Edmund Gosse has all the literary value associated with his name, while the colored and line illustrations by Charles Robinson are worthy of their subject. There are a large number of these full-page illustrations upon detachable sheets, while every page of the text contains charming little sketches daintily conceived and executed. The volume is printed in England, the American publishers being the J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $4.50 net.

In "Opera Synopses," by J. W. McSpadden (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 75 cents net), we have the plots of sixty-four operas retold in clear and concise form with date as to history, composer, first production, and cast. A useful little book for opera lovers, well written and well arranged.

All Books that are reviewed in the Argonaut can be obtained at
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Union Square San Francisco

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No charge made for the examination of manuscripts. I agree to find a publisher for every manuscript that I deem worthy of publication, and to make no charge for any service until the contract of publication shall have been made. Then I agree, if needed, that the manuscript shall be read critically under my supervision by experts, revised, typewritten, or otherwise prepared for the publishers. Manuscripts of every description may be sent me—history, biography, fiction, long and short stories, sermons, dramas, translations, travels, poetry—by prepaid express or registered mail.
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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Briefer Reviews.

Lovers of Fiona Macleod can now procure his complete works in seven volumes (Duffield & Co.; $1.50 per volume), edited by Mrs. William Sharp.

"The Six Little Pennypackers," by Sophie Swett (Dana Estes & Co.), is a lively story for children by an already well-known author. The illustrations are by Frank T. Merrill.

A somewhat unusual book of verse for children is "The Jaunts of Junior," by Lillian B. Hunt (Harper & Brothers; $1.25). The large full-page illustrations by Arthur B. Phelan are distinctly novel and entertaining.

"The Drift," by Marguerite Mooers Marshall (D. Appleton & Co.; $1.10), is an unpleasantly favored novel in the form of a series of love letters written by a woman to a married man who is contemplating a divorce. If the author expects us to admire her heroine we are regretfully unable to do so.

Paul Elder & Co. have published a translation of the "Recipe for a Happy Life," by Margaret of Navarre. To this have been added various selections from the writings of eminent authors along the same line, the whole being edited and arranged by Marie West King and published with a portrait frontispiece of Margaret and colored marginal decotions. The price is $1.

"Handicraft for Handy Boys," by A. Neely Hall (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $2 net), is a companion volume to "The Boy Craftsman." It describes a great many things that boys want to do, such as making aeroplanes, camp outfits, furniture, brass work, etc. The explanations are always simple and practical, and there are nearly 600 illustrations and working drawings.

A good story for the historically minded boy is "Tom Strong, Washington's Scout," by Alfred Bishop Mason (Henry Holt & Co.; $1.25). The principal characters, a boy and a trapper, are in the Revolutionary army from the defeat at Brooklyn to the victory at Yorktown. Among the historical characters are Washington, Nathan Hale, Hamilton, Franklin, Arnold, André, General Howe, and Cornwallis.

Among seasonable literature for the young "The Children's Book of Christmas," compiled by J. C. Dier (the Macmillan Company; $1.50 net), deserves an honorable place. Of large superficial size, it is made up of Christmas selections from celebrated authors, stories, hymns, sketches, carols, and legends, all selected with a view to youthful capacities and finely illustrated with colored plates and in black and white. The volume is distinctive as a collection of literature, and as a gift-book for children it is almost unsurpassed among its kind.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Appreciation of American novels in the antipodes is shown by an order just received by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company from Australia for an edition each of John M. Dean's Philippine story, "Rainier of the Last Frontier," and of Colonel J. W. Church's novel of Southern Georgia life, entitled "Deep in Piney Woods."

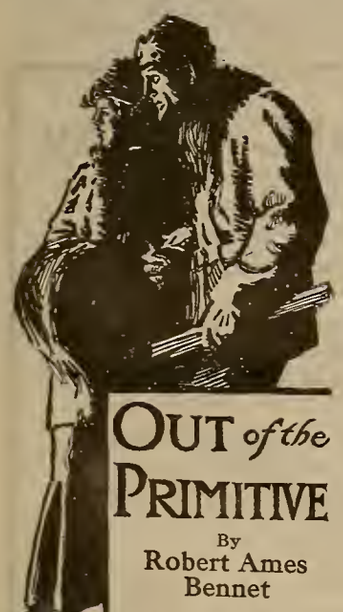
One of the attractive gift books for the holiday season is Shelley's poem, "The Sensitive Plant," brought out by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

The wedding of two English novelists took place recently on the Continent. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer is known more especially as the author of "The Fifth Queen," "The Fifth Queen Crowned," and as collaborator with Joseph Conrad in "Romance" and "The Inheritors." Miss Violet Hunt, who is Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's second wife, is best known as author of "Unkist! Unkind!" and "The Wife of Altamont."

The true story of "Whittier and the Little Quaker Girl," and the meeting between them, with many choice illustrations, will be one of the good things in *St. Nicholas* during 1912.

Henri Bergson's "Laughter" has been translated from the French and is published by the Macmillan Company. It elaborates a novel theory of the comic in situations, words, and character.

Montague Glass would be the last to deny that it is his own name, the more particularly since it is found of solemn record in the city directory (says the New York *Sun*). He made several efforts with no great success, but at last he secured a commercial rating for Potash & Perlmutter in March, 1910, by the publication of "The Arverne Sack." He is a graduate of New York University and of the law. It was in this employment that he acquired his familiarity with the cloak and suit business.



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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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New Books Received.

FICTION.

PINOCCHIO. By C. Collodi. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.

The tale of a puppet. Translated from the Italian by M. A. Murray. Illustrated by Charles Folkard.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. By Charles Dickens. Two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $7.50 net.

Presentation edition. Illustrations by Cecil Aldin.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By Oliver Goldsmith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.50 net.

A presentation edition. With colored illustrations.

THE LITTLE GREEN GATE. By Stella Callaghan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A new novel.

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE IN PARIS. By Romain Rolland. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.50 net.

The second volume of the translation, recounting the further adventures of the great musician after his exile.

THE UNOFFICIAL HONEYMOON. By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane Company; $1.30.

A love romance of which the central figures are the victims of a steamer wreck and their temporary home a lonely Pacific island.

THE QUEST OF THE SILVER FLEECE. By W. E. B. Du Bois. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.35 net.

A new novel by the author of "The Souls of Black Folk."

LOVE'S PURPLE. By S. Ella Wood Dean. Chicago: Forbes & Co.; $1.25.

The story of a woman's quest for love.

BIOGRAPHY, DESCRIPTION, ECONOMICS.

EDINBURGH REVISITED. By James Bone. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $5 net.

With seventy-five drawings by Hanslip Fletcher.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE. By Edith Sichel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50 net.

A biography. Illustrated.

THINGS SEEN IN VENICE. By L. and L. M. Ragg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 75 cents net.

A guide book.

THE WIFE OF GENERAL BONAPARTE. By Joseph Turquan. New York: John Lane Company; $4 net.

Translated from the French by Violet Montagu. Illustrated.

MADAME DE BRINVILLIERS AND HER TIMES, 1630 TO 1676. By Hugh Stokes. New York: John Lane Company; $4 net.

The story of a remorseless poisoner and whose trial was one of the most sensational episodes of the early reign of Louis XIV.

UNDISCOVERED RUSSIA. By Stephen Graham. New York: John Lane Company; $4 net.

A vagabondage in the forests of northern Russia.

NAPOLEON AND KING MURAT. By Albert Espitalier. New York: John Lane Company; $4 net.

A biography compiled from hitherto unknown and unpublished documents. Translated from the French by L. Lewis May. Illustrated.

THE MAGIC OF SPAIN. By Aubrey F. G. Bell. New York: John Lane Company; $1.50 net.

A collection of stray notes on Spain.

SOPHIE DAWES. By Violette Montagu. New York: John Lane Company; $4 net.

An account of "the notorious Mme. de Feuchres," "The Queen of Chantilly," and "The Montespan de Saint Leu," with a narrative of the Duc d'Enghien.

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE. By J. Stobert, M. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A survey of Hellenic culture and civilization. Fully illustrated.

THE ROMANCE OF AERONAUTICS. By Charles C. Turner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

An account of the growth and achievements of all kinds of aerial craft.

THE STORY OF BAYARD. By Christopher Hare. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Retold from the old chronicles of the Loyal Servitor and others.

A GUIDEBOOK TO COLORADO. By Eugene Parsons. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50 net.

Describing the state by counties with all information needed by the tourist.

THE MECHANISM OF NATURE. By Henry C. Ehlers. Clearbrook, Washington: Henry C. Ehlers.

Some theories of gravity, cohesion, and magnetism.

BYPATHS IN DIXIE. By Sarah Johnson Cocke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.25 net.

A series of Southern sketches.

ABROAD IN A RUNABOUT. By A. J. and F. H. Hand. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.50.

The story of an automobile tour.

AMERICA OF TOMORROW. By Abbé Felix Klein. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Translated with approval by E. H. Wilkins. Introduction by Professor Charles R. Henderson.

A GARDEN OF PARIS. By Elizabeth Wallace. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

With illustrations by Fred J. Arting.

PLANT LIFE AND EVOLUTION. By Douglas Houghton Campbell. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.60 net.

A non-technical account of the evolution of the vegetable kingdom.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SOCIETY. From Convict 1776. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company; 75 cents net.

With an introduction by Maud Ballington Booth.

JUVENILE.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CHRISTMAS. Compiled by J. C. Dier. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

With illustrations, colored and plain.

THE CHILDREN'S SHAKESPEARE. Retold by Alice Spencer Hoffman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $3.

Stories from the plays with illustrative passages.

SYLVIA'S TRAVELS. By Constance Armfield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $2.50.

For children. Illustrated by Maxwell Armfield.

BROTHER SCOUTS. By John Finnemore. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A story of adventure for boys.

STORIES FROM HANS ANDERSEN. New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

With illustrations by Edmund Dulac.

"THE BEES." By M. Ellen Thonger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.35 net.

A story of three children, triplets.

PEGGY STEWART. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

The story of a child.

FRIENDS IN THE ENO. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.25.

A story for girls.

AUNT HOPE'S KITCHEN STOVE AND THE GIRLS AROUND IT. By William Clarkson West. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; $1.50 net.

A story dealing with the problems of youth.

THE AIRSHIP BOYS' OCEAN FLYER. By H. L. Sayler. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company; $1.

An airship story for boys.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VERSES. By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane Company; $1 net.

THE NEW SCHAFF-HERZOG ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D. D., LL. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

To be completed in twelve volumes. Volume XI, Son of Man—Tremellius.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A presentation edition. With introduction by Edmund Gosse. Illustrations by Charles Robinson.

THE IDYLLS OF THE KING. By Alfred Tennyson. New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

With illustrations by Eleanor F. Brickdale.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

With illustrations in color by Hugh Thomson.

VIA LUCIS AND OTHER POEMS. By Alice Harper. South Nashville, Tennessee: The M. E. Church Publishing House; $1.

A volume of verse.

LAUGHTER. By Henri Bergson. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25.

An essay on the meaning of the comic.

THIRD YEAR LATIN FOR SIGHT READING. Edited by J. Edmund Barss. New York: American Book Company.

Sallust and Cicero.

WILOENBRUCH'S DER LETZTE. Edited by J. H. Beckmann, M. A. New York: American Book Company; 30 cents.

For second-year students.

THE POWER OF TOLERANCE. By George Harvey. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.50 net.

A collection of two score speeches and addresses.

BASHFUL BALLADS. By Burgess Johnson. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1 net.

A book of verse.

VOCAL EXPRESSION. By Katherine Jewell Everts. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.

A class book of voice training and interpretation.

THE LUTE OF LIFE. By James Newton Matthews. Cincinnati: Horton & Co.; $1.50.

A volume of verse.

The Greatness of a City

No city of modern times was ever greater than its street-car system.

In these days of great activity in every line, when men seemingly sleep with one eye open, planning for the morrow and the next year, it would be impossible for a great city to build up without the cooperation of a confident street-car company, confident of the future growth and magnificence of the community. The steam lines were the forerunners of the electric systems of city and town. Without the confidence of the great railroad builders the thousands of miles of interior country would have remained unoccupied and the untold resources of the United States would still be undeveloped. So, as the railroads led to the populating and development of the wilderness, the street-car system has aided San Francisco to build to its farthest limits, safe in the knowledge that transportation facilities are always a little in advance of the growth of the city itself.

The business man, the professional man, and the laboring man, no matter where he lives in San Francisco, has this car service at his disposal and is enabled to reach his destination at whatever hour desired, and in the shortest possible time. It has enabled families to build far out, the laying of the rails keeping time to the sound of hammer and saw, and has reduced distance to practically nothing.

Today San Francisco has one of the greatest street-car systems in the world, and observing travelers who have had occasion to delve into facts and figures here and elsewhere, pronounce conditions here exceptional, to say the least. Claim is made, with good authority to support it, that suburban transportation systems running in and out of San Francisco—exclusive of trolley lines and river boats—carry more passengers than any other group of interurban or suburban systems in the world.

Estimates have been made that between six and nine every morning more than 50,000 people approach the terminals of the city, Sunday excepted. The same number turn homeward between the hours of five and eight in the evening. In addition, there are probably 20,000 more who daily travel to and from the city.

It is hardly necessary to state that it requires a splendid car system to handle this traffic without delay, and that it is handled in a satisfactory manner is best evidence of the preparedness of the United Railroad for any emergency. Added to the army of passengers already mentioned, must also be considered the thousands who, without the aid of street-cars, would be unable to come down town and enjoy the theatres by night.

Step by step has the street-car system marched with progress, and often has it advanced beyond what seemed a reasonable business risk, but behind it all has there been undying faith in the future of the city, and, wherever the car lines extend, it is observed that the section awakens to a new life and homes and business houses spring up, responding to the traffic possibilities worked out in careful detail.

Confidence can not alone build street-car lines. Not hundreds of thousands, but millions of dollars have been expended here. Since the fire of 1906 the United Railroad has spent more than $13,000,000 in rebuilding, for new cars, repairs, and other work necessary to San Francisco's welfare and comfort.

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"THE OLD TOWN."

Everyhody doesn't know immediately what "The Old Town" is, when you mention it, hecause of the greater prominence given to the names of the two stars. This was explained, upon witnessing the unusually hearty reception given Montgomery and Stone when they made their first entrance at the Columhia Theatre on Monday night.

The lively pair had their expressions all carefully prepared for the histrionic mood of the moment, but when a man-packed audience, with every sign of the most cordial appreciation, gives an insistently glad hand to a footlight favorite, and when the welcome is prolonged to a degree much heyond the ordinary, even a seasoned comedian may find himself unahle to hide his pleasure. At any rate Montgomery and Stone failed signally to conceal theirs.

The length and fervor of their reception pleasantly disconcerted the merry team, and it was a real treat to see their carefully constructed stage expression gradually displaced hy a couple of open, honest grins of gratification. Not all of us knew what it was all ahout. We weren't dead sure under what circumstances we had last seen Montgomery and Stone, whether we had ever seen them, and if we had, whether we had heen so struck with their comedianesque charms as the majority of the audience.

However, they did not permit us to remain long in douht. The fun hegan right away, hut from the moment that Stone, acting the rôle of an impecunious circus manager deprived of his tight-rope walker, awkwardly mounted the wire, and hegan his ahsurd antics of well-acted fear, he had captured every reserve force of laughter in the house.

We laughed so hard that our recognition of his tremendously skillful feats in tight-rope halancing came later, and then, added to that warm outpouring or good-will we give to the mime that can make us laugh our sides into stitches, was given the respect accorded to the professional who is a master in his specialty.

For Stone is a sort of genius in his line, whether it is eccentric dancing, halancing, tumhling, or any little side excursions of the kind that he happens to fancy, such as whirling a lasso in dizzying circles, and playing a sort of lightning "jump the rope" the while. Added to the numerous hrilliantly clever specialties that he affects, this physically versatile master of huffoonery is gifted with an art and an instinct for humor. Whatever he touches is funny, and he has a helpless audience at his mercy. We don't know the trick, and we haven't any time to think it out.

> Ours not to make reply,
> Ours not to reason why;
> Ours hut to laugh or die.

Things move very hriskly in "The Old Town," and Montgomery and Stone are the liveliest, hriskest, and most amusing features of a particularly lively, hrisk, and amusing show.

Montgomery is an ahle partner; not so astonishingly and cleverly funny as his nimhle mate, hut the difference is not enough to overshadow him. Montgomery has a youthful and engaging countenance of circular symmetry and a valuahly deep voice of hass tendencies, in spite of flying huttresses of tenor yelps which diversify his vocal feats, whether sung or spoken.

The two work together like Siamese twins, and seem to he horn for team-work. Indeed, a pleasant characteristic of "The Old Town" is that each and every member of the company seems to he made to order for the rôle he or she fills.

When I saw on the billhoards the next day that Charles Dillingham had hrought out the original company from the Glohe Theatre in New York, I found myself, for a startling change, actually helieving it. For it is a first-class organization of the kind. Not only are the chorus girls and those filling the minor rôles fresh and pretty and enchantingly young, hut their ranks are crammed with splendid dancers, and the numerous handsome costumes are as fresh as the faces and voices of the pretty wearers. The pony hallet, too, an octet of pretty dancers, was much ahove the ordinary in its Terpsichorean feats.

Another memher of the company who received a pointedly hearty and prolonged welcome is Flossie Hope, a hright little hit of exuherance who passes through the comedy in a series of agile hounds. Flossie Hope, too, has a hent for comedy not altogether residing in a pair of most expressive legs. She can hold her own in a comic colloquy with the two stars and knows how to give just that twist to the dialogue that finishes off with added effect its intrinsic humor.

The little Flossie is a particularly good dancer, and is mistress in the art of making a hit with each entrance and exit. She was so well placed in the rôle of the little Swedish maid that she made us quite overlook the fact that it was her ridiculously conversational legs, instead of her face, that took on so successfully Scandinavian an expression.

There is an attractive leading lady too in Clara Palmer, who plays the ambitious wife of a multi-millionaire, and who has a pretty face and figure admirahly adapted for displaying the glittering and gorgeous costumes suitahle for the purse of Fortunatus. Miss Palmer is a sparkling hrunette, with a neat, finished delivery which is very efficacious in dealing out the native slang and the corrected Mrs. Malapropisms of Millionaire Bilwether's socially amhitious consort.

It took George Ade to work out this conceit, and the slang handed out hy Mrs. Bilwether is worthy of this most characteristically American composer of comedies that make for the joy of living. For the American husiness man, who loves his George Ade, had turned out hy the score on Monday night, and oh, how he enjoyed it! Every man was safe to come forth an enthusiastic advertiser of this hright, jolly, well-mounted, well-played little musical comedy.

Gustave Luders is responsihle for the music, which is just lively, ringing, swinging comedy music; no more. But it all went with the same snap and vim as the spoken parts of the piece. The Scotch medley is lively and exhilarating, the opening patter song sung hy Montgomery and Stone tickles the risihles, and wins guffaws at each repetition of the hurlesqued conclusion, and there were plenty of lively musical numhers equally good.

All the minor rôles were well filled. Mr. McCarty's German aviator had an accent, and a pair of European heels, that fitted the part perfectly. Harold Russell and Mack Whitney in small rôles threw off a hit of Scotch hurlesque with the finish that we often fail to get in hig rôles. Charles Dox had no specialties, hut he was jolly, and American and hearty, as the ex-country hoy, and present millionaire.

And Helen Falconer and Helen Bates as the two pretty nieces were highly agreeahle figures on the landscape, with their pretty little faces, their round girlish throats, and slender girlish shapes, daintily set off with pretty costumes whose Dresden Shepherdess tints accorded admirahly with the youth and charm of the wearers and the floating grace of their movements in the dance; for they were a pair of sylphs while dancing.

Charles Dillingham is responsihle for this production, one of the hest of its kind we have seen for some time. Long may he wave, provided he occasionally waves this way; for since musical comedy is so popular, and such shoals of it come to our shores, we like to feel occasionally that we know what it is like to sit up on Broadway and see a hright little laughter-stuffed piece of this stripe go so gayly, so cleverly, and so spontaneously that it temporarily gilds the edges of the soher side of life.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Grand Opera at the Valencia Theatre.

Aside from the advance notices of the Paris Grand Opera Company, chosen from the notes of the press agent, which appear elsewhere, it seems no more than just to say that the productions since the opening night have maintained the high standard announced. "Faust" was not remarkahly fine, hut "Lakme" disclosed new heauties and added strength. San Francisco will not soon hear in opera a tenor superior to M. Affre, a hasso more satisfying than M. Coiglio, or sopranos more pleasingly gifted than Mme. Chamhellan, Mme. Valmont, or Mme. Fregoleska. In other principals, the director, the orchestra and chorus, the stage settings and costuming, the presentment is much more than merely good. With all the out-of-the-way location of the Valencia Theatre, minor difficulties should not prevent real lovers of music from seeing and hearing this company. The reduction in prices will undouhtedly have a stimulating effect, hut without this, the attractions are amply sufficient to stir an interest which must he shown if San Francisco is to rise again to its old place as an enthusiastic supporter of opera.

Before leaving for Europe it was strongly intimated that Rohert Hichens and Mary Anderson, having successfully launched "The Garden of Allah," are to collahorate in another play, possihly "Bella Donna," which is announced at a London theatre in the near future. Mary Anderson refused to make any statement.

The French opera season in New Orleans opened last week with "La Juive," and "Lakme" and "Faust" were given on succeeding nights.

Cecilia Loftus, who has heen absent from America for two years, will return for a vaudeville tour on the Orpheum Circuit.

CURRENT VERSE.

If.

If in a bird heart, beating 'neath the gray
There chants a song, no matter what the day—
If in a bird heart happy sunheams shine,
Why not in mine?

If in a flower face heat down by rain
The hope of clear skies he, in spite of pain—
If in a flower face a great hope shine,
Why not in mine?
—*June Edna Bellman, in Kansas City Star.*

An Enemy.

O Summer, weep to see this havoc done
By cruel winds that hate thy benison;
Dead crocus and the broken daffodil
Make sad the earth: no glowing blossoms thrill
To dawns of tenderness and eyes of peace;
Snow chills the surly sky and gales do never cease.

Only the primrose in her harboring hank
For gentle welcome thou shalt find to thank,
All else that raised to thee a jocund head
Lieth a-dying or is perished.
Earth's strewn with ruin of the young-eyed Spring,
Dirges are all the songs our bravest birds can sing.

My garden hides from heaven her sorrowed face,
No garden now; rather a hurial-place
For tender infancy that laughed in vain;
Beauty and innocence and hope are slain;
Something that hateth God's fair universe
Hath set on April's hrow the winter of its curse.

'Tis wanton, O 'tis wanton to destroy
This slender loveliness God made for joy,
He who did turn the first year's timorous eyes
From winter's grave to spring's resurgent skies;
O winds, ye make Him hreak His ancient word,
Whence comes your pow'r to flaunt the everlasting Lord?
—*Harold Begbie, in Westminster Gazette.*

A Love-Song.

Love me for nothing time may take away,
But for my very self that must endure,
Fixed as the stars along the eternal way,
Strong for your strength and for your love's sake pure.

Then though this glowing force and frame decline
Through gradual changes to the withered worst,
Still through the veiled defeat you shall divine
The immortal soul that turned to you at first.
—*John Hall Wheelock, in Century Magazine.*

Chatterton.

"Grim humorist!" I'd write upon his stone;
"Great poet, aye, hut still a child of wit,
And martyr to his judges' lack of it.
When first his mimic mintings rare were shown,
Befooled, they praised them, hut, the fraud made known,
They spurned his Rowley coinage, hit by bit.
'No silver this,' they cried, 'hut counterfeit!'
Not seeing it was gold and all his own.

"O! dear deceiver, child of mystery!
How well to the last hour he played the game,
And falsely strong in his adversity,
Hid his young honor in a cloud of shame.
And last, the play's meet epilogue, we see
Death—hut dissemhled hy undying fame!"
—*Tom Daly, in Catholic Standard and Times.*

Eyes of the East.

Beneath false lights, in dim and crowded ways,
They weep, they glow; the eyes that saw the dawn
Five thousand years ago, and where the days
In sweatshops or vast mills too long are drawn,
They ever hurn, the mute, deep smouldering eyes,
That mirror triumphs dead as woes divine,
And cherish the fair light that in them lies,
Kindled of stars in low-hilled Palestine.

Ah, wanderers' eyes of all the lands and years,
Holding Spain's sun and England's twilight mists,
Dark with a race's yearning and welled tears,
Ye are the flame horne hy God's colonists
From sacred soil—the everlasting light,
Granted to those who held the path hy night.
—*Hortense Flexner, in New York Sun.*

In the Streets.

Boy, my boy, it is lonely in the city;
Days that have no pity and the nights without a tear
Follow all too slowly and I can no more dissemble,
I am frightened and I tremble—and I would that you were here.
O hoy—God keep you!

Boy, my hoy, I had sworn to weep no longer;
Time I thought was stronger than the whispers long gone hy,
The ardent looks, the eager words, the little love and hurried—
But they all come back unburied and not one of them will die.
O hoy—God save you!

Boy, my hoy—you were glad with youth and power;
Your joy was like a flower that you wore upon your sleeve;
And wherever you may go there'll be a girl with eyes that glisten,
A girl to wait and listen—and a girl for you to leave.
O hoy—God help her!
—*Louis Untermeyer, in the Forum.*

Klaw & Erlanger have won their case against the moving-picture makers. This decision, which prohihits film makers from making pictures of any copyrighted play or hook, is the first theatrical litigation which has been passed upon hy the United States Supreme Court. The decision is a very sweeping one, far-reaching in its effects.

Stage Gossip.

Cahled reports indicate that the opening night at Oscar Hammerstein's new London opera house was as hrilliantly successful as he could have hoped. With the exception that royalty was unahle to he present, there were no disappointing features. Mr. Hammerstein's courage is still in good supply, hut his fight to establish grand opera as a generally favored English entertainment is not yet won.

Geraldine Farrar has renewed her success of last season with added praise in the part of the Goose Girl in Humperdinck's opera, "Königskinder," at the Metropolitan in New York.

Sarah Bernhardt may he seen in America in vaudeville. She has an offer from Percy Williams at $6000 per week, the highest salary ever offered, to appear twice a day for six consecutive weeks, and occupy the stage for twenty-five minutes. Her answer is awaited with interest.

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VANITY FAIR.

Just now we are getting quite a numher ot hooks ahout millionaires and the many ways in which it pleases them to spend their hard-earned wealth. The man of average intelligence is quite satisfied to know that tbey do spend it, that in some way or other it finds its way hack into the pockets of those who need the money. But not so the author who makes a specialty of millionaires. He revels in monkey dinners, chorus girls, and prodigalities. He tells us ahout the golden hedsteads, the jeweled automohiles, the freak entertainments, the oysters with pearls in them, and the young ladies of the vaudeville whose tastes are quite expensive. Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin gives us yards of this sort of thing, positively yards of it, and he shakes his finger warningly at the millionaire and hegs him tearfully to remember the French Revolution, or at least to read about those delightful days, and to he wise in time. There is no evidence that the millionaire is doing anything of the kind or amending his ways in any particular, so we may yet see Mr. Martin capering around a guillotine in Fifth Avenue and shrieking "I told you so." And now comes Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee with another hook of the same kind. He rather likes millionaires and he believes that they can he reformed. Furthermore, he believes "that the next Messiah that comes to the world is going to he a Messiah for millionaires" and that he will show his power hy the creation of vast factories "smoking up to the sky, hlessing him." Mr. Lee is welcome to his opinion, but he should try to he a little optimist.

Please don't laugh, or cry. Mr. Lee says this very thing. He has printed it in a hook, so it must he true. He believes in the inspired millionaire, in the inspired laborer, and in the "world-singer." And hetween the tbree of them there will he something doing.

Both Mr. Martin and Mr. Lee bave much to say ahout the monkey dinners and the ladies of the hallet who bave such expensive tastes. At a casual glance one might suppose that these distinguished authors were really cross with the millionaire, that they would like to slap him. But hehind the words of censure we detect the adoring glance. Their whole souls are hound up in him. Never mind what they say. The fact remains that they have written large hooks ahout the way he spends his money. Probably there are not twenty millionaires in the world wbo give monkey dinners, but never mind. They are the whole world to Mr. Martin and to Mr. Lee. Mr. Martin and Mr. Lee think that they are a national problem. If Mr. Martin and Mr. Lee sbould meet in the cluh smoking-room after dinner we can imagine them settling in cozily hy the fire, and one would say to the other, "Now let us have a nice long chat about millionaires."

Something will have to he done to curb the ardor of hotel managers who try to impose sumptuary laws upon their lady guests. And something will he done as soon as the wave of civilization spreads eastward from California to Chicago. Let the manager of the Hotel Breslin heware. A day will come. He may live to see a law passed against such as him.

Mrs. Olga von Nisson was tbe victim of this arrogant tyrant. He may urge in his own justification that he thought Mrs. von Nisson had nothing whatever on ahove the equator, hut that plea will not hold water. Did he suppose that nature had colored the lady yellow, or that she had painted herself yellow? Now if she had shone with a delicate pink a momentary perplexity might have heen excusahle. But seeing that she was yellow he might have known that she was clothed, and a closer inspection would bave disclosed the fact that she was wearing a rubber costume. But acting with a headlong precipitancy that be will bave cause to regret he said that the offending garment must not remain in the dining-room, and as it was evident that Mrs. von Nisson could not remain without it there was speedily a vacancy at the tahle.

Thanks to the scientific spirit of inquiry that was displayed by a reporter, we have some fuller details of this delightful costume. The reporter in question followed Mrs. von Nisson home, and it need hardly he said that he found the lady in a state of prostration, hut still talking. She said it was an outrage, and when the representative of a free and independent and incorruptihle press asked to see the outrage she explained tbat she was referring to the treatment she had received, and not to the ruhher costume. Nevertheless she was graciously pleased to show it. The reporter says that it was made of broad, yellow hands of elastic "similar to that used in the article that supports tbe stocking." Evidently this ignorant young man is referring to garters and he is unaware that women do not wear garters. There is a new contrivance something like a male suspender, only more so. It hitches on to the edge of the stocking with a sort of clasp, but goodness only knows where the other end is secured. We saw these things in a shop window. They were fixed to an indelicate wax model. That's how we come to know about them. Mucb may he learned from the modern shop-window and an intelligent study of magazine advertisements.

But to return to Mrs. von Nisson. She put on the garment ohligingly and explained its virtues. Indeed she was so ohliging that she led that young reporter into an indiscretion, or very nearly so. Being a man he was quite modest, and so to his horror he found himself on the point of asking what she wore underneath. He checked himself on the brink of this enormity, hut it was an unnecessary question anyway, hecause he knew quite well that there was nothing underneath. He had eyes, hut Mrs. von Nisson, heing a woman, relieved his emharrassment by a gush of tender confidence. "Naturally I do not need corsets," she said. "An elastic gown serves as a corset." Then she went on to explain that it fastened on the left side underneath the arm and down over the left hip. There was simply nothing that she would not have explained had she heen asked. There never was so communicative a lady. No, there was no danger that it would catch in anything and so rehound with an unpleasant snap. It was far too tight for that. The reporter might try to pinch up a bit if he doubted it. He did try, and he simply couldn't do it without pinching the flesh, too. Some reporters do have gaudy times.

The following incident may he commended to the attention of the society for the promotion of equal rights for men. If there is no such society there ought to he and shall he. A dejected looking man carrying in his arms a young hahy applied to an Eastern magistrate for advice. He stated that his wife was in the hahit of leaving him for many days at a time in the pursuit of happiness, and the care of the hahy consequently devolved upon him, to the ruin of his husiness. Would the law protect him? The magistrate explained that the law would not. The government of the country in such matters was of women, for women, and hy women. It made no mention of men. The husband asked if he might have a maintenance order on hehalf of the child. No, he might not. Maintenance orders would be issued in favor of women only. Persons who had heen so ill-advised as to select the male sex at hirth must take the consequences, and it was to he hoped that the applicant had now learned a lesson that would stand him in good stead next time. For this occasion only he might consider that he left the court without a stain upon his character, hut upon his next appearance the court would deal less mercifully with him. Just at this moment the infant awoke and demanded nourishment. Finding that nature was unaware of the new order of things and that its father was hut ill-equipped for purposes of provender, it raised its voice in sturdy remonstrance and the applicant was hurtled into the street by the indignant usher and was last seen making his way disconsolately to the river.

There is trouhle with the Pittshurg detectives. Assigned to duty at the Taft hanquet, they refused to hire dress suits at their own expense. They have heen once bitten and now they are twice shy. On the previous occasion of a presidential visit the detectives were immaculately clothed in hired suits, but when they included the cost of hire in their expense accounts they were told that it must he defrayed hy themselves. Hence tbeir refusal to officiate upon the present occasion except in the delicate and airy uniforms and fragile open-work boots provided hy the city.

It seems a pity, because they looked so nice last time. The report from Pittshurg says that "it was only those personally acquainted with them who could single them out from the galaxy of millionaires." Can such things he? Or is it possihle that some muckraking reporter has heen allowed to shoot this malignant arrow at the Pittshurg millionaire? Surely the Lord's anointed do not have to depend upon costume for their identification. Why, we should know the Pittshurg millionaire anywhere by his halo of henignant intellect, and the radiation of social graces that are his distinguishing mark and to which no policeman could possibly aspire. But if there should he any lingering douhts we should only have to hear him eat his soup, and all uncertainties would he laid to rest.

An official in the county clerk's office at New York has discovered that the divorce prohlem is a simple one, so simple indeed as to he hidden from the erudite minds that have grappled with it. Hushands and wives whose names hegin with the same letter are likely to he divorced, hut where the initial letters are different the chances of divorce are very much lessened. Ada and Algernon have small likelihood of marital hliss, hut if Ada had only married George or Algernon had wedded Mary all would bave heen well. The official in question knows all ahout these things. He has studied them.

Now there is something in this. Only the frivolous people who delve into the suhtleties of social science will turn up their noses at a theory founded upon ascertained law. We have a fortune-telling hook somewhere that conclusively explains the correspondence between names and characters. Very well, then. Ada and Alergnon must obviously have similar dispositions, seeing that they have the same initial, and we all know that wedded hliss depends upon the union of opposites and not of similarities. What fun is there in having a wife who agrees with you or a hushand who needs no coercion? We glory in the conflict, and happiness can he won only hy strife. If the truth were known we should find that the majority of divorces are caused hy an irritating harmony, a sort of mutual saturation that causes repulsion. Positive and negative attract each other, hut each repels its like.

We are certainly influenced hy the names that we hear. To he homharded from hirth with a particular comhination of sounds must have an effect upon character, just as it changes character to he immersed continually in a certain color or certain atmospheric conditions. Sound and color are potent influences upon human nature, and we can none of us remain immune to our names. The old Sunday-school hook writers knew this well. From the first page we knew that Jim was certain to go from had to worse until he found himself in the Senate and that Henry would be horne aloft until he hecame a deacon or even a preacher. Now Ada and Algernon may seem to he quite different, hut somewhere there must he a suhtle similarity between them that will produce ructions. They ought not to he allowed to marry, and if the eugenists only knew their business tbey would have a law passed in ahout twelve minutes. But this thing is too simple for the eugenists.

Highly prized by the Burman are tbe following gems: Ruhy, diamond or crystal, pearl, coral, topaz, sapphire, cat's eye, amethyst and emerald. Collectively they ward off sickness or danger. The cat's eye is supposed to secure invulnerability in war. Incantations are muttered over some or all of these stones, and the water in which they are immersed is drunk in order to secure immunity from all evil. Spells are uttered over ruhies and they are inserted as amulets in the flesh of men who desire to be immune from wounds inflicted hy sword, spear, or gun.

Marquise d'Arconati-Visconti has left to the Belgian government the historic Chateau of Gaesheek, near Brussels, formerly the residence of Ruhens. The gift includes the furniture, composed of unique specimens of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with a library containing archives and papers of the greatest interest relative to the great painter. Ancient Brussels tapestries complete this princely gift. The Chateau of Gaesbeek will he one of the most interesting Belgian museums.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that to have a portrait of one of the family painted hy Copley was to possess a patent of American nohility! There are eighteen of tbem by the great Bostonian, in the Colonial Portrait Exhihition which has been arranged at the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, in Central Park.

"You never go to hanquets with your husband." "No. I'm always afraid that they will ask bim to make a speech." "And can't he make one?" "That's it exactly. He can't. But if he were asked I just know be'd get up and try."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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LOS ANGELES

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay. Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Probably the most typical illustration of modern culture was the reply of a lady who had been enthusiastic over the Wagnerian cycle, and "when I asked her to tell me quite honestly, as between old friends, if she really enjoyed it, replied: 'Oh, yes! I think one likes Wagner—doesn't one?'"

The sentiment of the theatrical profession is always impressive, particularly among managers. The proprietor of the theatre had died. The manager was asked if the house would be closed. "What! With this business! Absurd," he replied, genuinely shocked. But he gave orders to the stage manager to put the chorus in black stockings until after the funeral.

Nat Goodwin was at the club with an English friend and became the centre of an appreciative group. A cigar man offered the comedian a cigar, saying that it was a new production. "With each cigar, you understand," the promoter said, "I will give a coupon, and when you have smoked three thousand of them you may bring the coupons to me and exchange them for a grand piano." Nat sniffed the cigar, pinched it gently, and then replied: "If I smoked three thousand of these cigars I think I would need a harp instead of a grand piano." There was a burst of laughter in which the Englishman did not join, but presently he exploded with merriment. "I see the point," he exclaimed. "Being an actor, you have to travel around the country a great deal and a harp would be so much more convenient to carry."

The late Meredith Townsend had an affection for Scotsmen as contributors to the *Spectator*, of which he was for so many years proprietor and co-editor. Mr. Townsend's liking for the Scots was based on an experience he had in Leith when a boy. He was on holiday, and had run short of money for his return to London. He boldly hoarded a London passenger boat, intimated his desire to the captain to go south, explained who he was, and stated that he was without funds. Seemingly favorably impressed by the lad's tale and appearance, the captain, a Scot, said that would be all right, and showed him to a cabin. "But," said young Townsend, "this is a saloon. As things are, steerage would do all right." "Na, na, my mannie," said the captain; "if I trust ye at all, I'll trust ye first class!"

Recently, a dinner was given to Oscar Straus in honor of his long career of public service. Naturally, Theodore Roosevelt was present, and was one of the first called upon for a speech (says the New York *Evening Post*). With little preamble, the ex-President launched into an appreciation of his ex-Cabinet officer's public record. "Believe me, gentlemen," he said, "when I called Mr. Straus to my Cabinet, I was considering no questions of religion or race or station. I was considering only his fitness for the office to which I had elected him. Neither as German nor as Jew was Mr. Straus called to my Cahinet—but simply as the man most fitted for the position." The next speaker was Jacob H. Schiff, who, as everybody knows, is a bit deaf and at times absent-minded. After the proper greetings, the financier began slowly. "My friends," he said, "when Mr. Roosevelt wrote and asked me whom I considered the best Jew for the position. . . ."

There is in existence a very modest man who, though now peacefully employed, has in his day seen fighting in many parts of the globe. His friends know this and lose no opportunity to draw him out anent his thrilling war adventures. But the veteran's modesty is such that his tales are more than likely to be colorless and disappointing. Once some of his friends cornered him and by artful subterfuges led the conversation straight up to a certain battle, in which, as they knew, the veteran had participated. In a moment of carelessness he allowed himself to be trapped into statements regarding that battle. Whereupon, noting that he had warmed to the subject, one of his friends suddenly said: "You were in that battle, weren't you?" "Y-yes," confessed the veteran, much embarrassed. "Tell us about your experiences on that day," commanded one of the gathering. There was a breathless silence. The fighter saw there was no way out of it. "On that day," he began slowly, "at a conservative estimate"—all leaned forward eagerly—"I ran twelve miles."

An actor who had been out of work for many months and was very much run down at the heel—who did not even have a nickel to his name—heard that a mummer of his well-known capabilities was needed in a theatre that supported a very fine stock company. This theatre was located in Westchester, forty-five minutes from Broadway, by the New Haven route, and about five hours by foot. The actor was desperate for employment. Buttoning up his Prince Albert coat and summoning all his courage to his support, he struck out from Forty-Second Street for Westchester. When he reached the theatre the manager welcomed him with open arms. "Of all the actors in the world," the manager exclaimed, "you are the one I most preferred." The actor beamed with as much delight as his famished condition would permit, but with dignity replied: "I heard you. What do you want me to do?" "Of course you know that in all stock companies actors must dress their own parts?" "These many years have I heen aware of that," acknowledged the actor. "Well," continued the manager, "this is a new production. You will have the fattest thing in the piece. In the first act you are on a yacht. You wear a cream serge outing suit, commodore's cap, canvas shoes, silk negligee shirt, and a flowing necktie. In the second act you wear an English walking coat, trimmed with silk braid, gray vest with pearl buttons, pin-striped trousers, patent leather shoes with gray spats, a wing collar with a four-in-hand tie, a top hat, and carry a gold-headed cane. In the third act you wear a dinner suit, and in the last act you wear full evening dress. The latter must be particularly proper and immaculate." The actor regarded the manager seriously for a minute, pondered for a second upon his poverty, and then remarked: "In God's name who wrote this part—Hart, Schaffner & Marks?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Fall Pastel.

The wind is chill,
The wild geese whiz,
The vaudeville
Is doing biz.
The moving van
Is on the spot;
The chestnut man
Has got 'em hot.

The frost first nips;
The hare boughs flap.
The rosebud lips
Commence to chap.
The cider press
Goes all the day.
This ends, we guess,
Our roundelay.

—*Kansas City Journal.*

With Apologies to Henry.

This was the forest primeval. The murmuring
pines and the hemlocks,
Planed and veneered, in coats of shellac and new
varnish,
Stand like Chippendale "highboys," with dainty
lingerie coverlets;
Stand—full of buckshot (for wormholes), with
drawers brass-handled and polished.
Loud, from the long-distance telephone, the deep-
voiced, persistent dealer
Calls in accents decisive after the monthly install-
ment. —*B. K. Hart, in Puck.*

Aviating.

The presidential hooms, they go a-sailing to the
sky.
We stand in admiration of the way that they can
fly.
But we wonder, oh, we wonder, as we marvel at
the sight
Just where and how the most of them are going
to alight.

They are up among the cloudlands where the
mighty thunders crash,
'Mid the strange illuminations of the lightning's
fitful flash;
And some of them will glide to earth in safety—
hut a few
Will finish with some awful humps before the
race is through. —*Washington Star.*

Time-Tables.

I am up in astronomics, and in figures neat and
clerical
The orhits of the planets I've reduced to the
numerical,
The paths of all the comets and the other bodies
spherical—
It's really just as simple as can he.
I can figure to a parasang hy methods mathe-
matical
The route of any hoplite who has made a march
grammatical,
And stopped till "Ho Clearchus" passed a few
remarks emphatical—
There's nothing any easier for me.

But a minus logarithm is a model of lucidity,
The nebular hypothesis, a hit of mere vapidity,
Incapable of causing me a jot of the timidity
I feel for railway-folders of the day.
Though "Central Time" and "Eastern Time"
mean something, undeniable,
And reading up in place of down is never justi-
fiable,
And type that's black and light-faced is essential,
still, I'm liable
To board a train that goes the other way.

As to modern railway-folders, I admit an inahility
For grasping why the data which I'm seeking with
agility
Are always contradicted and reduced to mere
futility
By microscopic foot-notes down-below.
For "making close connections" I confess an in-
capacity,
A folder's "A. and P.M.'s" only foster my pug-
nacity,
And though perhaps I'm lacking in apparent per-
spicacity,
I never find the thing I want to know.

—*F. H. P., in Century Magazine.*

"How did he make all his money?" "Careful investments, I suppose." "No. Careless investors."—*Life.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will he found in the following department:

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton has announced the engagement of her youngest daughter, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, to Mr. Rudolph Schilling of Oakland. Miss Hamilton is a sister of the Misses Laura and Edna Hamilton, Mr. Ralston Hamilton, and Mr. Fletcher Hamilton. Mr. Schilling is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Schilling.

Mrs. George Stoney has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Heleoa Stoney, to Mr. Harry S. Brown of Boston. Miss Stoney is a niece of Mr. William Babcock of San Rafael, Mrs. Charles B. Brigham, and Mr. Harry Babcock of this city.

The engagement has heen announced of Miss Miriam McNear, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George McNear of Petaluma, and Mr. Leo V. Korhell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Antone Korhell of San Rafael. Miss McNear is a sister of Miss Louise McNear, the Messrs. Denman and George McNear, and is related to the Messrs. John, George, Seward, and Frederick McNear.

Miss Marie Bullard was hostess at a tea last week, when the engagement of Miss Margaret Postlethwaite and Mr. Thomas B. Dean was announced. Miss Postlethwaite is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Postlethwaite, who reside on Pacific Avenue. Mr. Dean is from Liverpool, and has resided in Belvedere for the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kennedy Orr have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Edna Shafter Orr, and Mr. Frederick George Crist. The ceremony will take place Tuesday afternoon, Decemher 5, in All Souls' Chapel in Berkeley. Mr. Crist is a hrother of Lieutenant Crist, U. S. N.

The wedding of Mr. Dwight E. Miller of Sacramento and Mrs. Daisy McMurray of San Diego took place last Saturday at the home in Berkeley of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, parents of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Miller are touring northern California and upon their return will reside in Sacramento.

Miss Dorothy Page made her formal déhut at a reception given last Saturday hy her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page. In the receiving party were Miss Isahel Beaver, Miss Marian Crocker, Miss Marian Dickson, Miss Marjorie Page, Miss Elizaheth Page, Miss Edith Page Smith, Miss Kate Peterson, Miss Gertrude Cresswell, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Evelyn Cunningham, Miss Genevieve Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger entertained several hundred friends at a reception at their home on Pacific Avenue Tuesday evening, when Mrs. Folger's daughters, the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham, made their déhut.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks gave a hall Wednesday evening at the Hotel Alexandria in Los Angeles. The affair was in honor of their déhutante daughter, Miss Elizaheth Hicks, who is a niece of Mrs. Walter L. Dean, Mrs. Lansing B. Kellogg, and Miss Alice Hager of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Gordon entertained at a dinner Friday evening complimentary to Mr. Henry K. Hadley.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker entertained informally at a dinner Sunday evening at their home in Burlingame.

Dinners were given Friday evening, preceding the charity hall, hy Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Robert Y. Hayne, Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mr. Frank Michael was host at a luncheon last week at the Pacific Union Cluh complimentary to Mr. Ernest Byrd of London.

Mr. Peter Martin gave a dinner Monday evening at the Hotel St. Francis, and with his guests attended the theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., entertained at a dinner Tuesday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a dinner last week at the Hotel St. Francis. The affair was complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. John Wilhur Dwight of Washington, D. C.

Miss Jennie Crocker was hostess recently at an informal dance at her home in Burlingame.

Invitations have heen issued to the Impromptu Cotillons to he given at 1268 Sutter Street, Tuesday evening, Decemher 19, and Tuesday evening, February 13. The dances have recently heen organized by Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. John W. Mailliard, Mrs. William B. Tuhhs, Mrs. Edgar M. Wilson, Mrs. M. Hall McAllister, Mrs. James Athearn Folger, and Mrs. Arthur Page.

Miss Elva De Pue was hostess Monday at a bridge-tea in honor of Miss Louise McCormick.

Miss Marian Crocker entertained Miss McCormick and her hridesmaids at a dinner Monday evening.

Miss Marie Bullock of New York was the guest of honor at a tea Sunday at the home of Miss Marian Crocker.

Miss Frances McKinstry entertained a few friends last Friday at an informal tea.

Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon at the Francisca Club.

Miss Lilian Whitney gave a tea at her home in Presidio Terrace in honor of her house guest, Miss Ruth Ogilvy of Santa Barhara.

Miss Louise B. Kellogg will give a tea next Tuesday at Century Cluh Hall, complimentary to Miss Lillian Whitney and Miss Ruth Ogilvy.

The Misses Harriet and Marian Stone have issued invitations to a hridge-tea Wednesday, Decemher 6, in honor of Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen.

Mrs. M. B. Kellogg was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon and hridge party.

The Misses Sarah and Dorothy Collier entertained at a luncheon last week in honor of Mrs. Bergie B. Beckett (formerly Miss Lutie Collier).

Mrs. Gustav Marcus gave a luncheon at her home in Mill Valley in honor of Mrs. Beno Smith, sister of Mrs. John Mailliard and Mrs. Horace Hellman, who is here from South America.

Mrs. Edwin Goodall gave a luncheon receotly at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. De Fries of London.

Mrs. A. A. Moore, and the Misses Ethel and Margaret Moore, have issued invitations to a reception, Decemher 7, at their home in East Oakland in honor of Mrs. Stanley Moore.

The Colonial Dames of America will hold their annual meeting and reception today at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. John W. Mailliard was hostess last week at a luncheon in honor of her niece, Miss Edith Page Smith of South America.

Mrs. Benjamin Wade, wife of Captain Wade, U. S. A., was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Miss Helen Muir, who is spending the winter at the Presidio with her uncle and aunt, Captain Grimes, U. S. A., and Mrs. Grimes.

Captain William A. Carlton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Carlton gave a hridge-tea yesterday complimentary to the new memhers of the Thirtieth Regiment, U. S. A., at the Presidio.

Major Thomas Q. Ashhurn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ashhurn entertained at a dinner Friday evening in honor of the Misses Morrison of San Jose.

French Opera Season.

The Paris Grand Opera Company at the Valencia Theatre has at last come into its own, and despite the mistakes made hy its management in the opening performances, it has quite overcome the ohstacles in its path and is now doing its full quota of husiness. The audiences are increasing in size and are thoroughly enthusiastic, fully appreciating the wonderful merit of the organization and the fine quality of M. Grazi's singers. Tonight (Saturday) an important production of Massenet's "Herodiade" will he made, for the first time in this city. "Herodiade" is the French version of the story of "Salomé" and follows closely the lines of the original text. Massenet has put his hest efforts into the music and Grazi will give it a grand production and a cast from among his hest singers. M. Affre, the noted tenor, will he the John, and Mme. Richardson will shine in the rôle of Salomé. M. Mascal will he King Herod, and Herodiade, his wife, will he sung hy Mlle. Tarny. The excellent basso, M. Coiglio, will sing the rôle of Phanuel.

The matinée this afternoon will he devoted to the successful Delihes opera, "Lakme," with the charming Fregoleska in the title-rôle.

Next week's repertory will he, Monday and Wednesday nights, "Herodiade"; Tuesday night and Saturday afternoon, "Manon" (Massenet); Thursday night, "Romeo and Juliette"; Friday evening, "Lakme," and Saturday night, Reyer's great opera, "Sigurd."

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s at the new scale of prices, $2.50 to $1. The reduction has already proved a popular movement.

The Kubelik Concerts.

Kubelik, the wizard of the violin, will spend his Christmas holidays in San Francisco after giving a few concerts in this vicinity, and then continue his tour, ahout New Year's Day.

The first Kuhelik concert will be given at the Cort Theatre on Sunday afternoon, Decemher 17, with a specially attractive programme, in which he will he assisted hy Mr. Ludwig Schwah, who has heen his accompanist for many years.

The sale of seats will he held at hoth Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and will open Tuesday, Decemher 12. Prices will range from $2.50 down to $1, and mail orders should now he sent to Will L. Greenhaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

On Tuesday night, Decemher 19, Kuhelik will play in Oakland at Ye Liherty Playhouse, Manager Bishop laying off his company in order to give the music lovers of Alameda County the opportunity of hearing this great player.

Horoscopes accurately cast; astrology taugbt. Address Robert R. Hill, 1618 Steiner St., S. F.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Every seat on every floor of the Columhia Theatre is occupied at every performance these days, for Montgomery and Stone are the talk of the town, their production of "The Old Town" heing not short of marvelous. It is hy long odds the finest musical comedy attraction seen here in ever so many moons, and San Francisco is showing its appreciation for heing sent two real stars and a supporting company of unusual excellence. Montgomery and Stone have no peers on the musical comedy stage. They are unique in their fun-provoking efforts, and in "The Old Town," which has heen prepared for them hy George Ade and Gustave Luders, they fairly upset their audiences with laughter. They hegin their second and last week at the Columhia Theatre on Sunday night. There will he a special matinée on Thanksgiving Day. The final performance is announced for Saturday night, Decemher 2.

The "Flying Legion," an organization composed of Panama-Pacific International Exposition hoosters, who participated in the recent excursion to Phœnix and Prescott, Arizona, under the auspices of the San Francisco Commercial Cluh, have arranged a theatre party to he given at the Orpheum Theatre, this Friday evening, November 24. Interesting pictures of incidents on the trip will be shown and special musical features will he added.

The programme for next week at the Orpheum will be headed hy the famous Irish comedian, Tom Nawn, who will present his latest sketch, "When Pat Was King." The play is in some respects a sequel to "Pat and the Genii," as Mr. Nawn impersonates the same character in it. Pat the Irish gardener eats of a lotus plant and under its influence imagines himself a king in the harharic age of Erin. He proves a wise monarch and a valiant warrior. The characters include his queen, Shaun the Bullock, and a beautiful Norse princess. It is delightful fun from start to finish, and the little play reflects great credit on its authoress, Anna Marhle. Brown, Harris, and Brown will introduce a melange of fun which they style "Just to Laugh—That's All." Hank Brown, the senior memher of the team, is an original comedian, Viola Harris is an excellent vocalist. J. Sullivan Brown is popular with his songs. Enjoyahle and clever will be the offering of James Diamond and Clara Nelson. They contributed considerably to the success of the New York hit, "Up and Down Broadway." Their act, which is appropriately styled "Something New," consists of new songs, witticisms, and dances. An interesting novelty will he presented by Hinton and Wooton, two Englishmen who play a match of soccer foothall mounted on hicycles, and instead of using their toes to kick the hall, knock it ahout with the front and rear tires of their machines. The game is refereed hy Mahel Wooton. Next week will he the last of Ed F. Reynard, "the ventriloquist with a production," Mazie King and Company, Lynch and Zeller, and Pat Rooney and Marion Bent in "The Busy Bell Boy."

Anna Held will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for the two closing weeks of the present year. Her production of "Miss Innocence" is widely heralded as magnificent.

John C. Fisher, of "Florodora" fame, is to send his latest attraction, "The Red Rose," to San Francisco next January. The production is coming from the Globe Theatre, New York.

"Get Rich Quick Wallingford" will he seen here for the first time shortly after the New Year. The Columhia Theatre management has booked the hig success for two weeks.

Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir.

Mme. Hughes-Thomas's Ladies' Choir, which will appear at Scottish Rite Hall in San Francisco on Thanksgiving afternoon and night, Novemher 30, charms an audience with its singing, as Orpheus of old charmed creation with his lute. There is a fascination in the singing of the fair daughters of Wales that makes a listener spell-hound while his soul is transported on the pinions of inspiration into realms he never explored in his life hefore. It is a most delightful experience to spend an hour under the influence of the music of this magnificent organization.

Seats are now on sale at Kohler & Chase's, at popular prices.

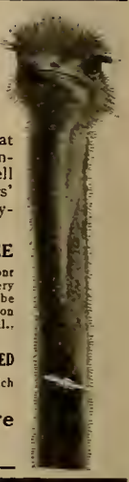
Dr. H. J. Stewart's oratorio, "The Nativity," will he sung at St. Dominic's Church during the Christmas season. A repetition of this favorite work has heen requested, as last year many were unahle to ohtain admission to the church.

Blanche Walsh is playing in vaudeville in New York, presenting a dramatic sketch, "The Thunder God."

Thanksgiving Turkey Favors—Dainty little miniature turkeys, in life-like pose and colors, filled with candies, make appropriate gifts and attractive table decorations. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Richard Hammond and her sister, Miss Julia Langhorne, will spend the winter in Atlanta, Georgia, where they will visit Captain Powell Clayton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Clayton (formerly Miss Nannie Langhorne) and Captain George Clayton, U. S. A., who are stationed at Fort Oglethorpe. Miss Julia Langhorne is at present in New York, where she is the guest of the Misses Sarah, Mary, and Elizabeth Cunningham, who, with their mother, Mrs. James Cunningham, spent the summer in this city.

Mr. Frank McCoppin Brewer has returned from the Hawaiian Islands, where he has been for many months.

Miss Leslie Page will leave soon after the holidays for Washington, D. C., where she will spend several months with Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond. Miss Page and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Page, have recently closed their home in San Rafael and are established for the winter on Pacific Avenue and Webster Street.

Miss Amy Brewer has arrived from the East and was the guest for several days of Miss Vera de Sabla.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan have recently been visiting Mr. William Carrigan at his country home in Connecticut. Mrs. Carrigan is at present visiting friends in New York and will return shortly to her home in St. Johns, New Brunswick, where Mr. Carrigan is vice-consul.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and her children have returned from Boston and are at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. J. B. Wright and her nieces, the Misses Laura and Mildred Baldwin, will sail November 29 for home. Mrs. Wright has been abroad for the past two years and was joined last fall by her nieces, with whom she has since been traveling.

Mr. Ernest Byrd left last Friday for his home in London after a visit of several weeks in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, who have been spending the past year in Burlingame, will come to town Monday and occupy their home, which has been undergoing improvements. Mrs. Pratt has entirely recovered from her recent painful accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough have returned from a six weeks' trip to New York and New Orleans.

Mrs. Walter Dean is at present in Los Angeles, where she is visiting her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks.

Miss Genevieve King spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin have gone East for a brief visit.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton has returned from St. Helena, where she has been with her sister, Mrs. Harry MacFarlane of Honolulu, who is recuperating from her recent serious illness.

Mrs. Alfred Holman and her daughter, Miss Helen Holman, will arrive today in New York from Europe, where they have been traveling during the past six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and their children will go abroad this winter and will spend January and February in Egypt.

Mrs. William S. Tevis returned to town Monday from Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Botbin have returned from a month's visit in New York.

Mrs. Stetson-Winslow and Miss Ruth Winslow spent the week-end in Woodside with Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mrs. William Thomas and her daughter, Miss Gertrude, have returned from the East and have joined Mr. Thomas at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun have arrived from Cleveland, Ohio, for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly and their children are established for the winter at the home on Buchanan and Sacramento Streets of Miss Margaret Casserly.

Mrs. George Wickliffe McBride of Portland and Miss Emma McBride, daughter of Dr. McBride of Pasadena, made a brief visit in San Francisco this week, en route from the north to Pasadena. Mrs. McBride will return to her home in Portland in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford (formerly Miss Helen Smythe) have arrived from the East and will spend a few weeks in this city en route to their ranch, where they will permanently reside.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent spent the week-end in Woodside as the guests of Mrs. James A. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker have opened their country home, Uplands, in San Mateo, and will delay their return to town until December.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale will spend the winter with her sisters, Mrs. George Pillsbury of West Point and Mrs. George Hood of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have closed their home in Burlingame and are occupying an apartment at Gough and Sacramento Streets.

Mr. Frank McCoppin Brewer and Miss Amy Brewer are established for the winter in El Cerrito Park, where they are occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Casserly.

Miss Harriet Pomeroy is contemplating a trip to Europe, where she will travel with her aunts, Mrs. Louis Morris and Mrs. Hartman.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey has returned from Burlingame, where she has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ward Barron.

Mr. Henry K. Hadley spent a few days in Pleasanton as the guest of Mrs. Hearst.

Mr. William Mayo Newhall has gone East to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with his son, Mr. William Mayo Newball, Jr., who is at Yale University.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Howell will move soon after the holidays to the Fairmont Hotel. They are at present occupying an apartment on Van Ness Avenue and Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers will spend the winter at the Somerset.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have returned from a brief visit in the East.

Mrs. Joseph A. Chanslor is in Los Angeles, where she will be the guest of friends until the end of next week. Mr. and Mrs. Chanslor are established for the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule, who have been at the Fairmont Hotel since their arrival from New York, have rented for the winter the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. Abe Stern.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., will occupy during the winter the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr.

Mrs. Lovell White has returned to town after having spent the summer at her country home in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., who have been abroad for the past six months, will return home in January. Mrs. Mendell's daughter, Miss Louise Janin, will remain another year in Paris, where she is attending school.

Mrs. Obed Harvey of Galt, who has been ill in a local hospital, has been spending the past week at the Palace Hotel with her daughter, Miss Genevieve Harvey, who during her mother's illness was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bliss.

Colonel C. E. S. Wood of Portland has been a recent visitor at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Bullock and their daughter, Miss Louise Bullock, have arrived from New York for a brief visit.

Mrs. J. D. Peters of Stockton and her daughter, Miss Anna Peters, are established for the season at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. A. E. Henderson of New York is the guest of Miss Ethel Cooper at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Michael J. O'Connor, Miss Frances O'Connor, Monsieur and Madame de Cazotte of San Mateo, spent a few days last week at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Adam Magee of Fruitvale have decided to reside in this city and will shortly commence the building of a home on Broadway and Lyon Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron are having a home built in Burlingame near the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Seymour have arrived recently from the East and will spend a few weeks at the Palace Hotel en route to their home in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gill (formerly Miss Sarah Drum) will come up from Redlands and spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. William Geer Hitchcock.

Mr. and Mrs. William Burke (formerly Miss Genevieve Walker), who have been living at their country home in Santa Clara County, will spend the winter at the Fairmont Hotel. Mrs. Burke's sister, Miss Eleanor Walker, who arrived several weeks ago from Philadelphia, will remain with her relatives during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee will remain in San Mateo indefinitely. They have rented their home on Vallejo Street to the Misses Callahan of Menlo.

Miss Edith Chesebrough has returned from the East, where she has been visiting friends during the past two months. Miss Chesebrough brought back several trophies she won in golf tournaments at Eastern country clubs.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills (formerly Miss Claire Nichols) have taken a house in San Rafael, where they will reside indefinitely.

Signor Emilio de Gogorza and Mme. de Gogorza left Sunday for the East. During their visit here they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon in Menlo and Dr. Harry L. Tevis at his home in Alma.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown were last heard from at St. Petersburg, where they were enjoying the early Russian winter.

Judge and Mrs. John F. Finn sailed from New York November 18, stopping at Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, and Villefranche, where they will leave the steamer, having planned to spend the winter on the French Riviera.

Mrs. Steiner of Chicago is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Crocker, with whom she will spend the winter.

Colonel James A. Irons, U. S. A., has gone to Fort Douglas, where he will be stationed indefinitely.

Major Charles Krauthoff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Krauthoff have gone East to visit relatives.

The David Bispham Concerts.

David Bispham, America's foremost baritone, will give two concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium under the Greenhaum management, the first being scheduled for Sunday afternoon, December 3, and the second for the following Sunday, December 10.

This splendid artist is so well known to both lovers of opera and song that there is but little left to write about him or his exceptional artistic powers. He is now at the very zenith of his career and the programme he promises will tempt all music lovers.

At the opening concert he will offer "Hear Me! Ye Winds and Waves," Haendel; "I attempt from lovesickness to fly," Purcell; "When two that love are parted," Secchi; "I's a Roamer," Mendelssohn; "The Montone," Cornelius; "Cecily," Straus; and works by Harriet Ware, Louis Eibel, Henry F. Gilbert, and Sydney Homer, in addition to a recitation of Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily," with music by Rosseter G. Cole.

At the second concert works by Schubert, Loewe, Tschaikowsky, Wagner, Clara Schumann, Henry Hadley, Sidney Homer, W. J. McCoy, and others will be given, besides a recitation of Tennyson's "Guinevere" with music by Heniot Levy.

Mr. Harry W. Gilbert will be the pianist.

Seats will be ready at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's on Tuesday next.

In Oakland Mr. Bispham will give a special programme, which will include Schumann's beautiful song cycle, "A Poet's Love" ("Dichterliebe"), and a musical setting of Tennyson's "Elaine" by Mrs. Ada Wiegel Powers, at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Thursday afternoon, December 7. For this event seats will be ready at Ye Liberty on Monday, December 4.

Sigmund Beel's Quartet.

The Sigmund Beel String Quartet is the latest musical organization to enter the field, but Mr. Beel's name attached to anything musical is at once a guaranty. It is the purpose of this player to establish a permanent chamber music organization here that will become as popular as the Carr-Beel organization of former years. The members of the Beel Quartet will be, besides Mr. Beel, Mr. C. F. Hamlin, violin; Mr. N. Firestone, viola; and Mr. W. Villalpando, violoncellist. Rehearsals are being held daily and within a week or so announcements for the season of concerts will be made. Will L. Greenhaum will have charge of the business affairs of the Beel Quartet.

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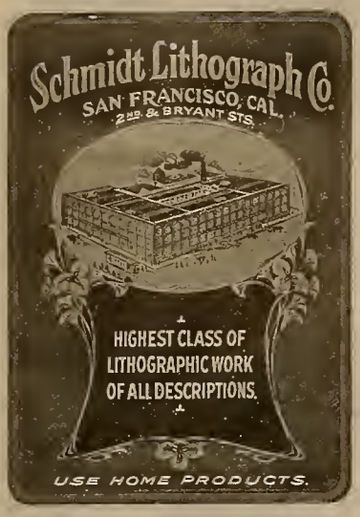
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—I found a motb in my winter overcoat. *She*—Wasn't the overcoat rather large for it?—*Baston Transcript.*

Lafty—Did he speak in high terms of the doctor? "Yes; he said he charged $10 a visit."—*Town Topics.*

"Reggy has a new attachment on his airship." "What for?" "For deht."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Yeast—He's spent a fortune, you know, on irrigation. *Crimsanbeak*—Is that so? Land or throat?—*Yankers Statesman.*

"Giddings willingly gives his wife full credit for what he is." "What is he?" "Bankrupt."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"Aren't you afraid you will catch cold on such a night as this, my hoy?" "No, sir. Selling papers keeps up the circulation."—*Lippincatt's Magazine.*

He—Do hurry, Kate; the train leaves in twenty minutes. *She (absent-mindedly)*—Oh, be quiet! You know it's had form to be on time.—*Baston Transcript.*

"Fan," said George, "you know how I feel toward you. Do you reciprocate?" "George," Fan said, with a shy glance, "does this mean annexation?"—*Chicaga Tribune.*

"Yes," remarked the telephone girl as she gazed out at the waves and wondered what their numher was, "I am connected with the best families in our city."—*Cathalic Universe.*

Hiram—So yew heard Ruhe Jenkins wuz dead, eh? *Silas*—Waal, not exactly that he wuz dead—hut I heard several folks down to th' Center speakin' well of him.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Stranger—Have you a good hair tonic you can recommend? *Druggist (Prahibitian tawn)*—Here is something that is spoken of very favorahly by people wbo have drank it.—*Wareham Caurier.*

Mr. Crimsanbeak—Here's an item which says the swan outlives any other hird, in extreme cases reaching 300 years. *Mrs. Crimsanbeak*—And, remember, John, the swans live on water.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

Waman (ta dctective)—Why, it was this way: There came a ring at the door, and there stood two men who said they were from the gas company, inspecting meters. They looked so dishonest, I thought they were, so I let them in!—*Puck.*

"What is your idea of patriotism?" "Patriotism," replied Senator Sorghum, "is what inspires a man to point out many needs for reform in his country, but causes him to resent an indorsement of his views hy a foreigner."—*Washingtan Star.*

"It's positively disgusting." "Wbat is?" "The way people crowd to a theatre to see an improper play. Just think! Tbey've sold out the house for three weeks in advance!" "How do you know?" "I tried to purchase tickets and couldn't."—*Landan Opinian.*

Papa—But hasn't your fiancé got a job? *Daughter*—Not yet, but he's going to get one at $25,000 a year. *Papa*—Indeed! Glad to hear it! What is he doing? *Daughter*—Well, he read in the paper of some man who is paid $50,000 a year hy the Bankers' Association not to forge checks, and George is going to offer not to do it for half that.—*Puck.*

"It's hardly right," the enthusiast urged, "that men who just happen to have the money should be able to take Remhrandts and Van Dycks from countries that have had them for generations." "That's so," agreed the Texan. "Those fellows just go over to Europe and huy 'em up, don't they? Why, say, not one in ten'll ever read 'em.—*Kansas City Star.*

"How in thunder can you afford a motor, Binks?" demanded Harkaway. "Oh, I mortgaged my house and bought it," said Binks. "I am building a garage now." "Well, I never—a garage, eh?" said Harkaway. "How the deuce are you going to pay for that?" "Why, that's simple enough," said Binks. "I've mortgaged my car." "But my dear fellow—these mortgages will fall due some day, won't they?" asked Harkaway. "Sure!" said Binks, "but that'll he all right. Then I can mortgage the garage."—*Harper's Weekly.*

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SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EFFIE I. SIMONS, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the county clerk of said city and county.

The People of the State of California send greeting to: CLARENCE F. SIMONS, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this city and county; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are berehy notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 29th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

BUSH FINNELL, Attorney for Plaintiff, 920 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Special Session.

Every voter in California knows that the legislature is now sitting, but probably not one voter in ten has any but a dim idea of why it is sitting, and not one voter in a hundred has given any precise and practical attention to the meaning and effect of the measures that it is intended to pass into law. Some day the public will be rudely awakened to its duty in this matter and to the supreme folly of allowing a few individuals practically to dictate the legislation of a state. Among the twenty-six provisions included in the governor's call there are some that could not be settled properly though the wisest men in the state should deliberate upon them for three months. The Public Utilities bill is one of these. The constitutional amendment does little more than give the right to legislate. It is left to the legislature to devise some scheme for the regulation of prices and profits and to invent whatever machinery may be needed therefor. And this is to be done in three weeks, together with twenty-five other proposals, many of them of like magnitude. The reapportionment bill is an even bigger undertaking. If every minute of the session were devoted to this one problem the time would still be too short, and yet the governor insinuates in the delicate way peculiar to himself that caution and deliberation will be evidences of enmity toward the state. It is to be hoped that legislators will disregard all efforts to hasten their movements. The responsibility is upon them, and not upon the governor, and the responsibility will not be a light one if they allow themselves to be reduced to the level of a mere body of record for the will of one ambitious individual who happens, for reasons of his own, to be in a hurry.

The War Scare in Europe.

The news of the reprimand administered by the German emperor to the crown prince deserves something more than the rather vapid levity with which it has been received. The form of the reprimand does not matter at all. It matters a great deal that the heir to the German throne should throw a studied insult into the face of France and that he should place himself at the head of a party whose avowed policy is that of provocation and war.

The offense of the crown prince was a peculiarly grave one. Holding no authority, and yet with the certainty that all authority must presently be his, he rose from his seat in the Reichstag in order to applaud a political leader who had just said: "That which can secure peace with France is not treaty-making; it is the German sword." This incendiary utterance was in protest against a treaty which had momentarily postponed a European war. Grave as was the statement itself, it became infinitely graver when it received the approval of a young man who may be called at any moment to a position wherein his power may equal his wishes.

The emperor, to his honor, took prompt steps to minimize the incalculable mischief that he foresaw. He ordered his son to apologize to the chancellor who had made the treaty with France, or to join his regiment in disgrace. The crown prince apologized, but he nullified his apology by a further offense. On the same evening he visited a popular theatre, and with the obvious intention to provoke an ovation. Nearly ten thousand people were present and the whole audience rose to its feet in order to cheer a prince who had thus torn the peace ribbons from the national sword. The incident was calculated and foreseen, and once more the emperor was forced into action. The crown prince was placed under detention for a few days and was then ordered to Dantzig. Some idea of the situation is conveyed by authoritative reports from Paris, which describe the French feeling as one of desperation. France, we are told, must realize that nothing but war awaits her. Diplomacy can do naught against a fixed determination to fight. If such a situation contains anything ludicrous we may congratulate ourselves upon a deficient sense of humor.

If any power of reflection is still left to humanity, we may wonder for how long the great nations of the world will allow themselves to be hurled into ruin by the will of one individual. Germany is not alone in a subservience to governmental traditions so fraught with immeasurable consequences. Sir Edward Grey has been asked to explain to Parliament the precise position occupied by Great Britain in the recent Moroccan controversy, and a brief summary of his speech is already to hand. The position was certainly a critical one, and the nation has awakened suddenly to a realization of how critical it was. It was known in a general way that England was bound to support France in Morocco in return for the free hand accorded to herself in Egypt. It is now known how momentous that obligation had become and that three great nations had secretly matured their plans of offense and defense without one word of definite authority from the hundreds of millions of human beings who must necessarily be involved. These preparations on the part of England were so far advanced that a word would have precipitated the whole British army into the European continent, and it is asserted without contradiction that the great transportation strike in England was brought to an end only upon secret assurances to employers and employed that the country was upon the brink of war. If such a situation were not horrible it would be grotesque. That the great nations should be on the extreme edge of war, practically without their knowledge, at the bidding of half a dozen individuals, and for some vague rights of protectorate over an inhospitable desert peopled by semi-savages is one of those pictures that stagger the imagination. And it was an actual and palpitating fact. Even wild beasts do not fight except upon quarrels that seem vital to them, but Christian peoples will fight for practically nothing. The British government is unable to make a road, to bridge a river, or to tax an automobile without the solemn assent of Parliament. One member of that government, or of any other government, working in almost impenetrable secrecy, without debate and without challenge, can bring the nation and the world to the brink of a cataclysm, and it is only when the tragedy has been barely averted that the facts are made known. To say that Sir Edward Grey, or M. Cambon, or the German chancellor are responsible statesmen with a full sense of their obligations is wholly beyond the mark. If they were archangels instead of men we should still hold that such powers have no proper place in any organization of human society.

To suppose that a catastrophe so narrowly avoided will never return is to be guilty of a fatuous optimism. It will return so long as an authority that a god might envy is placed deliberately in the hands of such a firebrand as the crown prince, so long as whole nations can be pledged in secrecy to policies with which they have not the faintest real concern, over territories that they have barely heard of, and for interests that are phantoms. The undisputed acquisition of the whole of Morocco would be but a contemptible return for the results of a single battle, and yet three nations were ready to incur losses that human language can not express nor the human mind conceive, not for the possession of Morocco, but for some shadowy rights involved in a protectorate.

There is of course no remedy except a general agreement not to fight at all, and the invention of some international authority to coerce those who try to fight. In spite of our constitutional provisions we have devised no remedy here in America. If Mr. Roosevelt had been President of the United States during the present year we should at this moment be fighting against Mexico. There was nothing in our system that prevented him from taking Panama, and he himself boasts that he did it upon his own initiative. The whole of civilization has acquiesced in the pernicious heresy that clamorous and often obstructive politics shall be allowed an unfettered control over the affairs of peace, but that the causes of war shall be placed under the equally unfettered control of individuals whom no public opinion can reach until it is too late.

The State Printing Office.

Governor Johnson hastens to inform us that the scandal in connection with the state printing office is to be hustled from the stage, now that it has served its purpose of providing a lucrative position for a political henchman. The scandal was just reaching its interesting stage. A public inquiry had been started with much beating of reform drums and blowing of reform trumpets. We were asked to admire the unsleeping vigilance displayed by the administration over the general welfare. There was a spectacular display of little rogues with a promise that the big rogues should be laid by the heels. And now everything is to be swept out of sight in the twinkling of an eye, and apparently for no better reason than that Mr. Shannon has at length been detached from his salary and emoluments by the heavy Johnsonian fire and his place taken by some one who can be depended upon to cheer [illegible] the

right moment. We may be excused for a belief that the public welfare had nothing to do with any part of the performance and that the sole end and aim of the governor was to give some of the spoils to some of the victors in the ancient and time-honored way. The machine must be strengthened at all costs.

But what an outcry there would have been if Mr. Johnson's predecessor had been guilty of so crude and ugly piece of politics. It hardly bears thinking of. We should have been told that the public had a right to know exactly what had been done, how it had been done, and by whom it had been done. We should have been told that there must be no hole and corner work where public money was concerned and that every questionable transaction must be dragged into the light of day. We should have been told that no guilty man must escape and that a relentless publicity must be the lot of the wrongdoer. But all the usual formulas are missing. So far as Mr. Johnson is concerned, the public may meet the fate indicated by Commodore Vanderbilt.

Assuming that Mr. Shannon was a wrongdoer, we may be fairly certain that he was not the only one. Possibly he was the only one holding an official position and therefore the only one whose removal would be of political service. But there must have been other persons who tempted him and who brought pressure to bear upon him. Indeed we were assured that this was the case, and it is a matter of record that vast amounts of unneeded material were returned to vendors. Are we to learn nothing of these transactions and of the system that made them possible? Are we to have no assurance that the system will be amended? Or are we to assume that the interests of the public are bounded by the necessity to find political plums for the adherents and friends of Governor Johnson?

The Presidential Outlook.

When Mr. Roosevelt made his sensational contribution to the trust problem through the ever hospitable columns of the *Outlook* it seemed for the moment that his presidential candidacy had begun. The performance in itself was typically Rooseveltian. Everything that had been done was hopelessly wrong and everything that it was proposed to do was equally wrong. The only chance of salvation was in the speedy adoption of a plan devised by Mr. Roosevelt himself and now communicated for the first time to a waiting world. Into the merits of the new economic gospel there is no need to enter. It is sufficient to say that it was received with apparent delight by the radicals as well as by the trusts themselves. We may suppose that the radicals were applauding automatically, as is their wont, and irrespective of the nature of the pronouncement, so long as it comes from the right quarter. The approval of the trusts was probably more reflective. They may have remembered that they never waxed so fat nor kicked so lustily as under Mr. Roosevelt and that it was Mr. Roosevelt who proved himself the humble and obedient servant of the Steel Trust when it wanted to break the law. However that may be, the American Manufacturers' Association was quick to express its warm approval of Mr. Roosevelt's policy toward the trusts and its warm disapproval of Mr. Taft's policy for the creation of a parcels post. For the moment it looked as though a possible Roosevelt candidacy would receive the support of radicals and trusts alike, the radicals from force of habit and the trusts from force of self-interest.

But it is now evident that Mr. Roosevelt is not in the field, at least not as a presidential candidate. In a wider sense he is always in the field, "lest we forget." If any man in the country knows Mr. Roosevelt's intentions that man is Mr. Pinchot, and Mr. Pinchot has come out openly for Mr. La Follette, which he would certainly not have done had Mr. Roosevelt been available. That Mr. Roosevelt should hold himself aloof is natural enough. He has no mind for fighting with the odds against him, nor has he a mind to put himself at the head of either of the sections into which the Republican party is split and so earn the enmity of the other. The rôle of conciliator is an impossible one for him, and so he has naturally decided to wait in the hope that something may turn up before 1916. Upon which side he will throw his influence, such as it is, remains to be seen. He has allowed it to be believed that he will not support Mr. Taft, and it is hard to suppose that he will give his aid to Mr. La Follette, whose rivalry in demagogic arts can hardly inspire him with esteem. And yet he may do so. With Mr. Roosevelt all things are possible, and in this connection we may note the statement issued by Mr. La Follette's Michigan manager to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt has actually given assurances that he will support Mr. La Follette.

In the meantime the La Follette boom is acquiring whatever inflation a somewhat noisy advertising can give it. It is to be hoped that the Wisconsin statesman is not required to pay full advertising rates in the popular weekly magazine that claims a weekly circulation of a million and three-quarters and that seems to have made his cause peculiarly its own. It would be a ruinous bill, and we may really doubt if the advertising would be worth the money. It will take something more than advertising to raise Mr. La Follette into the region of popularity. For one thing his personality is a repellant one, and, moreover, he was so unfortunate as to be put to the test before a rise to power instead of after it, always a bad thing for a reformer. Nothing will persuade the average intelligent voter that Mr. La Follette's opposition to the Reciprocity bill was based on anything but personal prejudice against Mr. Taft, and to that intense unwillingness, common among modern demagogues, to practice any of the things that they preach. Of this we have a striking illustration in Mr. La Follette's henchman, Governor Johnson of California, who called high heaven to witness his enlightened democracy and then took the control of the railroad commission, the most powerful judicial body in the state, out of the hands of the people whom he so trusted and revered. Mr. La Follette in the White House would show himself to be a reactionary all along the line. As he acted toward the Reciprocity bill so would he act toward all the other measures that he now advocates so safely from a position of irresponsibility. No doubt many people regard Mr. La Follette as an interesting figure, but that is a long way from being a popular figure or one that inspires confidence.

We are hearing a great deal nowadays about the new order of things in the political world. All the old landmarks, we are told, are disappearing, and the party boundaries no longer have their ancient significance. Mr. Pinchot deals largely in this sort of generality, evidently under the impression that he has made a discovery and is announcing a novelty. Doubtless there are changes in the political landscape, as there must always be so long as human beings are evolving. But we may doubt if the changes are of so revolutionary a kind as is believed by those who wish to believe it. There is always a tendency to assert that the present moment is the culmination of something, that we are living in a transitional epoch, whatever that may mean, and that our own particular enthusiasms mark a crisis in national affairs. It is a form of self-conceit to which young men and hot-headed men are prone. But there is no valid reason to believe that party lines are disappearing or that the present situation is in any way more critical than a dozen other situations that have preceded it. Radicalism is not a new discovery nor are mountebanks a new creation. They represent an often repeated phase that has its little day, even its little successes, and is then succeeded by penitence. With the exception of a few Socialist victories all the recent elections have been along the old party lines; and the tendency to regularity will be increased as the presidential contest draws near. At the present moment the radical tide is a high one, but it will recede. All tides recede. How much mischief it will do before it does recede, how much wreckage it will leave to be cleared away, is another matter.

The Superintendent of Banks.

It is unfortunate that the state superintendent of banks should follow a course so undignified as to devote nearly the whole of his annual report to a vicious attack upon a predecessor who is as much his superior in character as he is in ability. It is doubly unfortunate that his rancor should take the form of a general attack upon the banks of the state, an attack conducive neither to confidence nor to prosperity. The *Argonaut* does not propose to give to Mr. Williams's tirade a circulation otherwise beyond its reach further than to deplore that a state official should thus forget himself to the discredit of the state and in pursuance of political and personal grudges that are as transparent as they are discreditable.

Mr. Alden Anderson need have felt under no obligation to reply, but it may be said that his brief rejoinder is conclusive. When he was legislated out of office there were three banks in a questionable state, and he reported these banks to his successor. Two of these three banks have since gone into liquidation, but of the five hundred other banks in the state Mr. Williams has not found it necessary to close a single one. And yet he says that he found the banks of the state in a serious and grave condition. If this is so, why did he close none of them? Mr. Williams seems to be a fair illustration of the new type of politician who is usually a past master in the art of self-laudation and who never allows the public interest to stand in the way of ambition or boss control.

A Federal Health Board.

It is gratifying to note that the bill for the creation of a federal health board will not be allowed to pass without a protest. Reports of organized resistance come from all parts of the country, and it may be that the opposition will soon be sufficiently solidified to defeat a project that promises infinite mischief for the community, and suffering and injustice for the individual.

The proposal is based upon those specious claims that are notoriously hard to controvert. If a federal health board were to confine its activities to the promulgation of salutary advice upon hygienic matters, to the abatement of quackery, and to the purity of drugs, it might be possible to say much in its favor, although it would still be difficult to say that such an organization is needed. But we know that it will attempt to do far more than this, seeing that its adherents have loudly proclaimed their intentions. Indeed there is no secrecy about them. It is confidently expected that the board will consist of advocates of one school of medicine only and that the methods of that school will be not only recommended, but enforced upon the nation. Indeed a board that was in any way representative of the medical profession as a whole would be stultified by its own disagreements. Outside the domain of simple hygiene, for which we need no federal board at all, there is no single point of medical practice upon which allopaths, homeopaths, eclectics, and osteopaths could be in unison. Any board that could be devised by the wit of man must be composed of representatives of one school only, and this means that all other schools are branded as of an inferior caste, even though nothing worse happened to them. And something worse would happen to them. If we are to establish a school of medicine, if we are to assert that the government of the United States favors one variety of practice more than others, why not establish also a sect of religion and bestow special authorities upon Baptists, Methodists, and Episcopalians? An established school of religious conjecture seems somewhat less objectionable than an established sect of pseudo-scientific conjecture.

Those who suppose that a federal board of health would have no concern with individual rights are likely to find themselves undeceived. It is for the purpose of interfering with individual rights that the proposal has been made. We need no special knowledge of conditions to be aware that what may be called unorthodox methods of healing have made sad inroads into the orthodox. Homeopathy claims a vast number of adherents who are just as well educated and just as intelligent as those who adhere to the older school. Osteopathy, eclecticism, and half a dozen other methods of practice are certainly not losing ground. Beyond them is the vast and increasing army of those who may be classed under the general and vague name of mental healers. Those who are addicted to any of these forms of unorthodoxy need have no doubt as to the purposes of the federal health board. Those purposes are to make it difficult for them to follow their particular fads and fancies, to lead them, and if necessary to drive them, from medical unorthodoxy to medical orthodoxy.

Now the *Argonaut* holds no brief for any of the excesses and the superstitions connected with the care of the body in which this age is so rife. But it does feel concerned for the preservation of human liberty and for the rights of the individual to doctor himself in any way he pleases so long as he does not indubitably threaten the health of the community. He may take large doses or small ones, or no doses at all; he may be massaged, anointed with oil, or prayed over, just as the whim of the moment may dictate, and probably it makes no particle of difference which he does. But he has the right to choose, just as he chooses the color of his necktie or the character of his underclothing. It is not a matter in which any wise government will seek to interfere. This is precisely the liberty that the health board intends to take from him. Orthodox

medicine, conscious of its losses, is trying to buttress itself by federal statute, to exalt allopathy to the status of a privileged caste, and to create an established school of medicine just as some other countries have allowed themselves to create an established school of religion. It is for the common sense of the community to rebuke that effort and to repel an unwarranted invasion upon elementary human rights.

A Socialist Mayor.

The alliance between Socialists and Labor Unionists was recently the subject of discussion in these columns, and some curiosity was expressed as to the apparent conflict between the ethical precepts of socialism and the economic practices of labor unionism. Socialism, in its milder moments, professes to offer a realization of human brotherhood and the application of the Golden Rule to the world of politics. Labor unionism, on the other hand, is the quintessence of caste or aristocratic rule and the naked assertion of privilege in government. Socialism would replace the rule of force by the rule of law. Labor unionism would replace the rule of law by the rule of force, by intimidation, assault, mutilation, and murder. They seem to be as wide apart as the poles.

That the *Argonaut* was correct in assuming an ethical foundation for the plea of the Socialist is proved by the correspondence now appearing in some Eastern newspapers, as well as by the fact that no less than five ministers of religion have been campaigning for Mr. Harriman in Los Angeles. Three of the Socialist mayors recently elected are clergymen, and their success is attributed to labor union support. We may be certain that their sacred calling was also a factor and that there were minds weak enough to believe that a clergyman in politics would bring the millennium within hailing distance. However that may be, we have sufficient proof in the aforesaid correspondence that socialism does indeed make a religious appeal and that it secures mayors and votes upon the strength of that appeal. For example, we find in the New York *Evening Post* a fervid eulogy of the Rev. Dr. Lunn, who is the Socialist mayor of Schenectady. We should like some assurance that Dr. Lunn is a practical man of affairs. Perhaps he is, but all we are told is that he is "full of the spirit of Christ," that he is "relying upon the guidance of the Divine Power," and that he "preaches religious faith in a real God." This is highly satisfactory, but being mere creatures of clay we should like to know that a knowledge of municipal government is added to the more etherial graces above set forth. And there are other things that we should like to know. As one who is "full of the spirit of Christ" we should like to know Dr. Lunn's opinion of the labor union alliance that did so much for him and whether the "guidance of the Divine Power" is in the direction of boycotts, brickbats, thuggery, and assassination. Schenectady is an ideal little spot, but it is so close to the great, worldly, wicked metropolis that some reports of strike methods must, one would think, filter through. As a Socialist Dr. Lunn stands upon the broad platform of human brotherhood with equal opportunities for all and special privileges for none. But he was elected by the aid of Labor Unionists, whose platform is human enmity, with all the opportunities for the few and no opportunities for the many. How will he reconcile them?

The Third Degree.

The State Supreme Court is to be congratulated upon its recent denunciation of the iniquity known as the "third degree," although the congratulations would have been more hearty had the court shown the courage of its convictions. The case in point was of the familiar kind. It was an appeal against the conviction of a prisoner charged with arson, the conviction having been based mainly upon a supposed confession. The Supreme Court found that the confession had been extorted by police pressure and it therefore ordered a new trial in which this worthless evidence was to bear no part. The decision of the Supreme Court contained the following expression of opinion, and it is worthy of all the publicity that can be given to it:

> It is plain that the purported confession of Borello was the result of threats, intimidation, coarse profanity, invective, and mental coercion on the part of the officers, something which the law absolutely refuses to countenance.

Now with all possible reverence for the Supreme Court it would seem that the law does countenance the "threats, intimidation, coarse profanity, invective, and mental coercion" that was a feature of this case and of most others of its kind. Practically there are no limits to the powers of the Supreme Court when confronted with gross illegality. It could have ordered the guilty policemen to make an appearance forthwith and presumably it could have punished them summarily for an impudent abuse of their powers, and one that is a standing menace to every citizen in the state. But instead of doing this it contents itself with the expression of a pious opinion that will have about as much effect as water upon the back of the proverbial duck. Indeed within a few hours of this Supreme Court decision we find that a prisoner in San Francisco is subjected to the same procedure of the "third degree" that the "law absolutely refuses to countenance." The spectacle of the Supreme Court ignored by a few policemen is not an edifying one nor one calculated to raise the status of the law.

A Municipal Newspaper.

That Los Angeles should be determined to own a municipal newspaper is quite in accord with the long-haired freakism that threatens her with a Socialist mayor. They are part and parcel of the same spirit, a spirit that compels its victims to rush about and make a noise under the mistaken impression that they are doing something. Colloquially it may be called the "wet hen" spirit.

The programme of this remarkable venture is too long for quotation. The appropriation for its support is to be $700 a week, which will seem enormous to the taxpayer and paltry to the publisher. It is to give all the municipal news, it is to be impartial on religion and national politics, but it may argue for those municipal issues that are "in harmony with the official policies of the city." All parties that have polled 3 per cent of the votes of the city at the last election shall receive a regular assignment of space in order to air their alleged opinions. The mayor and members of the council may have half a column, while independent candidates may have five inches free and as much more as they like to pay for. This extraordinary production may solicit advertisements, and it will be circulated without charge. Let us hope that the "official policies of the city" that are to have a favored position will not be Socialist policies.

It may be said in all seriousness that it is just such frothy folly as this that has made possible the victory of the Socialists. They are both due to the hysterical itch to "do something," wholly irrespective of what that something is. Added to this is the craving to be heard, to be seen, to be somebody, that underlies half the agitation of the day. What prospect could be more delightful to the reformer than that of a newspaper column always at his service for the display of his half-baked and half-witted enthusiasms, his frenzied yelps for restrictive legislation, and all with the comfortable assurance that it will be carried free to every voter in the city at a cost of $100 a day.

There is no need for such a newspaper. It would be an unqualified nuisance. No one would read it except those who wrote it. The regular newspapers already print all the municipal news that the public wish to have, and would be delighted to print it all if there were a demand for it. No kind of worthy opinion need go unexpressed, since all newspapers are glad to give variety to their columns by the insertion of temperately worded correspondence. The municipal newspaper is simply one of the freaks that are the curse of modern political life and that are born of vanity and humbug.

Editorial Notes.

If the opponents of the army canteen had been so constructed by Providence as to be amenable to reason the canteen would have been restored long ago. Probably it is useless to collect evidence, but there are two obscure paragraphs in the annual report of Brigadier-General George S. Anderson of the Department of the Visayas that ought to be put widely upon record. General Anderson quotes from the report of the judge-advocate, who says that alcohol is responsible for 90 per cent of the cases tried. He then continues: "It is believed that the restoration of the canteen, as has been advocated time after time by the majority of officers who have interested themselves in the subject, would materially reduce the number of trials throughout the service." The chief surgeon of the department is also quoted to the effect that alcoholism "could be greatly lessened by a restoration of beer to the canteen." These officials, one legal and the other medical, are making no public appeal for the canteen. The opinions quoted are tucked away in an official report that the public at large will never see, but so long as fanaticism is allowed to rule in such matters it is easy to foresee an ultimate though tardy verdict that alcoholism in the army is the direct creation of the advocates of temperance.

The labor unions of San Francisco seem suddenly to have awakened to the fact that the Panama Canal is likely to bring passengers from the East as well as freight and that some of those passengers may stay here and even ask for work. That California has vast areas of land that needs tilling, that population is her crying need, has nothing to do with the question. The grim fact remains that the canal will be an invitation to the workman, that it will make it easier for him to come, and that an influx of this kind is likely to threaten the present monopoly. Therefore something must be done, but there is perplexity as to what this something shall be. A greater stringency in the application of the immigration law would hardly meet the case, seeing that no possible stringency would serve to keep out the skilled workman with a little money. It is a difficult problem for the unions to solve, and it all comes from an indiscreet glance at the map. Perhaps the best thing to do would be to countermand the canal.

Will no one save our children from the schoolteacher and from the pranks of the educational faddist? In Chicago they have an open-air school, doubtless an admirable institution if it is accompanied with that "divine carelessness" as to health that is the very essence of wholesome childhood, and of wholesome adultship, too, for the matter of that. But here is one of the songs that these children sing to the tune of "Rings on my fingers":

> We have cold sprays that give us
> Cheeks like the rose,
> Temperatures that are normal,
> This our record shows.
> Appetites so hearty
> Our weight grows and grows.
> We are Elizabeth McCormick fresh air Eskimos.

Imagine the fate of the poor little innocents thus taught to watch their temperatures and who are presumably instructed in the use of the clinical thermometer. It is bad enough that our children should be loaded to the water line with a lot of mental cargo useless alike to God and man, but when the programme includes elaborate instruction in the ways of the morbid hypochondriac it seems time to protest.

The English suffragists have not exactly covered themselves with glory by their latest attack upon Parliament. That it should fail physically was a foregone conclusion, but it has also failed morally. It was provoked by an offer from the prime minister that seems to be eminently fair and equitable. Mr. Asquith could not pledge his cabinet to a suffrage policy, seeing that the cabinet is divided upon the question, but he offered full facilities for an amendment to the electoral law in favor of women and he promised that no party influence should be used to defeat it and that every member should vote as his opinions dictated. Instead of accepting this offer the suffragists assembled in force, chained themselves to lamp posts, broke a number of windows, and caused some of the police officers to verge upon the profane. Many a substantial piece of legislation has been passed through just such benevolent neutrality as was offered by Mr. Asquith. Why it was rejected in favor of a hopeless violence is a puzzle.

The arrest of several men in Los Angeles charged with the intention to tamper with the McNamara jury and with paying and receiving money to that end may prove to be a mare's nest. On the other hand, it may not. The arrest was carefully planned, the suspected men had been watched for a long time, a large sum of money was found in their possession, and counsel for the McNamaras have undertaken their defense. There will be no disposition to prejudge the case, but if it should turn out that a crime has been committed the incident will go a long way to explain the need for the vast defense fund that has been raised. No doubt Mr. Clarence Darrow is a costly luxury, but if the legitimate expenses of the trial were five times what they will be there would still be a large sum available for other things. Perhaps we are to find out what those other things are.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

It is strange that so few American newspapers are paying any attention to the war in Tripoli. Possibly they are afraid of losing a few Italian subscribers, for the Italians seem now to be taking the place vacated by the Irish in the upward march. But it must certainly go against the grain to exclude so much sensational material that European newspapers are printing by the column. Thus we have a story from a special war correspondent that relates a series of incidents almost too sickening for belief, and that then goes on to describe the effects of remorse upon the superstitious Italian soldiers. A sentinel on midnight duty sees approaching him the white-clad apparition of a woman whom he had murdered that day. He fires and the figure falls, but no body can be found. The same thing happens again, and after that the whole line remains awake in terrified certainty that on its third appearance the spectre will break its way into the camp and that armed Arabs who are not spectres will follow it. Many soldiers, we are told, are insane from such causes, while the stench from the heaps of murdered Arabs has produced cholera. General Caneva, now recalled, admitted officially the execution of forty Arabs in one day, but, says the *Daily Mail* correspondent, "I myself saw fifty men and children executed in one batch alone, and executions on a larger scale were proceeding all around." General Caneva, by the way, seems to be a coward. He is described as being in a bombproof shelter, and as the general of division does the same and neither of these warriors ever ventures forth it is easy to understand the demoralization of the army that they are supposed to lead.

It is hard to believe the story that comes from Russia to the effect that the violinist Kubelik has been ordered to leave the country because he played the "Marseillaise." Mr. Görlitz, who was recently Kubelik's manager and who is now in London, expressed some hope that the story might not be true, but he admitted that Russian regulations made it by no means impossible. He said that the path of an artist in Russia is a difficult one, and a small deviation might mean banishment. A popular ovation is always followed by trouble because united applause from the audience suggests democracy. All the correspondence of an artist is secretly examined, and no concert must be given until the programme has been submitted for approval. The words of all songs must be furnished with their Russian translation. A musician is always safe in selecting the compositions of Tschaikowsky, and on special occasions the English and German national anthems are permitted. Compositions that have originated in a republican country are the objects of grave suspicion, and to play the "Marseillaise" would be an act of artistic suicide. Upon one occasion Paderewski was excluded because he had not performed his military service, but by a special act of imperial grace the requirement was waived. Kuhelik, being a Czech, owes no military duty to Russia, but it seems that he can get into trouble just as effectively by playing the national hymn of France.

Here is a sample of royal and imperial wit as furnished by Canon Teignmouth-Shore of the English church at Homburg. In 1908 the canon had a visit from King Edward and the Emperor William. "On entering the building," says the canon, "the emperor turned to me. 'Now, canon,' he said, 'how many does the church hold?' 'In the season, your majesty,' I replied, 'there are about 300 or 350 present.' 'And how many of them are asleep during the sermon?' he asked with a laugh. 'I must beg your majesty,' I said, 'not to think that I preach every Sunday.' The king, who seemed amused and pleased at the answer, remarked, 'You see you must get up early to walk around my chaplain.' 'Yes, and a good long walk, too,' said the emperor, with a glance at my somewhat bulky figure. 'Yes,' said the king; 'you know, Teignmouth-Shore, you are putting on weight.' 'Well, at all events,' said the emperor, with a most gracious smile, 'he never needs to do that in the pulpit.'" For impromptu badinage this is quite passable. But how dreadful to jest with a canon.

If Providence in its wisdom should see fit suddenly to remove all the crowned heads of Europe most of the vacant places would have to be filled by children unless Providence at the same time should decree a republican form of government. The crown prince of Germany is, of course, old enough to follow in his father's footsteps, and in some respects he seems unpleasantly inclined to do so. But the Prince of Wales is only seventeen years of age, and therefore not yet a man in the eyes of the law. The Czarevitch is six, Spain's heir is four, Norway's eight, Holland's two, Belgium's nine, and Italy's six. The nicest child of them all is said to be little Olaf of Norway, to whom the simplest toys are a delight and a piece of plain candy a rare treat. On the other hand, the little Czarevitch is the most unpleasant of all the royal children. His father, the unspeakable Czar, is of opinion that the heir to the Russian throne should be trained to demand his own way in everything. His four sisters are older than he is, but he is allowed and encouraged to order them from the room like menials, and they have to go. Any one with the prophetic eye would probably discern a certain ruddy tint in connection with the future of the Czarevitch. Princess Juliana of Holland is another popular child. She is only two, and has therefore not yet been associated with any very profound utterances. The best news she has been able to provide is the cutting of a tooth, but all the Dutch newspapers did full honors to the occasion.

According to Francis Gribble, who writes in the *Bookman*, the abbé Liszt had various little difficulties with royalty in the course of his career. He might have had the French Legion of Honor but for a somewhat tart reply that he made to Louis Philippe, who asked him if he remembered the time he played at my house as a little boy when I was Duke of Orleans? Times have greatly changed since then." "Yes, sire; but not for the better," replied Liszt. Upon one occasion he showed his annoyance because Queen Victoria sent a chamberlain to open and shut some windows while he was playing. Liszt rose from the piano and went out into the park to smoke a cigar. When he returned King Frederick William asked him why he had left the hall and Liszt replied, "I was afraid of disturbing her majesty Queen Victoria while she was giving her orders," and he actually refused to continue his performance until after the queen had gone home. Something of the same sort occurred while Liszt was playing before the Czar Nicholas. The Czar was so much of a barbarian as to converse loudly with a lady during the course of the music. Liszt stopped at once and rose from the piano, and when the Czar asked the reason he replied, "When the emperor speaks one ought to be silent."

It has been decided to erect a memorial to Tom Moore and that its situation shall be the Vale of Avoca, close to the remains of the oak tree where some of the poet's most charming work was done. The oak itself might have lived for centuries if it had been guarded from the relic hunters who killed it and carried it away inch by inch. It may be hoped that the memorial will not take the form of a statue. Moore was great enough to be spared such companionship as a statue would imply. Some other way should be found to honor the memory of a man who is as little likely to be forgotten as the sun.

Dr. Hillier's new book on "Medical and Surgical Science" that has just appeared in the Twentieth Century Science series contains more than one reminder that there is no new thing under the sun. The practice of inoculation against smallpox, says the author, is usually supposed to belong to the eighteenth century. The supposition is true enough, so far as Europe is concerned, but it was no more than a rediscovery of facts well known ages ago. Inoculation was practiced by the ancient Brahmins, and their method is fully described in the Vedas. They rubbed the skin of the patient until it was red, then scratched it with a sharp instrument and laid upon it a piece of cotton soaked in the variolus pus obtained from smallpox vesicles of the previous year. Such reappearances of ancient knowledge are common enough, indeed far more common than is usually admitted. Among the major scientific theories and discoveries of today there is hardly one that can sustain a claim to originality in the face of our increasing knowledge of Oriental literature.

Australia is finding that her new scheme of compulsory military service is acting to the detriment of immigration. She must have been singularly blind not to foresee such a result. The emigrating European is usually actuated by a detestation of the compulsory military service in his own country. Why, then, should he select a new home where similar conditions prevail? Captain Marryat's heroine, charged with giving birth to an inappropriate baby, excused herself on the ground that it was a very small one. In the same way Australian apologists are now explaining that their form of conscription is a very attenuated one. Possibly so, but it is none the less conscription, and it may grow. Australia is alone among the young nations of the earth in her deliberate and needless adoption of one of the most infamous and ruinous features of the old civilization. She has ordained that no boy shall reach the age of eighteen years without a training in the art of organized murder. She can hardly expect to attract European families containing eligible boys.

At last we know the true and inner cause of the smouldering revolution in Russia. It has been divulged by the Czarina, who says that the trouble is due to the education of women. All girls, says the imperial lady, should be taught to sew, to care for their homes, and to become helpful wives and good mothers, but they should never be taught history, philosophy, or science, "because these studies, when offered to women, only result in such terrible times as Russia is now passing through." We had supposed that these same bad times were mainly due to the mental incapacity of the Czar, which has made of him a pale and colorless imitation of Ivan the Terrible. But it seems that the Czarina must have done her part, for surely so fatuous a remark never yet passed human lips. Russia is now reaping the first fruits of a thousand years of cruel and ferocious misgovernment, and yet we are assured by a lady whose one aim in life seems to be the perpetuation of that misgovernment that her country is thus suffering because a few women have been taught something of history, philosophy, and science.

The little unpleasantness between Lord Kitchener and the French force at Fashoda seems to have been forgotten and forgiven, for the English soldier is about to receive a war medal for his participation in the war of 1870. It has often been said that Kitchener was once a French soldier, but he has never denied or affirmed it. It is now proved by the dispatch of the war medal. It seems that he was a cadet at the time and that he went to Brittany in order to rub up his French. Fired by the process of enlistment then going on all over France, he joined the army as a volunteer private and served for a time under General Chanzy.

Sidney G. P. Coryn.

Considerable quantities of seaweed are gathered along the California coast by Chinese and Japanese. It is cured, baled like hay, and shipped to Japan for manufacture into various food products. In Japan seaweed is utilized for food to a much larger extent than in any other country.

Claim is made that the new bridge spanning the Eel River at Weeott, California, is the longest and largest reinforced concrete structure of the kind in the world. It is 2501 feet over all.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Letter of Advice.

FROM MISS MEDORA TREVILIAN, AT PADUA, TO MISS ARAMINTA VAVASOUR, IN LONDON.

"Enfin, Monsieur, un homme aimable;
J'allà pourquoi je ne saurais l'aimer."—Scribe.

You tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why can not my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek?
Alas! if he look like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Miss Lane, at her Temple of Fashion,
Taught us both how to sing and to speak,
And we loved one another with passion
Before we had been there a week;
You gave me a ring for a token,
I wear it wherever I go;
I gave you a chain—is it broken?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Oh! think of our favorite cottage
And think of our dear Lalla Rookh;
How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,
And drank of the stream from the brook;
How fondly our loving lips faltered—
"What further can grandeur bestow?"
My heart is the same—is yours altered?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Remember the thrilling romances
We read on the bank in the glen;
Remember the suitors our fancies
Would picture for both of us then:
They wore the red cross on their shoulder,
They had vanquished and pardoned their foe—
Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

You know, when Lord Rigmarole's carriage
Drove off with your cousin Justine,
You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,
And whispered, "How base she has been!"
You said you were sure it would kill you
If ever your husband looked so;
And you will not apostatize, will you?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

When I heard I was going abroad, Love,
I thought I was going to die;
We walked arm-in-arm in the road, Love,
We looked arm-in-arm to the sky;
And I said, "When a foreign postilion
Has hurried me off to the Po,
Forget not Medora Trevilian;"—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

We parted! but sympathy's fetters
Reach far over valley and hill:
I muse o'er your exquisite letters,
And feel that your heart is mine still;
And he who would share it with me, Love—
The richest of treasures below—
If he's not what Orlando should be, love,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself "Thompson" or "Skinner,"
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he studies the news in the papers
While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damps or the vapors
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical "Oh!"
If he does not call Werther delicious—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he ever sets foot in the City
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk—like a god of old story
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile—like the sun in his glory
On the buds he loves ever the best;
And, oh! from its ivory portal
Like music his soft speech must flow!—
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
Don't hear what they say of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the county,
Don't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
And see if he turns out his toe;
If he's only an excellent person—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

—*Winthrop M. Praed.*

With a population of 7,000,000, London had but nineteen cases of murder during the past year, according to the report of Hon. Charles A. de Courcy, chairman of the committee on criminal law, American Prison Association. Five of the murderers committed suicide and four were never apprehended. The others were either convicted and executed or committed to the insane asylum. In Chicago during the same period 202 homicides were committed. Only one of the offenders was hanged, fifteen were sent to the penitentiary, and the others were exonerated by the grand jury, acquitted, discharged, or otherwise set free.

THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW.

Last Appearance of Equine Aristocracy at Madison Square Garden a Great Event.

Though the passing of Madison Square Garden is at hand, the Horse Show now occupying the big structure will not be the last of its kind. The great annual event is too spectacular, too joyful, too valuable, to be allowed to lapse. It is much more than a great exhibition, stamped with the highest favor of society, for its influence reaches not only the breeders, owners, and fanciers of good horses in America, but those of Europe as well. And the day of the horse is not yet approaching its evening. Of the five thousand visitors in attendance last Saturday, the opening day, it is probable that by far the greater number came in automobiles, but many of them own horses and the exhibits in most of the classes were as numerous as in former years. More than two thousand picked specimens were stabled in the basement of the Garden, and several owners could point with pride to a full score from their stables among them.

With other big attractions not far away, such as the football games, the opening day was even more brilliant and successful than could have been anticipated. At noon Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, president of the National Horse Show Association, gave a luncheon in the club-house annex to the directors, judges, and prominent visitors, among the last mentioned the army officers of Holland, Belgium, England, Canada, and the United States who were to participate in the events. On the stroke of two the doors of the exhibition were opened, and the last show in this arena was promptly under way. The attendance was large in the afternoon and larger in the evening, and most of the familiar society personages were to be seen in their boxes. One of the joyful features of the afternoon was the presence of 2500 children from various institutions of the city, who found a real fairy land seemingly prepared for their appreciation. The little ones had their arms filled with gifts when they departed, but their stay was made quite as delightful by the music, the brilliant colors, and the prancing horses in the arena, especially by the show of ponies with their young riders. When one plucky little equestrienne was thrown by her rearing pony, a chorus of apprehensive "ohs" went up, and a minute later, when she had regained her saddle and rode away triumphantly, another chorus, this time of gratified "ahs," told of their sympathetic interest.

Imported horses are numerous in nearly all the classes shown, and frequently bear off first prize, but they are outclassed by native-bred animals often enough to prove that good blood and training are not monopolized abroad. A four-year-old hackney mare, imported from England by J. Sumner Draper of Boston, took first prize in the opening event, a harness class. The mare, called Rillington Nimble, was a prize-winner at the Coronation Horse Show in London. In harness ponies and saddle horses, shown during the afternoon, American exhibitors made an excellent record, but in the evening another English hackney secured the blue ribbon. The most popular event of the evening was the competition in militia mounts, ridden by officers in full uniform. Several states were represented by the eleven chargers which were put through their paces.

Monday's show fully sustained the interest, and the attendance, especially in the evening, when the opera was a strong counter attraction, was larger than at preceding shows. There were many spectacular events, among them the international competitions by officers riding in full uniform. The Dutch and Belgian officers were especially resplendent in gold, blue, red, and lavender. An American mount, Chiswell, ridden by Captain Guy V. Henry of the United States Cavalry, won the Plaza Hotel $200 cup, against three other American horses, two English, one Dutch, and one Belgian. The horse Chiswell was purchased by a fund subscribed to by patriotic American horsemen after the sorry showing the American horses had made at the show last year. Chiswell with some others was sent to England last spring, but was beaten at the Olympia show. Since then he has been wonderfully improved and he acted perfectly while in the ring and jumped as well.

Last year, when these classes were first on the programme in this country, the American soldiers made a poor exhibition and many wondered why in a country where there are so many fine horses and where the American officer is educated at West Point to be a skillful horseman they should not do better. After the show some enthusiastic and wealthy horsemen, among whom were Alfred G. Vanderbilt, J. W. Harriman, Judge Moore, and others, gave horses to the army and subscribed to a fund for the purchase of more. The mounted service school was organized at Fort Riley, with Captain Guy V. Henry, United States Cavalry, in charge, and there the horses were schooled and the officers were not only taught how to ride them to win prizes in such exhibitions as those now being held in the Garden, but were imbued with the spirit of the horse.

It is noticeable that the Morgan horse is again regarded with favor. There were fine exhibits in classes of this breed, and the interest manifested by those qualified to judge of real merit was gratifying to old-timers who have always contended for the superiority of this New England bred strain. There are now said to be more than a hundred hackney breeders in the Eastern States, and in the past ten years not less than 5000 hackney favorites have been imported from England. All this comes as a surprise to those who have believed that the automobile was crowding the horse off the map.

As ever, the show is a fashion field. In the afternoons bright colors are not generally marked among the costumes, black and black and white prevailing, with here and there various shades of purple and red, but in the evening the toilets brighten, and the scene suggests no adjective more fittingly descriptive than that overworked word, brilliant. Manhattan society was never more generally represented at a Horse Show than it is this season, and a number of titled visitors from abroad are among those most often pointed out. Lord Decies was present early on Saturday and again yesterday. Sir Edward and Lady Clouston were among the promenaders. Sir William and Lady White of London, with their daughter, Miss Winifred White, were with Mr. and Mrs. E. Francis Hyde, as was Baron Schlippenbach of the Russian diplomatic corps. Miss Sybil Grey-Wilson, whose father is the English governor of the Bahamas, was with Mrs. Joseph S. Ulman. In Mrs. Henry Meyer Johnson's box were five of the débutantes of this season, Miss Louisa Johnson, Miss Lucy Dahlgren, Miss Cornelia Van Auken Chapin, Miss Adeline Townsend, and Miss Ethel Outerbridge. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs entertained ex-Mayor Phelan of San Francisco. General Frederick Dent Grant and General Miles were among the most interested observers of the military events.

A recurring thought, the good-by to the old Garden, undoubtedly gave a shade of sentiment to many of the topics of conversation, but society will not be inconsolable should the long deferred ending really come, and the horse show will continue to be the great fall event. A new arena may be built at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Forty-Seventh Street, and, failing that, Brooklyn will bid high for the exhibition and offer a spacious building ready and in use. But it is hardy thinkable that the show will be allowed to leave Manhattan Island.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 21, 1911.

Exceptional knowledge of the Alps has been gained by geologists in the various tunnels which have been bored through the mountains for railroad purposes. Professor Wehrli of Zurich has just given to the Berlin Scientific Society some particulars of discoveries in connection with the new Loetschberg tunnel. One of them was the unexpected piercing of a great coal seam in the centre of a mass of much younger triassic stone. At Andermatt and Airolo one can see by the quarries there how under tremendous lateral pressure the jurassic chalk has been turned into marble.

A roulette wheel contained in the handle of a parasol is the latest Parisian novelty. It can be used for gambling at any place or moment. These handles have become very popular. They are of fine workmanship and generally of gold or silver. One handle contains almost everything that one would be likely to need. A long sheet of paper is wound around the rod, from which pieces may be torn off for taking notes. When the lid is opened penknife, pencil, nail file, combs, and looking-glass are disclosed. These objects are small, but large enough for practical use.

Science and the heirs of the late Jules Antoine must regret that Hermann Oelrichs did not live to this day, that he might have had conclusive evidence of a man-eating shark. Incidentally the Antoine heirs would have been $2000 better off, for it is said that Mr. Oelrichs had a standing offer of that amount for proof, he being skeptical. Antoine, a Pensacola (Florida) man, fell overboard a few days ago and a twelve-foot shark did the rest. The crew of a British steamer witnessed the event, captured the shark, cut it open, and found Jules Antoine inside.

Plowing matches during the last weeks of October are annual events of great interest in Canada, and, perhaps, nowhere is competition so keen as in Ontario. On November 1, near the town of Markham, in York County, sixty-three teams competed in what is said to have been the biggest and most interesting contest ever held in the Dominion. The first prize was awarded to a farmer who is eighty-seven years old and who has been following the plow for fifty-seven years. He outclassed every other competitor for the best work.

Having drained the Sacred Lake of Guatavita, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, in Colombia, prospectors are making efforts to locate the treasure which is supposed to be hidden in its muddy bottom. This is no easy matter, as the mud is thirty feet deep. There have been recovered a number of articles of gold. With the invasion of the Spaniards the natives are said to have thrown countless treasures into the lake to prevent them from falling into the hands of the invaders.

Demonstration of the practical use of wireless telegraphy on water was first made just twelve years ago, between the Needles, on the English coast, and the incoming steamship *St. Paul*. The world doubted, but Marconi was positive. The *St. Paul* was sixty-six miles off the coast when the first connection was established. The wireless can now flash its message over the ocean fully 5000 miles.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Anna Katherine Green, the novelist, inherits her interest in crime and the twistings of the law. Her father, James W. Green, was a well-known criminal lawyer of Brooklyn.

Fernando Pico, son of the last Mexican governor of California, lives with his wife in an old stable on a ranch in the Santa Monica Mountains. He is caretaker of the place. Pico is sixty-seven years of age.

Niel Nielson, special trade commissioner to this country from New South Wales, who has arrived to attend the irrigation congress in Chicago, will investigate trade conditions and report to the Australian government methods which may bring about the establishment of closer trade relations between the two countries. He is a member of the Australian Parliament.

Lady Bertha Dawkins, governess to Princess Mary and the younger children of the King and Queen of England, during their majesties' trip to India, is the youngest daughter of Lord Lathom, a former lord chamberlain in Queen Victoria's time. Her parents died shortly after she came out, and her husband, Major Dawkins, died two years after their marriage, of fever, in the West Indies.

Miss Elizabeth S. Cotton, of Northampton, Massachusetts, master of fifty-four languages, is said to be the greatest woman linguist in the world. She has a beautiful soprano voice, but gave up a musical career to devote herself to the study of languages. She is one of the three women members of the Royal Asiatic Society in this country, and is also a member of the Society of British Archæology and the American Oriental Society.

Andrew Bonar Law, retired Glasgow iron merchant and leader of the Unionist party, is socially unknown, owns no land, and is simply a business men. He is the son of a simple Scottish pastor, is without university education, and is a nonconformist. Though a man of rare business ability, he was known as a captain of industry when directing his company's affairs. His case is all the more remarkable because the Tories have heretofore been captained by an aristocrat.

Miss Dorothy Preece, considered the best girl rider in the world, recently arrived in New York with her parents from her home in England, to exhibit her prowess at the horse show. She is only fourteen years of age, but last year succeeded in winning the Beaver Cup at the international Horse Show at Olympia by clearing a seven-foot bar while riding her jumper, Biskra. She is very fond of horses, is utterly without fear in handling them, and seems to exercise almost unnatural control over her mounts.

William P. Fowler, for eleven years head of the institutions registration department of Boston, who has just resigned, has regularly turned back his salary of $3000 a year into the city treasury for that length of time. He is wealthy and does not need the salary, and, besides, declares the bulk of the work is done by clerks. He is a native of New Hampshire, a practicing lawyer, deeply interested in relief and church work, and is also a railroad director. He has never held or run for an elective political office, though he has been mentioned as a possible candidate for mayor.

Mr. Love Pritchard, the new "king" of the island of Bardsey in the Irish Sea, whose forthcoming crowning will be a matter of much import in that quaint little domain, is a bachelor, nearly seventy years of age. The island lies off the coast of Carnarvon, and derived its name from the tradition that it was the last retreat of the Welsh bards. In ancient times it enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity, and to be buried in its soil was much to be desired. Lord Newborough, a former owner, gave it its first "king," or head man, and the custom has been followed ever since. Mr. Pritchard is engaged in farming and fishing, and will be ruler over sixty-four people on the island.

Dr. Philander Priestly Claxton, the new United States Commissioner of Education, graduated from the University of Tennessee at the age of nineteen, managing to borrow sufficient money to enable him to keep in school without loss of time. He meant to be a lawyer, but teaching obtained such a hold on him that he devoted himself to the work. From small schools he rose to professorships in colleges, became the greatest teacher in the South, traveled abroad to perfect himself in educational methods, and came home to apply his knowledge in a practical way. He is a Methodist and a Democrat, a doctor of sick schools, and any board or any teacher in the land can apply to him for counsel.

A. A. Cooper, "Dubuque's Grand Old Man," who has just celebrated his eighty-second birthday, has risen to his present position of wealth and business prominence from a job which paid him $35 a year. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1841, arrived in Dubuque at the age of seventeen, penniless and glad to begin work as a blacksmith's apprentice at $35 a year. He finished his apprentice days, saved his increased wages, and soon bought into the business. Gradually the blacksmith business was abandoned and Cooper manufactured wagons exclusively. In this field he has prospered until today he is one of Iowa's wealthiest men. He is at his office every day, looking after the details of his business.

THE CHOICE.

How Courage Won Freedom and Left the Prize.

Ever ascending, you pass under the giant oaks, gaunt, rheumatic, gray-bearded with moss; you decline the invitation of rocky seats fair with ferns; you push through acres of chaparral; and suddenly you come upon the place, a primeval spot midmost of civilization.

Atavism enters into you, takes possession of you, a devil not to be exorcised of the will. Aloof, you look down on what man, the modifier of nature, has done. That bit of dirty-white ribbon fluttering down the hillside is a road; that fly crawling along it, an automobile; those nearby red-tile roofs are Stanford University; that thick haze in the distance is San Francisco.

Leisurely, quail and rabbit cross your path. Chancing upon a coyote, you have the feeling of an explorer. You are beyond question, as the silence assures you, the first white person to clamber up those vast bowlders upheaved above the scrub oak, manzanita, and California holly. Should an empty cartridge challenge your right of discovery, you give it no heed: so bleached is the paper, so disguised with verdigris the copper, as readily to pass as the part of nature they are fast becoming.

Fleeing the world, instinct guided, they had found it, the lovers, at high noon; and were now, at evening, sitting silent under the spell of time, place, and passion; listening to the call of quail to quail.

The woman's cheeks rivaled the holly berries, as they, the western sky. The man was pale—with the pallor of thought, emotion, not ill-health. Between the two was but little contrast of sex, size, dress: only he was unmistakably of the city; she, of the country. Both were fair and fine featured. Yet he was not effeminate; nor she, masculine.

Of a sudden, the woman, waking as from a dream, broke the companionable silence, interrupted the sweet small-talk of hearts that are on the point of coming to an understanding. "See there!" she cried in the man's ear, pointing a thoughtlessly freed finger; then, aside, as if addressing a child: "Oh, you little darling! Come here and let me kiss you!"

Electrified by a twitch of jealousy, the man jerked his head round to see what it was that had in such a place called forth so spontaneous a cry—just in time to catch a glimpse of a dirt-colored baby-like object creeping under cover, becoming invisible while yet in view.

It was a rabbit not quite full grown.

"Long live the philoprogenitive instinct!" cursed the man, jealous of his own shadow, savage to note the complete abandonment in the voice of incipient mother-love.

The woman flushed in answer.

Silence reigned. The small-talk of heart to heart was resumed.

Again, all at once: "Oh, look!" the woman gasped, and nestled intoxicatingly against the man. A gray shadow slunk across the open and disappeared into the bush.

It was a coyote.

A crashing of underbrush, a squeak of despair, and deadly silence. The bobwhite had ceased calling.

The twilight deepened.

Once more, suddenly, the woman gasped, pointed a trembling finger, and shrank yet closer for protection against her lover.

On the coyote's trail, a crouching wild-beast thing, striped like a tiger.

It was a convict.

Speechless with fear, the woman clutched the man round the neck. He lifted, tense, to his knees, instinctively trying to free himself with his left hand, while his right sought his hip. Then, the convict disappearing, he subsided. Much as he wished to show his courage, he was too happy to man-hunt.

Anyway, had he been so minded, so hearted, he would have had to carry her, so desperately did she cling to him. Putting her lips to his ear, she breathed: "Let's go—quick!"

For all answer, he folded her in reassuring arms. She smiled. He was stronger than she had thought him. Silence deeper than ever. He could hear her heart beat.

A snarl, a noise of scuffle in the brush, and the coyote slunk back across the open, reluctantly.

Furtively, the convict followed, gnawing a rabbit leg, sharing the wolf's supper.

Protected by the color of their khaki suits, the lovers crouched together in the shadow of the bowlder; at the foot of which they had chosen to sit, so as completely to shut out all view of civilization. Prey-like, lest the hideous carnivore hear them breathing, they held their breath. In the dreamy twilight, wherein anything can happen, so closely did the convict's stripes imitate a tiger skin, that it seemed to these two breathless spectators as if a bit of savage life were being enacted before their eyes, as if the place had indeed escaped the passage of time.

Now distant, a lone bobwhite called, tentatively, at long intervals, in recognition of the presence of the universal enemy, man; its note of fear intensifying the silence, making it more ominous, causing it to be felt as an entity, a positive thing, a presence, not an absence.

With nerves strung to the snapping point, the [illegible] sat awaiting they knew not what, when a sudden crashing resounded in the brush, as if a bull were charging through the chaparral. Nearer, louder, came the unnerving noise, its cause unseen. Abruptly a huge figure broke cover, and loomed up in the open before the startled pair.

It was the sheriff.

With animal, nay, criminal cunning, the man lay low, and drew the woman closer. Frantically, she disengaged herself, sprang up, faced the sheriff, and——

"Jack!" she cried.

"Mag!"

"Wh-what brings you here, of all——"

"Duty! And you?"

The woman compressed her lips, as if fearful of the obvious "Pleasure!" escaping them.

Wrathfully the man rose up, a living answer.

The sheriff made a rough pretense of being surprised, as if he had seen nothing, thought Mag alone. Mag mumbled something by way of introduction. Unnecessary as unheeded. Mortal rivals know each other at first sight, and hate is of them. That this was a case of hate at first sight, no woman with eyes in her head could doubt. If ever woman, Mag had eyes in her head—eyes to be seen no less than to see.

Savagely, with animal ferocity, the sheriff "toughed it" over to his rival. With open contumely he scanned the supercivilized face of the man as if in more than half doubt of its being that of "his man." As it was still day, the insult was, beyond all question, wantonly gratuitous. Not content with loud-mouthed deed, nothing would do the big fellow but to "rub it in" with words: "Merely a family likeness!" was the audible outcome of his scrutiny. Then, turning to Mag: "You didn't happen to see any other suspicious looking character around?"

"Not a living soul, Jack." Nothing could exceed the outward and visible *sang froid* with which this country-woman thus compounded a felony.

"How long have you been here?" the sheriff under cover of "official capacity" demanded.

Mag held her peace.

The man spoke up: "Since noon!"

"Who was talking to you?"

The man held his peace.

With a contemptuous shrug, the sheriff turned to the woman and addressed her with forced facetiousness: "A gurl wid a city chap her own don't need no chaperon, it seems! There do be times, then, when a lady can dispense wid de crowd of three?"

Mag was silent.

The man answered for her: "Yes, when she's with a gentleman."

"Who the hell's talking to you?"

"Never mind. You're talking to Miss McManigal's husband-to-be. Make no mistake about that!"

The sheriff "squared off." "I am, am I? Not if I know myself! Butt in again, and I'll smash you one on the jaw! I'll tell you what you'd better do, young fellow: mind your own business and keep a civil tongue in your head!—better still, make yourself scarce!"

"Tell you what you'd better do—the duty that brought you here."

The sheriff threw back a threatening arm. "Open your bazzoo again, and——!" Finishing the sentence with a gesture, he gave the young man the most coolly contemptuous shoulder imaginable. "Guess we'll call it a day, Mag, and see you home!"

"No, thanks, Jack. Mr. Brainard will see me home—when I'm ready to go!"

"He will, eh? I'm not so sure about that."

"How so—what do you mean, Jack?"

Jack guffawed. "Seriously, Mag, you don't mean to tell me you're going to hook up with a sissy like that! Why, she's scairt to death of her own shadow—boo!"

The man perceptibly tensed. The sheriff snorted, and seized the woman's arm. "Come along, Mag. Don't be a goose."

Mag screamed.

Simultaneously with the woman's cry, the man whipt a "32" from his pocket.

"Let go!—hands up!—or——!" He left it to the mouth of the revolver to express the alternative.

The sheriff let go, and—brought his hands over his head by way of his hips, where they halted an instant, just long enough to indicate that he was ambidextrous and more than once armed.

The man, however, acted as one that not only is "twice armed," but also has "the drop."

"Take his guns from him, Margaret—please, and bring them here."

Bravely, blindly, the woman obeyed.

The sheriff trembled violently, but not with fear.

"Coward, you'll pay for this! You're a hell of a brave chap when you have the drop on me. You know damn well you dassent stand up and fight me for her like a man!"

"Like a beast! You're a much bigger brute than I am, I admit, but this" (gripping the revolver) "is the great leveler." The lesser brute actually laughed at his own grim humor—which is not good manners.

The sheriff grinned, as if he saw the point of the remark. "Tell you what I'll do: fight you for her! on the level—your level! Gimme a gun!"

"Oh, no, you don't! You couldn't—anyway. My level's as far above the belief that the better shot is the better man as that woman is the legitimate prize, or prey, of superiority. Marriage is a matter in which woman's voice is supreme. Miss McManigal has consented to be my wife. All the same, she is free to choose."

"Mr. Armstrong!" Margaret McManigal addressed the sheriff reprovingly. "Women nowadays do not walk off with the victor, nor let themselves be walked off by him, just the same as——"

"They don't, eh? To hear your Stanford University tell it! I know better. Every woman likes a brave man—is daffy over him. She wouldn't be here if she didn't—there's ev'lution for you! And you're the very girl that used to think so before you got them high-falutin' co-ed notions into your noodle."

The woman looked doubtfully from the big man with his great uncouth arms in the air to the little man with the equalizer in his educated right hand. Then, looking between them, as it were at the distance, she declared in level, noncommittal tones: "I, for one, certainly do like a brave man!"

The sheriff snorted, loud as a war-horse. His very hands laughed—his upheld hands.

In quiet sarcasm, by way of answer, the equalized emptied the three revolvers. At every shot save one an "oak-apple" fell from a tree ten paces distant. Between shots, the sheriff was covered. Towards the end of the exhibition, despite himself, he was shifting his feet uncomfortably. From time to time, the man behind the gun glanced at the woman, to mark the effect of his shooting. He took the unfair advantage of his position to smile understandingly. The secret of the convict helped to escape was between them.

The woman's glances were as noncommittal as her tones had been when she had answered "Not a living soul," announced: "I, for one, certainly do like a brave man!"

The last shot fired, the shooter, twirling round like a hammer-thrower, hurled the three revolvers in as many different directions. In the deep silence that followed the third crash in the brush, they stood there, those three, each one facing as nearly as possible the other two, forming an equilateral triangle.

"Now choose!" the man bade the woman.

"I can't."

"Then, I can—for you." He pointed a pistol-like forefinger at the sheriff, who instinctively threw up his hands.

"No, you can't. You're quite mistaken. All the same, of the two, I prefer brutality to bravado. Bravado is the worst sort of cowardice. Mind you, I don't blame you one bit for not wanting to fight it out—with him!"

"You would like to see us fight it out, then?"

"I!—no—yes, I believe I would—if you were of a size. It must be this place, I guess."

The sheriff grinned: thus to hear his unsophisticated judgment of woman justified; in anticipation of fight, and victory.

The man paled visibly. There was a noticeable tremor in his voice. "Merely the worst sort of cowardice, then, my throwing the guns away—not possibly magnanimity? Psychology was your major, was it not? Very well, I will fight him, on his level—for you! You are the victor's, mind you, absolutely!"

The woman glanced away from her betrothed—at the sheriff. "Body and soul!" she bargained.

"The fight is to a finish!" the primitive man conditioned. "No interfering, Mag!"

Mag kept silence, an unconsenting silence.

"To a finish!" the other agreed, peeling off civilization with his coat.

"No interfering, Mag!" the sheriff insisted.

But Mag, keeping her coat on, wouldn't promise.

The man turned away and busied himself making an unnecessary neat pile of coat, hat, and tie.

All at once the sheriff, as if struck by an inspiration, reached into his right-hand hip-pocket and jerked out a "pair of bracelets," or, as the convict would have called them, "slangs." In a wink, before the man could interfere, Mag, wearing the bracelets, was embracing the bole of the dwarfed oak, whence the "apples," shot through, had fallen.

"The key!" triumphed the sheriff, chuckling. "Right here!" He patted himself over the heart, and grinned; his wrought-up Irish way of saying: "I hold the key to the situation!"

Furiously, like a gamecock on a dunghill, the little man flew at him, and struck right there over the heart, his knuckles at the very outset finding the key.

With open hands expressive of utmost scorn, the sheriff simply shoved his coatless adversary away, and then proceeded leisurely to take his own coat off, thus leaving himself at the other's mercy.

Once recovered, however, the little man, breathing heavily, budged never an inch; but crouched, head well down, left foot and fist well forward.

Seeing which, the sheriff, apparently exasperated at the self-control that declined to foul him, shrugged into his coat again, and put an insolent hand behind his back, holding it there as if it were tied. Obviously, it pleased him to play, showing off tit-for-tat-wise, with his foolhardy, advantage-scorning antagonist.

But even as he grinned off-guardedly (how it all happened the big fellow never could make out), the despised whipper-snapper had caught him smash in the mouth, and was again crouched out of reach of his arm, the powerful long arm of the law.

Mag screeched. The sheriff glanced towards her, and paid for his gallantry by stopping with his chin a shot that made him groggy, ungallant, blind with rage. Savagely he struck the air.

"Coward!" he yelled. "Come on in and fight like a man!" Then, his strength quickly regained, he fell to rushing matters.

With exasperating self-possession, the little fighter side-stepped defeat. Ever alert, his footwork was no

less admirable than his headwork. The right number of steps at the right time. The never-at-random blow. Though he fought on the defensive, even Mag could see that he was as much at home with fist as firearm.

The big fellow, on the contrary, moved clumsily, struck wildly, dislocatingly, drunkenly spendthrift of his strength. Ridiculously he misjudged distance. He wasted his breath in futile taunts—anything but the disconcerting "jolly" of the ring-general. Mag began to coach him: "Look out, Jack!" He didn't: he looked at her—and was duly punished.

After that, the onlooker saw what she saw, and said nothing.

The one fought as if he had eyes in his fists, brains in his feet; the other, as if communication had been cut off between head and hand, head and foot; else, never established. For all that it was a fight with primitive weapons, it was patently brute force against brain force; the odds, at first sight, overwhelmingly in favor of the former. Had but one of the sheriff's sledge-hammer blows landed, its force unbroken, the gasping spectator, body and soul of her staked on the issue, had there and then seen the finish of the self-styled lesser brute.

Breathing-spells on the part of the aggressor divided the fight into irregular rounds, each round a torturingly monotonous repetition of the first. The sheriff left an opening; his rival shoved a sudden fist through it, recoiling, as it were, out of harm's way. Thus goaded, the big fellow rushed and swung. The little man sidestepped, ducked, and came up with a vicious head-jarring jab; at infinite pains to avoid clinches, yet coming out of the inescapable uncrushed of sheer strength, having more than a shade the better of every break-away.

The end of the fight was bone of the bone and blood of the blood of the beginning. Scornful, overconfident, to the last, the sheriff, incapable of keeping his eyes off Mag, of attending strictly to the business in hand, bringing his gray matter to bear upon it, of controlling his temper, beat the air—and himself. His arms worked like flails; but the little man was neither bearded grain for his thrashing, nor chaff for his scattering. He thrashed nothing but unresisting atmosphere pungent with yerba santa; scattered none but his own chaff. "Just let me get my hands on you!" he kept repeating like an irascible grandfather to a provoking urchin. More than once, gasping, groggy, his hand on the key, over his heart, grinning confidently, as if he could at will knock his rival into the middle of next week, he looked to Mag as if for interference; and got—not what he was looking for. Mag was fighting her own fight, and let him fight his. The bole of the live-oak was dripping with blood—its and hers mixed. It had barked her wrists. They, together with the bracelets, had barked it.

With wonderful self-control, the little man bided his time. Rather than take chances, he let the big fellow recover his breath. Night fell, but not the sheriff. Never was such a glutton for punishment. Beaten, he fought desperately. Vainglorious he was, coward he was not. Finally, like a sportsman who presses his thumbs over the heart of a wounded bird, reluctant to hit hard enough, as the hunter to press, the little fellow went in to finish the big, to put him out of his misery. The civilized man in the victor revolted against doing, immediately with his hands, not mediately with a weapon, what his savagery had now made necessary.

"Come, the key!" he demanded not unkindly.

"See—y' in hell—first!" gasped the sheriff.

He was at his last gasp. A straight left to the chin laid him out, like a corpse.

Mechanically, the little man began counting, taking a breath to every count; his articulation clear and tense.

"Ten!" he triumphed. She was his.

The night was silent. There was no applause. Huddled speechless against the live-oak, the woman knelt. The man could see but the expression of her attitude.

Prone his great length, the sheriff lay. Unopposed, the victor took the key. The victim but squirmed, as one riffled in sleep. Without a word, the man approached the woman. After much fumbling, he sprang a bracelet. Then, having lifted her up, he led his unresisting prize across the arena. The sheriff had found his feet and stood drunkenly swaying, heedless of the little man triumphing past him, even of the woman led in triumph, seemingly nothing loath.

All at once, like a douche of cold water in his face, a familiar "snap" woke him from his stupor, to a full realization of the fact that he and Mag were manacled together.

Before them, smiling, victorious, stood Mr. Brainard. In his right hand, uplifted in a God-bless-you-my-children! fashion, he held the key. This an instant he flaunted in their faces.

That done, he turned his back on them, picked up coat, hat, and tie, and, donning civilization, disappeared in the manzanitas, just as the moon rose over the ridge.

Harry Cowell.

San Francisco, December, 1911.

The models for the proposed statue of Lord Kitchener at Calcutta have been approved by the committee. The statue itself will represent him in field marshal's uniform, mounted on his favorite charger. It will stand on a stone pedestal containing four bronze panels in bas-relief representing scenes from battles in which Lord Kitchener has taken part.

"FORBIDDEN LOVE."

Pierre Wolff's New Play at the Paris Gymnase.

Pierre Wolff, to whom David Belasco is indebted for "The Lily," has developed amazingly since he was associated with M. Antoine in the experiments of the Théâtre Libre. In those days he subscribed heartily to the gospel that it was the duty of the playwright to indulge in naturalism modified only in so far as the requirements of the stage demanded. With Jean Jullien, Léon Hennique, Camille Fabre, and all the other innovators of that curious little theatre, he eschewed exposition and indulged in first acts which so far from enlightening playgoers almost invariably threw them off the scent. So far as he had any guiding principle, it consisted briefly in the theorem that fate and society are responsible for the sins of the individual. His plays at the Libre were without situations, characters, or a conclusion. Perhaps, then, it is not surprising that his 'prentice efforts made him nothing the richer in cash or reputation; he, like the rest, suffered from the inevitable bankruptcy which overtook naturalism on the stage and in fiction.

Having failed as an innovator in construction, M. Wolff has for the past decade sought originality along other lines. That he has been more successful in this quest is witnessed by "Le Secret de Polichinelle," "Le Ruisseau," and "Le Lys." Whether his new play, "L'Amour Défendu," which was staged at the Gymnase a night or two ago, will take its place among his successes or failures is as yet an open question. One thing it does demonstrate most clearly, and that is that M. Wolff no longer scorns exposition. He explains both on the stage and off. Conscious that the title of his play, "Forbidden Love," might handicap his chances of a hearing in the present somewhat anomalous condition of French drama, he attempted to anticipate his critics by appealing to the Bible. The sacred book, he affirmed, began with that theme; could he follow a better example? Besides, he argued, the love that is forbidden is the only thing that throws us into an ecstasy. It alone absorbs us. Love that meets with no obstacles and no barriers is beneath our notice. We see it, indeed; we delight in it quietly; but we do not speak of it. Literature and poetry neglect and disdain it because rapture and poetry feed exclusively on the forbidden fruit. It is the only thing that makes us gush with tears or explode in laughter.

As if that were not sufficient by way of exposition, M. Wolff devotes his first act to further elucidation. In that act, then, we have the old triangle of two men and a woman. The woman is Madeleine, the husband Pierre, the lover Jean. For two years Madeleine has been married to Pierre, who is fifteen years her senior, but those two years have done nothing to tighten the marriage bond. Why is not clearly explained. Perhaps it is partly because Pierre, like the husband in M. Hervieu's "Les Tenailles," does not know how to make himself loved; or, on the other hand, that Madeleine is the counterpart of Jules Lemaitre's Hélène, who resented being told her husband was a man of solid worth, as though it were possible to love a slave; or, to make an end of comparisons, it may be that M. Wolff's worthy Pierre, a business man with no brilliant qualities, is intended to represent once more that aversion for any man who works which has become part of the stock in trade of the French playwright.

For a few minutes it looked as though the situation might develop along familiar lines. "Clotilde again?" whispered one reminiscent playgoer to another. Clotilde, it will be recalled, was that accommodating lady who, having a husband and lover, proposed to make them both happy, to he a good wife to the one and a good mistress to the other, and to conduct her quiet little *ménage à trois* with strict regard for the conventionalities. But such a commuted adultery—an adultery which reasons and plans and moralizes and goes to mass—was hardly possible for Madeleine and her husband and lover. In the first place Madeleine, while willing to be a good mistress to Jean, had no desire to be a good wife to Pierre; and, more fatal still, Pierre, next to his love for his wife, has no greater joy than his friendship for Jean. This is where M. Wolff attempts to secure his novel effect. And the closing moments of the first act and the whole of the second act were of such a nature that it seemed as though "Forbidden Love" might be added at once to the roll of famous plays. For ere the first act ended Jean is overseen by Pierre in the act of kissing the sleeping Madeleine, and has to listen—ignorant that his fault has been discovered—to an appeal from Pierre that he would not rob him of his wife's love. Pierre does not demand an immediate resolve; on the contrary, he will give his friend time for reflection, and to that end decides to leave at once for Paris. If Jean can make up his mind to break with Madeleine, he is to telegraph the words, "Come back"; if otherwise, his message is to be, "My poor Pierre."

According to the second act, Jean, thrown upon his "honor," decides that friendship is greater than love. For nearly two weeks he has avoided Madeleine's society, who, in the interval, expatiates eloquently on her "right to happiness" and the kindred excuses of her kind. That one may not lose all sympathy with Madeleine, she is depicted as a prey to despair, as in danger of losing her reason, and altogether distrait. Her mother is in perplexity until Jean returns. Then the situation develops quickly and dramatically. He tells Madeleine his resolve to be faithful to his friend, which of course leads to a "scene" and the revelation of the secret to the mother. This is the climax of the second act, the curtain of which falls on three agonized people.

And the third act adds to the number. For of course Jean, in keeping with the heroics of his scene with Madeleine, has telegraphed his friend to return, but when Pierre arrives it is to find his wife a physical and mental wreck. Such is M. Wolff's dénouement. All that is left for Pierre is a violent outburst against his friend. "This is the fruit of your work. You have now ruined not only one, but two of us." Of course they sob, and weep, and weep and sob, and then embrace. And Pierre writes his wife a letter saying he is going away, perhaps never to return. And Madeleine enters when he is gone, reads the letter in a breaking voice, and collapses as the curtain falls. *Voilà tout!* Jean and Madeleine must worry out their tangle as best they may.

Why M. Wolff has laid the scene of "Forbidden Love" at the Riviera is a mystery. Not that such a setting is a novelty with present-day French dramatists; on the contrary they are prone to send their heroes and heroines traveling over the P. L. M. But the usual object of placing the action of a comedy of intrigue in one of the cosmopolitan hotels of the Riviera is to enlist nature as an ally, that is, adopt a setting in those sunny regions where life is less strenuous and love more indulgent. Such a device seemed hardly called for in the case of Jean and Pierre and Madeleine; they were too serious for their surroundings—the first in his awakening to the duties of friendship, the second in his limited resources for pleasure, the third in her absorption in one man. Any other Madeleine at the Riviera would not have been so particular.

Perhaps, however, M. Wolff would redeem the Riviera from frivolity. He may wish us to understand that not all the frequenters of that pleasure resort are drawn thither in the hope of stimulating their outworn fancies. Or, it may be the setting was intended by its nature brightness to deepen the shadows of his theme—the theme, obviously, of the terrible effect of forbidden love. There is no other moral possible, but even that moral is weakened by Jean's contradictory qualities. Notwithstanding the fine technic of the play, the artistic nature of its costumes and decorations, and the admirable acting of Mlle. Lely as Madeleine, Mlle. Dux as the mother, M. Huguenet as Pierre, and M. Garry as Jean, it was impossible to be oblivious to the disturbing effect of the lover's character. How he could have been so weak as to trifle with Madeleine and then become strong enough to be ready to abandon her was not extenuated by Pierre's one appeal to his friendship. Should "Forbidden Love" prove a failure, that defect will be the cause. Perhaps it is not one for which M. Wolff must bear the entire blame. Parisians demand the new at all costs, forgetting that the new may be the impossible. M. Wolff has certainly conceived a novel situation, or an original variation of an old theme, but once more it looks as though the new is not true.

Henry C. Shelley.

Paris, November 14, 1911.

The Turkish navy appears to be in the main an obsolete fighting machine. Probably, however, it is better officered than half a century ago. When Lord Carlisle visited Constantinople in 1854 he met a Turkish admiral whose ignorance of naval matters was equaled only by his horror of the sea. If he went for a cruise he was invariably seasick. On one occasion, when prostrated in his cabin, hearing a noise which grated on his nerves, he inquired whence it proceeded. "From the rudder of the ship," was the reply. "Then have the rudder removed immediately," ordered the afflicted admiral.

Since Kansas passed a law requiring all companies which intend to sell stock in the state to secure permission from the state bank commissioner, seven months ago, only forty-four out of fully 500 applications have been favorably passed on by the commissioner. Kansas has been asked for copies of the law by the banking departments of practically all of the other states.

Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) retired from public life November 1 at Richmond, Virginia. His show was sent to winter quarters and his Indians will return to their reservations, while Buffalo Bill intends to spend his remaining years in the Wyoming Big Horn, where he spent his early life.

According to estimates made in Washington, almost 1,000,000 women will be eligible to vote for President of the United States in 1912. These women are to be found in the six Western States of California, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming, which have granted equal suffrage.

Delhi has been the scene of two royal durbars, and will soon witness the third, when George V will be present in person to receive the illustrious title of Emperor of India. At the first durbar Queen Victoria was proclaimed empress in 1877. Edward VII was honored in 1902.

Travelers in Brazil remark that not only in Rio de Janeiro, but in the larger cities throughout the republic, the public awaits the daily news budget with an eagerness no less pronounced than is the case in the United States and on the continent of Eur[illegible]

MADAME DE BRINVILLIERS.

Mr. Hugh Stokes Tells the Story of a Famous Poisoner and Her Fate.

The author of this handsome volume of nearly four hundred pages explains that it is intended to be not only a history of the crimes of Mme. de Brinvilliers, but a picture of the circles in which she lived. Indeed it would have been unfair to the most famous poisoner in history to separate her from her setting or from an age in which poisoning may almost be described as a fashionable amusement. The crime that now borrows something of horror from its comparative rarity was then extraordinarily common, and there is every reason to believe the statement attributed to Mme. de Brinvilliers herself that if she did but choose to speak half Paris would be ruined. Every unusual death was attributed reasonably enough to poison, and this was the perpetual danger threatening all those whose end was desired by ambition or cupidity:

> Throughout the whole of the seventeenth century men and women of position lived in dread of the sudden death. Against poison they felt themselves almost helpless. Cardinal Richelieu kept a number of cats, not merely for the pleasure of their company, but because these domestic pets are the most suspicious of animals. They smell with distrust food offered by the most friendly hands, and they refuse anything of which they bave the slightest suspicion. Stronger even than the evidence of the cardinal's cats is the correspondence between the minister and his master. Repeatedly Louis XIII warns Richelieu to take every precaution before touching food.
>
> Poisoning became a national vice. It had been imported from Italy and gradually infected the whole of France. The king and his ministers recognized the importance of stamping it out. Mme. de Brinvilliers was the first case they were able to probe thoroughly. They imagined that the disease had been killed. Then came the terrible scandals of La Voisin, which implicated the most prominent members of the court. The evil growth was not eradicated until well into the eighteenth century.

The poisons used were prepared with a knowledge that is now lost. The criminals were skilled in the manufacture of ptomaines, and various forms of arsenic were also much in vogue. We are told of men of rank who took an antidote every morning as a matter of routine:

> The preparation of the potions used in France during the reigns of Louis XIII and his successor may be briefly described. An animal was doctored with a dose of arsenic. After death the liquids of the body were carefully distilled, and the resultant was of extreme virulence, being composed of the virus of arsenic and the alkaloids of decomposition. When the animal thus killed was credited with a bodily venom the distilled liquid was a concentration of three poisons instead of two. For this reason the toad was the favorite subject of the experiment, although how far the batrachian poison affected the drug is open to doubt. Of the deadly effect of the liquid there can be no question. The "venin de crapaud" was used by Mme. de Brinvilliers, Sainte-Croix, La Voisin, and all their confederates. Under torture the marquise admitted that her drugs were composed of sublimated arsenic, vitriol, and "venin de crapaud."

Probably we shall never know how many people were poisoned by Mme. de Brinvilliers. She tried to kill her own daughter, but repented and "gave her a quantity of milk as an antidote." Of all her victims her husband had the most extraordinary career:

> The position of the wretched marquis was extraordinary. He was undoubtedly well aware of all the evil business in progress. Harassed by creditors, he sat down quietly in the Hotel d'Aubray, prepared to avail himself of any sudden inheritance which might assist the family fortunes. He lived in fear of poison, and several attempts were made to remove him with the aid of "Glaser's receipt." "Mme. de Brinvilliers wanted to marry Sainte-Croix," wrote Mme. de Sévigné. "With that intention she often gave her husband poison. Sainte-Croix, not desiring so wicked a woman for a wife, gave antidotes to the poor husband, with the result that, shuttlecocked about in this manner five or six times, now poisoned, now unpoisoned, he still remained alive." At some moments his wife had compassion upon the weak and contemptible man, and ceased her treatment. She even called in a doctor to prescribe for him. He in the meanwhile exercised every care over his food, and swallowed huge quantities of milk, the only sure antidote to the poisons. He kept his own valet, who served him at table. "Don't change my glass," he repeatedly ordered. "But wash it out every time you give me anything to drink." His health was not unaffected. He had a weakness in the legs from which he did not recover. He also always carried theriac, the treacle compound of some sixty various drugs, reduced by means of honey to an electuary, which was supposed to be very efficacious against poison. Of this he took many doses, and gave it freely to his servants. Probably for the same reasons the tutor, Briancourt, escaped with his life. The marquise had every need to destroy him, for in moments of weakness he had been made the confidant of all her crimes. As it was, he passed through some exceedingly perilous adventures in the Hotel d'Aubray, as related at length in his evidence.

The Sainte-Croix mentioned above was probably the most skillful poisoner of his day. Certainly Mme. de Brinvilliers wished to marry him, but it was a wish that Sainte-Croix did not share. Indeed upon one occasion he tried to poison her, and only her own knowledge of arsenic enabled her to save her life. Sainte-Croix is supposed to have been killed while trying to discover a new poison, although Mme. de Brinvilliers described the story as a fable:

> The popular story is best told by the author of "Les Crimes Célèbres." According to this account Sainte-Croix was endeavoring to discover a poison the emanations alone of which would be able to kill. He had heard of the poisoned napkin with which the young dauphin, elder brother of Charles VII, had wiped his face whilst playing at tennis, and the contact of which alone was sufficient to kill. Then there was the gossip about the gloves belonging to Jeanne d'Albret, which had been prepared by one of the Italian poisoners in the train of Catherine de Medici, a crime which was never brought home to its instigator. The secrets of these poisons had been lost, and Sainte-Croix wished to find them.
>
> "Then came to pass one of those strange events which seem rather to be a punishment from Heaven than an accident. At the moment when Sainte-Croix, leaning over his stove, watched his fatal mixture reach its highest state of intensity, the glass mask, which covered his face, and preserved bim from the mortal exhalations which escaped from the liquor, became unfastened and dropped off. Sainte-Croix fell to the ground as if struck by a thunderbolt."

Mme. de Brinvilliers evaded arrest for a long time after her misdeeds were made known. She fled to England, thence to Holland, and was finally seized at Liége some three years after her flight:

> The story of the arrest of Mme. de Brinvilliers belongs to romance. Many historians deny its details, but there is no inherent impossibility in the tale. Desgrez arrived at Liége in the habit of a French abbé, "young, amiable, and gallant," ostensibly a wanderer curious to see everything that crossed his path. Interested in the history of Mme. de Brinvilliers, he obtained an introduction to her in the convent, and rapidly paid his court. She was wearied by her peaceful existence, and smiled upon the handsome abbé. He exercised his blandishments so effectually that she consented to accompany him for a promenade along the banks of the river Ourthe. When they were at sufficient distance from the town, they met a coach. At a sign from Desgrez, some hidden police officers sprang out and seized the marquise. Shutting her up in the coach, they were quickly able to convey her to the prison at Liége. The affair was thus carried through promptly and without excitement.

Perhaps the most astounding feature of the whole case is the fact that among the papers of the prisoner was found a statement of her crimes written and signed by herself. What prompted her to a confession so unique in the history of crime, a confession apparently intended only for her own eyes? As was remarked by Mme. de Sévigné, a woman who has poisoned her father hardly makes a note of the fact lest she may forget it. Here is the confession:

> "I envied my brother."
> "I accuse myself of giving poison."
> "I accuse myself of having given poison to a woman who wished to poison her husband."
> "I accuse myself that I did not honor my father, and that I did not render to him the respect I owed him."
> "I accuse myself of having created general scandal."
> "I accuse myself of having ruined myself with a man already married, and of having given him much money."
> "I accuse myself that a cousin of mine is the father of one of my children."
> "I accuse myself of having poisoned my father. A servant gave him the poison. I was annoyed at the imprisonment of this man. I had my two brothers poisoned, and the servant was broken on the wheel for it."
> "I have many times denied being the cause of the deaths of my father and brothers."
> "I wanted to poison my sister, who was angry with me for the horrible manner of my life."
> "I accuse myself of having given drugs five or six times to my husband. Then I regretted it and treated him until he was cured."
> "I acuse myself of having taken poison, and also of giving some to one of my children."
> "I accuse myself of having set fire to a house."

It was an extraordinary document which included references to "bizarre and monstrous crimes." No wonder the marquise lost spirit when she saw it in the grasp of the law. But why did she ever write it? Her conduct is inexplicable.

For our knowledge of the proceedings that followed the lengthy trial we are indebted mainly to the Abbé Pirot, who devoted himself unceasingly to the wretched woman. Urged by him to make a full confession of her crimes, she promised to do so before sentence was pronounced:

> "I will say everything tomorrow. Leave me in peace until tomorrow. Then I will admit my crime to Monsieur Palluau. I will admit that I poisoned my father, that I had my brothers poisoned, and that I intended to poison my sister. I wanted to know what was the composition of the poisons which I used, and which were given at my order. But all I ever discovered was that the quintessence of toads formed part of it, and that one was simply rarified arsenic."
>
> "Madame," said the priest, determined to extract all she knew, "you had a thousand friendly conversations with the man who gave you the poisons. Had you never the curiosity to know truly what the ingredients were composed of? It is said that he had a laboratory and an alembic. Did he never confide in you the secret?"
>
> "I know only what I have told you."
>
> "But he worked himself at these poisons, and if he used a mask—and actually died from the fumes when it suddenly broke—how could he have hidden the secret from you?"
>
> "Monsieur, all that is a fable. He did not die in that way. He knew his poisons, and sometimes he compounded them. But Glaser, the apothecary in the Fauburg of St. Germain, usually made them, and he died a long while ago. I know that there were different poisons. In the casket were a red water and a white water, but I do not know how they were made. The only antidote I knew was milk. That man often told me that it was a preservative against poison, and that if one took a little every morning his poison could do no harm. As for the accomplices, I know of none to accuse, except a man to whom I gave poison ten years ago. He had asked me for some to poison his wife."

The sentence was a long one, and it included such reparation to her victims as her financial resources would permit. The marquise herself was condemned to death and to the "question," ordinary and extraordinary:

> Torture by water is fully described by the erudite Jousse in his treatise on criminal law. After the accused has been extended upon a trestle, and the arms and the legs fastened by means of cords passed through iron rings, the cords are tightened with such force that the body is suspended in the air without support, and if necessary a trestle is placed beneath the body to increase the distension. Then the accused is made to swallow water through a funnel placed in his mouth. For the ordinary torture he is made to drink four jars, each containing two pints, and for the extraordinary torture another and more elevated trestle is placed under his body and he is given an additional four jars.

The object of the torture was to compel the wetched woman to divulge the names of her accomplices, but in this it failed, for she seems to have had none except Sainte-Croix, who was already dead:

> When she saw the jars of water she smiled.
>
> "Do you wish to drown me?" she asked. "I am so small a person that you can hardly intend to make me swallow all that."
>
> The executioner did not reply. But the clerk demanded that she should give the names of her accomplices, the composition of the poisons, and the nature of the antidotes. Her explanation was not sufficient.
>
> "If you do not believe what I have already said my body is in your hands, and you must torture me as you will."
>
> In a few minutes she was stripped, extended from ring to ring, and a trestle placed beneath her body, so that it rested as if bound upon a wheel.
>
> "You are killing me, although I have spoken the truth," she exclaimed several times.
>
> The first jar of water was administered.
>
> "You are killing me!"
>
> "Name your accomplices?"
>
> "I had none. Ten years ago a man asked me for some poison to kill his wife. That man is dead."
>
> The second jar was given to her to drink. She would not speak. The third was poured down her throat.
>
> "Reveal your accomplices? Did you not write from the Conciergerie to Pennautier urging him to do all he could for you, and telling him that your interests and his were identical?"
>
> "I never knew that Pennautier had any dealings with Sainte-Croix with regard to poisons," she gasped. "To say anything else would be a lie. But I once saw a note in the hands of Sainte-Croix which concerned Pennautier, and I thought that the friendship which existed between them might extend to the poisons. I took the hazard of writing to him, on the supposition that if he was mixed up with Sainte-Croix he would help me, and that if he was not the letter would receive no attention."
>
> For the fourth time water was given.
>
> "I can say nothing more. If I said anytbing it would rest on my conscience."
>
> This ended the "question ordainaire." Four of the eight jars of water were empty. With regard to her accomplices, if they existed, she had admitted nothing. The executioner then proceeded to the "question extraordinaire." The trestle beneath her body was two feet and a half high. It was replaced by a trestle a foot higher, which distended her body so tightly that the cords cut into the flesh of her arms and legs.
>
> "You are dismembering me," she cried. "Good Lord, pardon me! Lord have mercy upon me!"
>
> "Have you anything else to declare witb reference to your accomplices?"
>
> "You may kill me, but I shall not tell a lie which will make me lose my soul."
>
> The fifth jar was emptied.
>
> "Reveal the composition of the poisons, and their antidote."
>
> "I do not know how the poisons were made. I remember that toads formed part of the composition. Sainte-Croix never revealed the secret. I bclieve that he did not make it himself, but that Glaser prepared it. One of the poisons was simply arsenic. The only antidote was milk."
>
> "Have you anything to add?"
>
> "I have said all I know. Kill me now if you wish. You will extract no more from me."
>
> The sixth jar was brought out.
>
> "I am dead!" she murmured.
>
> The seventh jar was used.
>
> She refused to speak.
>
> The eighth jar was administered.
>
> With a deep sigh she gasped, "My God! My God! I am dead!" Then she said no more.

The last scene is described by the faithful Pirot and by other eye-witnesses:

> "Monsieur!" cried the prisoner. "They are going to bandage my eyes!"
>
> "It is always done. It does not matter, for you will soon lose your other senses. Remember how much you have abused them."
>
> She repeated a prayer to the Virgin.
>
> "Recollect the cry of Christ when dying," said the priest, and again he commenced to pray aloud. In the midst of a sentence he beard a dull thud, and he ceased. It was the headsman's blow. For an instant the head remained on the shoulders. Pirot feared that the executioner had missed his stroke. Suddenly the head fell slowly back, and the body dropped to the red boards with a crash.
>
> Pirot remembered his promise and repeated the "De Profundis." It was exactly eight o'clock, and the bells of the city struck the hour.
>
> The Abbé Pirot rose from his knees in great tranquillity of spirit.
>
> "Monsieur," remarked the executioner, wiping his face with a cloth, "was not that a fine stroke! I always recommend myself to God and asks his assistance upon such occasions. Up to the present He has never deserted me. But I must say that this business has worried me. For the past five or six hours, thoughts of this lady have been running through my head. Now it is all over I will have six masses said for her soul."

Mme. de Sévigné says that Mme. de Brinvilliers had become a popular saint almost before her body had been consumed. Her extraordinary courage appealed to the imagination, and there was, moreover, a recognition that there were hundreds whose crimes were worse than hers. There is one concluding incident worth quoting. M. de Offément, a descendant of Mme. de Brinvilliers, was living at the Chateau d'Offément, the former home of the famous poisoner, when France was invaded by the allies before Waterloo. Afraid of robbery, M. d'Offément built up all his valuables in one of the towers of the house:

> When the troops, after three months of occupation, retired to the frontier, the hiding places were opened. But a new cavity was discovered. Stones were removed, and a large cabinet was found, fitted as a laboratory, with a furnace, chemical instruments, several phials hermetically sealed and still containing liquid, and four packets of powder. Instead of submitting these materials to investigation, the owner of the chateau—afraid of their fatal powers—placed them all on the fire. "Thus," writes Dumas, "was lost this strange and probably last occasion to recognize and analyze the substances which composed the poisons of Sainte-Croix and the Marquise de Brinvilliers."

The volume that Mr. Stokes has given us is not a cheerful one, but it is a record of French society at its worst, and one not to be overlooked by the student of history and of sociology.

MADAME DE BRINVILLIERS AND HER TIMES. By Hugh Stokes. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company; $4 net.

Egypt has but one manufacturing industry, speaking largely—the making of cigarettes. Cairo is the centre of this industry, the leading firms having factories there which employ thousands of hands the year round. The tobacco used is imported, mostly from Turkey and Greece. Aside from the enormous home consumption, Egyptian cigarettes are exported to the value of almost $2,000,000 yearly.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

As the Sparks Fly Upward.

:. Cyrus Townsend Brady presents us an interesting problem in his latest story. ain Cleveland of the *Swiftsure* takes his with him upon a voyage. The ship is ed and Mrs. Cleveland escapes in one e boats, while her husband is accidentally ehind on the burning ship. He, too, is ually saved, only to find himself on a t island which he shares with an at- ve young woman, the only survivor of a ous wreck years ago. There seems to he ossibility of rescue. The girl is pretty a child of nature, and we know at once he inevitable will happen. In the course year or so Captain Cleveland has a d ménage, and a baby arrives, as babies a way of doing.

the meantime Mrs. Cleveland reaches :ation, and although her husband's death moral certainty, she refuses an advan- us offer of marriage and directs all her s to a despairing search for the captain. she finds him at last. The situation is what cleared by the accidental death of land companion, but the ethical prob- till remains. To what extent must we Captain Cleveland? Must we blame it all? The idea is well worked out, a simple and delicate way, and if the who has a robust common sense is in- to think that there is much ado about g, it is a fault common enough with roblem novel. Mr. Brady has at least us a capital story of action.

THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD. By Cyrus Townrady. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.35.

The Silent Barrier.

Louis Tracy somewhat strains the prob- :s in his search for a theme. An enter- young American like Charles K. Spen- ho had fallen in love on sight with a ty girl in London, would have man- d for an introduction and would have

Then he could have given her the of her heart, a trip to Switzerland, for eymoon. But instead of this he in- es himself with the editor of the maga- or which she writes and agrees secretly nce a hogus scheme for the writing of :s of descriptive Swiss articles. Then lows by the next train, finds that a s on the ground, and defeats him with oss. It is good enough reading in its lthough we could wish that the young :an had acted in the direct way usual is species. But then there might have o story.

SILENT BARRIER. By Louis Tracy. New Edward J. Clode; $1.25 net.

Vagabond City.

pt for a slight tendency to exaggerate ile characters, the author has told a and a compelling story of marital in- ibility. Talbot is an unconventional smopolitan vagabond. After wandering irs through the strange places of the ie comes home to find that Muriel, to ie made love in the moonlight long ago, nained faithful chiefly for lack of a ion to be unfaithful. Gallantry com- m to marry a woman whose whole life is made up of the things that do not matter, the formalities of fashionable religion, life in a suburban villa, the petty social observances of the middle class, the thousand contemptible respectabilities that blot out the realities of life. Muriel is one of those utterly colorless good women who would he so much better if they were worse, and whose ten commandments are embraced in the proprieties of villadom and of a middle caste nowhere so well developed as in England. Naturally Talbot feels like a caught rat. He is expected to shape his whole future according to canons that he despises and hates, and therefore the inevitable inevitably happens. When he meets his old bohemian chum, Miss Elphestonne, his vagabond nature becomes insurgent and the tragedy of a hopeless incompatibility is made evident. It is a thoroughly well-told story, an accurate presentation of conditions that, in the main, are common enough.

VAGABOND CITY. By Winifred Boggs. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.25.

Rebellion.

This is a story of a conflict between a woman's inclinations and her loyalty to the Catholic church. Georgia Connor is young and beautiful, while her husband is a hopeless drunkard with mind and body alike unclean. Georgia is forced to earn her own living and she accepts the attentions of a fellow-employee, who at first does not know that she is married and who afterwards urges her to secure a divorce. Inspired by her mother and the priest, she rejects her lover and gives her husband another chance. Connor again falls from grace, and then Georgia defies the authority of the church, secures a divorce, and marries her admirer.

Mr. Patterson tells his story fairly and unflinchingly, and of course he enlists our sympathies for Georgia in her struggle against an authority that would allow a drunken and impossible husband to separate her from the man she loves. And yet we must recognize the fact that her rebellion is not against a religious system, as such, but against a specific interference with her personal desires. Divorce may be right or it may he wrong, but it does not become right because we are urged to it by what we call love.

REBELLION. By Joseph Medill Patterson. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company; $1.25.

The Garden of the Sun.

Captain T. J. Powers deserves credit for a story that avoids all the faults usually committed hy army officers who write of inferior races. "The Garden of the Sun" is a novel based upon the American occupation of the Philippines. There is plenty of fighting and adventure, and it is cleverly interwoven with a narrative that centres around Captain Ballard's infatuation for Mrs. Bennett, the wife of a traveler who is visiting the islands in his yacht. Bennett himself is a drunkard, but with some of the traditional virtues of the drunkard. When Mrs. Bennett has at last decided to secure a divorce and to marry the captain she relents and determines to stay with her husband and nurse him after the injury that he receives in a brawl, the result of his pursuit of another woman. We know at once that the inexorable novelist must sentence Bennett to death as a result of his injury and that fond hearts will he united by a smoother path than the divorce court. But the story is a good deal more than a love sketch. Captain Powers has a wide angle of vision and it includes not only many well-defined characters, but a general view of island and army society that we are glad to have.

THE GARDEN OF THE SUN. By Captain T. J. Powers. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; $1.25 net.

Descriptive Writing.

This useful book hy Evelyn May Albright, A. M., is intended as a text in composition courses, but it may be commended warmly to literary aspirants in general. The author explains that the abundant illustrations are inserted because it is felt to he "more important for a student to see how a number of good writers do describe than to he told how one thinks they should." A valuable feature that might have been advantageously extended is an appendix indicating the special reasons for the inclusion of each selection.

DESCRIPTIVE WRITING. By Evelyn May Albright, A. M. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25.

Average Jones.

A. V. R. E. Jones, having nothing better to do, decides to become a detective and to collect his clews from the advertising columns of the newspapers. His adventures make quite a large volume, all of them told very cleverly and in such a way as to satisfy us that the law of coincidence is always the humble and obedient servant of the detective of fiction.

AVERAGE JONES. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Valley of Regret," by Adelaide Holt (John Lane Company; $1.50), is the love story of Betty Feverill, which includes an imprudent marriage and its results. Betty is an uncommon girl, and the narrative of how she retrieves her false step is well told.

Thirty-four fine old fairy stories have been collected and retold hy J. M. Gibbon under the title of "Old King Cole" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50). Mr. Gibbon has a pleasing way with him and his efforts are well reinforced hy the illustrations supplied hy Charles Robinson.

Those in search of presentation books should not overlook the fine edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith, with illustrations in color hy H. M. Brock, R. I., that has just been issued hy the J. B. Lippincott Company. Finely printed and handsomely bound, it is all that it should he.

The name of Georgia Wood Panghorn is well known as that of a writer of short stories who can bring into view some of the deeper things of human nature. A collection of these short stories under the title of "Interventions" has just been published hy Charles Scribner's Sons ($1.25 net), and is well worthy of attention hy those who like delicate workmanship.

"In Stewart Times," by Edith L. Elias (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.50), is a collection of studies of men and events during a critical period of English history. Sections are devoted to Oliver Cromwell, to the monarchs and to such men as Villiers, Hampden, Hyde, Fairfax, Monk, and Marlborough, as well as to the literary figureheads of the day. It is a well-written book and with valuable portraits, but the author's defense of the spelling of "Stewart" seems inadequate.

Shakespeare for Children.

Even those who believe that children should grow up to Shakespeare rather than that Shakespeare should grown down to children will rejoice that the retelling should he done hy so competent a hand as that of Alice Spencer Hoffman. In this fine volume we have the narratives of twenty plays. The language is dignified and felicitous and the text contains numerous reproductions from the original whenever the sentiment or the metre is of a kind to appeal specially to youthful minds. The twenty-one colored illustrations hy Charles Folkard are excellent. "The Children's Shakespeare" is published hy E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, $3.

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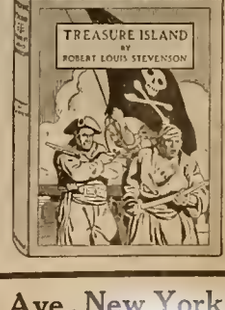
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RED MONEY. By Fergus Hume. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.25 net.

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MASSENET'S "HERODIADE."

We are at present reveling, here in San Francisco, in operas which have heen hitherto scarcely more than a name to us, although "Lakmé" was sung by the American Grand Opera Company, with Pauline L'Allemand in the title-rôle, some two decades ago, at the old Grand Opera House. And we are promised Charpentier's "Louise" in the near future hy M. Grazi's Paris Grand Opera Company, which already has Massenet's dramatic "La Navarraise" to its credit, and which gave this week a very enjoyable, excellently sung performance of Massenet's "Herodiade." The audience at the Valencia Theatre showed every sign of heing well pleased in spite of the merit lying much in the music and little in the production, as a production.

When Massenet wrote "Herodias" or "Hérodiade," to give it its French title, some thirty odd years ago, he was still floundering. He had not then attained in Paris to a state of popularity which was to give him a reputation rather ahove his just deserts. That came in later years, when his facility in producing melodious and pretty operas, such as "Thaïs," "Esclairmonde," and "Manon," gave him a vogue with the novelty loving Parisians that was increased from the fact that our compatriot, Sibyl Sanderson, then in the heyday of her youth and fame and the pet of Paris, always sang the leading rôles in his operas.

But "Herodiade" antedated these less pretentious if more popular operas, having heen written at an age when the composer had not found himself; and when Paris had not found him. "Herodiade" seems to have heen composed by a man who helieved in Meyerheer; for Meyerbeer, in his day, had a tremendous vogue, and was believed to he a genius. There are signs in "Herodiade" of the Meyerbeer inspiration which a young composer of talent hut no genius would he apt to helieve in.

"Herodiade" has a poor libretto, although it took three Frenchmen to write it. The story and treatment are highly conventional, the plot too much diffused with lengthy scenes, not too closely knit together, and its windings unduly prolonged. Still, from the point of view of highly artificial grand opera, to which school "Herodiade" helongs, it is a sombre, fairly imposing work of the grandiloquent type, although both Brussels and Paris turned it down, when it was put forth, in its tender youth, to court public favor.

The revival of such an old-fashioned work of Massenet's in these latter years, when modern music drama is having such a vogue and when the compositions of Massenet himself have a thoroughly modern flavor, is no douht due to the prevailing interest felt in the character of Salomé. If this hectic young woman had not had her name linked in the Bihle with that of John the Baptist we should not have so assiduously courted her acquaintance in these later years.

But the voluptuous imagination of French composers can not leave poor, good old John to his asceticism and his light apparel in the desert. He must be dragged from out the mist of tradition to the novelty-demanding present; he must be made to he sensihle to the charms of Salomé.

I must say I liked him hetter in Oscar Wilde's "Salomé." There he was a single-minded, consistent fanatic, and he stuck to his fanaticism. And the world was allowed to stick to its ideal. It is very disturbing to have these old Bihlical heroes and saints come down into the arena of every-day sentiment.

In "Herodiade," however, all is different from Wilde's tragedy. Salomé is no petted princess in a palace, hut a wandering waif; like Japhet in search, not of a father, exactly, hut at least of a parent.

The exotic Herodias has deserted her child to follow the fortunes of Herod, and Salomé, when she unknowingly attracts to herself the dreaded passion of the tetrarch, does not know that she has innocently hecome the rival of her own unknown mother.

In "Herodiade" Salomé is a very well-conducted young woman, who wishes to make a door-mat of herself under John's large and desert-calloused feet. John is somewhat troubled hy the disturhing spectacle of so much youth and willing beauty going to waste, but when he flounders awkwardly in the silken fetters of a carnal love—I should parenthesize, hy the way, that we do not know whether or no Salomé's intentions are strictly honorahle, although she seems of a respectability heyond question—force of hahit causes him to admonish, to exhort, and to invoke. And together the pair make holy resolutions. So, as any one may see, the Salomé of "Herodiade" is very different from the exceedingly ill-regulated young woman in Strauss's opera.

The dramatic intention in the story is to show that Herod's devouring passion for Salomé causes him to ahandon hoth mercy and expediency, in his treatment of John, and through jealousy condemn the prophet to a martyr's death which Salomé, in a high mood of exaltation, vows to share.

These dramatic elements in the situation are added to by the hond existing hetween Herodias and Salomé, and, as in "The Huguenots," a political conspiracy and conflicting creeds form the motive for introducing soldiers, warriors, priests, and an agitatedly choral populace.

There are also several opportunities for hallets, which a prudent management carefully refrained from availing itself of.

The audience became expectant several times, notahly when Herod tried to turn his thoughts from the chilly and non-responsive Salomé hy surrounding himself with a perfect forest of young women, quite a fair proportion of whom were good looking enough to figure as hallet dancers. The fair slaves, however, in this scene only reclined, and later, during the scene in the temple, hefore the tabernacle, when the audience again hecame expectant, they simply marched to the footlights with a prayerful expression, and like the soldiers in the Mother Goose rhyme, they coolly turned round and "all marched hack again."

In spite of the announcement on the programme, which everyhody looked at incredulously on account of the fine voice and excellent and experienced vocalization of the leading soprano, it was Mme. Vallemont, and not Mme. Richardson, who sang the rôle of Salomé. We heard a good cast, for besides Mme. Vallemont heing in it, M. Affre sang the rôle of John the Baptist, and M. Mascal that ot Herod. Both men have exceptionally fine voices. M. Mascal's high haritone has the melting sweetness of the tenor; sometimes it is almost a tenor; and the singer, in spite of evidences of possessing dramatic temperament, has it under excellent control.

M. Affre's voice has the pure tenor quality, with plenty of volume, and notahle ease of delivery. Both men, in fact, have a delightfully spontaneous outflow of the voice, and velvety smoothness of tone. Neither has the trick of the less highly trained artist of taxing his voice to dazzle the audience with a *tour de force;* every effect gained is hy strictly legitimate methods; a fact which the audience seemed thoroughly to appreciate.

To revert to Mme. Vallemont: this singer confirmed the good impression she had already made. Her voice, with its purity of tone, ahundance of volume, and dramatic quality, had plentiful opportunities for exhihition in the rôle of Salomé, and it was evident that the presence of these three principals in the cast gave great satisfaction.

Mme. Vallemont and M. Mascal also in the matter of physical representation appeared to advantage in their respective rôles; not so M. Affre, who I should judge from his physiognomy to he a frank and lusty lover of the material things of life, and no devotee of locusts and wild honey.

These disharmonies will count in opera, for, after all, opera is drama as well as music, although many, in their great love for music, do not think of it that way, and will not recognize it.

Mlle. Tarney, who sang the rôle of Herodias, does not stand on so high a plane, vocally, as the other three. She has a very good contralto, hut a little hollow in tone, although well adapted to grand opera, and is, while not an actress of ahandon, energetically dramatic in the depiction of operatic emotion.

I should describe the performance of "Herodiade" as, musically, an extremely good and enjoyable one; dramatically, however, it was uninspiring. This is due, no douht, to the conventionality of the hook, which necessitates equal conventionality of treatment on the part of the singers.

The music of "Herodiade" is pretentious, but rather shallow, lacking in harmonic depths and grandeur of style. Yet Massenet showed such skill in massing tone and instrumental effects that he can easily take an audience in, more especially as he can he sweetly melodious in the passages of sentiment. He has several numhers of melting sweetness, notahly the love duet hetween Salomé and John, and the theme of Herod's love for Salomé, which he treats as a frequently recurring motif.

Herod's aria, "Demande au prisonnier," with its recurring refrain of "Salomé, Salomé!" is characteristic of Massenet's style. It is sweet, popular music—one can almost recall it, as if it were one of those facile, charming compositions that so hewitch us in light opera. There wrote the man who popularized grand opera for the volatile Parisians.

An excellent orchestra, under M. Bardou's ahle leadership, gave with good effect the full tonal harmonies with which Massenet made his theme imposing, and won special applause for the sweetness and delicacy of sentiment with which were played two very charming interludes.

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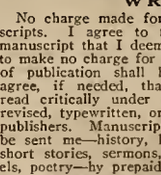
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VANITY FAIR.

When we heard that Miss Lillian Russell was giving advice on beauty and the toilet in the columns of an enterprising Middle West newspaper we naturally rushed off in a solid mass to buy that newspaper. It seemed too good to be true. We have often wondered how Miss Russell did it, and now at last there seemed a chance to learn. But the result was a disappointment. There was about a third of a column of Miss Russell, and all but about three inches of this was devoted to a nice little schoolgirl essay in repudiation of the assertion of a physician that increasing numbers of women are trying to keep their spirits up by pouring spirits down. Miss Russell says that women are doing nothing of the sort, so there you are.

But the cream of Miss Russell's contribution was her answers to correspondents. There were three of these. One of them had apparently been cutting her eyelashes and wished she hadn't. The second wanted to develop her bust and was anxious to know if she should get at it from within or from without, while the third was anxious to massage her scalp. Miss Russell gave the last two some preliminary advice and asked for a stamped envelope, so that she might send fuller instructions. Deep breathing, it seems, is the remedy for a deficient bust, and to this should be added a little gentle massage with warm cocoa butter. We intend to breathe deeply henceforth, and we shall buy some cocoa butter as soon as we can find out what it is and raise the price. Our own bust is in fairly good order at the present moment, but we yearn for progress, and it would really seem that cocoa butter and massage could do no harm to any one. Moreover, we are glad to find a use for cocoa. As a drink it has always seemed to be rather silly.

These correspondence columns for the beauty seeker are really quite amusing. Nearly all the newspapers run them nowadays, and the questions are always the same. We may therefore estimate that about nine million women have been told how to develop their busts, and it seems incredible that there are any still in ignorance upon this point. Why we even knew this much ourselves before Miss Russell told us again. We did not exactly need the information. We never actually went in search of it. But it was forced upon us. Unless we avoid the newspaper altogether—and soon it will be only immodest men who will care to be seen reading newspapers at all—we can hardly evade a daily injunction to use massage and sundry cunning embrocations for the development of the bust. There was a time when we remembered our sex and blushed, but it is almost impossible to blush at breakfast time. We have got over that now. In fact we have descended so far as to wonder furtively what sort of additional information we should get if we sent the stamped and directed envelope. The note at the head of the column says that Miss Russell will be glad to answer any question pertaining to womanly beauty and that personal replies will be given if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. There is no suggestion of discrimination or preferential rates, but what sort of reply would be received if we sent the envelope with a polite note to the effect that Mr. John Jones wishes to develop his bust and would be glad of advice.

It is estimated that the warships lately in the Hudson River would have received somewhat less damage at the hands of an enemy than fell to their share from the women souvenir hunters, who came on board by the thousand and carried away practically everything that was not nailed down. Several pieces belonging to the silver services were looted, the officers' cabins were stripped of everything portable, buttons and epaulets were wrenched off, and even the sailors' boxes in the forecastle were rifled. A number of women who were caught in the act were "indignant" when asked to restore the pilfered property. Yes, indignant. It is not a misprint nor a misuse of words. They were indignant, and those who think they understand the feminine psychology may explain that in the best way they can. These women actually felt that they were the victims of injustice. They did not pretend to feel that way. It was not a disguise for shame or humiliation such as a well-trained gorilla would feel if he was caught stealing and as every gentlemanly dog would feel. The emotion was a real one. We have all known women who act that way. We have all seen the woman who bridles with unfeigned resentment when she is frustrated in her effort to break in at the head of the queue at the ticket office window. That is just the same thing. There is no conception of fairplay where a personal advantage is concerned. May heaven be thanked that such women are not typical. But they are terribly numerous.

Alderman Dowling of New York seems to be an "amoosin' cuss," like Artemus Ward's kangaroo. Alderman Dowling's pet project is to pass a city law forbidding women to smoke cigarettes in public. He is fired with a holy zeal for public virtue, is Alderman Dowling. Moreover, the pillars of the commonweal will rock unless the worthy alderman keeps an eye on them. It is quite an easy thing in New York to pass a law forbidding some one to do something, and so the anti-smoking law had a clear course before it. It is such a delightfully easy way to please God.

But the alderman has struck a snag this time. The corporation attorney says that the courts would probably overturn that law in about nine minutes. The prohibition, he says, would control personal conduct which in no way encroaches upon the rights of others. The board has no power under the law to enforce its own particular notions of propriety and delicacy. It has no right to penalize bad taste. It seems horrible that there should be any authority short of Providence that can control an alderman, but it is so. And no alderman is afraid of Providence. He is Providence.

But this malignant corporation counsel goes further. He hits a cheerful thwack at the hotel and restaurant keepers who insult women who wish to smoke a cigarette. He says that they are acting illegally. The civil rights law provides that all persons shall be entitled to equal accommodations, advantages, facilities, and privileges in inns, restaurants, and hotels. Then how about those managers who ask ladies to withdraw because they are wicked enough to smoke cigarettes? Nothing is so amazing as the tranquil placidity with which Americans allow themselves to be illegally tyrannized over. The day will come when some lady's escort will take one of those managers by the throat and remove the epidermis from some portions of his anatomy. And then prosecute him under the civil rights law. And may we be there to see.

But to return for a moment to Alderman Dowling, who is an ass. The alderman says tearfully that "if four or five women should sit in the window of a café smoking cigarettes" a mob might gather. Well, what of it? Presumably the laws of New York are not framed in humble and obedient deference to the feelings of a mob. But then again, perhaps they are. A mob is easy to collect nowadays in any city where thousands of idle people are looking for work and praying God they don't find it. Suppose half a dozen men were to sit in a milliner's window trying on hats. The mob would be on hand right away.

It seems to us that we have heard enough of Alderman Dowling. We could go down to the cold and silent grave exulting if we were but sure that we should never hear his name again.

The modern shopkeeper is showing an ever more tender consideration for his lady customers. Many a fair purchaser who wishes to carry home her new acquisition has been appalled by the color of the wrapping paper, which is so hideously out of keeping with her costume. To remove this difficulty an Eastern shopkeeper has laid in a stock of wrapping papers of many colors and tints and has instructed his clerks to select a hue that will be in harmony with the lady's own color design. Or she may select it herself.

Still another concession to feminine vanity is heralded from Paris. Every one knows that a woman never looks so ecstatic as when she is trying on a new hat for the first time, a hat that she knows will suit her and that she can afford to buy. Even the homeliest woman will look for the moment beautiful as she stands in front of the mirror and raises the edifice to its appointed shrine. The task of the milliner is to catch that look and to preserve it. So she engages an artist to conceal himself in the trying-on room where he himself will be unseen, but where he can catch the expression of the purchaser at the psychological moment and transfer it to paper with a few deft strokes that can afterwards be worked up into a finished sketch. Then when the hat is sent home the sketch will be found attached to the inside of the lid and the lady will see her glorified presentment at the moment of her triumph.

A man fell overboard from one of the leading ships during the recent naval review in the Hudson River. The ship stopped. All the other ships stopped. For a time there was a scene almost of chaos, but no one cared anything about that. The one supreme duty of the moment was to save the life of that man. To get the full inwardness of the situation it is necessary to remember that these were warships, designed and intended for the destruction of human life and property.

Now look upon this other picture. The National Highways Protective Society of New York has just passed a formal vote of thanks to a chauffeur who injured a man and who did not run away. He was the fourteenth chauffeur who had injured pedestrians during that same month, but all of the other thirteen had run away. And the automobile is constructed for peaceful pleasure. How shall we reconcile the inconsistency between the warships that risk disaster in order to save a life and the automobiles that take life with reckless and cowardly unconcern?

Mrs. Knagg—Perhaps you recall, it was on a train that we first met. *Mr. Knagg*—Yes, but it's too late now to sue the company for damages.—*Boston Transcript*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, the Welshman said: "There is such noble housekeeping in Wales that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner." "Ay," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man toasted his own cheese."

There was an old Scotchman in Glasgow who was moving from one house to another, on the same street. Being of an economical turn of mind, he had moved his bits of furniture on the wheelbarrow himself. The last thing left for him to carry was one of those old grandfather's clocks. It was rather heavy and awkard to handle. As he toddled up the street to his new home, with grandfather's clock over his shoulder, he met a friendly Scot, who had been imbibing. "Tak ma' advice," said the intemperate, "buy yersel' a watch."

The patriarch of the colored residents was eager to display his knowledge, and his choice of words proved his discrimination. "Who's the best whitewasher in town?" inquired the newcomer. "Al Hall am a ho'nd a'tist with a whitewash hrush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently. "Well, tell him to come and whitewash my chicken-house tomorrow." Uncle Jacob shook his head duhiously. "Ah don't helieve, sah, Ah'd engage Al Hall to whitewash a chickenhouse, sah." "Why, didn't you say he was a good whitewasher?" "Yes, sah, a powe'ful good whitewasher, sah; hut mighty queer about a chicken-house, sah, mighty queer!"

There is a lawyer in Chicago, for some years a police magistrate, who was a natural peacemaker and always endeavored to smooth over any slight differences hetween the persons hrought hefore him. Once, when the charge invoived was for technical assault, it came out in the course of evidence that the parties were neighhors, and had formerly heen on the hest of terms. "This is too had, too had!" commented the judge. "And hetween such old friends! Is this not a case that might he settled out of court?" "I'm sorry to say that it can't he done, your honor," remarked the plaintiff, seriously. "I thought of that myself, hut the coward won't fight."

There was a prosecuting attorney whose methods were so dramatic and uniformly successful that he not only hecame the terror of evildoers, hut an object of admiration, especially among the negroes. Upon retirement from office he was at once sought after hy those charged with crime. The first two cases which he defended resulted in conviction, much to his chagrin. An old negro who had watched his prosecution in admiring wonder and looked on with equal wonder when he conducted the defense, accosted him just after his defeat, and said: "Marse Earle, you sho' is a wonder. No matter which side you's on they go to the pen just the same."

A young widow went to select a monument for her recently deceased hushand. After due consideration she picked out a stone and ordered the following inscription placed upon it: "My grief is more than I can hear." The man who was to erect the monument was a little tardy in doing it and the widow remarried hefore it was done. This fact worried him, as he feared that he might have to change the wording of the inscription. So he called upon the lady and told her that he was now ready to do his work, and after some hesitation asked her if she wished to change the wording of the inscription in any way. She politely replied: "No, just as I gave it, only add at the end the word 'Alone.'"

An old lady was going over the zoo, and after some time she went up to a keeper and tapped him on the shoulder with her umbrella. "Well, mum," said the keeper. "I want to ask you," explained the old lady, "which of the animals in the zoo you consider the most remarkahle." The keeper scratched his head for a while. Then—— "Well, mum," he replied, "arter careful consideration, as you might say, I've come to the conclusion as the hiscuit goes to the laughing hyena!" "Indeed!" said the old lady in surprise; "and why do you consider the laughing hyena so remarkahle?" "Well, mum," answered the zoological expert, "he only has a sleep once a week. He only has a meal once a month. And he only has a drink once a year. So what he's got to laugh ahout is a hloomin' mystery to me!"

Just as the minister was about to hegin his sermon the woman rememhered that she had left the gas burning in the range oven. Visions of a ruined dinner and a smoky kitchen stared her in the face. She horrowed a pencil from the young man in the next pew and scrihhled a note. With a murmured "Hurry," she thrust it into the hand of her hushand, an usher, who came up the aisle at that moment. He, with an understanding nod, turned, passed up the aisle, and handed the note to the minister. The woman saw the act in speechless horror and shuddered as she saw the minister smilingly open the note and begin to read. But her expression of dismay was fully equaled hy the look of amazement and wrath on the good man's face as he read the words: "Go home and turn off the gas!"

There was a knock on the door in the midst of the packing and the little globe-trotter opened it to hehold John Chinaman with her laundry hundle. "I'll not need you again, John. I'm going away to China," was the smiling explanation. "Me go hack some day, too," he replied. "Got wife an' lil' hoy in Canton. No see now fi' year." The Manhattan girl who was to accompany the little globe trotter on the Oriental tour hecame interested at this juncture. "Aren't you afraid your wife will run off with some other Chinese while you are away, John?" she asked. Without so much as vouchsafing a glance at his inquisitor he picked up his bundle and when he reached the door retorted: "My wife she no Melican woman; she Chinese lady."

THE MERRY MUSE.

That's Why.

Into my smiling rosehud mouth
The smiling harher deftly hooks
His finger, and pulls it awry
To get the whiskers in the nooks
At either corner; and he asks—
And gives my head a scratch or two—
"Your head is very dirty, don't
You think you need a nice shampoo?"

Then he says: "You need a massage,"
But I insist that I do not.
And then he hlisters my poor face
Within a towel reeking hot;
Then he insists I ought to have
A mess of tonic on my hair!
And that is why I hate to sit
Me in a harher's easy chair.

And all the while the harher hreathes
His onion hreath into my face,
And hooks his finger 'neath my lip
And drags my mouth all out of place.
A hoothlack fumhles at my feet,
And hegs and hegs me with a whine
To loosen up and come across
And let him give my shoes a shine.

Because I do not want a shine,
Because I hate the barher's hooks,
Because I want no shampoo, and
Because my face the harher cooks,
Because I care for no massage,
And want no tonic ruhhed in me,
I hate to do it, hut am forced
To use a safety razor, see?

—*Judd Mortimer Lewis, in Houston Post.*

The Statesman.

Like some high crag, hroad-hased, with hrow of stone
That parts the clouds, nor from the tempest shrinks,
He stands, self-praised, self-centred, and alone,
And seems at times to think we think he thinks.

—*Puck.*

Hassan, the Honest.

Hassan, who lives where the roosters crow at dawn,
Where only palings guard a neighhor's lawn,
Where gardens lie together on the green
And hut a strip of fencing shows hetween—
Hassan was sleeping through the night hours fleet,
When a strange light disturhed his slumhers sweet,
And there, unnoting his astonished look,
An angel wrote within a golden hook.
"What writest thou?" The angel answered then,
"I write herein the names of honest men."
"And is mine one?" With a most pitying look
The angel shook his head, and closed his hook.
"I pray," said Hassan, "write me in thy tome
As one who always keeps his hens at home."
The angel smiled and vanished, hut next night
He came again, with a great, hrilliant light,
And showed the names which honesty had blest,
And lo! our Hassan's name led all the rest!

—*Ninette M. Lowater, in New York Sun.*

Home Team of Mine.

Home team of mine, I will patiently wait for you.
Wait till the winter gives way to the spring;
Dream in the morning and dream when it's late for you,
Sigh for you early and later on sing.
What though the fates through the summer were hard with you,
Mayhe next season they'll handle you fine;
Whether they do or not I'll he a pard with you,
Plug for you constantly, home team of mine.

Home team of mine, I will night and day long for you;
Winter hrings fancies and weaves them of you.
Each icy hlast at the pane sings a song for you,
Sings of my pride in you, hope for you, too;
Gone for the nonce, you are sure to return again,
Gladdening, maddening zealots like me;
Then will the greatest of life's heacons hurn again,
Then will I harvest the joys still to be.

Home team of mine, I am sick for a sight of you,
Though you've heen gone hut a very short while;
Never again will I fail to speak right of you,
Booting henceforth is a signal to smile.
When you come hack I'll he on the square with you,
All thoughts of knocking I'll gladly resign.
Out in the pasture each day I'll he there with you,
Helping the cause along, home team of mine.

—*C. P. McDonald, in Chicago Tribune.*

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. J. H. Wallace has announced the engagement of her sister, Miss Ruth Gardner, to Mr. Arthur Fennimore, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fennimore of this city. Miss Gardner is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Gardner of Waco, Texas. The wedding will take place in February.

The wedding of Miss Louise McCormick and Mr. Robert Burns Henderson took place Wednesday evening at Trinity Church. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the home on Washington Street of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Oliver McCormick. The bride was attended by the Misses Helena Hughson, Carol Douglass, Marjorie Wilson, Marian Zeile, Frances Martin, and Leslie Page. Mr. Alfred Holmes was best man and the ushers were the Messrs. Hillyer Deuprey, Philip Westcott, Herbert Gallagher, Philip Paschel, John Young, and Winfield Dorn. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson will reside on Presidio Avenue and Jackson Street upon their return from their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith and Miss Cora Smith have issued invitations to a dance December 13 at Century Club Hall.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst will be hostess at a tea Wednesday, December 13, in honor of Miss Marion Stone.

Mrs. Germain Vincent was hostess at a tea last week in honor of the Misses Emilie and Josephine Parrott.

Miss Jennie Crocker was hostess at a dinner Saturday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Miss Helen Ord gave a tea last week at her home in the Presidio. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Harry Thornton Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter entertained at a dinner and box party Monday evening, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford.

Mr. Peter Martin was host Tuesday evening at an informal dance at the home of his mother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Miss Mollie Dalton was the guest of honor at a tea given by Miss Maye Colburn at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Marian Zeile was hostess last week at a luncheon in honor of Miss Louise McCormick.

Mrs. Frederick Malcolm Eaton gave a tea recently in honor of Miss Alberta Touchard of New York.

The officers of the *South Dakota* gave a farewell dinner the evening before they sailed for Honolulu. A luncheon was given the same day on board the *California* by the officers as a farewell to their many friends.

Mrs. Carol Buck was hostess at a tea at her home on Alcatraz Island in honor of Miss Delphine Dibblee of Santa Barbara, who is visiting Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. Walter Seymour (formerly Mrs. William Ashe) was hostess last week at a tea at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Wright gave a dinner-dance Friday evening, November 24, at the Claremont Country Club.

Mrs. John Russell Burnham and her daughter, Mrs. Charles D. Bates, Jr., were hostesses at a reception Thursday afternoon, November 23, at their home in Oakland.

Mrs. C. R. Van Vorst was hostess at a luncheon Wednesday at her home on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. Benjamin Gunn gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Charles J. Foster.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess recently at a dinner complimentary to Congressman Julius Kahn and Mrs. Kahn.

Miss Constance McLaren entertained a number of friends at a bridge-tea.

Mrs. Athole McBean was hostess at a tea Wednesday, November 22, in honor of Miss Helena Hughson, who came from Chicago to be one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Louise McCormick and Mr. Robert Burns Henderson. Miss Hughson is a cousin of Mr. McBean.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear gave a dinner and theatre party last week in honor of Mr. McNear's cousin, Miss Miriam McNear, whose engagement to Mr. Leo V. Korbell has recently been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood entertained a dozen guests at a dinner Tuesday evening at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker gave a dinner and theatre party last week complimentary to Miss Louise McCormick and Mr. Robert B. Henderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury gave a dinner Wednesday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern, who will spend the next six months in Europe.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will be hostess at a luncheon Monday, December 4, at the Francisca Club, in honor of Mrs. C. J. Bailey (formerly Miss Mollie Dodge), who until her marriage resided in this city with her aunt, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel Thursday evening, November 23.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Lukens will entertain a number of friends at a dinner party tomorrow evening.

Mr. Edward Tobin was host last week at a dinner and theatre party. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland, Miss Emilie Parrott, Miss Josephine Parrott, Miss Amy Brewer, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Frank McCoppin Brewer.

Dr. Alexander Garceau and Mrs. Garceau gave a dinner and theatre party last week and entertained Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins, Miss Ethel Cooper, Mr. Willis Goodwin, and Mr. Ferdinand Reis.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., have issued invitations to a dinner for Tuesday, December 5, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Gertrude Joliffe was hostess at a tea last week in honor of Mrs. Alexander Rutherford.

Mr. Horace Millar of Los Angeles entertained a number of friends at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel. Mr. Millar's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Miss Harriett Alexander, Miss Delphine Dibblee, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Peter Martin.

Miss Marian Marvin has sent out cards to a tea Thursday afternoon, December 7, in honor of Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen.

Mrs. Charles J. Deering will be hostess Wednesday, December 6, at a bridge-tea.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker were hosts to several hundred friends at the Fairmont Hotel Tuesday afternoon, when Professor John Graham Brooks, Professor Jessica B. Peixotto, and Miss Katherine C. Felton entertained the guests with dissertations on "The Associated Charities and the Community."

Mrs. William G. Irwin has issued invitations to a luncheon Thursday, December 7, at her home on Washington and Laguna Streets in honor of Mrs. Claus August Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard will entertain the young people at a dance Thursday evening, December 7, at 1268 Sutter Street. The affair will be complimentary to their niece, Miss Ruth Winslow.

Miss Helen Bertheau will be hostess Tuesday evening at a bridge party in honor of Miss Marian Crocker.

The Yale Alumni Association and the Harvard Club gave a dinner Friday evening at the University Club.

The first of the Neighborhood Dances was given Thursday evening, November 23, in the Century Club Hall. The patronesses are Mrs. E. D. Bullard, Mrs. R. H. Postlethwaite, and Mrs. J. K. Wilson.

Mrs. William J. Younger gave a musical reception recently in Paris, and among her guests were Mrs. Morton Mitchell, Mrs. Bertram Webb, Mrs. Dunlap, Mrs. Benêt, Mrs. Frank H. Mason, Mrs. Hough, Mme. Bunau-Varilla, Mrs. Freeman, Baronessa Franchetti, Mrs. and Miss Redding, Mrs. Spencer Eddy, Miss Tracy, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Augustus Eddy, M. de Radwann, Mrs. Heuston, Mrs. Dalliba, Mrs. Bolado Ashe, Mrs. S. G. Murphy, Dr. de Marville, Miss Callaghan, Mrs. R. Eddy, Mr. Chester Fentress, Miss Lillie Lawlor.

The David Bispham Concerts.

David Bispham, America's foremost baritone, the man who has done more than any other for American composers and one of the strongest advocates of the use of the English language in song and opera, will give his opening concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, December 3, at 2:30, with the assistance of Mr. Harry W. Gilbert, pianist.

At this concert Mr. Bispham will sing the entire programme in English, and among the works promised are numbers by Haendel, Richard Strauss, Mendelssohn, Secchi, Verdi, and American composers will be represented by Harriet Ware, Louis Eibel, Henry F. Gilbert, and Sidney Homer. A special feature will be a dramatic recitation of Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily," with a musical accompaniment composed by Mr. Rosseter G. Cole.

Mr. Bispham's second concert will be given Sunday afternoon, December 10, when works by Schubert, Loewe, Tschaikowsky, Wagner, Clara Schumann, Henry Hadley, W. J. McCoy, and others will be given, and Tennyson's "Guinevere" will be recited, to music by M. Heniot Levy.

Seats are on sale at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and the box-office at the hall will be open Sunday after 10 a. m.

Next Thursday afternoon, December 7, Mr. Bispham will give a special programme at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland, the features of the programme being the rendition of Schumann's Song Cycle, "Dichterliebe," and the recitation of Tennyson's "Elaine," with music by Ada Weigel Powers.

Ludwig Thuille's opera, "Lobetanz," had its first production in America Saturday afternoon, November 18, at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and was at once accepted as a work of genius. Its music is said to be masterly, full of melody and with many artistic contrasts.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Robert Hilliard in "A Fool There Was," comes to the Columbia Theatre next Monday evening for a two weeks' engagement, with matinées on Saturday only. The following appreciation of Mr. Hilliard was written by one of the best-known of press representatives. Mr. Price was a San Franciscan for five years, intimately connected with the stage here, but since that time has been in the East:

Who shall speak with better understanding of an actor than one who has managed him for several seasons? In these days of intense nervous strain that is something to test the personal as well as the business relation. It has fallen to me to direct the fortunes of many famous stars, from John McCullough, Mme. Ristori, and Richard Mansfield to Mrs. Carter and Anna Held; to manage theatres, combinations, and vaudeville houses from coast to coast. It has all come under the general head of "show business." This is a somewhat liberal education in the study of human and animal nature, for it has taken a wide range from tragedians to trained elephants, and from stately exponents of the classic drama to wholly frivolous and inconsequent ladies of the chorus.

I am frequently asked concerning the personality and characteristics of Robert Hilliard, with whom I have been associated for the past three seasons. As we are likely to come to the fork in the road and go our different ways after the present season, I am perhaps privileged to estimate him without prejudice or imputation of self-interest.

Hilliard is a modern Mercutio, blithe, buoyant and merry of spirit and most temperamental; quick to take affront and quick to forget it; supremely jealous of his rights, but scupulously regardful of the rights of others; princely in generosity among the members of the most generous of professions; a loyal friend and a good hater. Altogether he is magnetic, lovable, and very human. It is usually the custom to say the best of a man with more or less sincerity after he is dead. Why not tell the simple truth about him while he lives and strives? This is no obituary.

I have never known an actor of braver spirit, more thorough conscientiousness. His duty to the public and love for his work are paramount. Ill or well—and even the most splendid virility has its hours of depression—whether in one-night stand or crowded city theatre, he gives the best that is in him; he spares no effort, no attention to detail, no physical or mental exertion. And what he is willing to do himself he expects of his associates. There is no better or more exacting stage director in America.

"A Fool There Was" wrings the life out of the player. Its two intensely dramatic acts are a great strain not only physically but upon the nervous forces. Only one of enormous vitality could endure this for three seasons. To portray the agonies of delirium tremens nearly a thousand times; to fall down a total of ten thousand feet of stairway, and to smash more brandy bottles and liquor glasses than Carrie Nation ever contemplated in her wildest dreams, constitute a strenuous stage record. It is not strange that despite the undiminished commercial value of one of the most profitable American plays ever written, Hilliard has determined to put it aside after next spring.

But that he will create other characters to thrill and move his public is not to be doubted. This is well, for our stage has not many players equipped for the tense and tragic. In my very humble opinion Hilliard is merely upon the threshold of vivid achievement. He has worked long and hard to attain his present popular vogue and he deserves it.

E. D. PRICE.

That famous team, Johnny and Emma Ray, of "Hot Old Time" fame, are making their farewell tour and will commence a brief engagement at the Orpheum next Sunday matinée. Their offering will consist of a new and hilariously funny farce entitled "The Band Master." Ray in the name part, the Irish leader of a Hungarian band, who has come to play at Mrs. Piker's (Emma Ray) musicale, is the same droll comedian he has been for years. The famous European athletes, the Six Bracks, who have found something new, will also be in the coming bill. These six sturdy Teutons do things in Risley that would seem impossible. In ones, twos, threes, and four they fly about from one pair of feet to another and somersault to the floor in whirlwind fashion. The sextet range in size from a husky lad to a six-footer. Mlle. de Fallieres will introduce a dozen intelligent and lively little dogs, whom she laughingly calls her family. All the surroundings in which her canine pets perform are of the most elaborate and effective kind. Les Fraed-Nad, the famous French ventriloquists, who are said to have mastered every trick of the vocal chords, will be included in the new features. Their speech seems to come from wherever they choose to place it, their facial expressions being entirely placid. The lady member of the team excels as a yodeler. Deiro, the genius of the piano accordion, will return for next week only and will be heard in new selections. Next week will be the last of Diamond and Nelson, Brown, Harris, and Brown, and Tom Nawn and Company in "When Pat Was King."

"Three Weeks"—Xmas is just three weeks off. Don't forget what acceptable gifts Geo. Haas & Sons' delicious candies make. Four large candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

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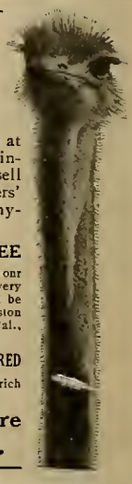
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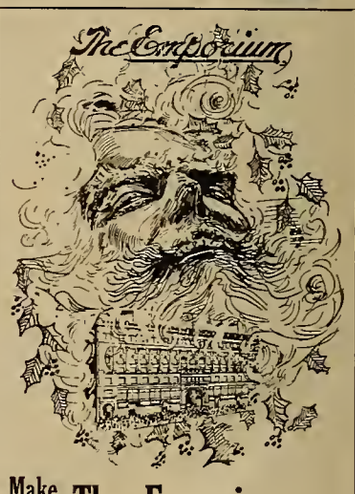
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereahouts.

Annexed will he found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereahouts of ahsent Californians:

Viscomte Philippe de Tristan, Viscomtesse de Tristan (formerly Miss Josephine de Guigne), and their two children have arrived from Paris and are the guests of Mrs. A. M. Parrott in San Mateo.

Miss Agnes Tobin has decided to remain abroad another year. She is at present at the Curzon in London, hut will spend the holidays in Paris with her hrother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval.

Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton have returned from New Orleans and are at present visiting Mrs. Sutton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar M. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe returned Wednesday from the East. Miss Katherine Donohoe remained with relatives, whom she will visit several weeks longer, and will accompany her uncle, Mr. John Parrott, on his return to Europe.

Miss Antoinette Keystone has gone to Sacramento to spend a few days with the family of her fiancé, Mr. Otto Grau.

Miss Minnie Houghton is expected home Thursday from the East, where she has heen spending the past four months with her hrother-in-law and sister, Senator Morgan G. Bulkeley and Mrs. Bulkeley.

Mr. Ward Mailliard has gone to Sacramento to spend several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have closed their country home at Woodside and are again occupying their town house on Broadway.

Miss Alherta Touchard left last Friday for her home in New York, after having spent several weeks with relatives and friends.

Miss Innes Keeney spent the week-end in Menlo with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon.

Mrs. Henry Addison Alexander will return to San Francisco to spend the holidays with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who will later accompany her on a trip to the Orient.

Miss Isabel Beaver, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, and Mr. Lucio Mintzer have returned from a few days' visit in Inverness.

Mr. Frank Glass has returned from a brief visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and their daughters, the Misses Josephine and Edith Grant, left last week for New York en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers have returned from Mill Valley and are occupying a house on Vallejo Street.

Mrs. William Hooper has closed her home in Mountain View and has taken an apartment on Sacramento Street.

Miss Louise Heron is at present in London, where she is visiting Mrs. Thornherg Cropper.

Lieutenant R. L. Irvine, U. S. N., and Mrs. Irvine (formerly Miss Janet Klink) are established in Washington, D. C., where they will reside indefinitely.

Colonel Chamherlain, U. S. A., Mrs. Chamberlain, and their children are established at the Hotel Victoria. Colonel Chamherlain has heen recently assigned as inspector-general of the Department of California.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Coulon are contemplating a trip to Europe, where they will visit relatives of Mr. de Coulon.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., have closed their home in Menlo and are settled for the winter in the home on Pacific Avenue of Mr. and Mrs. George Mendell, Jr.

Colonel C. J. Bailey, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bailey (formerly Miss Mollie Dodge) have arrived from Fort Worden, Puget Sound, and will spend several weeks with Mrs. Bailey's aunt, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, at her home on Franklin and Jackson Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Huntington of Los Angeles (formerly Miss Leslie Green of Berkeley) have recently heen the guests of Mrs. M. A. Huntington and Miss Marian Huntington.

Lieutenant J. G. Ord, U. S. A., has gone East to spend a month with relatives.

Captain Frank Ely, U. S. A., and Captain G. M. Grimes, U. S. A., have returned to the Presidio from a hunting trip.

Captain G. L. Wurtenhaker, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wurtenhaker have gone to Fort Stevens to spend two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert A. Blackmer and their daughter, Miss Marian Blackmer, will spend the next few years in Los Angeles.

Mrs. William Thomas and her daughter, Miss Gertrude Thomas, have returned from the East and are established for the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Eleanor Dore and her daughter, Mrs. R. Bond, have closed their home in San Mateo and are occupying their town house.

Mrs. E. Norwood and her niece, Mrs. Oscar Beatty, have returned from the East.

Mrs. Andrew Carrigan has gone East for a brief visit.

Mr. John Parrott and his daughters, the Misses Emilie and Josephine Parrott, spent the Thanksgiving holiday with Mrs. A. M. Parrott in San Mateo and have returned to the Fairmont Hotel.

Dr. Albert Baker Spalding and Mrs. Spalding returned last week from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles and Miss Amy Bowles of Oakland have heen spending a few days at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer is established at the Hotel Bellevue, where she will remain until her return to Europe.

Mrs. Peter Martin, who has been abroad since May, is expected home before the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Martin will spend the winter with Mrs. Eleanor Martin at her home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford have gone to Fresno for a brief visit.

Dr. and Mrs. Kaspar Pischel and the Misses Pischel after spending a month in Paris went through the Riviera hy way of the Turin Exposition and were going to Venice next.

Miss Frances V. Elliott and Mrs. H. G. Ponting and children have returned to their Berkeley home after two years ahroad, spent principally in Dresden and Florence.

Herr and Frau Eugen Schüle (formerly Katherine Elliott) have taken an apartment on Forststrasse, Dresden, Neustadt, the military section of Dresden, where they are always at home to the American colony.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Rammage and Miss Helen Bowie spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Palo Alto with their mother, Mrs. Hamilton Bowie.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson are expected home from the East in January. They will he accompanied by Mrs. Anderson's hrother, Mr. Donald Jadwin, fiancé of Miss Minna Van Bergen.

Mrs. Bessie Riddell has returned from the East, where she has heen visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding has arrived from New York and will be joined Monday by Mrs. Redding and Miss Josephine Redding, who will spend the season at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. J. J. Brice and Miss Elizaheth Brice have arrived in New York from Europe and are expected home the middle of Decemher.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin has gone to New York to spend the holidays with her daughter, Miss Arahella Schwerin, who is attending an Eastern school.

Mr. and Mrs. William Banker have gone to Washington, D. C., to remain six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson and Miss Kate Peterson have removed from their home in Belvedere and are at the Hillcrest apartments for the winter months.

Mrs. William R. Sherwood has returned from Spokane, where she has heen visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Dickinson Sherwood.

The Kubelik Concerts.

Kuhelik, the Bohemian wizard of the violin, and unquestionahly the greatest living performer on a string instrument, and the only violinist who can attract as large crowds as do the great song-hirds, is announced by Manager Greenhaum for two concerts at the Cort Theatre, the dates heing Sunday afternoons, Decemher 17 and 24.

There is a quality ahout Kuhelik's work that defies either criticism or comparison, for it helongs to this artist alone, and it is just that quality that makes his work unique and in a class hy itself.

The sale will open on Tuesday, Decemher 12, and mail orders may now he addressed to Mr. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

In Oakland Kuhelik's concert will he given sufficient importance to warrant Manager Bishop in laying off his entire stock company on the night of Tuesday, Decemher 19, in order to afford the music lovers of all classes the opportunity of hearing this artist at an evening concert.

Ada Reeve, the famous London comedienne, whom the late Clement Scott described as joy madc a living thing, is speeding this way and will hegin an engagement soon at the Orpheum. She has probahly created more musical-comedy rôles than any other contemporary actress, and has the reputation of heing the highest salaried and most sought after artist in the British Isles, both in the music halls and the theatres proper. Her songs are distinctive and unusual. Many of them are descriptive and their points are always well made. Martin Beck encountered great difficulty in securing her for a tour of the Orpheum Circuit, which can only he of brief duration, as she has entered into English engagements many years ahead.

Howard Pyle, the American artist, aged fifty-eight, died in Florence, Italy, November 9.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

The San Francisco Orchestra will he the title of the new organization founded by the Musical Association of San Francisco, and which is to he an important factor in our musical life in the future. At last we are to have a permanent symphony orchestra, and one that will advertise our city throughout the world, for the men at the head of the movement are the kind that will not rest until our home organization will he classed with those of Eastern cities.

In Henry Hadley a conductor of quite exceptional qualifications has heen secured. A composer of world-wide reputation, a thorough master of several instruments, a man of practical experience, and gifted with the quality of making friends hoth with his players and the puhlic, Mr. Hadley is hound to make a success of his side of the work. Will L. Greenhaum will attend to the husiness affairs.

The first series of Symphony Concerts is announced for six Friday afternoons at the Cort Theatre, commencing next Friday, Decemher 8, and ending on March 8. Season tickets for the entire series range in price from $10 down to $3.50, so that any student can afford to hear the entire six programmes. These are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The single seats will he ready next Tuesday morning at hoth Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

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EDITOR ARGONAUT: You will receive with this a fifty-dollar hill, the delivery of which to the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission will he much appreciated. It is intended as a donation to the society, to aid in its coming Thanksgiving work.

Yours truly, M. R.-M. F.

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Sign at the rear of a doctor's automobile. 12784 ILL.—*Chicago Tribune.*

She—Just look at the trouble money can get you into. *He*—Yes, but look at the trouble it can get you out of.—*Boston Transcript.*

"And you actually consented to let your wife run for office?" "Consented? Certainly not. I acquiesced."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Do you love me, darling?" she coaxed. "Sweetheart, I love every bair on your bureau!" he fervently answered.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Howell—Does he take things philosophically? *Powell*—Yes; but he doesn't part with them philosophically.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

"What an awful cold your husband has. He coughs and sneezes all the time." "He does, but it amuses the baby splendidly."—*Sourire.*

"The people next door seem anxious to be friendly." "How did you get that idea?" "They have busted their phonograph."—*Houston Post.*

Alleged Humorist—Can you imagine anything worse than a giraffe with a sore throat? *Proven One*—Sure! A centipede with corns.—*Texas Coyote.*

"They say that lightning never strikes twice in the same place." "Doesn't it? I know a woman who's been married for her money three times."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Customer—I didn't see as your car won any prize in that race. What are you blowing about? *Auto Dealer*—Sir! We had a higher percentage of drivers finish alive than any other firm—*Puck.*

"I say, old man, I need $50 badly and haven't the least idea where I can get it." "Glad to hear it. I thought perhaps you had an idea you could borrow it from me."—*Washington Herald.*

Blobbs—Here's a chap who has written an article claiming that four men out of every five regret they ever married. *Slobbs*—And how about the fifth? *Blobbs*—I suppose he stayed single.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"That man Mehitable married has a lot of foresight," said Farmer Corntossel. "He looked kind of worried an' scared at the weddin'," replied his wife. "That's what makes me think he has foresight."—*Washington Star.*

Friend—You took your son into your establishment a few months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did he turn out? *Business Man (wearily)*—Great success. He's teaching me the business now.—*Toledo Blade.*

"Who's that man who just kicked the chair over and threw a pack of cards into the fire place?" inquired one waiter. "Oh," replied the other, "he's the gentleman who tries to rest his nerves by playing solitaire."—*Washington Star.*

She—And you say that you have always avoided blaming me. I'd like to have you mention one instance. *He*—With pleasure. Remember, right after we were married, I ate a pie you baked, and when the doctor came I told him it was clams.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Look at the team New York has. New York is no yap town." "Do not sneer at smaller towns, my friend. The New York team is composed of young men from Terre Haute, Warren, Syracuse, Toledo, Little Rock, Kankakee, Ypsilanti, South Bend, and Waco."—*Pittsburg Post.*

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Quarterback (protesting to the referee)—Did you see that? *Referee*—What? *Quarterback*—That big centre jumped on me when I was down. *Referee*—How do you know he did? *Quarterback*—I saw him. *Referee*—You keep your eye on the ball. I'll let you know when somebody jumps on you.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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A Very Pretty Plan.

The state administration seems to have developed a very pretty little plan for holding a knife at the throat of newspapers that are disposed to be unpleasantly critical. Among the measures enumerated in the governor's call is one for placing the disposition of all state advertising in the hands of the board of control. It is one of those pharisaical measures intended to emphasize the extraordinary righteousness of a reform government, and for this very reason it might be suspected to contain the germs of coercion and corruption. Evidently they are there in the usual strength. The bill gives full power to the board to place its advertising wherever it will and to pay such prices as it pleases. There is no stipulation for an open market nor that the business shall be given to the lowest bidder. There is no stipulation of any kind. The present board control may, of course, be immaculate. State officials usually are. At the same time it is just conceivable that some future board may so far fall from grace as to use its power for the impudent bribing of newspapers with public money, and it is equally conceivable that newspapers will take such bribes. An amendment has now been introduced to the effect that the board shall ask for bids and that it shall accept the lowest, but we may doubt if the amendment will pass in view of the naïve statement that the committee is unwilling to suggest "that any form of check should be put upon men chosen by a reform administration." If the committee were fit for its work it would search for a nigger in every woodpile, and it would never search in vain. In this case it would find a particularly fat and a particularly black one.

The McNamara Case.

There is no need to recapitulate the main facts connected either with the crimes committed by the McNamaras or with their confession of those crimes. The event that startled Los Angeles on Friday, December 1, became at once the sensation of the country, and indeed of the civilized world. No one could misunderstand the significance of the prisoners' avowal, reduced though it was to the barest legal terms. That James McNamara should plead guilty to the crime at the Los Angeles *Times* and that John McNamara should plead guilty to the corresponding crime at the Llewellyn Iron Works was obviously the first step in the unwinding of a coil of which no man could foresee the end. Frightful as were those crimes, they could be regarded as almost trivial in comparison with the vast conspiracy to destroy and to murder of which the existence was already suspected and which is now almost in public sight. Once open the floodgates of revelation and they could never again be closed so long as anything remained to reveal. All this was clear enough to those that had eyes to see. It was clear enough to the conspirators all over the country, as is evidenced by their feverish repudiation of the McNamaras, their frantic efforts to narrow the issue to one of casual and individual crime, and to hustle the whole affair to an impotent conclusion. It need hardly be said that those efforts will fail, that they have already failed. There will be no turning back, no acceptance of a few wretched scapegoats, no act of oblivion until the whole conspiracy in all its ramifications has been exposed, until we know precisely who furnished the brains and the money. The crime of the McNamaras was great enough in all conscience, but there is greater crime in the background. It is about to be disclosed. The wretched attempt to declare a sort of armistice as between two honorable belligerents has been received with the contempt that it deserved. It is not a case of peace and war, as a maudlin sentiment has tried to suggest. Such terms are not applicable to a civilized government fighting against cruel and cowardly crime. Nor can there be any case of compromise between the law and murder. The commercial organizations of this country are not yet prepared to make a compact with dynamiters, to guarantee to place their affairs under the control of criminals in return for immunity against explosives, against the knife, the revolver, and the bludgeon.

Amid the chorus of hypocritical repudiation of the McNamaras the plaint of Mr. Gompers is naturally the loudest. His voice is choked by emotion as he explains how grossly his benevolence was imposed upon and how sadly he was misled by those who violated his pacific policies. Mr. Gompers wishes it to be understood that he has never favored violence, and in so saying Mr. Gompers lies most impudently. He knows well that McNamara has been paid $1000 a month during the last six years. To what end did he suppose that money was applied? He knows well that during that time there have been one hundred and thirteen explosions following upon labor quarrels. Who does he suppose was guilty of those explosions? He knows that they were caused by union sympathizers, but has he ever upon any single occasion uttered a word of remonstrance, or a word of pity for the murdered men, their widows, or their orphans? He knows that he has not. Those murdered men hang around his neck. He knows that violence has been used in well-nigh every strike that has occurred under his leadership, that innocent men have been shot, stabbed, clubbed, and stoned, that no outrage or atrocity has been spared to them, and that these iniquities have been numbered among the triumphs of the strikers. Has he uttered one word of reproof, anywhere, or at any time? He knows that he has not. And now he has the impudence to tell us that he believed the McNamaras to be innocent, while upon the same day Mr. Darrow tells us that he has known of their guilt for months. And Mr. Burns tells us that Mr. Darrow practically told Mr. Gompers of his knowledge in the matter and assured him that there was no question of a "plant," or a "frame-up," or of any of those plots usually charged against the authorities when guilty men are laid by the heels. The exact position occupied by Mr. Gompers will doubtless be defined by legal methods. In the meantime he seems to be about as despicable a figure as the whole conspiracy has produced. The McNamaras have at least a certain amount of animal fortitude. Mr. Gompers weeps.

It may be supposed that the lamentations of Mr. Gompers are due to terror, and not to penitence. Two months ago the *Argonaut* predicted that the days of Gomperism were numbered and that this case would bring it to the ground. That prediction is now in a fair way to be justified. No great foresight was needed for such a prophecy. Either Gomperism or the government of the United States must come to an end, and in such a conflict we need not doubt the result. Mr. Gompers's personal responsibility will no doubt be defined by the federal authorities, but as an institution, as a plan of campaign, his day is over. He can hardly place himself beyond the scope of any inquiry that is undertaken if the same energy already displayed is maintained to the end. Mr. Fredericks has already proved himself to be of the highest type of legal official yet produced in this country, dispassionate, judicial, relentless, and utterly fearless in the face of conditions that would almost justify fear. He has been unswerving in the performance of his duty, and the same qualifications will be expected from those who continue that duty.

There are some other matters upon which we may expect illumination. Before the McNamaras had been under arrest for a day Mr. Gompers issued a statement that he "knew" them to be innocent and that a vast sum of money must be raised for their defense. A vast sum was raised. It is no exaggeration to say that every labor union man in this country and in Canada was racked and mangled for money. Extortion and blackmail became the order of the day, and employers as well as men were compelled to contribute at the point of the bayonet. It is said that this money was sent to Mr. Darrow, who added his appeals to those of the central organizations, although by his own avowal he knew that his clients were guilty. And now Mr. Darrow tells us that not more than $190,000 was received. What, then, was done with the rest of it? We know that $16,000 was wrung from the city of Sacramento alone, and Sacramento is one city in one state. From all over the country and from Canada we read of the sending of immense sums by the poor silly dupes whose contributions have been used for crime for these years past and who have now been still further robbed by the very men who knew of the crimes and who were determined to defend the criminals. The disposition of this defense fund is one of the points upon which we shall expect enlightenment, and perhaps we may also expect some guidance on the legal status of an advocate who appeals for funds on behalf of clients whom he knows to be guilty. We may suppose that the bribery of jurors consumed some of these funds, and so we may reasonably ask who bribed them, who supplied the money, and by whose knowledge it was supplied? Perhaps Mr. Darrow can throw some light upon this, since it was apparently he who [illegible]

receipt of custom and arranged for the disbursement of the funds. The McNamaras ought not to be allowed to do all the confessing.

It is safe to predict that the stream of evidence now beginning to flow will be steadily widened for many weeks to come. We are confronted not with a local crime, but with a national conspiracy, and with a conspiracy whose only weapon is wanton and secret murder. However conscious we may be that there are hundreds of union men who have a natural and wholesome hatred of crime, it is with an organization that we are concerned, and not with its innocent dupes. And there is a criminal organization in general control of the labor movement. Its chiefs, its officials, its agents, are spread in a poisonous network all over the country. It has been ordained by that organization that all workmen shall belong to it and that the penalty for refusal shall be starvation, mutilation, death. That is the patent and horrible fact that has been evident enough for years and that the McNamara confessions have done no more than confirm. The resolutions of repudiation that have come from all over the country are not worth the paper they were written on. They prove no more than cowardice and panic. Wherever there is a unionist who has never joined in a boycott, who has never used nor countenanced violence, who has never practised coercion, moral or physical, and who has never failed to condemn these things, there we have one who is innocent of the crime of murderous conspiracy. On the other hand every unionist who has practised violence, coercion, or the boycott, or who has approved of them, or failed to condemn them, belongs to that conspiracy, and is among those who created the crimes of the McNamaras, and he is equally guilty with them. Who shall say that there is any moral difference between the men who used dynamite and those other men, for example, who shot an unoffending stranger with his own gun in New York during the express strike and then displayed the gun as a trophy upon the walls of the union room. Incidents of that kind have been the commonplaces of every great city in the country. Every man who has thrown a stone during a strike, every man who has helped to prevent some poor fellow from earning an honest living, every man who has taught his children to shout abominable names after non-unionists in the street, is a potential McNamara. The law may be unable to reach them all, but in the eyes of the moral law they are equally guilty for the massacre at Los Angeles, for the hideous list of murders that comes from all over the country, for the abominable organization that has passed sentence of death upon innocent men and that has been able ruthlessly and with impunity to execute that sentence. It is they who made the soil from which the McNamaras came. Without them the McNamaras would be impossible.

It is against a criminal organization, and not against labor unionism as such, that this blow has been struck and that other blows are about to be struck. Against the principle of labor combination no word can be said. It is among the unchallenged rights of civilization. It is within the power of the unions, it has always been within their power, to make their membership so attractive, so beneficial, that no man would remain willingly without. But they have preferred Gomperism that has kept the vast majority of workmen outside their ranks, and that has galled and fretted those within their ranks. Perhaps we are now to see a change. Perhaps a change will be forced upon them from the outside. The federal government ought to see to it that labor unions are compelled to incorporate and so make themselves responsible as legal entities. There would be no hardship, no disability, in such a measure. It would be an encouragement to lawful aims and a check only to misconduct.

The conspiracy is a national one, but it is also a local one, intensely local. San Francisco, of all the cities in the United States, has been the home of unionism in its most aggressive and brutal form. The present mayor of San Francisco was foremost among the champions of the McNamaras and among the most truculent of their friends. We may believe that the crime in Los Angeles was planned here, and who can doubt that there are those now in this city who helped in the plans and connived at them? When Mr. Darrow telegraphed to Mr. Gompers his first intimation of the pending confession Mr. Gompers handed the telegram to Mr. Tveitmoe for attention. In spite of his record Mr. Tveitmoe is high in the councils of San Francisco unionism and apparently fully in the confidence of Mr. Gompers. The dynamite was probably bought here, and the launch used was hired here. Therefore the duty of San Francisco is plain. Let her clear her skirts of this foul thing and drag it up root and branch. Are we ever again to witness the crowds of potential dynamiters that in times past have disgraced the city, laid it waste, ruined its commerce, terrorized its citizens? But let there be no doubt about it. We shall see those crowds again unless we take opportunity by the forelock. We can do now what we shall be unable to do later. The city is about to begin work upon the exposition. If that work is undertaken under the rules of the closed shop it will be a failure, and it will be a disgraceful failure. It will be marked by violence, turmoil, and brutality. It will brand the city as one that is given over hopelessly to mob rule and from which no good thing is to be expected. This is the psychological moment for a single-hearted and resolute effort on the part of the citizens of San Francisco to break the chains that have crushed the life from the city, and it is a moment that will not recur. It is a parting of the ways. Upon the one side is the success of the exposition and a new period of growth and development, and upon the other side is the failure of the exposition and a continuance of the paralysis that union labor and the closed shop have imposed upon us. There is not a practical man in San Francisco who does not know that the building of the exposition under closed shop rules is an impossibility and that the attempt to do it will be red stained and ruinous. Is it conceivable that there will be any hesitation, any reluctance, to declare and to enforce the open shop, freedom of contract, and the law of fair play and sanity?

Free Text-Books.

There may be some legitimate difference of opinion as to whether the state should supply free text-books to the children of the public schools. The proposal seems to be along the broad lines of equity, since text-books are essential to education and we advertise loudly that our education is free. At the same time there may be practical difficulties, hygienic and otherwise, that are strong enough to veto the proposal. If the subject is properly debated there should be no difficulty in finding the right course, but unfortunately the legislative programme has been so devised that adequate debate upon this or any other question is almost impossible.

But there should be no difference of opinion as to the impropriety of issuing free text-books for the use of parochial and private schools. These schools have no sort of claim upon the special consideration of the state. The parochial school is usually an educational supernumary in every sense of the word. It is an expression of discontent with the public school work of the state. It may be described almost as a protest against it. The private school, on the other hand, is often a mere money-making establishment much favored by a caste instinct that the state ought not to recognize or encourage. The state controls its own schools, regulates their curriculum, decides upon their text-books. Are the parochial and the private schools willing to submit to the same authority? If so, there is no reason why they should continue their present independence. If not, the state can have no financial dealings with them.

We may suppose that those who are promoting this proposition are far less solicitous for education than they are for religion. Otherwise they would send their children to the public schools, where there is no discrimination between the religious tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. Even the least compliance with their demands would land us in endless difficulties and would force the state to become a party in the religious strife that is now held at arms' length. If the parochial school is to be aided in this way there could be no reason to refuse similar assistance to the Sunday-school with its hundred shades of theological interpretation and dogmatic teaching. The prospect of that is too distressing to be thought of.

In the Performance of Duty.

There has been no lack of sympathy for the families of the policemen who lost their lives in the effort to arrest an armed criminal. It is the obvious duty of the city, officially or unofficially, or both, to take the place of the breadwinners who were killed in the performance of their duty and to mitigate the blow so far as money and good-will can mitigate it. Fortunately that seems in a fair way to be done.

But it should be done without the hysteria that seems to obsess some of our newspapers at periodical interv and that has none of the earmarks of sincerity. It enough to say that these men died in the execution their duty. The English language is not capable any finer eulogy than that. It is not strengthened b weakened by the columns of absurd ecstasy to which w were treated at once after the crime. One might suppose that the performance of duty was the rarest of human virtues, so rare indeed as to cause us to grovel in adulation at the spectacle. Fortunately for us it is not rare. Nothing is more common. There is hardly a day when some one does not lose his life in the exercise of this same virtue. Whether it is a policemen shot in the pursuit of a criminal, a steel construction mechanic killed at his work, or a sailor drowned at sea, we are never left for many hours at a time without some illustration of death bravely encountered in the performance of duty. Why, then, single out a solitary example for panegyric so fulsome as to be meaningless and ridiculous?

The Passport Question.

There is plenty of cause for resentment in the treatment accorded by the Russian government to American Jews, but the resentment is at least a belated one. The situation today is precisely as it was forty years ago. The policy of Russia is the same now as it was then, and the disabilities inflicted upon American Jews have been neither increased nor lessened. It may be said also that every administration during the last forty years has protested against those disabilities, and protested fruitlessly. Some measure of the current indignation may therefore be directed against a diplomacy that has been active for nearly half a century and that has accomplished nothing. A couple of business men who actually intended to reach the settlement of such a problem could have done so in a week. Perhaps in this case the intention was laeking.

The dispute took its rise in the interpretation of the treaty of 1832. This treaty guaranteed to Americans traveling in Russia the same rights and protection enjoyed by Russians traveling in America. That seems simple enough, but diplomacy can always be trusted to cloud the clearest water. Russia maintains that all travelers within her frontier must be amenable to the ordinary law of the land and that treaties, whatever their wording, are based upon that understanding. The ordinary law of Russia imposes penalties upon Jews, and she can make no discrimination between native and foreign Jews. By urging such a plea Russia fixes on her own forehead the label of barbarian, but that is neither here nor there. Certainly no such label was needed.

The reply of America is equally cogent, and it has the advantage of being civilized. To assent to a religious discrimination between her citizens is impossible to her law and to her national sentiment. To concur in the persecution of an American Jew by another government would be exactly equivalent to persecuting him herself. All that sort of thing disappeared with the late lamented Cotton Mather, and it can not be revived either actively or by consent. An American citizen is an American citizen, whatever may be his religion, the color of his hair, or his opinions on the fourth dimension. That the Russian law requires the persecution of the Jew has no more to do with the fundamental rights of the matter than the corresponding New Guinea law that demands the roasting and eating of Methodists and P[illegible] aties is the fundamenta[illegible] ntiment. If Russia wishe[illegible] civilized sentiment, well a[illegible] lisposition to resist that c[illegible] is outside the pale of civ[illegible] a, and any existing agreer[illegible] ehension upon our part, s[illegible]

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bankruptcy in the face. No such danger awaits the State of California, because her people are still able to pay, and this, it may be said, is about the only privilege left to them by the men in whose favor the people have abrogated their right to representative government. If Senator Cutten is right—and Senator Cutten is chairman of the finance committee—there must be still another legislative session to raise the money that will be needed and that the new patent revenue system was supposed to supply. It may be remembered that the new system was solemnly ratified by the constitutional amendment that was passed a few weeks ago. Whether it will be necessary to repeal that amendment remains to be seen. Mr. Cogswell thinks that there may still be some hope for it and that it should receive a further test. But what a commentary upon a law that was supposed to embody the reformed ideas of the day and that was the first plank in the platform for giving everybody everything. Within a few weeks of its adoption by a popular vote the necessity for its repeal has become a public question. The plan of taxation is denounced as a failure by the chairman of the finance committee and there seems no way to ascertain the actual financial position of the state or whether it will be necessary to repeal the amendment and to call another special session to clear up the mess. The reform administration has only to go on reforming and it will soon be necessary for the legislature to declare itself in perpetual session.

The new plan of taxation was foisted upon us by a method now familiar enough, the method by which we abrogate our rights to reflect and to choose in favor of any man who calls himself an expert. In this case the scheme was a particularly joyous one. It seemed to give us all the right to evade taxation by taxing other people, and it was therefore eminently entitled to a place in the reform platform. Now we have a glimpse of its results. It is too soon to pronounce definitely upon those results, but it is not too soon to note the significance of the fact that the state controller is quite sure that there is plenty of money while the chairman of the finance committee is equally sure that there is a large deficit.

Murder and Sentiment.

The minister who attended the last moments of the murderer Beattie has been pleased to make a communication to a waiting and sympathetic world. Here it is:

> Mr. Beattie desired to thank the many friends for kind letters and expressions of interest, and the public for whatever sympathy was felt or expressed.

In order that the condolence of "Mr." Beattie's friends and the public may be as well based as possible let us remind ourselves of the unfortunate incident that brought this "mere boy" under the censure of the law. He was twenty-four years of age, and but for this incident he might have reached adultship and been a credit to the community. Having lately been married, he drove his wife in a buggy to a secluded spot in the country, deliberately murdered her, placed her body on the seat of the buggy, sat upon it, and drove back to town with a lying story of highwaymen. Can we wonder that this boyish prank, this youthful peccadillo, should arouse the interest of society, that an abdurate law should be bombarded with appeals for clemency, and that the unfortunate "boy" should be assured of a place in the public heart?

What a disgraceful state of affairs this message from "Mr." Beattie discloses. That a minister should accept such a message for transmission is a problem of clerical psychology that must go unsolved. That there should be cause for such a message is a still greater problem. It would seem that the tears of a maudlin and hysterical sympathy never flow so freely or so fully as when invoked by some deed of fiendish cruelty that almost staggers credulity. If some wretch had committed murder under the impulse of mere elemental pugnacity or greed there would have been no word of commiseration for him, no letters of condolence, no flowers for his cell, no appeals for clemency. To obtain these favors the crime must be a satanic one, and the more satanic it is the more freely will the favors come. It is horribly and undeniably true that if this devil's victim had been any other than his own wife there would have been fewer "kind letters and expressions of interest." It is equally true that there would have been fewer of these letters and expressions but for the fact that the murderer sat upon the body of his wife during that drive back to town.

Is it any wonder that murder has become the one crime to which we offer a practical immunity. It is far safer to kill a man than to pick his pocket. Last year there were nearly nine thousand murders in the United States, and we inflicted capital punishment upon about one hundred murderers. To secure the adequate punishment of a murderer who has money is almost an impossibility. Even the murderer without money has practically little to fear, and for this national discredit we may thank the depraved sentiment that sent "kind letters" and "expressions of sympathy" to Beattie.

The Penitence of Los Angeles.

Los Angeles can once more breathe in peace. The immense majority given to Mr. Alexander has exorcised the horrid spectre of a Socialist mayor, and her citizens can now greet each rising sun without the drear apprehension that it may set in bloodshed and riot. We know that Los Angeles was threatened with these calamities because her newspapers told us so day by day. We hated to believe such things of a city so justly famed for her peaceful pursuit of wealth and the agile tourist, so renowned as the favored home of the good, the true, and the beautiful in politics, but circumstances gave us no choice. But Los Angeles has redeemed herself. The danger is averted. She will now return to the paths of truth and soberness, and San Francisco may congratulate herself that her own bucolic simplicity is saved from a possible invasion of turbulence by her southern sister.

We shall probably be told that Los Angeles was saved by the vote of her women. It may be so, but there is no evidence to that effect. The primary election, when no women voted, gave a majority to Mr. Harriman. The enfranchisement of women would tell just as strongly in favor of Mr. Harriman as of Mr. Alexander, probably more strongly, since we may be sure that every woman Socialist voted. The complete returns are not yet available, and therefore can not be analyzed, but they are not likely to sustain a contention that the new voters saved the day.

Indeed there is no need to resort to such a contention in face of the overwhelming effect of the McNamara confessions. If the voters of Los Angeles have learned to identify socialism with labor unionism it can hardly be cited as a grievance either by one or the other. Their demonstrations of mutual esteem have been effusive and unmistakable. The position of Mr. Gompers was loudly challenged by a powerful Socialist contingent, while Mr. Harriman himself was actually one of the counsel for the McNamaras. Now the average voter who has been to the political school of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Lissner may have no objection to socialism. There is no reason why he should have, but he has a decided objection to dynamite, especially when it explodes in Los Angeles. He may get over that in time if he continues his political affiliations, but just at the moment it comes as a shock. It may be good fun to vote for a Socialist at a primary and so to prove that he could follow "reform" to its logical conclusion, but to vote for murder was quite another thing. And that he should identify Mr. Harriman with the "propaganda by force" was natural enough. Mr. Harriman was associate counsel for the McNamaras. His leader, Mr. Darrow, admits that he knew of the guilt of his clients months ago. Now Mr. Harriman may be as innocent of this same knowledge as the unborn babe, but if so there must have been an unusual lack of confidence between Mr. Darrow and his associates. We live in a censorious and a suspicious world, and it is hardly surprising if thousands of Los Angeles voters should look askance at a mayoralty candidate so closely associated with desperate criminals known by at least one of their counsel to be guilty.

It seems as though the stars in their courses fought against Mr. Harriman. If the confessions had but been postponed for a week the election would have been over before the Socialist party had thus been besmirched with crime, and probably Mr. Harriman would have been elected. It may be wondered at that Mr. Darrow, himself a kind of Socialist, and with Mr. Harriman to guide him, should not have better timed an event that meant the absolute doom of the Socialist hopes. But the explanation is simple enough. The confession would certainly have been postponed but for the bribery revelations. It was these damning disclosures that forced the hands of the defense. It was absolutely necessary to extinguish one sensation by a greater one, and to do it quickly. Judge Bordwell is quoted as saying that the negotiations for a confession were brought to a head by the discovery that bribe money was being paid and that some kind of conclusive action had to be taken at once. But it would be ungracious to look too closely into the penitence of Los Angeles. That she is penitent is enough for the moment.

Editorial Notes.

Assemblyman Randall's project for compelling every citizen to vote under penalty of a fine belongs to the crazy-quilt legislation from which we are now suffering so acutely. Of what possible value is the vote of a man who must be driven to the polls by a policeman? Since we are all agreed that it is the bad citizen who does not vote, it would seem to be the part of wisdom to thank heaven that he abstains, seeing that he would be certain to vote badly. To compel bad citizens to go to the polls would either change the results or it would not change the results. If it would not change the results, then there is obviously no advantage in the measure. If it would change the results then we have the anomaly of nullifying the votes of good citizens by the votes of bad citizens. It is to be feared that Assemblyman Randall belongs to the numerous class whose ideas of reform consist in compelling people to do what they do not want to do and what they have a right not to do.

It is evident that Chinese affairs are drifting into chaos, and chaos in China is a formidable proposition. The reform leaders are described as quarreling fiercely among themselves, and this seems to supply the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Our own reformers can hardly be described as a happy family. That the fall of the Manchus was no more than the beginning of a long and dangerous road was apparent enough to every one who had even a schoolboy's knowledge of China. To speak of a reformed government of the empire at the present time is a mere absurdity. There is no government there at all, and it is only the inertia of a vast population that prevents anarchy. The only authority is that of an army without the restraints or the traditions of discipline and led by men who are at enmity one with another. A more desperate state of affairs can hardly be imagined or one more likely to breed tragedy.

A Fifth Form of Democracy.

It is sometimes supposed that the initiative, referendum, and recall principles are of recent discovery and represent a very modern phase of development (says the *Forum*). Yet Aristotle, who dealt wisely with so many questions, had something to say on this matter also; and his remarks seem very pertinent at the present moment. The passage that follows is taken from Jowett's translation of "Politics":

"A fifth form of democracy, in other respects the same, is that in which, not the law, but the multitude, have the supreme power, and supersede the law by their decrees. This is a state of affairs brought about by the demagogues. For in democracies which are subject to the law the best citizens hold the first place, and there are no demagogues; but where the laws are not supreme, there demagogues spring up. For the people becomes a monarch, and is many in one; and the many have the power in their hands, not as individuals, but collectively. Homer says that 'it is not good to have a rule of many,' but whether he means this corporate rule, or the rule of many individuals, is uncertain. And the people, which is now a monarch, and no longer under the control of law, seeks to exercise monarchial sway, and grows into a despot; the flatterer is held in honor; this sort of democracy being relatively to other democracies what tyranny is to other forms of monarchy. The spirit of both is the same, and they alike exercise a despotic rule over the better citizens. The decrees of the *demos* correspond to the edicts of the tyrant; and the demagogue is to one what the flatterer is to the other. Both have great power; the flatterer with the tyrant, the demagogue with democracies of the kind which we are describing. The demagogues make the decrees of the people override the laws, and refer all things to the popular assembly. And therefore they grow great, because the people have all things in their hands, and they hold in their hands the votes of the people, who are too ready to listen to them. Further, those who have any complaint to bring against the magistrates say, 'let the people be judges'; the people are too happy to accept the invitation; and so the authority of every office is undermined. Such a democracy is fairly open to the objection that it is not a constitution at all; for where the laws have no authority, there is no constitution. The law ought to be supreme over all, and the magistracies and the government should judge of particulars."

After an inquiry into the disaster at Austin, Pennsylvania, where some eighty persons were killed and a village wiped out, the coroner's jury has returned a verdict of gross negligence against George C. Bayless, president of the paper company, and Frederick N. Hamlin, its superintendent. Hamlin and Michael C. Bailey, an employee in charge of the dam at the time of the break, have been held for the December court in $1000 bail, charged with involuntary manslaugh[illegible]

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The government of Russia is one of many that have occasion to look forward to the coming winter with apprehension. Nature seems sometimes to combine with misrule to produce human desperation, and so we have reports of famine from many parts of the empire. In Samara the peasants are selling their horses for $3, their cows for $5, and their sheep for $1. The seed grain is being eaten and scurvy and typhoid are rampant. A hunger song is spreading through the Ekaterinburg district, a translation of the chorus being as follows:

We'll drink our corn
And beg our bread;
We'll sell the crusts,
And drink instead.
If no one hears
Our starving cry,
Why, death will come,
And we shall die.

It is well to look out for trouble when suffering men begin to sing.

The Danish government, under the advice of Professor Kellers, is trying open-air treatment as a cure for lunacy. The island of Llyoe has been acquired for the purpose and a large number of lunatics are already under treatment. The professor is acting on the theory that insanity can best be treated by supplying the patient with something other than himself to think about, a thing difficult enough to do without the aid of nature. A celebrated English alienist recently remarked that the first sign of improvement in the insane was an awakening interest in other persons. Insanity, in other words, is a form of intense selfishness, possibly in many cases the result of intense selfishness. It is certainly true that benevolent and altruistic persons rarely suffer from mental disease.

Dr. Doyen, a well-known French physician, has produced consternation in the ranks of the profession by asserting in the course of a lecture on "The Doctors of Molière" that modern physicians bear a striking likeness to the Tartuffian heroes of the comedy writer. But Dr. Doyen's most serious attack was leveled against a practice that he described as widespread. Physicians, he said, who recommended an operation were in the habit of receiving from the operating surgeon a percentage of his fee. He maintains that the physician has no right to advantage himself pecuniarily by advising operations. Naturally there has been a chorus of protest, but curiously enough the protest is not against Dr. Doyen's allegations, but against his arraignment of the practice. In other words, the physicians admit that they share in the surgeon's fee and maintain that they have a right to do so. One of them remarks that the surgeon who receives $400 for an operation is ethically bound to hand a large part of his fee to the physician and that medical etiquette requires him to do so. Dr. Doyen replies by pointing out that the surgeon charges more to the patient than he would otherwise charge in order to recoup himself for the amount that he must pay to the physician. But then who cares anything about the patient except his ability to pay for being operated on? Dr. Doyen is so unkind as to suggest that those who can not pay are not operated upon, and therefore get well.

The literary tastes of the King of England may perhaps be gauged by the books that he selected personally for his solace on the voyage to India in the *Medina*. They are as follows: "Essays and Biographies" (Macaulay), Froude's "Short Stories," "Barlasch of the Guard" (Merriman), "With Edged Tools" (Merriman), "Saturday Bridge" (Dalton), "Twenty-One Days in India," "Rulers of India" (Thomason), "The Newcomes" (Thackeray), "Pendennis" (Thackeray), "The Virginians" (Thackeray), "Rupert of Hentzau" (Anthony Hope), Shakespeare, "British Dominion in India," "Dombey and Son" (Dickens), Bacon's Essays, Chambers's Biographical Dicitionary, "The Abbess of Vlaye" (Stanley Weyman), "Lavengro" (Borrow), "Romany Rye" (Borrow), "British India" (R. W. G. Frazer), "Numa Roumestan" (Daudet), "Inquire Within," "Warren Hastings" (Trotter), "Life of Sir William Butler," "Familiar Quotations," Concise Oxford Dictionary, "Life of Gladstone" (Morley), "Ramparts of Empire," "The Happy Vanners" (Kehle Howard), "The Truth about Egypt" (Alexander), Wordsworth's Poems, "Modern England" (Justin McCarthy), "Buddhist India" (T. W. Rhys Davids).

Grandmotherly legislation is usually wrecked not by its principles, but by its practice. We are too lazy and too apathetic to protest against even the most colossal unwisdom, but as soon as we are asked to fill in schedules and to face the poisonous cloud of inevitable inspectors and officials with their notebooks we are up in arms in a moment. The British government found no difficulty in passing the National Insurance bill, but it is finding the greatest possible difficulty in persuading the housekeeper to comply with the endless and tiresome formalities that are involved and that were not foreseen because they were so small. But they are big enough now. For example, both mistresses and maids are denouncing the insurance scheme with equal vigor, not because it is unjust, but because it is such a nuisance. Every servant must procure an insurance card. Every week the mistress must affix to that card sufficient stamps to cover her own contribution and that of the servant. Whenever she pays the servant's wages she must deduct the servant's proportion of the insurance. It is only the unthinking who will say that these things are easy to do. Every man knows that it is nearly impossible to procure even one stamp for the letter with which his wife has entrusted him. In his efforts to do this he will carry the letter in his pocket for weeks and lie about it. The mistress may not mind the cost of the few necessary stamps, but the providing them every week becomes a wearisome burden. And she dislikes deducting the paltry amount from the girl's wages, and yet why should she pay the whole of it and so defeat the purpose of the act? And so she feels mean. And the servant dislikes any deduction from her wages. Being usually young and silly, she knows nothing about insurance and she can be trusted to emphasize the mistress's feeling of meanness. The power to imagine and to visualize should be parts of a statesman's equipment, but no such power was shown here. A real statesman would have known that nothing but failure could follow an act that required women to provide themselves with a certain number of stamps every week, to affix them to a card, to calculate the servant's proportion upon the monthly or quarterly payday, and to deduct a few miserable pennies from the wages. We are willing enough to vote for the abolition of the Ten Commandments, but to buy some postage stamps every week or to fill up a schedule and return is quite another matter.

The government of the United States has already paid the sum of $34,142,976 for Spanish war pensions, and the game can hardly be said to have begun. There are now 8000 claims pending, and we may assume from painful precedent that the number will presently be fifty thousand. And yet the Spanish war was a war only in name, so far as the land forces were concerned. The only battle was a skirmish, but it was enough to set the pension ball rolling. The Mexican war, a real war, was fought sixty years ago, but the total pension list is only $45,279,686. Already the Spanish pension bill is not far behind. We may hold up our hands in surprise at the revelation that the cost of the military occupation of the Philippines has been $167,000,000. We have only to wait awhile and this will look like 30 cents in comparison with the pension list.

Old-fashioned Turkish physicians have plenty of reliable remedies for cholera. An agate in the pocket and a hyacinth on the neck are much esteemed, but the bone of a dead child carried in the pocket is nearly as efficacious. Cholera, we learn, is caused by the moon. Therefore drink decoctions of laurel while Mars or Mercury is in the ascendant, since these planets are unfriendly to the moon. We are glad to know this, as we have always had our doubts about the moon.

The Central News correspondent with the Turkish forces expresses the personal conviction that the Turks will win the struggle against Italy. The Arabs are massing in ever greater numbers, they are well drilled by Turkish officers, and Enver Bey himself is in command. The Italians have now been forced back almost to the water line, and that they are in desperate straits is shown by the constant appeals of the press for European intervention and by the threat that unless Europe does intervene a torch will be thrown into the powder magazine of the Balkans. A significant feature of the situation is the number of young European officers who are throwing up their commissions in order to join the Turkish army. It is worth noting that the views of the Central News correspondent are shared by W. T. Stead, who, although not a soldier, has always been singularly successful in the forecast of foreign events. Indeed Mr. Stead goes further than his brother scribe, for he says that Italy is beaten already.

Here is another good story of the late Duke of Devonshire. He said once to a friend: "Yesterday I went to sleep and I dreamed that I was addressing the House of Lords, and when I awoke I found I was addressing the House of Lords."

The imprisonment of the Crown Prince of Germany is not his first experience of the kind. He has always been something of a *mauvais sujet*. He was once confined for several days for riding his horse up the steps of Sans Souci, again for riding in a dangerous steeplechase, and yet again for some violation of etiquette. Rigor has always been the rule in the German royal family. Frederick the Great, when crown prince, was once sent to prison by his father, who even threatened to behead him, while the present emperor was by no means always amenable to parental discipline. Insubordination evidently runs in the family.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

It is only since the discovery of radium that the St. Joachimstal uranium deposits, twenty miles from Carlsbad, have become famous. They are richer in this most precious element than any similar deposits in the world. To produce one and one-half grams of radium, valued at $120,000, 5000 kilos (five and one-half tons) of pitch blende residue, out of which the uranium has been extracted, must be worked for an entire year. Eminent authorities agree that the radioactivity of the St. Joachimstal waters is far greater than that of any other mineral spring, so it is not improbable that St. Joachimstal may become a notable addition to the already long list of celebrated Bohemian spas.

During the last ten years the negro population of the United States has increased 11.3 per cent, while the white population has increased 22.3 per cent. The significance of these figures is realized when it is considered that the white population was augmented by many immigrants, there being no negro immigration. The census figures indicate that the negro is working his way northward at a rapid rate. The states south of the Ohio are gradually losing their negroes to states farther north.

The first jaunting car was established in Ireland in 1815 by a Milanese, Carlo Bianconi, who settled in Dublin and drove every day to Caher and back, charging two pence a mile; from this small beginning in 1837 he had established sixty-seven conveyances, drawn by nine hundred horses.

OLD FAVORITES.

Mercedes.

Under a sultry, yellow sky,
On the yellow sand I lie:
The crinkled vapors smite my brain,
I smolder in a fiery pain.

Above the crags the condor flies,
He knows where the red gold lies;
He knows where the diamonds shine,
If I knew, would she be mine?

Mercedes in her hammock swings;
In her court a palm-tree flings
Its slender shadow on the ground,
The fountain falls with silver sound.

Her lips are like this cactus cup;
With my hand I crush it up,
I tear its flaming leaves apart;
Would that I could tear her heart!

Last night a man was at her gate,
In the hedge I lay in wait:
I saw Mercedes meet him there,
By the fireflies in her hair.

I waited till the break of day;
Then I rose and stole away,
But left my dagger in the gate,
Now she knows her lover's fate!

—*Elizabeth Stoddard.*

Madame La Marquise.

The folds of her wine-dark violet dress
Glow over the sofa, fall on fall,
As she sits in the air of her loveliness
With a smile for each and for all.

Half of her exquisite face in the shade
Which o'er it the screen in her soft hand flings:
Through the gloom glows her hair in its odorous braid:
In the firelight are sparkling her rings.

As she leans—the slow smile half shut up in her eyes
Beams the sleepy, long, silk-soft lashes beneath:
Through her crimson lips, stirred by her faint replies,
Breaks one gleam of her pearl-white teeth.

As she leans—where your eye, by her beauty subdued,
Droops—from under warm fringes of hroidery white
The slightest of feet—silken-slippered, protrude,
For one moment, then slip out of sight.

As I bend o'er her bosom, to tell her the news,
The faint scent of her hair, the approach of her cheek,
The vague warmth of her breath, all my senses suffuse
With HERSELF: and I tremble to speak.

So she sits in the curtained, luxurious light
Of that room, with its porcelain, and pictures, and flowers,
When the dark day's half done, and the snow flutters white,
Past the windows in feathery showers.

All without is so cold—'neath the low leaden sky!
Down the bald, empty street, like a ghost, the gendarme
Stalks surly: a distant carriage hums by—
All within is so bright and so warm!

Here we talk of the schemes and the scandals of court,
How the courtesan pushes: the charlatan thrives:
We put horns on the heads of our friends, just for sport:
Put intrigues in the heads of their wives.

Her warm hand, at parting, so strangely thrilled mine,
That at dinner I scarcely remark what they say—
Drop the ice in my soup, spill the salt in my wine,
Then go yawn at my favorite play.

But she drives after noon—then's the time to behold her,
With her fair face half hid, like a ripe peeping rose,
'Neath that veil—o'er the velvets and furs which enfold her,
Leaning back with a queenly repose—

As she glides up the sunlight! . . . You'd say she was made
To loll back in a carriage, all day, with a smile,
And at dusk, on a sofa, to lean in the shade
Of soft lamps, and be wooed for a while.

Could we find out her heart through that velvet and lace?
Can it beat without ruffling her sumptuous dress?
She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her face;
But what the heart's like, we must guess.

With live women and men to be found in the world—
(Live with sorrow and sin—live with pain and with passion)—
Who could live with a doll, though its locks should be curled,
And its petticoats trimmed in the fashion?

'Tis so fair! . . . would my bite, if I bit it, draw blood?
Will it cry if I hurt it? or scold if I kiss?
Is it made, with its beauty, of wax or of wood?
. . . Is it worth while to guess at all this?

—*Owen Meredith.*

What is believed to be the deepest hole in the ground has been sunk at the village of Czuchow, in Silesia, Germany, affording exceptional opportunity for scientific study. The bore is seventeen and one-third inches in diameter at the mouth and a little short of two inches at the bottom. The exact depth of the hole is said to be 7348 feet. For a distance of 6848 feet it is lined with iron tubing. The experiments that have so far been made with the bore show that the temperature of the earth increases at the rate of one degree Fahrenheit with each section of fifty-eight feet, or one degree centigrade for each 104.3 feet.

A tract of 90,000 acres bordering on the Gulf of Mexico will be enclosed and converted into a private game preserve. The property is owned by Mrs. Henrietta M. King, and is only a part of her vast holdings. The plan is to make the ranch a winter pleasure resort for visiting friends. One of the favorite amusements will be wolf chasing. This requires not only riding, but no little daring and endurance.

Probably the most desolate, dreary spot in inhabited by white men is the lighthouse main the Argentine government at Cape Horn, claimed to be the southernmost lighthouse in t

THOMAS HARDY, DRAMATIST.

Wessex Tales as Played by Wessex Amateurs.

When Minnie Maddern Fiske favors England with a visit she must not fail to include Dorchester in her road tour. True it is nothing more than a small market town of some eight thousand inhabitants, barely a "one night stand" from the American standpoint, but if Mrs. Fiske will undertake to revive "Tess" for her visit I can promise her a full house at whatever prices she likes, and an audience which for keen appreciation of Hardyism can not be matched in the length and breadth of the British isles. Moreover, the actress will not need to take with her either her scenery or her company. An ex-mayor of the town will paint the former as a labor of love, and Wessex folk, faultless in the dialect of their race, will substitute for the latter.

For Dorchester has been acting Thomas Hardy annually these four years past. The novelist is one of the institutions of the Wessex capital. His home, Max Gate—a strangely unpicturesque building for a man so devoted to beautiful architecture—is on the outskirts of the town, and its owner often wanders in to visit the library of the county museum. The second most important institution of Dorchester is the local Debating and Dramatic Society, of which A. H. Evans, a tradesman with playwright ambitions, is a leading member. Now these two institutions, plus Mr. Evans, account for the fact that each November the centre of dramatic interest in England is shifted from London to the old-world capital of Wessex. Mr. Hardy has suplied the inspiration; the Dramatic Society has done the rest.

And done it with such remarkable skill that no event of the theatrical season is anticipated with greater zest than the Hardy plays as arranged and performed by the amateurs of Dorchester. They began four years ago with a virile version of "Far from the Madding Crowd," and then came "The Trumpet Major." Last year, when the occasion was made additionally memorable by the presentation of the freedom of Dorchester to Mr. Hardy, the title of the play was "The Mellstock Quire," an admirable acting version of "Under the Greenwood Tree." For the first two seasons of this rural attempt to embody his characters in living Wessex folk, Mr. Hardy was no more than a spectator. Deeply interested, of course, as he could hardly fail to be, in the dramatic enterprise of his fellow-townsmen of Dorchester, and perhaps not wholly indifferent to a compliment which made havoc of the proverb about a prophet and his own country; but still an onlooker, and nothing more. Last November, however, he abandoned that attitude and became a superintendent of the rehearsals; he even went so far as to provide the players with the words and musical scores of three ancient Dorset carols.

This year he has identified himself still more closely with Dorchester's dramatic season. He provided the players with his own version of "The Three Wayfarers," a dramatic embodiment of "The Three Strangers" from the "Wessex Tales," and was more zealous than ever in attendance at rehearsals. This did not entail the elimination of the faithful Mr. Evans. The fact is that the Wessex amateurs, taking courage from their past successes, ventured this year on a double bill, and staged, not only Mr. Hardy's "The Three Wayfarers," but also Mr. Evans's "The Distracted Preacher," another chapter from the "Wessex Tales."

Last Wednesday, then, was a great night for Casterbridge. Long prior to the ringing up of the curtain the Corn Exchange was thronged to its utmost capacity, save for a single seat on an aisle halfway down the hall. There were Hardyite pilgrims from all parts of England, including a large London contingent, and facing them, in the centre of the stage below the footlights, stood a large portrait of the famous novelist. Soon, to the accompaniment of enthusiastic cheering, the original of that portrait entered the hall and made his way to the vacant seat, blushing as modestly as one of his own heroines. He, like the rest of the audience, had journeyed to the Corn Exchange through a night as dark and stormy with wind and rain as that which was to be postulated in the opening scene of "The Three Wayfarers."

For when the curtain rose—rose on the workmanlike scenery of Dorchester's ex-mayor—it disclosed the comfortable interior of Shepherd Fennel's home on the night sacred to the party in honor of the christening of his first child, the coziness of which was enhanced by the gusts of wind and showers of rain beating on the windows. And in pauses in the merriment there entered at intervals the three wayfarers, strangers all, driven to demand hospitality by the wildness of the night. The development of the story proceeded in accordance with that dictum of Ibsen which demands that a stage picture be no more than a room interior with one of the walls abolished. And that it was a truthful transcript of old Dorset life seemed obvious from the absorbed interest with which the action was followed. The quaint Dorset dialect was naturally unimpeachable; faultless, too, was the riotous fiddling of the Wessex ancient in a smockfrock; and the dancing and hucolic byplay were redolent of the soil. But soon the humor of the scene began to shade into the grimness of the Hardy tragedy. The first stranger, with his tale of the wild night outside, brought something of nature's elemental strife into the cheerful interior, and hardly had that chill passed away than the second arrives to lower the temperature once more. For this stranger is a hangman, and, when urged to contribute to the mirth of the occasion, he responds with a blood-curdling song in praise of his own grewsome craft. As if this were not enough to ruin the christening party, the arrival of the third stranger, who recognizes in the others his condemned sheep-stealing brother and the public hangman who has come to execute him, leads to a tragic climax in the true Hardy vein.

Two or three in the audience, remembering that Mr. Hardy has been charged with standing aloof from the characters of his drama, glanced in the direction of the novelist at the moment when the play reached its culmination, and when comparing notes later they agreed that he was not the least moved of all the onlookers. It was not exactly a novel experience for him to watch his characters in the throes of destiny, but to have those characters speaking the tongue of Wessex and see them impersonated by Wessex folk may have heightened his own tragedy in an unexpected way.

Far less exacting was "The Distracted Preacher," the rough-and-tumble fun of which was a relief to the tension of "The Three Wayfarers." Mr. Hardy probably found the second play more pleasant to watch, especially as Mr. Evans had paid him the compliment of filling up a pause in the action by a passage of dialogue from "The Dynasts." Perhaps that foreshadows a part of next year's programme. To have his "The Dynasts" attempted even in part by the Dorchester amateurs would probably be the crowning joy of Mr. Hardy's life. It would confirm him in his abandonment of the novel for the poetic drama, and placate his strange desire to be praised for his verse rather than his fiction.

If, however, "The Distracted Preacher" did not emphasize that fatalism of the Hardy cult which makes Andrew Lang so angry, it threw into relief by the love entanglement of the dissenting minister who is drawn into smuggling by his passion for the charming widow that Hardyesque gospel which makes the female so irresistible to the male. Nay, it did more. The youthfulness of the preacher was a reminder of how often Mr. Hardy depicts the vague, half-conscious longing of the boy for the companionship of a beautiful woman. And all that must have reminded the novelist of his own boyhood days in Dorchester—days when his gift of penmanship made him the favorite amanuensis of Dorchester maidens in love. How much that experience contributed to making him a novelist the world will probably learn when his biography is written. Perhaps some of his boyhood clients were in the Corn Exchange on Wednesday night, oblivious, however, that it was the outpourings of their hearts through his pen which disclosed to him the throbbing passion of young womanhood, and enabled him to attain that detached point of view which made Tess and her sisters possible. If only he and the Wessex folk could see Tess as Mrs. Fiske portrays her! That would be the cope-stone to the unique work of the Wessex amateurs.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, November 21, 1911.

All readers of the "Three Musketeers" and admirers of D'Artagnan will be glad to hear that a statue is to be raised to their hero. It is to be placed at Gers, in Gascony, which is perhaps rather far afield, but then D'Artagnan was, of course, a Gascon. We agree with M. Paul Ginisty in the *Debats* (says the *Westminster Gazette*) that the pedestal of the statue, at least, should have a medallion of the charming Mme. Bonacioux. M. Ginisty tells us that D'Artagnan was drawn from life. There was a certain Charles de Batz-Castelmore, Seigneur D'Artagnan, who played a heroic part in the wars of Louis XIV., and Dumas took his hero from this character. The real D'Artagnan fought in a prodigious number of campaigns and was employed on secret missions by Richelieu and Louis XIV. Finally he was killed at the siege of Maestricht, just when his fortune was at its height. There is not, we think, any evidence in Dumas's book that our hero ever marrieo. But the real D'Artagnan married and made a sad mess of it, for he had a very jealous wife. It is possible that posterity would never have heard of this charming adventurer if it had not been for Dumas.

Measurement by less than a hair's breadth now has a definite meaning in machine shops. In all of the large shops there are instruments that will measure the thickness of a cigarette paper—much thinner than a hair. An inch can be divided into 10,000 parts, and seventeen of these parts will make a "hair's breadth." Some of the most delicate measurements are made at the government gun factory at Washington, D. C., where many of the great guns for the army and navy are manufactured.

About half the lima bean crop in the world is produced by a coastwise strip of California, including Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, Orange, and San Diego counties. Peculiar climatic conditions are required, and the only other section where the bean has been grown successfully is the island of Madagascar, off the east coast of Africa. England takes the entire island output.

Collapsible water towers adopted by the Berlin fire department are but five feet long when closed, yet can be extended to throw a level stream of water into a window on the eighth floor of a building.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Peru, the last surviving pupil of Chopin, recently gave his farewell concert in Paris. He is over eighty years of age, but remarkably vigorous, and plays with all the delicacy which tradition associates with the art of the great Polish pianist.

Mrs. Sarah J. Andrews, who recently matriculated at the Washington College of Law, took the course in order to be able to form a partnership with her son, who is now studying to be a lawyer. Mrs. Andrews was a teacher for many years, and is a recent winner of the law scholarship offered by the dean of the Washington College.

Waldemar Lindgren, appointed chief geologist of the United States Geological Survey a few days ago, is a native of Sweden, and has been in the survey since 1884 as assistant. He is a graduate of Freiburg School of Mines, and for a time was professor of mining and metallurgy at Stanford University. As a technical writer he has gained fame.

Miss Laura Harlan, daughter of the late Justice Harlan of the United States Supreme Court, is now social secretary to Mrs. Wickersham, wife of the Attorney-General. She is a skilled musician and thoroughly familiar with the social affairs of Washington, and decided upon this occupation as best fitted to her abilities because of her experience and wide acquaintance.

Mrs. Ella D. Rowland, the apple queen of North Yakima, Washington, who recently won the grand prize at the New York land show for the best twenty-five apples grown in the United States, is a widow and has charge of her own orchard. She has a ten-acre place which yields a comfortable income. Having devoted herself to apple-growing, she is a recognized authority on the industry.

Emmett O'Neal, governor of Alabama, who has controlled lynching in that state by holding sheriffs responsible, was born in Alabama in 1853, and since he reached his majority has been of increasing political importance. He was graduated from the University of Alabama in 1873, and admitted to the bar two years later. From 1893 to 1897 he served as United States district attorney for the northern district of his state.

Father John E. Coppus, professor of English and in charge of the school of journalism at Marquette University, Milwaukee, served a long apprenticeship as a reporter on Detroit dailies in his earlier days. For eighteen years he was editor of a newspaper at Windsor, Ontario. He conducts his classes as though he were getting out a newspaper, keeping an assignment book and sending his students out to do actual reporting.

Rev. George Armistead Leakin, the oldest alumnus of Princeton University, will celebrate his ninety-third birthday on December 16. He enjoys comparatively good health for one of his age, and during the summer was able to walk about his country place near Baltimore, an exercise which his recent illness has prevented. Age has not dimmed his wonderful mental powers, however, and he takes a deep interest in current events.

Rev. Philip Andreen, the San Francisco pastor who has just been created a knight of the Order of Vassa by the King of Sweden, is prominent in church educational work in this country. He was knighted in recognition of the service he has performed among the Swedish people in America and because of his efforts in saving his church from destruction by the fire of 1906. After graduating from Augustina College, Rock Island, Illinois, he was a professor at Upsala College, New York, for several years. He is vice-president of the California Augustina Conference.

General Homer Lea, U. S. A. (retired), now said to be a prominent figure in the Chinese revolutionary forces, has had an interesting career since he resigned from the United States army to seek adventures in China. He held a commission as lieutenant-general in the imperial army, and spent a number of years in military operations in the remote interior of the empire, making a name for himself as an officer and an author. With the uprising, he quit the imperialists. General Lea is a native of Denver. His education was finished in California, at the University of the Pacific and at Stanford. His most pretentious work, a history of the political development of China, is under way.

Professor Henry Charlton Bastian, who announces that he has succeeded in producing living organisms from a saline solution, is a senior fellow of the Royal Society and professor emeritus of the principles and practice of medicine at University College, London. He has long been working in this field and is recognized as one of the ablest men in the scientific world. Professor Bastian is not undaunted by the storm of opprobrium that has overwhelmed fellow-workers who have from time to time published tentative results pointing in the same direction. That he has long had the conviction that he would some day succeed along these lines is demonstrated by one of his earliest books, "The Modes of Origin of Lowest Organisms," in 1871. He followed this with other scientific works, probably the most interesting of which is "The Evolution of Life," published in 1907. When not at work with his microscope he works in his garden and takes long walks.

THE GAY BOULEVARDIER.

A Romance of the Streets.

One always imagines that a carnival is in progress when one walks on Market Street of a Saturday night. In this it is like no other street in the world. There is a spirit of festivity abroad which is quite different from the pleasure-fever of New York; which even Paris can not equal for continued regularity. It is purely, joyously, inimitably San Franciscan.

Of this carefree, celebrant throng I made myself one with an eager abandon. I sought no return save an evening's amusement, or, at best, a flirtation or two. And there, in the midst of a multitude bent upon simple diversion, on the pave of a great city's brightly lit highway, there befell me the grotesque, almost tragic adventure which I am about to relate. It shows how elusive and whimsically sardonic is fate. Let one seek out Romance and the commonplace overwhelms him to the finish of his quest. Let him plunge into a very maelstrom of Life's ordinary normal things and he is singled out to be the hero—or victim—of some weird happening, drawn, *nolens volens*, into strange and terrible events.

It was during my third turn ferry-ward on that glittering footpath between Kearny and Jones Streets that I first touched hands with Adventure. To be precise, it was upon the base of the Native Sons' monument. I stood there a moment, shielding my match from the wind as I lit a cigar. I still stooped forward, the unextinguished match in my hand, when I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned to behold a pretty young woman.

"A light, if you please, sir," she said.

Her tone was musical, but matter-of-fact. Her face, dimly seen through a thin veil, was piquantly undisturbed by any seeming realization of impropriety. To look at her one might think it her custom to ask a strange man for a light. And yet she was unmistakably a lady. Reconcile the facts as you please—one can tell.

On Market Street of a Saturday night, one expects the unexpected in human action, and responds as blithely as one is truly San Franciscan. So I made a cup of my hands while she pushed up her veil far enough to light a cigarette.

The veil, still half covering her face, was a tantalizing mask. Her piquant little mouth was very close to mine, the red lips pursed for inhalation as though to meet a kiss. Instinctively I drew nearer. But her eyes flashed a warning and she blew, straight into my face, a jet of scented smoke, as she drew back, laughing.

"Thank you kindly, sir," she said.

"Wait," I pleaded, reluctant to let her go. "Who are you?"

She looked me over, keenly. Even through the veil I could feel the incisive, questioning scrutiny of her eyes. Again she laughed, this time less merrily.

"I am a lonely woman," she answered, "and a bad one. Steer clear of me if you value your peace."

"I'm eternally conspiring against it," said I. "To me peace is only monotony. Let's be lonely together tonight. I'm only indifferently bad—but I won't bore you."

"Just what do you mean?" she asked, quickly.

"That I won't make love to you or ask silly questions—so long as you entertain me. We'll try to amuse one another; and, when either grows tired—good-by."

Momentarily she hesitated. Then, with a gesture as impulsive as it was decided, she put her hand in my arm. It seemed, somehow, intensely characteristic of her.

We strolled along quietly enough, glancing into shop windows, talking intimately of generalities, as two old friends might have done—until we met the strange being who so completely disrupted our tranquil romance. He was a tall, massive man with a pointed beard and, for all his great girth, extremely agile. He might have been sixty, for his hair was gray and the lines of his face bespoke fullness of years. Yet one would unhesitatingly have pronounced him at the zenith of life's activities. A countenance made to command and to charm was his, save for some occult, marring weakness; a lack of balance, indeterminate but undeniable. One could not pick out the flaw; neither could one ignore it. He was garbed like an old school statesman. Spats he wore, an embroidered waistcoat, a snowy-white stock, light trousers narrowing toward the shoetops, a top hat higher and flatter of brim than the prevailing fashion. And foppish he was, withal. He carried a gold-headed cane like a drum-major; his golden pince nez had a long black cord that swept over his ear scholarwise; a tiny boutonnière adorned his lapel. With a step that was almost a pirouette, so light and airy did it seem, he frolicked along more harlequin than pedestrian, exchanging here and there a verbal bouquet with some pretty woman, ever smiling, radiant with cultured, virile, good-humored cameraderie.

"Look at him," I said, as he approached us. "Beau Brummel has come back to earth."

Instead of responding the girl pressed my arm as if agitated. We were now abreast of the curious personage. Both he and the girl stopped simultaneously. The man's face lost its smile. It seemed to me, strangely, as though the sun had ceased to shine, so great was the change in his features. He appeared for a moment haggard, old, a spirit wrapped in shadow. Then the irrepressible radiance of his inner being flashed forth again—like sunlight breaking through obscuring clouds.

"So!" he said to my companion. "It is you. It is little Jeanne!"

She did not speak, but gazed at him as though fascinated. He assumed an expression half tragic, half playful. On his lips the smile still lingered; but it was not in his eyes.

"Well, well!" he said, lightly. "Fortune favors. Or is it Fate that makes no errors? What matter! We meet far from home—on the verge of impending events. I am glad, my petite, for I longed to see you once more, and tomorrow would have been too late. Tomorrow I shall be—poof! Who knows?" He made a gesture as of scattering somewhat to the four winds.

"What do you mean?" asked the girl, tremblingly. "Not—not——"

"But naturally," he returned with a touch of asperity. "What else? It palls—all of this." Eloquently, subtly, he indicated the crowd, the world, mundane existence. "I have done it too often. There is nothing new. And age will come. This morning I felt it. No—not in my bones nor my nerves—just the menace of it; I can not explain." He gave a whimsical shrug that concealed a shudder. "And so it is time. You know. I have always told you—I would never go down. Always up, my petite. To the top and then—finis."

Still the girl stood looking at him, her little gloved hands on his broadcloth sleeves. Thus I have seen a dog look at the master it worshiped—in mute, enraptured appeal. Perhaps I, too, was enthralled. His was a spirit to hold one.

"Ah, well," said the big man at length. "Tonight is tonight; and tomorrow—it is what we make it. Good-by, little Jeanne." He bent his magnificent head and kissed her as one might a dainty child: lightly, half reverently, and with wondrous, courtly grace. A second later he had vanished in the crowd.

If the stranger's coming had struck my companion dumb, his departure transformed her as quickly into violent activity. After the frolicsome boulevardier she dashed in a frenzy, dragging me along with desperate strength.

"Catch him!" she screamed. "Catch him! For God's sake don't let him escape. He's going to poison himself. Do you hear?"

"Who is he?" I asked, panting along beside her, elbowing, treading on toes indiscriminately. She made no reply. I doubt if she heard me.

It was not till we reached the corner, a long half a block away, that we sighted our quarry. He was just stepping into a taxi. Out of the tail of his eye he spied our hasty approach.

"To the ferry," he shouted, as he tossed the chauffeur a coin. "And go like the devil, my son. I'll pay what it's worth."

The door slammed. The machine shot forward, unheeding our protest. Across the street stood another. We raced for it, barely missing a car, and set forth in pursuit. A dizzy, racketing, stern chase it was. Once I heard something scream. What it was I never have learned. And then of a sudden we stopped just in front of the ferry—beside the other machine. We saw the chauffeur hop off of his seat and open the door. We saw him start back as his fare tumbled into the street. With a shriek the girl sprang past me and flung herself upon the prostrate man.

"What's the matter with him?" I asked the chauffeur. He pointed to a square of paper pinned to the big fellow's coat. Under the arc-light I could read it plainly enough:

> This is a plain case of suicide. I have taken sufficient morphia to kill three men.

We carried him into an East Street hotel, the two chauffeurs and I. Fortunately there were few people about at that hour and we attracted small attention. The girl was a general. She sent one chauffeur for a pitcher of black coffee, the other for a doctor. His heart still beat torpidly and the hot draughts seemed to accelerate it. As soon as we got our breath, we seized him beneath the arm-pits and tried to walk him up and down. But he was completely limp, so we gave it up and tried artificial respiration. Then we mauled him, screamed at him, stuck pins into his body, and burned the tip of his nose.

Now and again his great eyes opened, dreamily disturbed, pleading to be let alone. By and by the doctor arrived: a typical drug-store physician, professionally bearded, acute of manner, shiftily sympathetic. He asked the stereotyped questions, wiped his spectacles, according to rote, and administered strychnine. Also he commended our course and rendered physical assistance, which was probably the most valuable aid in his power.

The doctor had bared his patient's chest. In its slow heaving, in the quivering of nerves, here and there, one could almost follow the fortunes of war. To me it seemed an absorbing, dramatic study, a master biology in action. And there was the girl. One could almost see her elemental forces fighting side by side with his. Life seemed to issue from her, to play about her like a nimbus, bathing, enveloping him, dragging him back from death.

Little by little the torpor fell from him. After a time his eyes opened to remain so. At first I thought he was gone—so fixed was his gaze—but not the girl. She knew. Her glance held his, forcing the conscious intelligence back into it; but not the will to live! I could see that this was lacking. She saw it, too, and something like frenzy leaped into her eyes. She caught the boulevardier by the shoulders and shook him roughly.

"Allan! Allan! Allan!" Her tone was not loud, but the poignant intensity of it was almost unbearable. "I want you, Allan. Do you hear me? I—want—you."

Marvelously, he responded to that call. A faint wonder came into his eyes, a faint, amused wonder. His lips moved: "Why?"

She stormed at him. "Oh, you fool! You dolt! You overgrown dunce of a schoolboy. I love you. Can't you see? I love you, love you, *love you!*"

Mockingly incredulous he surveyed her. "Don't lie, little Jeanne," he whispered. "It is bad for the soul. I know. I have done it so very often. Besides, it is impolite." He eyed me significantly. "You should not say such things—before Ernest."

"That is not Ernest," she returned, impatiently. "I haven't seen Ernest for years. I am done with him."

"Ah!" said the boulevardier, reprovingly. "You have left Ernest. You have another——" He gave me a whimsical look. "And now you would leave him—for me. You travel in circles, petite. That, also, is unwise, as I know from experience."

His tone diminished to a murmur and his eyes closed slowly. He was slipping back into coma from the insecure height of his false convalescence. With a sob the girl sank on her knees beside him. Her arm crept around his neck. She pulled his head toward her until it rested on her bosom and rained mad kisses on the upturned tranquil face—kisses of desperate passion and yearning and fear.

His eyelids flickered, opened. A strange, new interest was astir in the look he gave her.

"Allan! Listen to me," she pleaded. "I am not as bad as you think. I left you because you treated me like a child. No woman can stand that—no real woman. And I thought you didn't care—I——"

Her voice broke. Very gently the big man's hand covered the little one, soothing into peace the long thin fingers which clawed spasmodically the counterpane.

"You are still a child. You always will be. But go on."

"Afterward I came to know," she sobbed. "Something—made me understand."

"Ernest?"

"Yes, partly—and little things I remembered; things you had said or done. They were always coming between us. So I left him."

"Why didn't you let me know?"

"You were gone—to Europe, Africa—I don't know where. They wouldn't tell me, your people. They offered me money——" She made a gesture of hate, of contempt. "Since then I have drifted. But," she looked at him pleadingly. "I have done little that was wrong, Allan. Only reckless, foolish things—like tonight."

"And I have done little that was *right*," he said, sadly. His hand sought her hair and caressed it. "My little girl, I have always loved you—from the time you first came to me. Do you remember how your father put your hand in mine and told you to call me 'Papa'? You were only six when he died."

"And do you remember my answer?" she asked with a faint flush.

His eyes smiled: "That you wouldn't have me for a 'Papa' because you were going to marry me when you grew up."

"It has never left my mind," she declared between laughter and tears.

"Nor mine, little Jeanne," he said, gently. "But I was too old——"

"You are not fifty yet," she cried, fiercely combative, "and I am over thirty."

"Impossible," he protested, gallantly. "Ah, no, little Jeanne. You used always to wheedle me. I could refuse you nothing—witch that you are! But this time I must——"

She broke in upon him, passionately. "I love you . . . and I have waited seven years!"

He made a move, half impatient, half despairing. His arms arose languidly and his index finger pointed, waveringly, at a cheap hand-glass framed in flowered celluloid. "Bring me that," he commanded.

I handed it to him. "Now," he told her, "put your head beside mine. What do you see? A beautiful girl and an old reprobate."

"I see a gallant gentleman in his prime," she said, "and an insignificant woman-person of uncertain years."

"Look closer," he urged. "Eliminate the question of age, since we can't agree on it. Examine the face of your 'gallant gentleman.' Can't you see the yellow streak? It is written there like a brand. Come, be honest with yourself—and me. Don't you see what it spells? what it means?"

Instead, she looked him full in the eyes, her own shining.

"Do you want to know what your face means to me?"

"Yes," he said, a little uncertainly.

"It is my conception of a god's," she cried and turned from him, quickly, as though ashamed.

He rose to his feet. Unsteadily, blindly, he groped for the girl. The poison, his scruples, the doctor, and I—everything else, forgotten, as he gathered her into his arms.

From that cheap little room we stumb noisy nigbt of East Street—the water-fron nocturnal adventurer—with something d stirring in our jaded hearts than had be many a day.

Louis J. St

San Francisco, December, 1911.

NEW YORK AND THE IRISH PLAYERS.

How Synge's Drama, "The Playboy of the Western World," Created a Disturbance.

Last week it was a toss-up whether I would write of the first appearance of the Irish Players or of the Horse Show. Eight times, during the past dozen years, I have attempted to picture the big fall event for *Argonaut* readers, and the topic is by this time not nearly so entertaining as the thing itself. I was tempted to neglect it, but resisted, and my reward is in evidence. Look at the lovely shindy had at Maxine Elliott's Theatre last night. How much more diverting than the sober, serious account I must have given, had I written a week earlier, is the tale of ructions and riots now to my hand. But, truth to tell, I don't know just what to think of it all. There is no finish, for it is a drawn battle, so far.

Lady Gregory, who writes plays, William Butler Yeats, the poet-dramatist, and other literary Irish people, have fostered for some time in Dublin the movement which crystallized in a company of actors that produced Irish dramas at the Abbey Theatre. Even there the work of this band of advanced idealist-realists has not been received with unanimous approval, but it has prospered in modest proportions. Several weeks ago the company came to America, and it has appeared in Boston and in Washington. In the Irish capital of Massachusetts the visitors from Erin received a welcome of diverse expressions, for while there were a few hisses there was no actual outbreak. New York Irishmen and Irishwomen had reserved for themselves the opportunity to abuse Irish players from Dublin for playing in America Irish plays written by Irish poets. But what is dearer to any of us than a bit of an argument, and, discussion being barred, the flinging of a few epithets and potatoes?

No excitement advertised the first week of the engagement. All the plays given were new to the stage here—"The Well of the Saints," by J. M. Synge; "The Rising of the Moon," by Lady Gregory; "Birthright," by T. C. Murray; "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," by G. B. Shaw. The audiences diminished instead of growing. It seemed the general opinion that this exposition of a national theatre and an ideal stock company in poetic, satirical, and tragic productions was no epoch-marking event when the most shining of its merits were examined without prejudices. For the plays it can be said only that they are novel, sometimes emotional, sometimes dreary. Some of them have to be explained—that is, they are of the kind "that make one think." Just what one thinks, however, is of course the determining factor. There is less of force than of what is described as art in all of them. No one of them is threatened with the prospect of a long run, present or future. As for the company, I am inclined to a more favorable judgment. The men are intelligent, well built and easy, and speak with some distinction and power. But the women outshine them. There are a half-dozen of them, wholesome, vigorous, Irish young women, with all the good looks of the girls of the race, and marked ability for quiet, tense, expression, as well as for the lighter phases of peasant life. Little aid is asked of the make-up box by any of them, and even in their most theatrical moments they give few suggestions of professionalism in its conventional aspects.

So much for introduction. Monday night of this week was looked forward to with some misapprehension, even by the sturdiest of their advocates, for it was to see the bringing out of Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World," which made an uproar even in Dublin. But something stirring was demanded, for interest was not waning merely, it was invisible. Shaw's "Blanco Posnet" impossibility had been received with yawns, and "The Rising of the Moon" with but little more enthusiasm. And the "Playboy" was put on. A really big audience, with many in evening dress, sat through the curtain-raiser, Lady Gregory's "The Jail Gate," and applauded feebly at its conclusion. Before the first of the three acts of "The Playboy" had proceeded far hisses began to be heard, but there was no general outcry. Then came a bit of dialogue which seemed offensive to Catholics, and a man rose in the centre of the house and shouted, "Put 'em off!" As if it were the signal for a riot, a general disturbance followed. From the balcony as well as from the orchestra floor came howls and hisses. A meteor-flight of vegetables struck the stage and the actors. It is said that a cheap watch and a tin cigarette case were among the missiles cleared away after quiet had been restored. In readiness for trouble, police officers and men in citizen dress were stationed in the lobby and in front of the building, and the forces of law and order were fiercely industrious with the disturbers almost before the outcry had become general. Ten particularly obstreperous ones were arrested and taken out, and thirty more were ejected. Women as well as men were among those who shouted their disapproval, but none of the gentler sex were taken in charge by the policemen.

During this scene the actors had proceeded, almost as if nothing of importance or really worthy of notice were going on beyond the line of footlights, but when they suddenly began to hear each other's voices they realized that the noise must have drowned some of their elocution. Mr. Sinclair of the company came to the front and announced that the act would be repeated from the beginning, and it was done accordingly. Occasionally there were expressions of remonstrance, but the play went on to the bitter end.

Now it is hard for one who has only the interest of a playgoer, without raw places on his patriotism or his piety, to understand why there should have been a row. I have seen more deadly satires of national traits or weaknesses, more direct assaults on church views, than are to be found in Synge's play, and without any manifestations of anger or resentment from the audiences. Some years ago here a crude, melodramatic comedy, called "McFadden's Row of Flats," met with an even more boisterous reception, and the piece was withdrawn. It was claimed then that the Irish figures in the piece—which was a Harrigan sort of play, though with less merit—were vile caricatures. Probably they were. The stage has thrived on caricature since the days of Dogberry, but we haven't broken many actors' heads or ostracised many authors for their transgressions in this regard. Of course, this is a tempest in a teapot. I have no doubt the play will run through the week, perhaps with a better attendance than if there had been no rioting by Irish patriots or newspaper headline artists.

At the police court the ten offenders turned out to be liquor dealers, bartenders, and clerks. Five were fined a small amount and five were discharged. They did not appear, on the whole, as remarkably worthy representatives of the country whose reputation they were so eager to defend. Lady Gregory and members of the company say that though the offenders had Irish names they certainly did not have Irish hearts.

The story told in "The Playboy" is grimly humorous, with a satirical edge. The hero is an Irish lad who knocks out his father with a stick, then runs away and in another neighborhood brags of his feat, declaring that he had destroyed the old man. He is at once accepted as a hero and the girls vie in attracting his attention to their charms. The father recovers, pursues the son, finds him in his new haven and thrashes him for his unfilial disregard. Again the boy takes a weapon and strikes to kill. Then the sentiment of his admirers change, and they get a rope to be used in punishing the murderer. But the father is tough and hard to destroy altogether, and he rises to denounce the accusers of his son, and goes away with him, arm in arm. And now the girls set up a wail, for they have lost the playboy, one and all. There are other episodes, of course, but these are the high places in the comedy. Young Christy, the playboy, is contrasted with Shawn Keogh, a cowardly dullard, and the handsome braggart wins Pegeen Mike away from him. It is in the earliest scene that the dialogue most objected to occurs, and it is between Shawn, Pegeen Mike, and her father, an innkeeper. The innkeeper is proposing to leave his daughter alone in the little place on the coast of County Mayo and the girl is pleading with him not to do so.

"If you're that afeard let Shawn Keogh stop along with you. It's the will of God, I'm thinking, himself should be seeing to you now," says the innkeeper.

Shawn, the young farmer standing by the fireplace, looks confused and somewhat horrified and replies: "I would welcome Michael James, but I'm afeard of Father Reilly, and what at all would the Holy Father and the cardinals at Rome be saying if they heard I did the likes of that?"

The innkeeper replies with contempt: "God help you! Can't you sit in by the hearth with the light out and herself beyond in the room? You'll do that surely, for I've heard there's a queer fellow above going bad on getting his death, maybe, in the gripe of the ditch, so he'd be favored this night with a person here."

Not that it is to be cared for to distraction by anybody, but it seems little enough to set off such a bunch of indignation fireworks. It was Charles Lever, I believe, who wrote long ago of his irrepressible countrymen that they were "Fighting like divils for conciliation and hating each other for the love of God." So we can see that the good old customs are to be preserved. In the meantime the art that is really worth while will not suffer. FLANEUR.

New York, November 28, 1911.

Commodore Perry's flagship in the battle of Lake Erie, near Put-in Bay, the *Niagara*, that has lain at the bottom of the lake in the Erie (Pennsylvania) harbor for twenty-five years, will be raised, made seaworthy, and taken on a tour of the Great Lakes in 1913 as a feature of the Perry centennial celebration. The State of Pennsylvania will bear the expense.

Over eighty years ago the crown granted to the Church of England, by way of endowment, many acres of open land near the city of Toronto, Ontario. Recently the Glebe, a 147-acre farm forming part of the original grant, was sold for half a million dollars, the growth and importance of the city having made the property of great value.

Embedded in the heart of a plank of wood taken from a railway station platform at Oakley, Fifeshire (says the London *Standard*), there has been found a sword measuring over two feet long. The plank had been in use for at least fifteen years.

Colorado, developed from a wilderness in forty years, can boast of railroad ramifications which many an older state would be proud to possess. Every county, except Baca, in the extreme southeast corner, is reached by railroad.

THE VIRTUE OF MISFORTUNE.

Worry, the Great American Habit, Weakens, While Real Troubles Develop Strength.

At the door of worry are laid 50 per cent of the troubles of the American people. Scientists who have devoted themselves to a study of worry and its influence on the mind, do not hesitate to say that Americans are the worst offenders.

A celebrated German physician lecturing before a body of students a few weeks ago said that the world had need of as many good doctors and physicians as it could get. Those suffering from physical diseases are only a small part of the ill men and women. The larger number are suffering from imaginary diseases. These range from melancholia to temporary insanity. There are a number of causes that are responsible for these last diseases, but the primary one is worry. It is one of the deadly diseases of the twentieth century.

The specialists in nervous and mental derangements fear it as much as the bacteriologists do tuberculosis and cancer. Though not born of a germ, it breeds as rapidly. It not only possesses the individual but often his family and associates, and the tendency is inherited. What is more, pessimism and depression in the parent may become insanity in the next generation.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, an eminent Scotch physician, has recently written a book called "Worry, the Disease of the Age." He says, to be sure, that worry is not like the wireless and aeroplane, an invention of this century. As soon as man rose out of savagery and became conscious of self he got acquainted with worry. This disease is peculiar to man alone. It is unknown to the lower animals and to savages. It is the result of men and women becoming self-conscious and sensitive, entering a system of higher organization, living more rapidly, being crowded into cities, and breathing impure air.

The most common disease caused by worry is hypochondria. Its victim is the man or woman who worries that he or she is going to be ill every time he or she feels indisposed. Physically they are strong and normal, but they suffer from a mental disease which is a variety of morbid worry.

The best pathologists in this country and Europe use as their remedy in such cases change of air, occupation, pleasant company, amusement, and nourishing food. When patients do not respond to this treatment suggestion and often autosuggestion, producing self-hypnotism, are sometimes successfully used.

The worrisome mind creates a great many abnormal ideas, which may be harmless or harmful according to their intensity and the temperament of the individual. Thomas Loveday, a pupil of the great psychologist William Wundt, has made an interesting study of these ideas that have come to him and to others. He tells of one patient who had the ridiculous notion that he could not walk past a certain house near his place of business, and so he used to make a detour around the house. There was nothing special about the place, but he once had a fit of uneasiness when passing by.

He tells of another man who worried every time he forgot a name or object. At every meal he made a list of the number of mouthfuls he took of bread and wine, water and meat. He counted the number of drops of milk that would fill the cup. He did not know why he did this, but he was worried into doing it.

Dr. Paul Dubois of the University of Berne feels that heredity and education are largely to blame for this habit of worry, which so often leads to disastrous results. This tendency, like a rock at the bottom of the sea, is there, but will be covered up as long as we are in good physical condition. As soon as we are run down and the tide gets low we show the disease. Normal though we think we are, we have all these psychic debilities, and when we are fatigued and weakened we react with the sense of this primitive mentality.

He says that fatigue makes one worry, another sad, and diminishing our patience and our sentiments causes hypochondriac fears and anxieties to be born. When physically exhausted the slightest emotion leads to incapacity and discouragement. Also often the smallest favorable events, good news or a comforting word, produces the opposite, and power succeeds incapacity.

Professor Dubois says, "It is in self-education that the sick should find cure and well people find a preservation against nervous troubles. They must begin in little things, by overlooking trifles, and go bravely forward without troubling too much about their own ease. Practical life brings its annoyances of all kinds; new occasions to control our sensibility, voluntarily to create an optimistic disposition which will make us, as the saying goes, 'Take everything by the good end.'"

Professor Albert Abrams, an equally great student of pathological troubles, believes that worry is often a terrible shock to the whole nervous organism. Self-control is the best palladium against nervous prostrations. It is often true that every one can master a grief but the one who has it. Still, if he can not find any other means of killing worry let him accept the method of the Turk who, when misfortune or disaster overtakes him, exclaims, "Kismet-dir" (It is fate) or "Allahkerim" (God will provide).

Professor Sully in his eminent work on pessimism states that more people are injured and driven insane through worry than by the hardest loss and misfortunes. Many suffer misfortunes only to come out stronger, happier, and more fortunate in the

THREE ROMANCES OF ROYALTY.

Mr. Kellogg Durland Tells the Stories of the Queens of Italy and Spain and the Empress of Russia.

The three love stories selected by Mr. Kellogg Durland for his "Royal Romances of To-Day" are those of the Queen of Spain, the Empress of Russia, and the Queen of Italy. We are told that these stories are presented mainly from the standpoint of the heart interest which attaches to the romances of the marriages of the royal persons concerned and that the details presented "may be relied upon by future biographers and historians." Certainly the author seems to have spared no pains to secure accuracy. He went to Russia, to Italy, and to Spain in search of his material, and while we fail to find much that could not have been obtained just as well in New York there is an atmosphere of personal research that is appropriate to such a work.

Mr. Durland places Queen Victoria of Spain in the front of his little gallery, and if he is guilty of preferences we may assume that she is his favorite. It is conventionally correct to assume that any particular royal marriage is the result of a love affair, and so we are informed that the moment King Alfonso saw Princess Ena he determined that she was the one who must be his queen, and that if the marriage should be impossible there could never be a queen at all. It is one of the things that must always be said, and Mr. Durland says it. That the "press of the world was unanimous in its approval of the marriage" is emphatically untrue, but perhaps that also comes under the conventions that must be observed. Soon after the engagement we are told of the tree-planting episode at Biarritz:

> One day the happy lovers were seen to proceed to a carefully selected spot where two round holes had been freshly dug out of the earth. A gardener stood nearby, apparently awaiting their coming, for in his arms he carried two small fir plants.
>
> "This one is mine," exclaimed the king, eagerly taking one.
>
> "And this one is mine," rejoined the princess.
>
> Each having taken a plant, they set about planting them.
>
> "We must plant the trees side by side," said the king, "so that they may always remind us of these never-to-be-forgotten days."
>
> The plants were set in place, and each taking a spade they began to cover the roots with earth.
>
> The princess finished her task first, and dropping her spade stood watching the king, laughing merrily all the while. At last the king, pausing for a moment, said: "There is no doubt about it, I am very awkward! I must put in a month with the engineers!"
>
> That day King Alfonso handed Princess Ena a beautiful heart set with diamonds and rubies, one of the earliest gifts to his bride-to-be.

The return from the wedding ceremony was signalized by the attempt on the life of the royal couple that was made at the moment when popular enthusiasm seemed to be at its height:

> The last street to be traversed was the Calle Mayor. All the world remembers how, as the end of the street was almost reached, a huge bouquet in which was hidden a small iron casket was tossed from a balcony, striking immediately in front of the royal carriage. With a tremendous roar, the casket exploded, killing more than thirty persons and wounding over one hundred, besides killing and maiming a number of horses. People in front of the royal carriage were killed, and behind the carriage, and even on the balconies above the street. I have seen the effect of many bombs—in Russia and the Caucasus—but never have I seen the results of a bomb as extensive as this one. Great chunks were literally gouged out of huge granite blocks in nearby buildings, and people on the balconies at a distance where safety would seem absolute met instant death. To this day the traces of this bomb are to be seen in the Calle Mayor, to my thinking one of the most curious and interesting sights in all Madrid.
>
> The smoke had not cleared when the king, taking the head of his bride and queen between both his hands, kissed her tenderly.
>
> "Are you wounded?" he anxiously asked.
>
> "No, no, I am not hurt. I swear it," she replied.
>
> The king threw open the carriage door, and as he stepped out calmly saluted a flag which happened to be fluttering nearby. Then he assisted the queen, whose beautiful wedding gown became smirched with blood.
>
> According to an ancient Spanish custom, a so-called "carriage of respect" was immediately behind the royal coach, a carriage which apparently was originally designed for any emergency. The king called for this carriage, and after seeing the queen comfortably seated he turned to his equerries and in a clear voice said: "Very slowly to the palace."

Queen Victoria's objection to bullfighting is a matter of common knowledge, but on her first introduction to the national sport she seems herself to have given the signal for the beginning of the proceedings:

> One of the earliest duties which she had to perform was to attend a bullfight. The Spanish people could never give absolute allegiance to a sovereign who did not in some measure share their joy and enthusiasm in this national and tradition-honored sport. So to a bullfight went the queen. Simple English girl that she was, with fine sensibilities and delicate feelings, we can well appreciate her horror at it all. When the moment had arrived for the signal to be given from the royal box for the fight to begin all eyes were turned expectantly toward the king, but it was the young queen who fluttered the white scarf. When the crowd saw this, they rose like one man, frantically cheering their queen. It was distinctly a popular thing to do.

The author had several interviews with King Alfonso, for whom he seems to have a warm admiration. Upon the first of these occasions the king greeted him in Spanish:

> "Your majesty has no objection to English?" I asked, as he still tightly held my hand.
>
> "Objection? Rather not, provided you can stand for my wretched English." This was the only note of affectation in King Alfonso's entire conversation. He speaks English fluently, correctly, and idiomatically.
>
> "Put aside your hat and gloves and sit down. Let us talk," he continued. I placed my hat aside as he bade me and started to seat myself opposite the chair his majesty had already taken.
>
> "Not there, not so far away," he exclaimed. "Come here," he emphasized with the palm of his hand the sofa which was in juxtaposition to his chair.
>
> "Have a cigarette," he added, as I moved close to him and he held out a silver cigarette case with a small monogram in the upper left-hand corner.
>
> "May I smoke?" I queried, I must confess, in some surprise.
>
> "Naturally, why not? Here"—and before I had fairly taken the cigarette, his majesty, with characteristic quickness, had struck a wax vesta and was holding it toward my mouth that I might get my light.
>
> My slow wits happily returned in time for me to catch the match from the royal fingers, to offer it first to him and then light my own. These were the preliminaries. They were over in a minute. After we had lighted our cigarettes, he leaned forward, his elbows resting on his knees and the joints of his fingers closed against each other before him. He spoke rapidly but thoughtfully, and in his voice was the ring of a man of enthusiasms.

We have had a good deal of information of the little Prince of the Asturias and of the formalities that have surrounded him from his birth. Upon his first birthday, for example, the penal laws of the country were read aloud to him so that he might never plead ignorance of legal right and wrong, and here is a little story that at least shows precocity:

> One day, when I was in the palace in Madrid, the little prince was discovered in one of the chambers of the private apartments, playing with the sword of one of his father's aides. My companion looked at the little fellow and the sword, which was bigger than he, and said: "What does your royal highness propose to do with that sword?" The prince paused in his play and after a moment's hesitation replied: "Have no fear, no harm shall come to you!"

Curiously enough, the royal children are popularly supposed to be mentally deficient, and apparently no amount of demonstration can change the general belief:

> After my morning with them in the Casa de Campo some people at my hotel said to me: "What a pity that the princes are not right in their faculties!"
>
> "But they are perfectly right," I replied, indulgently; "those stories are pure nonsense."
>
> "Oh! no, sir. You must be mistaken."
>
> "How can I be mistaken?" I answered. "I have just spent a morning with them, and I found them not only normal in every way, but particularly intelligent."
>
> "That can not be," was the reply, "because it is said that they are defective."
>
> I began to grow indignant, and finally I gave up the controversy. After I had gone they asked one another, as I later learned, how much the king had paid me to say that the princes were all right! What is one to do with such people? And this is characteristic of what is met often in Madrid.
>
> The Prince of the Asturias is today one of the loveliest of children. Presently he must submit to the discipline which will make of him a strong, fearless man fit to lead and rule a nation. If he lives he will succeed to the throne of Spain as King Alfonso XIV.

The story of the Empress of Russia as told by Mr. Durland makes us wonder why he should include her among the "three good queens" whom he delights to honor. The picture that he draws of her is nearly as unpleasant as a picture can be, in spite of his efforts to make it attractive, and it may be said frankly that the sombre presentation is well in accord with public knowledge. We are reminded of the first occasion when the Czar burst into a tirade against a deputation that had ventured to hint at a constitution and even threatened its members with banishment, bidding them "to be done with these idle dreams":

> The whole country was astounded at this uncalled-for outburst, and a lurking suspicion sprang up that the Tsaritsa might not be so liberal as they had hoped. And this indeed seems to have proved true, for whatever influence the Tsaritsa has exerted in Russia from that day to this has been in the direction of reaction and severe administration. She has always accepted the point of view of her husband. Nicholas II believes himself a God-ordained autocrat, and the great ambition of his life is, not to hand on to his successor a happy and peaceful nation living under a constitutional monarchy, but an absolute autocracy, and Alexandra Feodorovna has supported and worked for the realization of this ambition.

The reception by the Czar of the first Duma is well described by the author, who seems to think that it would have been well if the Czar and the Czarina would have exchanged places and sexes:

> When the music of the national anthem was heard, announcing the approach of the royal party, the atmosphere of the throne room became so tense that it was painful. Not one person in the room dared think what the next minute might bring forth! When the Tsar and the grand dukes and the empress and the dowager empress and the grand duchesses were all assembled before the richly attired Metropolitans and high priests for the interminable preliminary blessings, the slightest sound echoed throughout the room, so still and strained was every human being in the room. The nervousness of the Tsar was apparent to all. The agitation of the grand dukes was laughable, especially the manifestations of their fear in their repeated and excited crossing of themselves. Even correspondents, schooled and trained to recklessness in all kinds of danger and calm to the point of being blasé in the face of any situation, breathed hard and showed the terrible strain and tension of the minutes.
>
> The empress alone appeared in full command of every nerve and muscle. I looked upon the Tsaritsa in silent admiration. The picture of her strong, immovable figure is imaged forever upon my memory. The fluttering of a glove or a handkerchief from the balcony to the floor would surely have upset the entire assemblage in spite of its magnificent show of military symbols, buttons, medals, and gold and silver trappings. The thought came to me there, and I have recalled it many times since, had such an untoward incident occurred the Tsaritsa alone, or at least, the empress alone, would have stood solid. The exquisite poise and complete possession of the Tsaritsa commanded absolute admiration. Cold and indifferent she may be toward the people of her court, but on an occasion like this she certainly acquits herself with rare credit. At all times a magnificent woman to look upon, tall, statuesque, imposing, imperial, she never appeared to better advantage than on this occasion.

The desire of the Russian royal family for a son is the text from which the author preaches a little homily to the Czar upon the indiscretions of his youth:

> Prior to the birth of Anastasie, the aid of eminent medical and scientific men was sought to influence, if possible, the sex of the next child, but all to no avail. (What pangs of bitterness must sometimes have come to her mother heart when she remembered the two boys whose father was also the father of her daughters—two sons who could never be recognized by their own father and who were destined forever to be exiled to a foreign land because of the blot on their 'scutcheon! What piercing irony of fate for the father who must sometimes have remembered his outcast sons upon whom he had bestowed the bastard mark while the birth of a legitimate son and heir was so long deferred!)

We have a somewhat extensive description of the spiritualistic vagaries in which this amazing royal couple have indulged. Medium succeeds medium, and each is welcomed with the credulity which would be remarkable enough and deplorable enough among the most ignorant of villagers. The most impudent of these charlatans was known as Philippe:

> The effect of Philippe's ministrations upon the Tsaritsa led her still deeper within the portals of the Spirit World. To conclude the story of Philippe, it is said that he became intoxicated with the power and confidence bestowed on him by the royal family and that he overshot himself at the time of the Russo-Japanese War. He is supposed to have been largely instrumental in persuading Nicholas to take the attitude that he did which brought about the war, and throughout the long, disastrous campaign was continually prophesying a turn in the tide which never came. Landard is said to have represented to the emperor that he had been selected by divine inspiration to assure the emperor that the war in Manchuria would inaugurate a new and great era of Russian glory that would forever overshadow the Yellow Peril which at that time was popularly feared to be menacing Europe. When disaster followed disaster, members of the court and royal household lost faith in Philippe, and finally the Tsar himself ordered him to leave Russia within forty-eight hours. This banishment proved a great blow to Landard, who, heart-broken and covered with disgrace, returned to his own native villa of St. Julian d'Arbresle, where he died the following year from a complication of internal disorders.

Here is another story of Philippe related by Miss Eager. The incident was apparently the beginning of the medium's downfall, since he had the audacity to prove that an emperor could be mesmerized just like a human being:

> Early one evening, the empress entered the nursery and told the children that she was going to dinner and would probably be very late, consequently would not come in to see them on her return, as was her wont. There was going to be a séance after the dinner. The next day Miss Eager took occasion to ask her majesty if she had enjoyed the séance. The Tsaritsa proceeded to tell her all about a clairvoyant called Philippe, but with a note of bitterness in her recital, for she said that Philippe had mesmerized her husband and made him do exactly what he told him. The empress steadfastly refused to see Philippe after that. Just what occurred at this séance, the empress never did say, at least to Miss Eager, but it was quite clear to her that her majesty had been unfavorably impressed and that she would have nothing more to do with the mysterious Frenchman. Considerable pressure was brought to bear upon the empress by various ladies of the court to persuade her to go once more to Philippe, but she never would do it.

That the empress dislikes the "thought of clothes" may be regarded as another evidence of that strange mental unbalance of which we have sufficient proof:

> It may be a disappointing fact, but it is nevertheless true that the Tsaritsa just hates the thought of clothes, and though her costumes are of expensive fabrics, they never have any chic individuality of their own, for the very good reason that she cares so little about them. Of course, she does her shopping in Paris, but she does it by proxy. One of the ladies-in-waiting is commissioned to buy each season her gowns and her hats and all the other little details appropriate for a Tsaritsa's wardrobe, in Paris, but many times when they reach the Tsaritsa, she discards them with the expression, "Indeed, that is perfectly lovely and very Frenchy, but it would never do for me at all."
>
> The corsetière in Paris who makes the Tsaritsa's stays has troubles of her own, for the Tsaritsa utterly refuses to change her figure to suit the ever-changing modes. Her waist is growing large of late, according to the Parisian idea of a fashionable figure, but this doesn't trouble the Tsaritsa as much as it would trouble many women in America.

The heir to the Russian throne seems to be as unpleasant a child as the nurseries of the world could furnish, vain, brutal, domineering, and insolent, and carefully trained to be so by his amazing parents. We have many stories of these imperial children, but the author fails to persuade us to love any of them. Here is one that illustrates the kind of education meted out to them:

> One concluding anecdote of the Grand Duchess Olga is vouched for. One day a professor from Moscow was giving the Grand Duchess Olga a lesson in history. A lady-in-waiting was sitting by, as usual, to insure that no dangerous doctrines are taught. Suddenly Olga looked at her teacher and asked: "Who is Emperor of France?" The professor felt that this was an embarrassing question, for it was as yet far too early to undertake the explanation of a republican system of government. The lady-in-waiting, however, was equal to the occasion, for, seeing the embarrassment of the professor, she answered, "In France the emperor is called *President!*"

Mr. Durland has written a book of marked interest, but we may doubt if it has much abiding value. It is not so much a history as a eulogy, and a eulogy marked by a good deal of undiscriminating ecstasy that verges upon the unpalatable.

ROYAL ROMANCES OF TO-DAY. By Kellogg Durland. New York: Duffield & Co.: $2.50.

The highest scientific station in the world stands on the summit of Mount Misti, an extinct volcano in Southern Peru. The altitude of this station is 19,300 feet above sea-level. No one lives at the station. No one could live there, as the air is too rare and cold. The thermometer on the top of Misti often falls to 25 degrees below zero. Once a month an observer climbs up to the station to take the recordings of the instruments. It occupies two days to climb up and two days to climb down.

American flour, once largely imported into Manchuria, has now practically disappeared from the market. The chief cause of this condition is Manchurian wheat, ground at Harbin and other points to the north.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Adrian Savage.

Rarely has a more powerful novel come from the pen of a woman or one that dissects more mercilessly the love passion of her sex. It is not brutal, but it is true, and so it seems brutal. Joanna Smyrthwaite is a type of thousands of mature women in whom modesty has been deformed into prudery and whose virtue becomes almost grotesque in its conventionality. To her the very idea of love is almost an indelicacy. Upon the death of her father Joanna meets Adrian Savage, who comes from Paris to act as executor. Adrian is an artist of Anglo-French parentage, and he is already paying court to a young French widow who errs, if at all, upon the side of perfection. We may suppose that Joanna's contact with Adrian produces a sort of morbid insanity in her. She believes that Adrian is in love with her, although he gives her not the faintest justification, and she returns his love with a sort of prim and ghastly self-delusion. It is as pitiful a picture as was ever drawn, this of a long buried virginal passion rising from the coffin and degenerating into insanity as we watch it. That the author gives us a suggestion of the superhuman is a part of her consummate art. Suddenly tortured with doubt as to Adrian's sincerity, Joanna sees a vision of him in a foreign city in the act of gently and kindly repulsing the advances of a woman of the street and for the moment her consciousness is merged into that of her depraved sister. They become identical. It is to her that Adrian is speaking and—he does not want her. Is Joanna actually so far removed from the street walker? In her sick fancy has not she also been guilty of solicitation? Has she not done all those things in the dark corners of her mind that the other does openly? How far can the conventions of virtue, the primnesses of an artificial refinement, cover up the realities of human nature and the animal instincts that are never so sullenly rebellious as when they are tied down? Joanna is one of those intensely good women whose maidenly proprieties increase with age, but who, because of those proprieties, are always on the verge of a crude abandon. But the story is a tragedy only so far as Joanna is concerned. The author crowds her stage with living people and they make a miniature world with all its antitheses. "Adrian Savage" is certainly one of the half-dozen excellent novels of the year.

ADRIAN SAVAGE. By Lucas Malet. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.35 net.

Mother.

It may be that Kathleen Norris does not know how big a novel she has written in 172 pages. It is as big as the problem that she covers, and if some millionaire could devise a way to get it into the hands of every marriageable girl in the country the expenditure might be counted unto him for righteousness.

Margaret is the eldest girl in a large country family, the sort of family that has to pinch and scrape and make every nickel work like a dime. She is a fine girl, but not immune from the heresy of the day that happiness is impossible without money and that the choice between money and children must always be decided in favor of money. Fewer children in her own family would obviously mean the lifting of endless cares, a freedom from crushing anxiety, and access to a thousand comforts and pleasures now impossible. We know exactly how Margaret feels about it. She shares in the current selfishness of the day, the selfishness that calls itself the virtue of prudence.

[illegible] comes Margaret's entry into the fash- [illegible] world as the secretary of a wealthy [illegible]. She is surrounded by those who [illegible] maternity as they would the plague [illegible] whom every obstacle to idle pleasure [illegible]hema. But Margaret's full awakening [illegible] realities of life comes only when she [illegible] falls in love, and the problem that [illegible]nks she has settled comes close enough [illegible] looked in the face. Margaret gets a [illegible]: of the real light when her lover un- [illegible]dly visits her home and instead of [illegible] dismayed by its crowded unloveliness [illegible] in admiration for her mother, whose [illegible]ld serenity reflects the bliss of ma- [illegible]sacrifice. Then she understands that [illegible]r mother who has found the secret of [illegible]ss, not the society woman, that it is [illegible]ther who understands the science of [illegible] and that all the wealth of her fashion- [illegible] sociates could not buy for them one [illegible] the joy that is her mother's perpetual

[illegible]tory could be simpler. It is told with [illegible]mmate natural art that no training [illegible]imulate. It stands out like an oasis [illegible] dreary desert of modern fiction.

[illegible]ER. By Kathleen Norris. New York: [illegible]emillan Company; $1 net.

The Spell of Holland.

Little Pilgrimage series is not one to [illegible]looked by those contemplating a tour [illegible] The latest addition to the series is [illegible]pell of Holland," by Burton E. Steven- [illegible]l a better travel book it would be hard [illegible] The author wisely avoids a definite preferring to dwell upon the characteristics of the people and the general features of the country as they disclose themselves during such a journey as the traveler would be most likely to take. A few of the more interesting centres receive special mention, but the author's chief charm is to be found in a certain discursiveness that conveys an unusually adequate portrait of the country as a whole. The volume contains a map and a good selection of illustrations from photographs by the author.

THE SPELL OF HOLLAND. By Burton E. Stevenson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

The Coil of Carne.

John Oxenham is an experienced writer and he can use old ideas with new force. Somewhere in the days preceding the Crimean War Captain Denzil marries Lady Susan Sandys, and a few months later he has to leave the country hurriedly as a result of a dueling brawl. His father takes Lady Susan down to the country until the clouds blow over, but as a result of the rough journey she is prematurely confined and a boy is born within a few hours of her arrival and at the cost of her own life. So the poor lady never knows that the housekeeper's niece, also with a new-born baby, is down stairs at the same moment and that she, too, had been married to the gallant but faithless captain. The housekeeper and her niece, unable and unwilling to assert the claim of their own baby, adopt the simple expedient of confusing the two and professing their inability to distinguish them, an inability that neither threats nor cajolements can overcome. The story of the two boys occupies a substantial volume of nearly four hundred pages, somewhat too long, but that preserves its interests all the way through.

THE COIL OF CARNE. By John Oxenham. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25.

Tarantella.

This is a story of an American girl unhappily married to a Catholic in her own country and who goes to Italy in the hope of securing an annulment on the ground of an irregularity in the ceremony. Success seems assured until she is introduced to Italian conventions by the devotions of the Duca di Fiorestanni, who falls in love with her. She finds then that she is confronted with a painful alternative that, strangely enough, she has never realized before. If her marriage was irregular then her previous position with her supposed husband was that of a mistress. If the marriage was not irregular, then she has no ground upon which to ask for an annulment. And it will ruin the duca's prospects to marry a woman upon whose career there is a stain. We are not quite sure that the author has fully considered her problem from the legal point of view as well as the religious, but she has written a story of unusual passion, and one that gives a peculiarly vivid view of Italian aristocratic life. The picture of the dancing of the Tarantella is one to be remembered.

TARANTELLA. By Edith Macvane. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.20 net.

A Weaver of Dreams.

Myrtle Reed could always be trusted to give us a story of fine delicacy. That her characters are not exactly human beings does not matter at all. There will be such human beings one day, so the author may be considered in the light of a prophet. In this case we have a sort of a double love story. The hero is so far human as to fall in love with two girls at the same time, but we are more interested in the elderly couple who live in the same town and carry on an elderish flirtation by means of letters without ever seeing each other and then discover that they were old sweethearts whose separation had caused the seclusion in which they now live. It is beautiful and dainty and we wish we could believe it.

A WEAVER OF DREAMS. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.

An Accidental Honeymoon.

Mr. David Potter makes good use of the old but ever green idea of the aristocratic youth who falls in love with the girl of low degree and then discovers that she is not of low degree at all and that her residence in a country cottage is merely a matter of circumstance. Personally we have a liking for the simple country maiden and wish we might have kept her, but Mr. Potter knows best how far romance may safely be carried in a mercenary age. Moreover, we are not quite satisfied that the hero would have married the damsel at all but for the chance that carried them out to sea, unchaperoned, in the yacht. Then, of course, *noblesse oblige*.

AN ACCIDENTAL HONEYMOON. By David Potter. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.35 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"The Flying Girl," by Edith Van Dyne (Reilly & Britton Company; $1), is an aviation story written for girls and with its scene laid at Los Angeles.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company has published a collection of sermons by Louis Albert Banks, D. D., under the title of "The Sunday Night Evangel." Dr. Banks is pastor of the Independence Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church of Kansas City, Missouri, and has a high and deserved repute as a popular preacher.

Good selections from Sallust and Cicero are to be found in a "Third Year Latin for Sight Reading," by John Edmund Barss, that has been published by the American Book Company.

A pleasant story for young children and one well suited for presentation is "Happy Days at Hillside," by Emily Hewitt Morse (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1 net). Illustrations are by Clara D. Davidson.

Moffat, Yard & Co. have published an essay on "Abraham Lincoln, A Lover of Mankind," by Eliot Norton (75 cents net). Mr. Norton writes with a dignity and a simplicity worthy of his subject.

"The Wind-Band and Its Instruments," by Arthur A. Clappé (Henry Holt & Co.; $1.50), is intended to cover the field of instrumentation of wind-bands, treating each instrument in detail and showing their historical development.

"The Peace of the Solomon Valley," by Margaret Hill McCarter (A. C. McClurg & Co.), is not only a pleasant little romance in the form of letters, but also a striking description of a favored part of Kansas. The make-up of the little volume is artistic.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company are to be congratulated on their fine large-sized edition of Tennyson's "Princess." The letterpress is in double column with marginal illustrations and there are also many full-page line and color illustrations, all by Howard Chandler Christy.

Duffield & Co. have added "Lady Patricia," by Rudolf Besier, to the Plays of Today and Tomorrow series, now in process of issue. It is a comedy in three acts that was first produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on March 22, 1911, under the management of Mr. Herbert Trench. Price, $1 net.

Those who read "Little Miss Fales," by Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe, will welcome its continuation under the title, "The Missing Pearls" (Harper & Brothers; $1.25), in which Little Miss Fales goes West and has some exciting experiences, as, of course, does every one else who goes West.

"The Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet," edited by W. A. Neilson, Ph. D., and A. H. Thorndike, Ph. D., L. H. D., has been added to the Tudor Shakespeare, now in process of issue by the Macmillan Company (35 cents net). The admirable workmanship and convenient pocket size of these volumes make them desirable possessions.

Every right-minded child will have a welcome for the fine edition of "Gulliver's Travels" just issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. ($2.50). The text has been slightly changed to suit the young by W. B. Scott, who has done this delicate duty with restraint, while the colored and plain illustrations by A. E. Jackson are of exceptional merit.

The boy with a scientific turn of mind will find much to please him in "Secrets of the Hills," by Sterling Craig (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.50). It is a story of a boy on vacation who learns a good deal about metals as well as glaciers, earthquakes, fossils, and kindred subjects. It is written and illustrated in a way likely to stimulate interest.

In "The Singing Mouse Stories," by Emerson Hough (Bobbs-Merrill Company), we have a collection of gentle philosophizings on the ways of men and nature, mostly with a sadly reminiscent touch and with something more than a suggestion of mysticism. The Singing Mouse was a wise little beast and knew everything that had ever happened in the world.

"Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett" as collected in a volume published by Houghton Mifflin Company ($1.50 net) deserves to rank among the best-known examples of American letter-writing. Miss Jewett wrote about everything and wrote with the sincerity that displays character. The volume is edited by Mrs. James T. Fields and contains three portraits and a facsimile manuscript.

The biographical edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson now include his "Lay Morals and Other Papers," with a preface by Mrs. Stevenson. This volume contains the author's famous letter on Father Damien. The biographical edition contains thirty volumes of an acceptable form and irreproachably printed. The publishers are Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1 per volume.

Mr. Adam L. Gowans explains in the preface to "The Twelve Best Tales by English Writers" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; 75 cents) that he has restricted himself to the works of authors no longer living and to stories not exceeding 15,000 words in length. Even under such conditions the task of choice is not an easy one, but there will be small disposition to cavil at Mr. Gowans's selection.

"The Man in the Shadow," by Richard Washburn Child (Macmillan Company; $1.25), contains eighteen short stories that have already seen the light in a less permanent form and that are well worthy of remembrance and preservation. Mr. Child shows an enviable power to strike a new note and to captivate his reader by audacity. Of this a good illustration is to be found in the story that he calls "Shark," and there are many others of a like kind.

Among their list of new books for young people Thomas Y. Crowell Company have included two volumes of English history by Estelle Ross. The first is "The Birth of England" and the second is "From Conquest to Charter." The author carefully avoids a childish style while conveying her narrative in a clear and simple manner. She has done her work well, as, too, has Evelyn Paul, who contributes the numerous illustrations. The price is $1.25 each.

The Pickwick Papers.

There is no likelihood that a love for Dickens will wane while we have such splendid editions as that just issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. In two volumes decoratively bound and with pages measuring 7 inches by 12 inches, it is hard to imagine anything more attractive for presentation purposes or better calculated to enrich the library possessing it. The illustrations by Cecil Aldin are masterpieces of vigorous humor and radiate the spirit of the text to an extent as delightful as it is rare. There are about twenty-five full-page illustrations in color and nearly a hundred line drawings in the text, all of them well chosen and faultless in execution. The price of the two volumes is $7.50.



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THE LATEST BOOKS.

John Temple.

In the form of a romance Mr. Ralph Durand gives us a fascinating account of the doings of the Portuguese conquistadores in South Africa. He uses the novel because the material is too romantic for any other medium, and so the reader may anticipate a double delight. His prologue concerns itself with the murder of a Portuguese missionary some three and a half centuries ago in the country now known as Masbonaland. The story itself relates the adventures of the primitive expedition sent against Monomatapa, an expedition inspired by dreams of a great empire whose fabulous wealth should accrue to the glory of church and state. The narrative is historically true and the characters were real persons with the exception of the Englishman taken prisoner by the Portuguese and condemned to military service with the primitive army. It is a story of almost incredible adventure and told with a skill, an energy, and a sentiment beyond criticism.

JOHN TEMPLE. By Ralph Durand. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

Religious Teachers.

Mr. Alfred W. Martin has laid himself open to no charge of partiality in his "Great Religious Teachers of the East." His presentation of the systems of Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius, Lao-Tze, Jesus, and Mohammed are models of clear and condensed exposition, wholly free from bias and well calculated to show the ethical identity of the great world faiths. If the author has a text it may be said to be the parliament of religions at Chicago, and he wisely says that when Christianity "consented to sit in the parliament on equal terms with other faiths it surrendered, whether intentionally or unconsciously, the claim to be the only true, divine religion in the world."

GREAT RELIGIOUS TEACHERS OF THE EAST. By Alfred W. Martin. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25.

Philip Steele.

This is the story of a rich man's son who searches for the elemental realities of life by joining the Canadian Mounted Police. He finds them, but Mr. Curwood by no means confines him to stirring incident, although there is plenty of this and to spare. He is not content with showing us what men do, but also what they think about, the forces that drive them to desperation and crime, and also those other and gentler forces that redeem them.

PHILIP STEELE. By James Oliver Curwood. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.25 net.

The House in the Hedge.

Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour has succeeded in telling a charming little story of a girl whose sympathies are aroused by a cripple who takes the vacant house next door while awaiting an operation. Pity, as we all know, is akin to love, and although we know from the very beginning that Marjorie will fall in love with the interesting invalid and that the operation will be successful, we like to be told all about it in Mr. Barbour's dainty way.

THE HOUSE IN THE HEDGE. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.10.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The first of two little plays by Sir W. S. Gilbert secured for publication by the *Century Magazine* was a grim tragedy, but the second, "Trying a Dramatist," in the December issue, is a comedy of concentrated fun.

Maeterlinck was given the Nobel prize in literature this year, and it is said that his play, "The Blue Bird," was the chief object of regard by the committee of award.

J. T. Trowbridge, the famous writer of stories for boys, now in his eigbty-fifth year, sailed from Boston a few days ago on his ninth trip to Europe.

"Memoirs of Theodore Thomas," by Mrs. Thomas, gives more than the musical achievements of the great director, for it exhibits his home life, his methods of work, and his personal characteristics. Moffat, Yard & Co. are the publishers.

Balzac, in "La Cousine Bette," described the process of dreaming over literary projects that have not come true as a smoking of "enchanted cigarettes." The list of books by famous men that were planned and never written is a long one. Stevenson's include a "Life of Hazlitt," a biography of the Duke of Wellington, and a novel, "The Young Chevalier," all mentioned by Mr. Lang, a series of papers on the French Parnassiens, a novel of life in Tahiti, to be called "Sophia Scarlett," a love-story called "Canonmills," which he thought everybody would think "dreadfully improper," another love-story, "but not improper," called "The Rising Sun," a history of the Indian Mutiny, and an English grammar, illustrated by examples from the English classics. Among earlier writers, Burke contemplated a history of England, and Macaulay made some progress with "The History of France from the Restoration of the Bourbons to the Accession of Louis Philippe," of his journal tells us that if he could have obtained materials, he would have written a short life of Jane Austen, in order to raise "a little money to put up a monument to her in Winchester Cathedral."

Owen Wister's "Virginian" has been brought out in a sumptuous holiday edition by the Macmillan Company.

James Huneker's volume, "Franz List," with its numerous illustrations, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is easily first among the books chosen by music-lovers in their search for Christmas gifts at the bookseller's.

This is a suggestive paragraph from the confessions of an autograph collector: "Many of the French operatic and dramatic celebrities I had heard in New York without succumbing to their charms, but when I heard them on their native soil I thirsted for specimens of their handwriting. Indefatigably I wrote letters begging for autographs. A few courteously acceded to my request, but a popular tenor initiated me into the French way of coping with the autograph fiend. A note from his secretary informed me that if I would huy from the stationer whose address he enclosed an actor's autograph form and send it to the tenor he would be most happy to sign it. I hastened to the stationer's and found that printed slips awaiting the actor's or singer's signature could be bought for a franc, the money being applied to the actors' fund. Except in rare cases that is the only way a French professional man now grants an autograph."

New Books Received.

FICTION.

A LIKELY STORY. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.35 net.

A new novel.

FOLLOWERS OF THE GLEAM. By Charles L. Godell, D. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; $1.

The story of some converted lives.

ALYS-ALL-ALONE. By Una Macdonald. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

The story of a little girl.

A HAND IN THE GAME. By Gardner Hunting. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.25 net.

A novel.

THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW FOREST. By Captain Marryat. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.35 net.

Illustrated by E. Boyd Smith.

THE MONEY MOON. By Jeffrey Farnol. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.25 net.

A new novel by the author of "The Broad Highway."

BIOGRAPHY, DESCRIPTION, ECONOMICS.

THE EXPEDITION OF THE DONNER PARTY AND ITS TRAGIC FATE. By Eliza P. Donner Houghton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $2 net.

By the daughter of George Donner, captain of the party, and herself a member of it.

SEARCHLIGHTS ON SOME AMERICAN INDUSTRIES. by James C. Mills. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.50 net.

Facts about leading American industries with mechanical and economic aspects of their operation.

THE GREEK COMMONWEALTH. By Alfred E. Zimmerin. Oxford, England: The Clarendon Press.

Politics and economics in fifth-century Athens.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK. By Edward Thomas. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1.60 net.

A biography with critical comments upon his works.

HOME LIFE IN ALL LANDS. By Charles Morris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1 net.

Book III, "Animal Friends and Helpers."

THE BOOK OF THE TARPON. By A. W. Dimock. New York: Outing Publishing Company; $2 net.

A book for the fishing enthusiast.

FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO THE HOME OF OMAR KHAYYAM. By A. V. Williams Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Company; $3.50 net.

Travels in Transcaucasia and Northern Persia for historic and literary research.

LIFE, LOVE, AND LIGHT. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.10 net.

Practical morality for men and women.

VENICE AND VENETIA. By Edward Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2 net.

A travel book, with colored and plain illustrations.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY. By Henry Williams. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.50 net.

A matter-of-fact account of the navy.

SOME AMERICAN STORY TELLERS. By Frederic Taber Cooper. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.60 net.

A critical analysis of the work of some prominent American novelists.

CATHEDRAL CITIES OF ITALY. By W. J. Collins, R. I. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $3.50 net.

With colored illustrations by the author.

MANUAL OF SHIP SUBSIDIES. By Edwin M. Bacon, A. M. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

An historical summary of the systems of all nations.

JUVENILE.

THE FIREMAN. By Tudor Jenks. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Issued in the What Shall I Be? series.

THE CASTAWAYS OF PETE'S PATCH. By Carroll Watson Rankin. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.25 net.

An out-of-door story for girls from eight to fifteen.

THE SAILOR. By Tudor Jenks. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Issued in the What Shall I Be? series.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WILLIAM PENN MEMORIAL. By Barr Ferree. New York: The Pennsylvania Society.

Report on the work done in London by the Pennsylvania Society.

PICKANINNY NAMESAKES. By Eloise Lee Sherman. New York: Frederic Fairchild Sherman; 75 cents.

Pictures and verse full of the humor of the old-time American negro.

PRACTICAL COURSE IN BOTANY. By E. F. Andrews. New York: American Book Company; $1.25.

A text-book for secondary schools.

THE PUBLIC MINISTRY OF JESUS. By Horace Davis. Boston: American Unitarian Association; 50 cents net.

Based mainly upon the gospel of Mark.

THE HEREDITY OF RICHARD ROE. By David Starr Jordan. Boston: American Unitarian Association; $1.20.

A discussion of the principles of eugenics.

THE VISTA OF ENGLISH VERSE. Compiled by Henry S. Pancoast. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.50 net.

Reprinted from "Standard English Poems," with additional selections.

THE WRITING OF NEWS. By Charles G. Ross. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

With chapters on newspaper correspondence and copy reading.

THE WAGNER STORIES. Retold from the music dramas by Filson Young. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.50 net.

With metrical translations of lyrical portions.

AGLAVAINE AND SELYSETTE. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & &o.; $1.25 net.

A drama in five acts. With an introduction by Alfred Sutro.

THE HIGH SCHOOL DEBATE BOOK. By E. C. Robbins. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1 net.

Intended for high school pupils.

THE MYRTLE REED YEAR BOOK. Preface by Jeannette L. Gilder and biographical sketch and appreciation by Mary D. Powell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.

Epigrams and opinions from the writings and sayings of Myrtle Reed.

CLOTH OF FRIEZE. By Mary Elcanor Roberts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A volume of new verse.

VEGETABLE VERSELETS. By Margaret G. Hays. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1 net.

Humorous verse with illustrations.

DISRAELI. By Louis N. Parker. New York: John Lane Company; $1.

A drama.

The Lure of the Garden.

Lovers of gardens and of the outdoor life, that is to say the whole of intelligent humanity, will appreciate the fine volume in which Hildegarde Hawthorne sets forth the social side of gardens old and new and indicates how the social value of a garden is coming to be better understood and enjoyed in America. Miss Hawthorne writes ingratiatingly and humorously, her efforts being well sustained by the sixteen full-page illustrations in color by Jules Guérin, Maxfield Parrish, Anna Whelan Betts, and Ivanowski, and the thirty-two full-page illustrations in black and white. The volume is published by the Century Company. Price, $4.50 net.

Under the title of "America the Beautiful" Thomas Y. Crowell Company have published the first complete collection of the poetical works of an author widely known through her books of travel and literary criticism. Many of these poems are patriotic, while others are devoted to travel and nature. The author is one of the few poets of the day whose work is uniformly welcome. The price is $1.25 net.

Keeping Pace with Progress

It takes time for the world to reconcile itself to new ideas and new inventions. Despite every advancement made in the various fields of industry and science, there will always be a per cent of the people protesting, harking back to the yesterdays, with the tallow dip, the lumbering stage-coach, and the uncertain sailing vessel.

So it has been with regard to the advancement of the street-car. Nobody would care to go back to the old-fashioned cars which operated in San Francisco during the earlier years of the city. For their day they were not inappropriate, but compared with the modern pay-as-you-enter type, they rank as would a sailing vessel with a powerful steamship of the present.

Despite the advancement, occasionally one reads of an objection to the new cars, but no objection has ever produced sound argument to back up its contention. Opinion is heard now and then that the P-A-Y-E cars are not so large in seating capacity as the other cars operating here.

The inside dimensions of the Sutter Street cars which have been displaced by the P-A-Y-E are as follows: Length, 31 feet 5½ inches; width, 8 feet 3 inches.

The dimensions of the pay-as-you-enter cars are: Length, 31 feet 7 inches; width 8 feet 2½ inches.

The total length of seats in the old cars is 61 feet 7 inches; the total length of seats in the P-A-Y-E cars is 63 feet 1 inch.

It will be seen, therefore, that the new cars contain eighteen inches more seating capacity.

However, that is not all. The great width of the aisles does much to prevent crowding, and allows passengers to pass in and out quickly and with none of the inconvenience so often attending entrance to or exit from the ordinary type of car. The fact that they can be boarded only at one end, thus preventing crowding and jamming at both ends of the car, is fully appreciated by the thousands who have occasion to use them daily.

It must not be supposed for a moment that these cars, costing fully half a million dollars, were brought out here as an experiment. This type of car had been giving good service in New York long before it was introduced to San Francisco. That the public service commission of New York City, with almost unlimited powers of regulation, long since accepted the P-A-Y-E is ample proof of its desirability from every point of view. It stands unquestioned that New York, where the question of urban transportation has been given more study than in any other community in the country, would not accept and approve of a car which was not a step in advance of what had gone before. It is observed, also, that cars with longitudinal seats are not confined to the surface roads in New York City, but are in use almost exclusively both on the elevated road and the subway, where the trains make a much higher speed, and where the acceleration and braking are much more severe.

Experts hold to the opinion that the longitudinal seats possess another advantage over the cross seats, in that they are less liable to contribute to injury in case of collision or other accident, because obstacles against which a person is liable to be thrown, such as cross seats, have been eliminated.

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"A FOOL THERE WAS."

There was a hig and fashionable audience assembled at the Columbia Theatre Monday night to see Robert Hilliard in "A Fool There Was," and I am still wondering what they thought of it.

The play is not of the class that the American public specially affects, as it belongs to the category of what G. B. Shaw calls "unpleasant plays." As everybody knows, it shows the swift downward descent of a man possessed of riches, honors, and domestic happiness; and finally possessed of a devil, for he falls under the domination of a lawless and lustful infatuation for a wicked woman.

No matter how neutral our lives and experiences may be, we have only to read the papers to learn that this sort of thing is not uncommon, and that good men and true go wrong when the reins of self-control are thrown wide and "passion's lawless riot" prevails. So there was a warrant for Mr. Browne's plot, and we settled down in our seats with that keen curiosity which the prudent and respectable feel as to the goings-on of those who have ahjured respectability and kicked over the traces for a wild run with destiny.

And it was a sorry spectacle. It recalled the horror inexperienced readers felt when, more than a decade ago, Zola's "L'Assommoir" had its vogue, although the hapless victim in "A Fool There Was" did not go so far as to have the James-Jams, like Zola's dipsomaniac, still he wallowed in hrandy and self-loathing and despair, and he showed us the sickening deterioration that total abandonment to the pleasures of the senses can wreak in a once clean, decent, dignified being. He painted before our eyes in lively colors the unpleasant possibilities inherent in our poor, stumbling, aspiring, conquering, weakening souls. He showed us the relentless ascendancy that wickedness can sometimes obtain over worth.

In fact Robert Hilliard made a very strong impression upon his audience in the last act. And yet the play can not he praised in terms commensurate with the interest felt in the performance. It is evident that Porter Emerson Browne wrote "A Fool There Was" with two conflicting ideals struggling in his mind for expression. He tried to be at once realistic and to conform to a sort of crudely poetic idea, suggested hy Kipling's poem, upon which the whole play is founded. When to these two conflicting elements is added a high melodramatic tension, it is palpable that "A Fool There Was" can not be regarded as a product of art.

Yet the author had an idea, and one capable of heing worked out with subtle yet searching realism. As it is, the play, which is really melodrama, has a strong strain of artificiality, highly colored theatricalism, and a marked incongruity of treatment on account of the character of the woman in the case being treated as a sort of poetic abstraction; for she is simply and solely the vampire; a being made up wholly of cruel, gloating sensuality. Yet in spite of its manifest faults, "A Fool There Was" does not give us a dull moment, although it contains many unpleasant ones. These unpleasant ones are partly balanced by others almost equally pleasant, for there are one or two agreeable scenes of domestic happiness before the serpent entered paradise, and the presence of a jolly little cherub of wholesome childhood to offset the frequent appearances of the red-mouthed vampire. The dialogue is bright; fatally bright. At times it threatens to become literary, and is frequently bookish. The wit and humor has too much of a made-to-order sound, and the little bits of comedy lack spontaneity and careless ease, except for one or two scenes with the child.

The piece is put on in first-class style; as a production it is notably fine, and there are many signs of a splendid generalship that is prevailing behind the curtain. The company, too, is very good: not so much from exceptionally high individual merit, perhaps, as from the fact that a competent group of people has heen drilled and rehearsed by an expert. There are signs of this guiding and controlling influence in various ways: the noticeable distinctness of speech in every character; the astonishing acting oroficiency of the child; the
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urry or unintelligible
nificant character. A
revails, and every idea
alogue carries. When
eliheration ceased, and
igly short. The stage settings were appropriate and denoted generous expenditure. A very striking and carefully worked-out contrast in the library of the victim before and after his complete ruin is shown in the setting of two scenes; in the latter the once handsome and luxurious room is made to reflect the hideous disorder in the mind and character of the fallen man who had once sat in the councils of the great.

Robert Hilliard, in the character of the faithless husband, began on a plane of artificiality, due, I should think, partly to Mr. Browne's inahility to give his dialogue an air of simplicity and naturalness. Mr. Alphonz Ethier was handicapped in the same way. This actor played the part of the friend of the family; a cheerful, talkative personage, more devoted and omnipresent than friends generally are in life, and full of lively sallies. These sallies were a heavy tax on the actor, as they were too long and elaborate to come as trippingly from the tongue as light, ephemeral nonsense is wont to come. Later, Mr. Ethier had to enact the scorn of the decent man who looks with loathing upon the moral leper, and tries to awaken a lingering spark of self-respect before redemption has become impossible. From the standpoint of artistic excellence, he shouted too much in this scene, but at the then prevailing temperature of melodrama shouting seemed to he the correct thing. In fact, it struck me that this player dealt very ably with a very husy rôle.

Robert Hilliard came in strong in depicting the complete physical and mental collapse of the hushand. This was the unpleasant scene, and one that seemed almost to pass the bounds of dramatic reticence. The wretched victim swilled brandy by the pint, gulping it down his throat with noisy greed; he fell all over the ruined furniture, he whimpered like an aching child: he abandoned himself to unmanly tempests of shame and remorse. When the woman came, apparently for the purpose of gloating over her fell work, for her victim had by now become a very unappetizing spectacle, he alternated between feeble, futile rebellion and detestation, and a moth-like fluttering toward the flame.

The actor succeeded thoroughly in carrying us out of ourselves, even while we felt a sense of rebellion at the unpleasantness of the spectacle. It is a most exhausting and depressing piece of work, and I do not wonder that Mr. Hilliard contemplates an early renunciation of the rôle.

Miss Virginia Pearson, who represents the vampiring woman, is a very good selection for the character. She is slender, sinuous, and pretty, with large eyes, a narrow face made up appropriately with red-lipped pallor, and a head of beautiful bronze hair. The lady is a high art screamer. Just why the Woman, as the author calls her—all his characters are labeled in similar style—screams so much is heyond me. It seemed to be principally through an excess of cussedness. But she got her effects every time and made her auditors jump in their seats. I should recommend Miss Pearson, by the way, to look to her r's. A vampire should ahjure Middle West r's. They are not in keeping.

The character of the Woman is pitched on a most impossible plane. She seems to be a fehrile sensualist, incapable of any sentiment except cruelty. The author has thrown in a suggestion of psychic influence, and when her victim dies at her feet, he adds an electric storm to round off and complete the portent suggested in an earlier act. I think, too, that he wished, in the scene of the last kiss invitation, to carry out the idea of the vampire exacting toll on the last drop of blood in the veins of her victim.

Altogether, the Woman is away off from the realism aimed at in other characters. Yet Miss Pearson made something of it, and when during a curtain call she was revealed as just a pretty, harmless player, bowing a grateful acceptance of appreciation, the realization came with something of a shock of surprise.

Stella Archer and Edna Conroy, two attractive women, played very satisfactorily the rôles of the wife and the sister. Miss Archer is very pretty, and has a charming smile, which she rather overworks. And she has the natural gift of a low, rich, cooing, contralto voice which seemed peculiarly fitted to convey the expression of brooding maternal tenderness.

I have not, for I don't know when, heard a company that is so richly satisfying in its delivery of dialogue. How deadly weary, patient, too patient, audiences do become over the senseless gabble into which players too often fall in long-run pieces, because the public will stand it. No matter how much allowance we should make for the deadening effect of long runs, yet there is certainly something highly unreasonable in expecting a presumably entertained audience habitually to lose from one-sixth to one-tenth of the dialogue, as they do in the average performance. I noticed, by the way, in "The Old Town" that no such carelessness was allowed.

Even the passengers in the crowd on the deck in "A Fool There Was" made themselves understood when they rose to temporary prominence, and the withering young woman who demanded that the captain and her deck chair be produced simultaneously didn't lose a trick.

I do not think, after seeing two very faulty plays by Porter Emerson Browne, that he will ever end in the poorhouse. But neither will he rise to be hailed as the great American dramatist. "The Spendthrift" is a very poor play, packed with faults, but I noticed that it drew a crowd. "A Fool There Was" is one grand conglomerate fault, but it drew another. After all, the work-wearied world never goes back on melodrama, and the "scarlet woman" with the roses and raptures of vice in her inviting arms still seems to be doing a thriving business at the same old dramatic stand, no matter how unreal she is, to modern eyes.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

CURRENT VERSE.

"In Avalon."

I, too, bave been in Avalon,
And walked its shadowy groves among,
And talked with Beauty, dead and gone,
And Love that lives in ancient song.
Yea, I have been in Avalon—
Tbercfore it is my brow is wan.

. . . . .

Pale violet were tbe helting seas,
And violet, too, both peak and vale;
And unremembering over these
The beaven like a violet pale;
And cliff and mountain o'er the deep
Let down their streams as if asleep.

. . . . .

No sun I saw; I saw no moon;
But twilight seemed forever tbere,
Witb glimmering starlight all a-swoon,
Above the blue and quiet air,
While all around, from east to west,
The consecration lay of rest.

Here saw I queens of old romance,
And sbadowy kings of legend pass:
And on their brows and in their glance
I read tbeir dreams as in a glass,
And, of my soul remembered yet,
The dreams bave taugbt me to forget.

But in their hearts my heart could read
No memory of what bad been,
No old regret for thougbt or deed,
Or that they once were king and queen;
They had forgotten all tbereof—
The hate of earth as well as love.

Long time I spake tbem, dim, apart;
Long time I talked with queen and king,
While through the beaven of my beart
Oblivion trailed a twilight wing,
And on my spirit's lifted brow
Was poured the peace that baunts it now.

Yea, I have been in Avalon,
The faery isle mid faery seas;
Therefore it is my face is wan,
My heart at peace remembering these;
It may not be, and yet I seem
Forever waking from a dream.

—*Madison Cawein, in Smart Set.*

The Mother.

I am the pillars of the house;
The keystone of tbe arcb am I.
Take me away, and roof and wall
Would fall to ruin utterly.

I am the fire upon the hearth,
I am the light of the good sun.
I am the heat that warms the earth,
Which else were colder than a stone.

At me tbe cbildren warm their hands;
I am tbeir light of love alive.
Without me cold tbe beartbstone stands,
Nor could the precious children thrive.

I am the twist tbat holds together
Tbe children in its sacred ring,
Their knot of love, from whose close tetber
No lost cbild goes a-wandering.

I am the house from floor to roof,
I deck the walls, tbe board I spread;
I spin the curtains, warp and woof,
And shake the down to be their bed.

I am tbeir wall against all danger,
Their door against tbe wind and snow,
Thou whom a woman laid in manger,
Take me not till the children grow!

—*From "New Poems," by Katharine Tynan.*

Night Songs in the City.—The Moon.

Above tbe smothering town she sails remote,
So cool, so far, so careless, so apart;—
She hears no cry from any choking throat,
She knows nor mad appeal nor breaking heart.

Straining tired eyes from this dim, tortured place,
We strive,—poor delvers in the city's mines!—
To see reflected in her silvern face
Some dreaming garden-close wbercon she shines.

—*Anna Alice Chapin, in Harper's Bazar.*

The Secret of the Hills.

Keen is the air and calm; the black frost cbills
Eartb to the bone, and winter twilight dies
Slow in a west of smoldering pageantries.
The heaven is tense still expectation tbrills,
Aloof and silent brood the ancient bills,
Their age-long taciturnity defies
The fruitless questioning of curious eyes
But our unsated craving never stills.

Man's sense is clouded; vainly he aspires
Their mighty hidden secret to behold.
Not till his eager spirit he can mold
To their unquestioning stillness shall he feel
Their broad tranquillity his soul enfold,
Their whisper soothe his restless beart's desires.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Timely Suggestion.

A case of assorted Italian-Swiss Colony wines will prove a welcome present. Any grocer or family wine and liquor store will deliver same the day before Christmas.

Kubelik, Wizard of the Violin.

Jan Kubelik is without question the most marvelous of living violinists. Ever since his eighth year this artist has been able to attract throngs to his concerts and to hold them entranced, as if in a spell for as long a time as he may choose. His playing is almost uncanny; he accomplishes the greatest difficult technical feats with apparently no effort. There is no other instrumental player in the world in the same class with Kubelik with the single exception of Paderewski. These are the only virtuosi who can attract and hold an audience of the same size that such songbirds as Tetrazzini, Schumann-Heink, Melba, and Bonci do.

Kubelik's farewell tour is under the direction of Mr. Fred C. Whitney, of "Chocolate Soldier" fame, and Manager Will Greenbaum has arranged with him to present Kubelik at two Sunday afternoon concerts at the Cort Theatre, the dates being December 17 and December 24. At the first concert the artist's principal number will be the exquisite concerto by Tschaikowsky, and at the second concert the Vieuxtemps concerto No. 4 will be one of the features.

The prices for this engagement will range from $2.50 down to $1, and mail orders should now be sent to Mr. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, for a Kuhelik concert means a sold out house. The box-office at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's will open next Tuesday, December 12.

In Oakland Kubelik will give a special programme at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday night, December 19, and the feature numbers will he the Mendelssohn and the Paganini concertos. Seats will be ready at Ye Liberty box-office on Thursday, December 14, and mail orders should be addressed to H. W. Bishop.

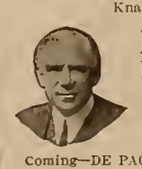
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ROBERT HILLIARD
In the play like no other
A FOOL THERE WAS
Based on Kipling's poem, "The Vampire"
Dec. 18—ANNA HELD, in "Miss Innocence."


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Last Concert
This Sunday aft, Dec. 10
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
Seats $2.50, $2.00, $1.00
Coming—DE PACHMANN.

VANITY FAIR.

Those who supposed that any law of human invention could permanently suppress the theatre hat must be singularly lacking in a knowledge of feminine psychology. They passed a law of this kind in New York, and for a time the stage could be seen by the no-account male persons who had paid their money for that purpose. But the hat had been scotched, not killed. The first forward move toward its restoration took the form of the theatre cap. It was a mere nothing, a tiny wisp of lace, a little mat of gold or silver intended, so the wearers said, to protect the hair and to ward off drafts. No one could object. It was no more than the skull cap that a bald-headed man might wear for purposes of warmth.

The theatre cap was a success. Every one wore it. Then fashion fixed her glassy eye upon it and made it her own. There began to be modes in theatre caps, and some of the modes were of the soaring and architectural kind. The caps no longer lay smoothly upon the hair. They became edifices, structures, monuments, and now it seems that the latter end of that man will be worse than the first.

The women who do not wear theatre caps have developed a cussedness all their own. The law requires that no hats shall be worn while the curtain is up. But they wear their hats until the curtain goes up. Then they begin to take them off, and we all know what that means. We have watched the process with fascination. It takes four minutes and both hands to make a mental chart of the position of the hatpins. It takes another four minutes to get them out and to dispose of them. When the lights go up after each act the woman puts on her hat again. To keep it on her laps while there is a chance to show it on her head is unthinkable and impossible to her. Then the whole process of taking off is repeated at the beginning of each act. It is no use protesting against a woman who is at that very moment engaged in obeying the law. For the matter of that there is no use in protesting against anything that a woman does. She was never yet known to desist as a result.

Some shop and hotel keepers in New York have been unbosoming themselves to a *Sun* reporter on the growing forgetfulness of fashionable women. They seem unable to keep their minds upon their property for two consecutive moments. One large store employs a man to do nothing but answer telephone messages about lost property. And the property is of every imaginable sort, purchases that have just been made, purses left upon the counter, valuable jewelry left in the dressing-rooms, chatelaine bags, vanity boxes, cigarette cases, and all the other items in the feminine cargo that is deposited on the person or carried in the hands. Upon one occasion a baby was forgotten for an hour and a half, but this could not have been by a fashionable women, who would naturally have had no baby.

The articles most often lost are bracelets, rings, and the whole tribe of silly, useless things that hang by chains. Bracelets are lost in restaurants when their owners slip them off in order to remove their gloves. The bracelet is put in the lap and forgotten, for a woman can hardly be expected to preserve a continuity of thought for more than a second or two. Then when she rises it slips to the ground. Anything with a chain to it is inevitably slung over the back of the chair and forgotten for the aforesaid reason of lack of mental continuity. The woman in the dressing-room removes her rings in order to wash her hands, and if the attendant is quick enough she may rescue them before the next lady puts them in her pocket.

Many of these articles are never returned. They are never asked for. If the owner misses them when she gets home she has probably only the vaguest idea where she has been during the day, and after two or three unsuccessful inquiries she gives it up. Perhaps she forgets what she is inquiring for—suddenly thinks of something else, if the ordinary terminology of mental processes is applicable to these cases.

From the English newspaper we get a description of the departure of the royal party for India, or rather of the servants of the royal party. We are told of several quietly dressed individuals who turned up at Victoria Station just as though they were no one in particular, tossed their hand baggage into corners of the cars, and then stood around talking with their friends, as people do when they are going on a journey. That alone is disappointing enough. We have always thought that royal servants acted with a certain delightful haughtiness and tried to make amends for the lack of style usually noticeable in their employers. But there is worse to come. Among the smaller articles thrown unceremoniously into the railroad car was a small cowhide bag with a yellow label. It might have contained a clean shirt and a toothbrush, but it didn't. It contained the crown of England.

Now what do you think of that? If such incident does not destroy our most cherished illusions then nothing will. We have never looked upon the crown as something to be touched and handled and put into a bag. We have vaguely supposed that the crown appeared upon correct occasions, that it just was, so to speak, and that it then disappeared in some ethereal way, like King Arthur's sword that was drawn down into the mere by a mystic arm "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful." But to think that it is put into a bag like a pair of shoes or a suit of pajamas. Now it may be actually necessary to do these things, but they should be decently hidden. We ought to be allowed to preserve our myths. There are occasions when we do not wish to know the truth. When we see Marguerite slowly ascending into heaven we have no words of thanks for the officious friend who persists in describing the machinery by which it is done and the frowsy stage hand who spits on his hands and hauls away at the ropes. Indeed we are not sure that the whole ceremony of the Durbar has not been spoiled for us. When we read the description of the gorgeous ceremonial and the swarthy native princes and the superstitious thrill that runs through the crowd as the Koh-i-Noor first flashes its splendors upon the assembled multitude we shall say to ourselves: "Yes, carried to the London station in a cowhide bag with a yellow label and tossed into a corner of the car." And then all the mysticism will pass away like a scroll, although why scrolls pass away it is hard to say, but they do.

Austria is about to impose a tax upon bachelors, for revenue only. There is no reformative idea behind the scheme, no hope that the recalcitrant ones can be goaded or spurred into a better life. It is notorious that they can not be so goaded or spurred. The only consolation that we can derive from the contemplation of the bachelor is the certainty that he will eventually be damned unless he repents. And the bachelor never repents.

The new Austrian law does not specify bachelors. It is a pity to make a martyr even of the worst of criminals. Martyrdom always suggests imitation, and the moment wrongdoing becomes interesting it is certain to be copied. The ordinary law of Austria imposes an income tax and the new law does no more than declare that those who have no one to support but themselves must pay a surtax of 15 per cent, while those who have to provide for one other person must pay 10 per cent extra.

That is rather a clever idea, come to think of it. If there is such a thing as a bachelor who can be led gently into the path of grace a law like this ought to get him. It takes him by the hand and points to the heights above that may be won by courage and daring. By taking a wife he saves 10 per cent, but let him not weary in welldoing. He has not yet finished the race. There is another 5 per cent economy ahead of him. The moment that perfectly unique baby is born he may look the tax collector in the face and demand preferential rates. And when once the ice has been broken, who can say how many more babies may not follow. The metaphor may be a little mixed, but we always get that way under the influence of strong enthusiasm.

Certainly there ought to be a bonus on babies. The missionary societies raise the pay of those who labor in the vineyard with the advent of each baby missionary. It is said to be a great stimulus to industry, while nothing can be more touching than the financial calculations indulged in by Mr. and Mrs. Missionary, who know that the future is, so to speak, in their own hands and that a steadily increasing salary will mark the appreciation always extended by the head office toward devotion and perseverance. The day will come when so admirable an example will be followed by the governments that now so unctuously urge us to have children early and often and then swat us with the tax collector whenever we obey.

Wealthy women, we are told, are becoming more businesslike. They have learned how to make their wills and need no longer depend upon the curate or even upon the lawyer. The attorney who waits upon his fair client for her testamentary instructions may be prepared to find that she knows exactly what she wants and that he will be asked nothing more than the legal formulas.

But it has been observed as a curious fact that while women are prone to leave their wealth to "causes" rather than to individuals, they usually avoid the institutions intended for the special benefit of their own sex. The society for the distribution of moral pocket-handkerchiefs among the cannibals of New Guinea appeals to a warm and tender spot in the feminine breast, while a home for aged nursery governesses fails to arouse a spark. There are many pension funds for poor ladies, but they are sustained mainly by men, not by women. Organizations of a definitely religious nature appeal to the woman will-maker, but philanthropy without the religious label is left out in the cold, and especially all forms of philanthropy that are intended for the special benefit of their own sex.

The ultra-fashionable life of Newport has found a new silly novelty. It is called the dinner-dance, and it demands a dance between each two courses. Perhaps some very young people might enjoy the dinner-dance, but it will be viewed with horror by those of a more advanced age. Comfort seems to be excluded altogether from modern ideas of pleasure.

William Dean Howells, the author, was talking about a criticism that praised him almost fulsomely. "I don't quite like such indiscriminate praise," he said. "Such praise does a man more harm than good. It is like the enthusiastic policeman's remark about the genial new mayor. 'Oh, he's a fine feller,' the policeman said. 'Why, it don't matter who ye are, he'll get drunk with ye.'"

Mrs. Ecru—Although I have been to school and college and am supposed to be educated, I always mix up those two countries—Rococo and Morocco.—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Duke of Wellington, who had a taste for anything that Napoleon had liked, applied to David the artist, who had painted Napoleon's portrait, requesting David to execute one of bimself. "Sir," replied David, "I paint only historical characters."

A man went to an insurance office to have his life insured the other day. "Do you cycle?" the insurance agent asked. "No," said tbe man. "Do you motor?" "No." "Do you, tben, perhaps, fly?" "No, no," said tbe applicant, laugbing. "I have no dangerous——" But tbe agent interrupted him, curtly. "Sorry, sir," he said, "hut we no longer insure pedestrians."

A Philadelpbia golfer was talking at the Cape May Golf Cluh about a poor player. "At Bala," he said, "it took bim something like eighteen strokes to do one easy bole. On toward the end of the round he turned to his caddy and said: 'Let me see; does this make 195 or 196?' 'Look here, sir,' was the reply, 'wbat you need aint so much a caddy as an addin' macbine.'"

The small girl was at the tahle, drawing, and the motber asked her wbat tbe picture was to be. "God," replied the cbild simply. "But you can't draw God," protested tbe mother, "because you bave never seen Him, and no one has ever seen Him, and no one knows what He is like." The small cbild licked her pencil and put in another touch. "Tbey will know wben I've finished it," she said simply.

M. Camille Saint-Saëns, the great musician, and tbe life-long friend of animals, took into his home a little dog. The enraged concierge waited bis chance and notified the owner of the house. Soon a letter arrived for tbe musician which said, "Monsieur, my bouse is not a zoological garden!" Saint-Saëns sent back tbe answer, "Monsieur, if you wish your house to be a zoological garden you have only to live in it."

Dr. H. W. Wiley, tbe food expert, was talking at a luncheon in Wasbington about a food adulterator. "His first offer," said Dr. Wiley, "sounded, on the face of it, fair to the public, but it was in reality as unfair as the offer of tbe divorcée. A wife, after the divorce, said to her bushand: 'I am willing to loan you the bahy half of the time.' 'Good!' said be, rubbing bis bands, 'Splendid.' 'Yes,' sbe resumed, 'you may bave him nights.'"

Just before the recent departure of William Dean Howells for Spain a popular novelist called. He told all about his phenomenal sales. Then—fisbing for compliments—he sigbed and said: "I grow richer and richer, but, all the same, I tbink my work is falling off. My new work is not so good as my old." "Oh, nonsense," said Mr. Howells. "You write just as well as you ever did, my hoy. Your taste is improving, that is all."

The wife of an overworked promoter said at breakfast: "Will you post tbis letter for me, dear? It's to the furrier, countermanding my order for that $900 sahle and ermine stole? You'll be sure to remember?" The tired eyes of the barassed, shabby promoter lit up with joy. He seized a skipping rope tbat lay witb a heap of dolls and toys in a corner, and, going to his wife, he said: "Here, tie my right hand to my left foot so I won't forget!"

Lord Londonderry tells a tale, which conveys its own moral, about an Irishman in his employ. 'Twas on the everlasting subject of Ireland's wrongs. "We'll not get home rule for ould Oireland," said tbis son of Erin, "till Germany, France, Russia, and America give them hlayguards of Englishmen a good bating." After a pause he added proudly: "And hegor, t' whole lot of 'em shoved together couldn't do it! Oh, it's the grand navy we've got!"

A young New Haven man, returning bome from a health trip to Colorado, told his father about huying a silver mine for $3000. "I knew tbey'd rope you in!" exclaimed tbe old man. "So you were ass enough to huy a bumbug mine." "Yes, but I didn't lose anytbing. I formed a company, and sold half the stock to a Connecticut man for $7000." "Y-you did," gasped the old man as he turned white. "I'll het I'm the one who hought it." "I know you are," coolly observed the young man as he crossed his legs and tried to appear very much at home.

A man had for years employed a steady German workman. One day Jake came to him and asked to be excused from work the next day. "Certainly, Jake," beamed the employer. "What are you going to do?" "Vail," said Jake, slowly, "I think I must go hy mein wife's funeral. She dies yesterday." After the lapse of a few weeks Jake again approached the boss for a day off. "All right, Jake, hut what are you going to do this time?" "Aber," said Jake. "I go to make me, mit mein fraulein a wedding." "What? So soon? Why it's only been three weeks since you buried your wife." "Ach!" replied Jake. "I don't hold spite long."

The junior member of the old law firm of Goldsmith, Colston, Hoadley & Johnson having used tbe phrase "a shining ornament of the Cincinnati har" in referring to some other lawyer, Murat Halstead seized upon the phrase and tbereafter invariably referred to Mr. Johnson as "the brass ornament of tbe Cincjnnati bar." At an evening gatbering Mr. Halstead saw a handsome woman. He begged to be presented, and was—to Mrs. Johnson. It did not occur to him who tbe lady might be. He was curious about her. "Johnson, Johnson?" he repeated: "I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, Mrs. Johnson. Do you live in Ohio?" "Oh, yes," replied the lady, brimming over with smiles; "I live in Cincinnati." "Indeed!" said Mr. Halstead, quite astonished; "may I inquire of what family of Jobnsons you are?" The smiles were more than merry this time. "Mr. Halstead," she replied, "for fifteen years I have been trying to polish up the brass ornament of the Cincinnati har!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Vindication.

They call me cold!
A had and bold
Old Bachelor, they say.
Alack-a-day!
And likewise woe!
They do not know.

A woman-hater I, Misogynist,
Who say a woman never would be missed!

By all the gods of old!
Me! Cold!
Why, say,
If I'd my way
Tomorrow's paper'd advertise my bliss
In terms like this:

"Married: By Rev. Bishop Jones,
Last night at eight, George Henry Bones,
To Jennie Dohhs and Maud Kazoo,
And Helen Winks, and Polly too;
To Mary Barnes and Annie Smith,
To Florence Green and Fairy Frith,
To Birdie Wilkins, Sallie Brothers,
And six or seven lovely others."

Me! Cold!
Misogynist hoth bad and bold!
Whatever else I am, that's what I'm not!
Great Scott!
The truth, if you would know, the rein that checks,
In short, is this: I love the whole sweet blooming sex!

—Harper's Bazar.

A Doctor Man.

It's very often that my pa
Stays out all the night long;
They say it ought to worry ma,
'Cause it's jus' awful wrong.
But he don't care what all them folks
Says 'hout it, an' he can
Jus' sit an' laugh at all their jokes,
'Cause he's a doctor man.

He talks to other wimmen all
Th' time an' ma don't care;
An' every day he makes a call
To see some lady fair.
Th' neighbors says he takes 'em rides,
Nen he laughs at it an'
Jus' keeps it up an' splits his sides,
'Cause he's a doctor man.

He holds their hands an' smiles so nice,
An' asks 'em how they feel,
Nen wimmen sneak 'round, sly as mice,
An' give ma a long spiel
'Bout how bad pa is, an' nen she
Jus' laughs an' giggles an'
Tells him when he comes home, you see,
'Cause he's a doctor man.

—Medical Herald.

Passed Along.

A touch of the sun was the reason I went
To see Dr. Huss, and he cured me in style.
But left me—no douht without evil intent—
With quinsy, which sent me to see Dr. File.
The latter succeeded in curing me, too,
But when he had finished I found I'd a case
Of "shingles," for which I consulted anew
A world-renowned specialist named Dr. Chase.
This cost me considerahle; still, at the close
I found myself freed from that horrid disease,
But shortly developed a pain in the toes
That proved to be gout, which spread up to the knees.
Of course there was nothing to do, it is plain,
But see Dr. Hart, who has had such success
With gout; and he shortly relieved me of pain,
But left me anæmic—that's worse, I confess.
Still, Dr. Sandvogel showed marvelous skill
In bringing me round, and dismissed me as "cured"
In very short time. But again I fell ill,
And Dr. Van Tine, whom I called in, assured
My family, and quoted his most recent treatise,
That what I'd contracted was called diabetes;
But still he could cure me, he said, and 'twas so,
But charged me as high as the courts will allow—
He cured me all right, hut, alas! you must know
I've only just learned that I've Bright's disease now.
No doubt I'll continue as I have begun,
But, O! that I'd never been touched by the sun—
Or the doctors!

—William Wallace Whitelock, in Puck.

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Capital actually paid up in cash. 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.. 1,605,792.68
Employees' Pension Fund..... 113,473.47
Deposits June 30, 1911..... 44,567,705.83
Total assets 47,173,498.51

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; 1st Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; 2d Vice-President and Manager, George Tourny; 3d Vice-President, J. W. Van Bergen; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, A. H. Muller; Assistant Secretaries, G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse; Goodfellow, Eells & Orrick, General Attorneys.
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Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals Invited

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will he found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Van Sicklen have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Quincy, and Dr. George Dunlap Lyman, Thursday evening, December 28, at St. Luke's Church.

Dr. D. K. Dickenson and Mrs. Dickenson, of Los Angeles, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Nora E. Dickenson, to Dr. Almon Bartlett Ross of this city. Dr. Ross is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Beedy Ross of Pasadena.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Emma Brown Pratt and Mr. Melvin Garfield Jeffress. Mrs. Pratt is related to Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt and Mrs. William Denman.

The wedding of Miss Kate Field and Mr. Henry William Sharp took place last Saturday at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. H. K. Field. The bride is a sister of Mr. Charles K. Field and Mr. Russell Field. Mr. and Mrs. Sharp have gone to Portland, which will be their future home.

The principal social event of the week was the dance given Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard in honor of their niece, Miss Ruth Winslow, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow. The affair took place in the new hall on Sutter Street and Van Ness Avenue and was enjoyed by a large number of young people.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Edward Henshaw, Mrs. William Griffith Henshaw, and Miss Alice Grimes to a reception Thursday, the 14th of Decemher, from three until six, at the home in Oakland of Mrs. William Griffith Henshaw in honor of Mrs. Tyler Henshaw.

Miss Anna Beaver was hostess at a tea last Friday, when she entertained the Vassar Students' Aid Society and Miss Leslie Walker, a graduate of Vassar who has been engaged recently in archæological research work under the auspices of the American school in Athens.

Mrs. Harrison Smith will give a reception December 14 at her home on Clay and Buchanan Streets in honor of her débutante daughters, the Misses Alice and Henrietta Smith. The Misses Smith are cousins of Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mrs. Harold Dillingham, and Mr. Bayard Hyde-Smith.

The Misses Kathleen and Phyllis de Young were among the guests at a garden fête given in Yokohama by Mr. Charles Page Bryan, American amhassador to Japan, and also at an affair at the Mikado's palace.

Mrs. Harriet Peterson Miller was hostess at a luncheon Friday at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Metha McMahon.

Miss Evelyn Van Winkle entertained a number of friends Thursday at a bridge-tea at her home on Lake Street.

Miss Erna Herman gave a bridge-tea Tuesday complimentary to Miss Antoinette Keyston.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. King entertained a numher of relatives at a dinner Thanksgiving evening at their bome on Washington and Scott Streets.

Dinners were given Thanksgiving evening at the Fairmont Hotel by Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Selfridge entertained a number of friends at a dinner at their residence on California Street.

Mrs. J. A. Black was hostess last evening at a dance at Century Cluh Hall in honor of Miss Marie Louise Tyson.

Mrs. John Scott Wilson gave a tea Thursday at her home on Washington Street. Mrs. Walter Greer assisted her mother in receiving a large numher of guests who called during the afternoon.

Mrs. Henry Lund entertained at a luncheon recently in honor of Mrs. Martin Crimmins.

Miss Minna Van Bergen and Miss Marie Louise Foster have issued invitations to a tea December 14 at the home on Pacific Avenue of their grandmother, Mrs. John A. Bauer.

Mrs. James McNab, Mrs. Frank Kerrigan, and Miss Christine McNab have sent out cards to a tea Decemher 14 at the family residence on Broadway.

Dr. Alexander Garceau and Mrs. Garceau gave a dinner Thursday evening complimentary to Miss Ruth Winslow, in whose honor a dance was given later in the evening hy her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Miss Edith Treanor was hostess at a luncheon in honor of Miss Hannah Woodman, who is visiting Miss Grace Wilson.

Miss Ella Morgan entertained a number of friends at a luncheon complimentary to Mrs. Quimby of England.

Mrs. Robert Chester Foute and her daughter, Miss Augusta Foute, gave a tea recently at the Palace Hotel in honor of the Misses Rosa and Josephine Nieto.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace was hostess Tuesday at a tea in honor of Mrs. C. J. Bailey, who is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Mrs. Horace Davis Pillshury will entertain at an informal tea this afternoon in honor of Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, who is to he married December 28 to Dr. George Lyman.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann entertained a numher of friends at a dinner in honor of Mrs. Bowditch Morton.

Lieutenant Carleton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Carleton gave a dinner at their home in the Presidio complimentary to Colonel McClure, U. S. A., and Mrs. McClure.

Mrs. Frederick von Schrader was hostess at a bridge-tea Wednesday, when she entertained a number of army friends.

Major Percy M. Ashburn, U. S. A., was the guest of bonor at a theatre party given by his brother officers at the Presidio.

Mrs. Frank P. Deering was hostess at a luncheon and hridge party Wednesday at her home on Larkin Street.

Mr. Raphael Weill gave a box party Saturday evening in honor of Mr. Joseph D. Redding.

Mrs. Edward V. Saunders was hostess at a bridge party on Thursday and on Friday at her home on Filbert Street.

Loring Club Concert.

The concert of the Loring Cluh on Tuesday evening next, Decemher 12, is heing looked forward to with interest, particularly on account of one of the most important works of the American composer, Charles Wakefield Cadman, heing given its first presentation in San Francisco on that evening.

Through the courtesy of the hoard of trustees of Calvary Preshyterian Church the Loring Cluh has heen given the use of that fine auditorium and exceptionally heautiful organ, which instrument will he prominently heard in the accompaniments to Cadman's work, a setting of James Russell Lowell's nohle poem, "The Vision of Sir Launfal," for chorus of men's voices with tenor and haritone soli, with accompaniment of piano and organ. The solos in this work have heen assigned to two well-known cluh memhers, J. F. Veaco and L. R. Rhodes, the piano and organ parts heing played respectively hy Frederick Maurer and Benjamin S. Moore. One other composition of one of our foremost American composers which also will he given its first hearing in San Francisco on this occasion is George W. Chadwick's setting of "Pack Clouds Away." As is usual in the programme of the concert in the Christmas season a number of Christmas carols and Adolphe Adam's "Cantique de Noel" are also included. The soloist will he Miss Louise Brehany, who will sing an aria from Massenet's "Herodiade" and an interesting group of Russian songs.

The concert will he under the direction of Mr. Wallace A. Sahin, the conductor of the cluh.

Bispham Farewell Concert.

The eminent haritone, David Bispham, will give his farewell concert at the Scottish Rite Auditorium tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon. Bispham during his present visit has cemented the honds of admiration in which he is held hy local music-lovers, hy revealing his voice at the very height of its dramatic power. His programmes are arranged in a novel way, somewhat different from the usual run, and the Bispham method of rendering his songs or recitations is quite unique and original. At the concert tomorrow he will sing Shubert's "Erlkönig," Carl Loewe's "Wedding Song" (Goethe), Tschaikowsky's "Nur wer die Sehnsucht Kennt," Alherich's curse from "Rheingold" hy Wagner; two songs hy Clara Schumann, and a recitation to music of Tennyson's "Guinevere," the music hy Heniot Levy. In the American group will he found songs hy Henry K. Hadley, our new symphony conductor; Lulu Jones Downing, Sidney Homer, H. H. Wetzler, and hy request Mr. Bispham will sing the "Song of the Flint" which was the hit of W. J. McCoy's Bohemian Grove Jinks play, "The Cave Man," and which was originally sung hy Mr. Bispham. As at the concert last Sunday, Bispham will he assisted hy Harry M. Gilhert, at the piano.

Seats for the concert are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Tomorrow, Sunday, the hox-office will he at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

The announcements for the Sigmund Beel Quartet Concerts at the St. Francis Hotel are ahout to he mailed, and any information regarding the series may he secured hy addressing Manager W. L. Greenhaum. These concerts will prove to he popular, for Beel has hosts of friends and admirers, and hesides there is nothing more heautiful than the masterpieces of chamher music.

Miss Jose Collins, who made her dehut in a musical comedy at the Winter Garden in New York, is a daughter of Lottie Collins, who made "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" a great success twenty years ago.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Robert Hilliard and one of the strongest of suporting companies is at present holding forth at the Columhia Theatre, where an engagement of two weeks is proving highly attractive to theatre-goers. The second week of the engagement opens with this Sunday night's performance. Under the direction of Klaw & Erlanger, Mr. Hilliard has come here in a play which has awakened an unusual amount of interest. "A Fool There Was" is without question one of the most striking examples of modern playwriting staged in the past decade. Its three acts and six scenes are crowded with interest-holding situations, and the close of the play is positively tremendous. This scene, wherein the Vampire tortures her victim, who seeks redemption, i. played hy Mr. Hilliard and Miss Virginia Pearson in a most forceful manner. Rohert Hilliard is today in the fore ranks of our leading stars and he has come to San Francisco with one of the remarkahle plays of the day. It is a comhination which can not fail to attract attention and that it is doing so is evidenced hy the hig attendance at the Columhia. The only matinées are given Saturdays.

There will he great doings at the Orpheum next week. Ada Reeve, who comes direct from England to play a special tour of the Orpheum Circuit, is considered to he the hest of all the serio-comic comediennes who have won fame in London, and in the two theatres of the Orpheum Circuit in which she has already appeared she has created a furor. Miss Reeve has not only heen prominent in the English vaudeville houses, but bas also won renown as a stellar feature at several of the principal West End London theatres, in "San Toy" and other successful musical comedies. Miss Reeve's songs are distinctive and unique. Many are of the descriptive type, and the point of them is always well made. A great charm of her performance which will particularly appeal to San Francisco audiences is its perfect refinement. The other artists who will contrihute to the new hill are all celehrated in their respective lines. Mrs. Gardner Crane, "the plump dispenser of laughter," will present the laughahle farce, "The Little Sunheam," of which she is the authoress. The action all takes place in a Pullman at seven in the morning. Gardner Crane and a company of six give Mrs. Crane admirahle support. Dave Genaro and Ray Bailey, who also come next week, are among the most versatile artists in vaudeville. The songs they sing are their own compositions, and a feature of their performance is their "Flirtation Dance Song." Mr. and Mrs. Jack McGreevy will amuse with their diverting skit, "The Village Fiddler and the Country Maid." Mr. McGreevy as the fiddler shows a rural type that is exceedingly droll, and Mrs. McGreevy is delightful as the eccentric country maid. Next week will close the engagement of the Six Bracks, Mlle. de Fallieres, and Les Fraed-Nad. It will also he the last of Johnny and Emma Ray, who will present an entirely new comedy skit called "Casey, the Fireman."

On Monday night, Decemher 18, Anna Held will he the compelling attraction at the Columhia Theatre, appearing in F. Ziegfeld, Jr.'s massive musical attraction, "Miss Innocence." It is now some eight years since Anna Held has appeared in San Francisco and already theatre-goers are making inquiries for the reservation of seats for her engagement. In the presentation of "Miss Innocence" Anna Held will he supported hy a company of 150 people, including the captivating Anna Held Girls.

Miss Partington's Landscapes.

An exhihition that is creating much interest in art circles is that of the landscapes of Gertrude Partington, now heing shown at her studio, 220 Post Street. With these pictures Miss Partington makes a notahle first appearance as a landscape painter, the collection, exclusively of San Francisco suhjects, reaching a very high level of achievement. The suhjects are of varied sort, including many glimpses of the hay and water-front, all treated with hreadth and vigor. A most interesting contrast is afforded hy the landscapes and the two dry-point etchings that are here shown, the landscapes with their almost masculine holdness of handling and the dry-points with their suhtle, delicate grace hardly seeming to he hy the same hand. Certainly Miss Partington gives here a new interpretation of San Francisco, and a truly distinguished one.

The home in West Point of Lieutenant Edwin Pritchard, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pritchard (formerly Miss Marie Lundeen) has heen brightened hy the advent of a son.

In the "Christmas Box"—Be sure there's a hox of Geo. Haas & Sons' candies included with the rest of the good cheer. The same variety of candies in each store. Four conveniently located stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

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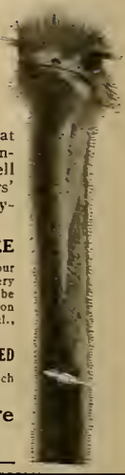
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Indexed will he found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and hereabouts of absent Californians:

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt will leave tomorrow for New York, expecting to return for Christmas.

Judge F. W. Henshaw and Mrs. Henshaw have closed their home in Woodside and will spend the season at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney and their two little daughters have returned from Rocklin, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney, Jr.

Mrs. Harrison Smith and her daughters, the Misses Alice and Henrietta Smith, who have been abroad for several years, are residing on Clay and Buchanan Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Henderson (formerly Miss Louise McCormick) have gone to Honolulu for a brief visit.

Miss Enid Gregg has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames at their home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle are established for the winter in the home on Broadway of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kimble.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and her sons, the Messrs. Lloyd, William, Gordon, and Lansing Tevis, have come up from Bakersfield to spend two weeks in their town house.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy have opened their town house on Van Ness and Pacific Avenues after having spent the summer in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin have gone to Portland to spend two weeks.

Major John A. Darling and Mrs. Darling have taken a house in England and will remain abroad indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship will leave Friday for Macon, Georgia, to spend the holidays with relatives. They will he joined in New York by Miss Margaret Casey, who is attending an Eastern school.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden have closed their home in Burlingame and are in town for the winter.

Mr. Michel Weill returned from Europe with his uncle, Mr. Raphael Weill, and will reside permanently in this city.

Miss Agnes Tillmann is expected home shortly from New York, where she has heeo spending the past two months. Miss Tillmann was the guest recently of Miss Marguerite de Vecchi.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Wright have closed their bungalow in Mill Valley and are established in town for the winter.

Mrs. Benjamin J. Hoffacker has arrived from New York, where she has heen spending the past year, and is at present visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page, Jr., at their home in Alameda. Mrs. Hoffacker will spend the winter in this city.

Miss Alma Birmingham has returned from Humboldt County, where she spent the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand C. Peterson and their daughter, Miss Kate Peterson, are established for the winter in an apartment on California and Jones Streets.

Judge W. W. Morrow, Mrs. Morrow, and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster, are in Washington, D. C., to attend, as delegates, the annual meeting of the American National Red Cross Society, which took place Tuesday. Judge Morrow and Mrs. Morrow will visit their daughter, Mrs. Fechteler, wife of Captain A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N., who is stationed in Washington.

Miss Helena Hughson, Miss Carol Douglass, and Miss Marjorie Wilson, who came from the East to attend the wedding of Miss Louise McCormick and Mr. Robert Burns Henderson, have gone to Southern California for a visit en route to their homes.

Captain Charles Wallace, U. S. A., has arrived from the East and will remain here until the first week in January, when he will sail for the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle will leave shortly for New York, where they will make a brief visit before sailing for Egypt.

Captain Charles A. Pulis, U. S. A., of the Presodio, will leave the middle of this month for his new post in Chicago.

Major John S. Winn, U. S. A., sailed Tuesday on the *Logan* to join his squadron in Manila.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett has recently heen the guest of Mrs. William Mayo Newhall at her home on Green Street.

Mr. P. McG. McBean left Monday for New York to join Mrs. McBean and Mrs. Henry Stephens Kierstedt, who went East several weeks ago. They will return home before the holidays.

Mrs. Lane-Leonard has been spending the past week in Pleasanton with Mrs. Hearst.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown have returoed to their home, which, during the summer, has been remodeled.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., have been spending a few days in Burlingame with Mr. Richard Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope have closed their home in Burlingame and are established in their town house on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Coulon left Monday for Europe, where they will visit relatives during the next six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Balfour have returned to Burlingame from a visit in Los Angeles.

Mrs. W. H. La Boyteaux and her daughters, the Misses Elizabeth and Mary La Boyteaux, will leave Sunday for Philadelphia, where they will spend the holidays with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali spent a few days last week io Woodside with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn.

Dr. James W. Keeney and his son, Mr. Charles Keeney, have returned from a two months' trip to the Orient.

Mrs. Theodore Murphy (formerly Miss Marie Garneau of St. Louis) is recovering from her recent serious illness.

Mrs. Louis Parrott left Monday for Washington, D. C., where she will he the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henley Smith. Mrs. Parrott will spend the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and Miss Josephine Redding arrived Tuesday from Europe and are established at the Fairmont Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. McNutt-Potter spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. Henry Stephens Kierstedt returned to Lincoln Monday after having spent several days in this city.

Miss Bessie Ashton returned today from San Rafael, where she has been spending a week with Miss Louisiana Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Knight and Miss Thelma Parker sailed Wednesday for Honolulu, where they will spend several months.

Mrs. Harriet Peterson Miller of Santa Barhara is established for the winter at the Hotel Bellevue. Mr. Earl Miller, who is attending an Eastern college, will spend the holidays with his mother.

Mr. Harry Crocker and Mr. Marshall Madison will come from the East to spend the Christmas vacation with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bright Bruce (formerly Miss Peggy Stow) arrived last week after a trip around the world. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce will spend a few weeks with Mrs. P. Sherman Stow in Santa Barhara before sailing for their home in Manila.

Colonel Frank Denny, U. S. N., Mrs. Denny, and Miss Esther Denny, have returned from Nevada and are guests at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton arrived Thursday from Mascot, Tennessee, where they have heen visiting Mr. and Mrs. Temple Bridgman (formerly Miss Anita Mailliard).

Mrs. Lovell White and Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White have returned from a brief visit to Paso Robles.

Ensign Henry Chalfant Gearing, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gearing (formerly Miss Lolita Burling), will arrive next week from Coronado and will reside indefinitely at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Lyons (formerly Mrs. Rose Plotner Hooper) are contemplating coming to San Francisco to spend the winter.

Miss Gladys Ogilvy, who has heen the guest of Miss Lillian Whitney, has returned to her home in Santa Barhara.

Mrs. Arthur Brander of Coronado has heen spending several weeks with friends in this city.

Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant and her daughter, Miss Helen Tallant, have returned from a visit with relatives in Colusa.

Dr. John Evelyn Page, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Page, who have heen speoding the past year in Coronado, will return to Santa Barhara to reside.

Captain Albert P. Niblack, U. S. N., and Mrs. Niblack will soon give up their home in Buenos Ayres to reside in Berlin, where Captain Niblack has heen appointed naval attaché. Mrs. Niblack, who will he remembered as Miss Mary Harrington, is a daughter of Mrs. William P. Harrington of this city.

Lieutenant H. W. Stephenson, U. S. A., has returned to the Presidio from Forest Hill.

Lieutenant Leonard S. Hughes, U. S. A., has arrived from Fort Clark, Texas, and will be the guest of Major Samuel F. Bottoms, U. S. A., at the Presidio, until his departure for the Philippines.

Lieutenant Robert Goolrick, U. S. A., who has been stationed at the Presidio, has arrived at his new post at Fort Warren, near Boston.

Miss Madeline Carlin has been spending a few days at the Presidio as the guest of Captain James D. Reams, U. S. A., and Mrs. Reams.

Lieutenant Walter Harvey, U. S. A., of San Antonio, Texas, has heen a recent guest at the Army and Navy Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page, Jr., will take possession next week of their new home in this city. Mr. and Mrs. Page have resided in Alameda since their marriage, eight years ago.

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and her daughter, Miss Cora Smedberg, have returned from the Presidio, Monterey, where they have been visiting Major G. W. McIvor, U. S. A., and Mrs. McIvor.

Miss Lillie O'Connor has returned from Rocklin, where she spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mr. Hilsondigger—What killed po' Brudder Yarp? *Mr. Pango*—De doctah said he had a torpedo liver, and I 'spec it done 'sploded.—*Puck.*

Settlement Worker—So this is your small brother. What does he do all day? *Little Mother*—Smoke a cigarette for the lady, buh, and swallow de stub!—*Harper's Bazar.*

"What is Billy Hardatit doing these days?" asked Smithers. "Oh, he's working his son's way through college," said little Binks.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Mrs. de Style—Marie, I shall take one of the children to church with me. *The Maid*—Yes'm. *Mrs. de Style*—Which one will go best with my new purple gown?—*Boston Transcript.*

"He's a genius!" "What's he ever done?" "He has contrived a plan by which he has been able to harness his gas-meter and make it run his sewing-machine and work the churn."—*Houston Post.*

First Scot—What sort o' meenister hae ye gotten, Geordie? *Second Scot*—We seldom get a glint o' him; six days o' th' week he's envees'hle, and on the seventh he's incomprehens'hle.—*Tit-Bits.*

"I'll give you $2 for this anecdote about Daniel Webster." "What's the matter with you?" demanded the hack writer. "You gave me $4 for that anecdote when it was about Roosevelt."—*Pittsburg Post.*

"I have found just the party for you, Lord Duncan—a lady with a dowry of half a million." "And when can I see this lady?" "Just keep thinking of the dowry—don't ask to see her."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

First Hobo—Strange how few of our youthful dreams come true, aint it? *Second Hobo*—Oh, I don't know. I remember how I once yearned to wear long pants. Now I guess I wear them longer than most any man in the country.—*Louisville Post.*

"I find that my husband has been having the office boy call me up every day and mumble terms of endearment. That's a nice way to fool his wife. He's been going to the ball game." "How is it that you didn't catch on to the voice?" "Well, I'm busy at bridge every day, and I've been having the cook answer the telephone."—*Washington Herald.*

"What is your occupation?" the justice asked the witness. "Jedge," he replied, "aint you gittin' jest a leetle too pussonal? Have I got to give my livin' away before this here hon'able court?" "You heard the question," said the judge, "and you must answer it. What do you do for a living?" "Well, sir, I'll jest make bold to enlighten you—sence you seem to need it. In the summer, when I aint a-fishin', I'm prophesyin' weather, an' when the weather don't fall right I'm either a-killin' of alligators an' a-sellin' of rattlesnake huttons, or attendin' campaign harhecues an' votin' around."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Mrs. Gotham—You are going downtown, are you not? *Mr. Gotham*—Yes, my dear. *Mrs. G.*—Well, I wish you'd drop into Silke, Ribbon & Co.'s on your way and match the—— *Mr. G. (hurriedly)*—I've got to see Jones, and that will take me some distance from Silke, Rihhon & Co.'s. *Mrs. G.*—Well, Mr. Jones's office is only a short distance from the Imported Finery Bazar, and that will do just as well. Take this and ask—— *Mr. G. (hastily)*—After leaving Jones I must see Smith, who is in the opposite direction from the bazar, you know. *Mrs. G.*—No matter. Cheaper, Bargains & Co. will do. They are near Smith's. *Mr. G.*—But I've got to take a roundabout way to Smith's in order to see Brown. Can't pass Cheaper, Bargains & Co.'s, my dear. *Mrs. G. (impatiently)*—H'm! Where are you going after you leave Smith's? *Mr. G. (helplessly)*—I'm going up in a halloon.—*Tit-Bits.*

William Dean Howells is a stout opponent of those novelists who, under the pretext of reforming their readers, write hooks ahout vice. "Such writers," said Mr. Howells, at a luncheon at Kittery Point, Maine, "remind me of a lad whose mother said to him: 'Why, Johnny, I do believe you're teaching that parrot to swear!' 'No, I'm not, mother,' the hoy replied: 'I'm just telling it what it mustn't say.'"

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The Shannon Scandal.

The legislature of California, acting upon the avowed principle that the wishes of a reform administration must be neither criticized nor resisted, has refused to order the production of the papers in reference to the office of the state printer. The governor himself says that the matter no longer interests him. A partially disclosed scandal gave him the oportunity to reward a henchman, but it was the reward of the henchman that interested him, not the scandal. If no hungry mouth had been open the plum would not have been shaken from the tree, since the governor is in no way interested in reform unless it serves some personal end. His application of the Ten Commandments is for revenue only.

Senator Strohridge seems to think that there is no need for any public curiosity in this matter of the state printer's office, inasmuch as no criminal offense has been disclosed. No one said that a crime had been committed. It is not so much crimes that we are suffering from as that kind of misconduct that is not crime or that can not be proved to be crime. It is already a matter of common knowledge that an enormous quantity of paper ordered by Mr. Shannon was returned to the makers. We were told of compromising correspondence and we were even allowed to see some of it. The governor used these facts ostentatiously and struck his usual pose as a champion of the people. But now it seems that he only wanted to force Mr. Shannon from office and to make room for a new protégé. Perhaps it would be inconvenient politically to inform the public under what circumstances this enormous stock of paper was ordered, the inducements that were offered and by whom they were offered. Even a reform governor must take care of his friends.

The Dynamite Conspiracy.

The federal grand jury in Los Angeles is showing commendable energy in the collection of witnesses who may be able to throw light upon the dynamite conspiracy. Over fifty summonses have been served in San Francisco alone, and a number of others would have been served had it been possible to find those for whom they were intended. The marshals speak of various labor leaders who have "evaded summons," no doubt for good and sufficient reasons, and among those who have thus displayed a cautious discretion is Mr. Tveitmoe. When last heard of Mr. Tveitmoe was somewhere in the East, but so far he has failed to show himself in San Francisco, although every railroad station has been anxiously watched for his arrival. Let us hope that Mr. Tveitmoe will not allow himself to be permanently obscured by a natural diffidence. His experience was a wide and varied one even before he became one of the chiefs of San Francisco unionism, and the grand jury can hardly complete its labors without the aid of one whose knowledge of the inner circles of unionism and of criminal procedure in general is so extensive.

Mr. Gompers persists in his attitude of tearful protestation. Never before was a good man so misjudged. Never before was a blissful confidence in human nature so betrayed. Had he not every reason to believe that the McNamaras were innocent? They themselves said so. They took his hand, they looked into his eyes, and they asked him to carry a message to the "laboring men of America." Presumably the message was intended only for the small minority of the "laboring men of America" who acknowledge the sway of Mr. Gompers and not for the great majority that Gomperism intends to bludgeon and starve into submission. But Mr. Gompers was satisfied, and with this kind of maudlin talk he tries to satisfy the country.

Now Mr. Gompers may have the reputation of a knave, but he has never been looked upon as a fool. At the present time he is talking like a fool and he assumes that his auditors are fools. He protested the innocence of the McNamaras long before the interview with them at Los Angeles. He did so as soon as he heard of their arrest. He did so continuously until they confessed. He would be doing so now but for that confession. But he did far more than assert their innocence. Had he merely expressed a personal opinion he would have been well within his personal rights, but it is just as well to remind ourselves of what he did do. He deliberately threw oil upon the fires of class hatred. He proclaimed in the hearing of every workingman in America that there was a deliberate and calculated effort to crush their organization, and that a step in that movement was the arrest of two innocent men who were to be railroaded to the gallows as a warning to their class. To all intents and purposes he announced a vast conspiracy to crush the labor movement by a campaign of murder against its leaders. He charged a whole class of the community with the hideous and almost inconceivable crime of intending to hang innocent men for the advancement of a plan to enslave labor. The material dynamite of the McNamaras was as nothing in comparison with the moral dynamite thrown by Mr. Gompers in his effort to arouse his followers to a frenzy of hate and retaliation. And the best that he can say in defense of his incendiary ferocity is that the McNamaras told him they were innocent. His guilt is far greater than theirs. The mischief that he tried to do is far greater than the mischief that they actually accomplished.

The labor unions all over the country are now repudiating dynamite. There will be no disposition to deny that the majority of their members are peaceful and law-abiding men who, through ignorance or apathy, have allowed their organization to pass under the control of an inner circle of criminals. But why does this repudiation come now instead of years ago? The situation in its broader sense has not been changed by the confession of the McNamaras. It is the fact of the explosions, and not the identity of the particular men who caused them, that constitutes that situation. If labor unionism repudiates the use of dynamite, why does it say so only at the eleventh hour and after dynamite has ruled the roost for six years? Is there a record of a single labor union protest against a single explosion? Of course there is not.

Labor unionism has protested in season and out of season, but not against dynamite. It has protested against every effort of the police to protect its victims. It has protested against every attempt to enforce the law against itself. It has protested against every injunction issued by the courts for the preservation of ordinary human rights. It has protested against all legislation that has failed to recognize the sovereignty of organized labor over all other classes and all other interests. Its history is one long protest against equality, against justice, and against humanity. But it has never protested against dynamite. Why does it protest now?

Let there be no misunderstanding of the situation. The criminal element in unionism is not a whit abashed. It may lose a few of its leaders, but it has no intention to relinquish control of the organization. Already it is being said that sooner or later there will be a labor union administration in California and that the McNamaras will then be liberated. If there should be a strike in San Francisco tomorrow the potential McNamaras would be well to the front with their brickbats, their clubs, and their curses. One of the main reasons advanced for the reëlection of Mr. McCarthy was the fact that the police could then be "depended upon" in case of a strike, and we know what that means. The spirit of violence is just as much alive as ever it was, just as determined to have its own way if terrorism can secure it.

What are we going to do about it? What are the exposition authorities going to do about it? The whole civilized world knows that San Francisco was the headquarters of the plot against the *Times*. The whole civilized world knows by this time that over fifty witnesses have been summoned from this city alone and that many other witnesses are in hiding. Every one knows that organized labor is the lion in the path of the exposition, that organized labor will wreck and ruin the exposition if it is allowed to have its own way. Will it be allowed to have its own way? Is there no public opinion strong enough to face this issue and to say the word in season at the time when it can be said most effectively?

Controller Bay.

A four-line news item to the effect that the Controller Bay inquiry is to be dropped marks the end of an episode discreditable to Congress as well as to the nation that permitted that inquiry to go upon its way without protest. For the Controller Bay investigation was no less than an impeachment of the personal honor of the President of the United States, an impeachment that rested upon absolutely no other foundation than the hypocritical imaginings of a girl.

Miss Abbott's part in this business will be [illegible]

without difficulty. Searching through the official records at Washington she said that she had found a letter from Mr. Ryan to Mr. Ballinger and that a postscript to that letter showed conclusively that Mr. Taft had been actuated by venal motives when he withdrew Controller Bay from the national reserve. In plain language Mr. Taft was supposed to have acted in the financial interests of his brother. Infamous as was such a charge, unsupported as it was by a solitary scrap of evidence, resting as it did upon the unconfirmed word of a young woman whom no one had ever heard of before or wanted to hear of again, it was enough for the insurgents of that day. If Mr. Taft had been charged with the theft of a penny from a blind man that, too, would have been enough. Anything would have been enough. So the Controller Bay inquiry was started seven months ago and its object was to decide whether the President of the United States had betrayed the national interests for the pecuniary benefit of his brother. That inquiry has been in progress since last summer, and it has now come to an end on the receipt of a letter from Louis D. Brandeis to the effect that no evidence of maladministration can be obtained. So at last we have the satisfaction of knowing that as between Mr. Taft and Miss Abbott the truth lay with Mr. Taft that the President of the United States did not use his position in order to put money into the pockets of a relative.

To expect an apology from the insurgents who brought this charge and who championed Miss Abbott would be about as intelligent as to demand courtesy in the stockyards. When Miss Abbott printed her preposterous story it was received by the insurgents with shouts of glee. Not for one moment did they question its truth, and that they demanded an inquiry was a mere concession to form. Now the inquiry is at an end. The President is "not guilty."

Mr. Shuster in Persia.

There is no reason why we should excite ourselves over the Russian demand for the dismissal of Mr. Shuster from his office as financial adviser to the Persian government. That Mr. Shuster happens to be an American citizen has nothing to do with the case. The demand would have been the same had he been a Frenchman or an Arab. Mr. Shuster is not in Teheran as a representative of America. He is in Teheran because he was hired by the Persian government to render certain financial services, just as some Englishman or German might have been hired to render agricultural or scientific services. Russia does not object to Mr. Shuster because he is an American. She objects to the advice that he has given to the Persian government, advice that she believes to be inimical to her own interests, and therefore she has asked Persia to dispense with his services.

Russia's right to exercise any sort of control over Persia is quite another matter. She has no right, except that of might. The partition of Persia between Russia and England is the result of an understanding arrived at after the Algeciras conference. The control of Persia had long been a matter of dispute between the two countries and it might still be a matter of dispute but for the necessity of healing up all old wounds in order to present a united front against Germany. It was therefore agreed that Russia should control the northern half of the country and England the southern. However immoral such an arrangement may have been, and certainly it was immoral, England now has no choice in the matter. The same reasons that forced her into the understanding now compel her to maintain it. Germany must be isolated, and England and Russia must be in unison to do it.

But to regard Mr. Shuster as a champion of human rights is a little absurd. He is drawing a salary from the Persian government in exchange for his advice, and he is giving the best advice in his power. In other words he is doing his duty as a paid servant of the Persian government, and if the government dismisses him, no matter under what pressure, he will have to go. Mr. Shuster is rendering the same kind of efficient service to the Persian government that he once rendered to the American government at Manila. At that time we heard nothing from him about human liberties or the rights of smaller nationalities to be independent. It never occurred to him that the Filipino ought to be independent, and perhaps there is not much to choose between the Filipinos and the Persians. At that time Mr. Shuster had no doubts about American sovereignty over the Philippines, and it may be remembered that his enthusiasm was so great that he refused to allow a worthy and patriotic Bostonian to land at Manila until he had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. Evidently Mr. Shuster is still at the post of duty, but the Persian flag, whatever that may be, and not the Stars and Stripes, is at the head of that post.

The President's Message.

That Mr. Taft should devote the whole of his message to the trust question is an indication of the place that it occupies in his mind. His many speeches have left no doubt as to his general attitude, but here we have something more weighty, more permanent, and more likely to reach the public understanding than any speech or combination of speeches. And we may suppose that the message was addressed to the public rather than to Congress. There will be no disposition at Washington to handle this or any other constructive question during the present session. There may be rather more than the average amount of talk, but it will be delivered through an atmosphere of electioneering and it is not likely to be marked either by serious purpose or by sincerity. But the message itself is now upon record as a national document. It is one more proof of Mr. Taft's determination to do the thing that seems to be right and to advise the course that seems to be best, irrespective of the gusts of thoughtless criticism to which lesser men would be heedful.

In one respect at least Mr. Taft has already been justified by events. His defense of the "reasonable" interpretation of the anti-trust law that called forth so large a volume of criticism from those who naturally recognized an enemy in every display of reasonableness has been forestalled by public opinion. It was hardly necessary for Mr. Taft to point out that the term is not a loose one nor one that permits a large exercise of individual judicial opinion. On the contrary, it is a legal term of precision. A reasonable restraint of trade means a restraint that is incidental to some ulterior and legitimate purpose. Restraint becomes unlawful when it is essential, when it is the main object of action.

The message is no less illuminating when it deals with the objection that the status of a dissolved trust is practically the same as it was before dissolution and that the component companies will continue to do business in the same way and under agreements no less real because they are unexpressed. The decree of a court, says the President in effect, must be obeyed in spirit as well as in letter, and there is a certain ominous hint in his references to "the personal danger of attempting to evade or set at naught the solemn injunction of a court whose object is made plain by the decree." If the companies were to attempt a subtle evasion of a dissolution order, either by "gentlemen's agreements" or otherwise, "its prime movers and all its participants would be at once subject to contempt proceedings and imprisonment of a summary character." It ought not to be necessary to argue that a court decree ordering a dissolution is not a mere pretense at action and therefore fruitless of definite results. A court decree is a precise order for the abatement of an illegality, and it must be so obeyed that the illegality ceases and does not merely appear to cease. This is understood well enough by those against whom those decrees are issued or may be issued. It is misunderstood only by those who profess to believe that the object of the courts is to straighten and smooth the road for wrongdoers.

But the President's message is not wholly conservative. He pleads for a retention of the law of 1890, but to this he would add a system of federal charters that would bring the trusts under federal supervision and control. He favors some clear statement of what is lawful and what is not lawful in business, and this presumably is intended for the classification of the public mind, since no one is infringing the spirit of the Sherman act without knowing that he is doing so. The proposal to bring big business still more under federal control is progressive and it will probably prove to be highly contentious as involving states' rights, but at least it shows Mr. Taft as one who is not afraid to go far afield in his search for remedies that shall be both effective and cautious.

But Mr. Taft's main plea for the retention of the Sherman act ought to appeal to those who are not temperamentally opposed to the retention of anything. The Sherman act has lived for twenty-one years. It has been constantly threatened and constantly attacked, but not one of its 700 words has been changed. It has been the basis of over one hundred decisions, and Mr. James B. Morrow estimates that a million dollars have been spent in the effort to cripple it. It may be that an insane desire for novelty and change will now prevail against it, but this will not be the case unless Mr. Taft's statesmanlike message shall fail of the effect that it merits.

The Optometry Board.

If we were in a mood to profit by experience—which we are not—we should certainly find some material in the well-deserved fate that has overtaken the optometry board. This board consists of three members and all of them have been removed for such offenses as meeting three times in one day and charging expenses for three days, giving banquets at the expense of the state, and paying salaries to politicians and attorneys who had done little or nothing in return. The governor has now appointed three other men in their place, and if their scientific eminence is not exactly world-wide we may at least be sure that their views upon the recall and referendum as well as the divinely appointed wisdom of Governor Johnson are above reproach. And of course the machine must be recruited.

Now the new optometry board may be eminently respectable. Probably it is. None the less this whole system of petty boards of control is a nuisance and an imposture, an unfailing source of scandal and a direct inducement to graft and blackmail. It would be safe to say that no human being in the state has been benefited by the optometry board or ever will be. No one knows how many other boards there are of a like kind, arbitrarily appointed and with despotic powers over trades and professions. Doubtless we shall hear of some of them in due course as their misdeeds come to light or as their victims grow restive. Some time ago there was a well engineered effort to place all music teachers under the control of one of these pestilent boards. No one was to be allowed to teach scales to a four-year-old tot without examination, fees, and diplomas. That particular piece of humbug was nipped in the bud, but others, equally vicious, are allowed to creep through. Their success is due first of all to the mania for regulating and controlling everything and everybody in sight and secondly to a natural administrative disposition to strengthen the machine. But there is only one result to this haphazard appointment of men who are empowered almost with life and death over members of trades and professions. The result is graft, blackmail, and the theft of public money.

The temptation to dishonesty is almost more than frail human nature can resist. These boards work practically without supervision of any kind, seeing that the public do not know of their existence. Not one citizen in ten ever heard of the optometry board or would know what it was if he had heard of it. And yet three men, working in obscurity, arbitrarily appointed, are placed in a position to confer favor or calamity upon hundreds of their fellow-citizens and to impose their own standards of knowledge and skill upon any important trade. We all know what that means, what it has meant in the past, and what it will mean in the future. It is simply an invitation to graft and it should cease.

Municipalities and Strikes.

Mayor Gaynor of New York continues to be the most interesting figure in the municipal government of the country. Entirely blind to any other interests than those of the city, he meets every problem with a combination of sagacity and benevolence as rare as it is effective. These qualities were never shown to better advantage than in his settlement of the recent strike of the men of the street-cleaning department. The strike was caused by an order that domestic garbage must henceforth be removed at night time. The order was reasonable enough. It is enforced in all large European cities and it is imperatively needed wherever population is dense and congested. But the men objected, and after a series of protests they struck. Other men were engaged at once to do a work so essential to health, and it need hardly be said that several of these men were brutally murdered. Being "scabs," they were outside the pale of humanity and were therefore sentenced and executed in the usual way. Nevertheless the city authorities stood firm, the strike collapsed, and the men sent a deputation to the mayor to ask upon what terms they could be reinstated.

But Mr. Gaynor was not disposed to discuss the matter at all. He explained to his astonished auditors that the law upon the point was clear enough. The street cleaners were civil servants and the rules of the service provided that any employee leaving his posi-

tion must be considered to have resigned, and his place must be filled forthwith in the manner prescribed. He had no power to reinstate them. In fact the applicants were in exactly the same position as any one else desiring employment by the city. They must go to the department, register their names, answer the conditions, and await their turn. They themselves had agreed to the civil service rules when they were first employed. Those same rules must govern their reëmployment.

This ruling by Mayor Gaynor is an important one. It means that any municipal civil servant who strikes has thereby resigned from his position and has become a member of the public and subject to all the laws that govern applicants for employment. But it was naturally a surprise to the street cleaners. It was contrary to all the rules of the game as played elsewhere. According to established precedents they had a right to abandon their work, murder whoever proceeded to do that work, and then demand terms as honorable belligerents who have been worsted in fair fight. Private employers may concede such a position if they wish, but municipalities governed by civil service rules have no option in the matter and Mayor Gaynor is to be congratulated upon having made this clear.

Hygiene on the Defensive.

The difference of opinion between Dr. Woods Hutchinson and Professor E. A. Ross as to the effect of hygiene upon the life of a nation can hardly be described as a disagreement between doctors, since Professor Ross is not a doctor. Nevertheless he is a sociologist of deserved repute and a trained and accurate observer. Moreover, the question is one of evidence rather than of definite medical knowledge, so that we may regard the disputants as being fairly and equally equipped.

Dr. Hutchinson's opinion of hygiene is well known. Speaking a few days ago in New York, he said that the future of the nation, and of all nations, depends upon it. Such an assertion seems to be almost an axiom at this stage of civilization, but the speaker enforced it by some curious and striking evidence. Japan, he said, began to care scientifically for the health of her people about fifteen or twenty years ago, the army and navy naturally receiving the most authoritative attention. During this time the average height of the enlisted force has increased from three-quarters of an inch to one inch and the average weight has increased from five to ten pounds. Dr. Hutchinson advanced other facts of a like nature and they will surprise no one. The value of hygiene to the individual is beyond dispute.

Professor Ross does not dispute its value to the individual, but he shows that there is another side to the question when we begin to think nationally. Curiously enough he, too, selects an Asiatic illustration. Writing in the *Popular Science Monthly*, he says that the admitted stamina of the Chinese is due to the lack of sanitation and to the general ignorance of hygiene. Only healthy children can live in a country where the laws of hygiene are neither known nor obeyed. The unhealthy children die young and the race is carried on only by the physically fit. Missionary doctors in China are nearly unanimous in their testimony as to the hardiness of the people and their indifference to pain and immunity from many kinds of disease. It must be so in a nation where only the fit are allowed to live. The same force, although operating in another direction, is at work among the white races where hygiene has been established. The sickly child who would have been allowed to die fifty years ago is now saved by skill and knowledge. That same child grows up, still sickly, and produces other children who inherit his weakness. Who shall say how much of the disease of today is due to the scientific preservation of life that in the last generation would have flickered out before reaching the reproductive stage? Dr. Hutchinson's illustration from Japan is striking, but not perfect. Soldiers and sailors are picked men. We need vital facts of the whole nation rather than of a selected part.

But the differences between Dr. Hutchinson and Professor Ross are more apparent than real. We have to remember that hygiene is a young science and that we are still reaping the physical heredity of unhygienic ages. The hygienist must plead guilty to the preservation of life that is not of much physical value to the nation and also to the further propagation of that weakly life. He gives his aid to the unfit rather than to the fit. But in reply the hygienist will plead that if he be allowed time enough he will see to it that all life shall have physical value, that no unfit infants shall be born, and that the weakly strain shall be attenuated until it disappears. China destroys her sickly children. The Western world saves them and strengthens them, a much slower operation, but a much better one.

Actually it is a matter of ethics and not of material science. We have learned to care for life not because it can be translated into dollars, but because it is right to care for life. It is one of the indisputable convictions of the day, one of those moral impulses that need no defense. We struggle scientifically for the life even of the most abject and degraded, just as we should jump into the water to save those same persons from drowning. Even if social science wished to destroy our humanitarianism it could not do so. The laws of sympathy and benevolence are higher than all the laws disclosed in the laboratory. Our civilization is to be measured by our morality, and it can be preserved by nothing else.

Editorial Notes.

It is a safe axiom that if enough mud be thrown some at least will stick, but *Harper's Weekly* should be above tactics of that kind. "Where," it asks, "was Secretary Taft when President Roosevelt let the Steel Trust buy the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company? Wasn't he consulted? Who can doubt it?" By way of answering the last question as rapidly as circumstances will permit it may be said that every one can doubt it, indeed must doubt it, after a survey of the facts. The precise itinerary of Mr. Taft's journey around the world in 1907 is not at the moment available, but it may be remembered that he left Washington in August and returned late in December. At the time of the panic he was somewhere in the neighborhood of Vladivostok, a decidedly awkward place for an exchange of views on the practical application of the Sherman act. Of course he may have been consulted by cable, but it is doubtful. Moreover, in that case Mr. Roosevelt would have said so in his evidence. When Mr. Roosevelt brushed the Sherman law to one side with a graceful sweep of his hand his only confidant was Mr. Root.

The county assessors of California have put themselves upon record as unanimously opposed to the poll tax and as anxious for its abolition, and in so doing the county assessors may be assured that the whole of intelligent public opinion is behind them. The poll tax is a barbarous anachronism and unfit for a place in civilization. It is unjust, seeing that it is evaded by a large proportion of those who are supposed to pay it. It is unscientific, seeing that it is imposed without regard to status or possessions. It is immoral because it tempts to evasion and to things that are worse than evasion, such as the corruption of the collectors. The poll tax has already been abolished in many states if not in most of them, and if California needs this particular fund for school purposes it would be well for her to devise some other source of revenue less objectionable and more dignified.

In his touching anxiety to pay tribute to Mr. McKinley it would be well for Mr. La Follette to be careful not to hurt the feelings of Mr. Roosevelt. And they are very tender. It may be true that Mr. McKinley refused to admit Henry C. Payne to his Cabinet because of Mr. Payne's lobbying activities, and it is much to his credit that he should so refuse. But Mr. Payne was promptly admitted by Mr. Roosevelt, who probably valued just those very characteristics that Mr. McKinley despised. It would be a pity if a verbal indiscretion, a momentary aberration, should produce a breach between Mr. La Follette and Mr. Roosevelt at a time when a national crisis demands that brotherly love shall continue.

A certain woman suspected of being a "germ carrier" and who has been imprisoned for three years upon that ground, has just been released and has promptly brought an action for $50,000 against the health department of the city of New York. She seems to have good cause. The order of a doctor can hardly be described as "due process of law" or as sufficient authority for three years' imprisonment. If so then the Constitution of the United States can not be said to have any real power to protect the citizen. Moreover, she has been released only on the condition that she shall not again take a place as cook, although her business is that of cook. Evidently she is still a "germ carrier" in the opinion of the medical dictators, but if she can be released now why could she not have been released three years ago? And is she more dangerous as a cook than in half a dozen other callings that are still open to her? It is to be hoped that the action will be pushed with vigor. If we are actually liable to many years' imprisonment without trial or chance of defense on the mere opinion that we are "germ carriers" it is just as well to know it. Presumably this is the sort of oppressive and cruel quackery that we might expect from a federal health board if we are ever foolish enough to allow such a thing to exist.

A press censorship has often been imposed in time of war, but it has never before been done so effectually as by the Italians in Tripoli. Not a whisper comes from the newspaper correspondents, if indeed any correspondents are left in a place where they are compelled to consume all their own smoke and run up heavy expense accounts with no corresponding advantage to their employers. Among the fragmentary rumors that come from unofficial Turkish sources we read of an Italian sortie that was repulsed with loss. Probably all these stories are valueless, but the word sortie has a sinister sound. It suggests a beleaguered force, and this is by no means impossible, seeing that Enver Bey is now on the ground and in command of Turks and Arabs alike. Enver Bey is the young military genius of Turkey, and it was he who conducted the military movements that overthrew the late Sultan. Moreover, it would seem that if the Italians had any good news to communicate we should hear of it quickly enough.

Banking in Ancient Babylon.

Recent discoveries of the wonders of Babylonian civilization, reënforced by the fruits of earlier explorations, show that "business is business" as a rule of life is as old as history (says the *Accountant*). As far back as 2000 years before Christ the Babylonians had made such progress in commercial aptitude that special laws had to be framed to deal with those gentlemen who tried shortcuts to wealth. The young man with expectations realized in those days with less regard to the sacredness of the person and the right to live, borrowed, as his modern prototype not infrequently does today, from the professional money-lender.

The Babylonian merchant banked regularly and issued his brick "cheques" and bills of exchange, and the law stepped in, even as it does today, to preserve inviolate the rights of property. So keen were the business instincts of the people that even the priests were not above a deal in offerings and in real estate. Indeed a great part of the commerce of Babylonia was concentrated in the temples.

Careful accounts of revenue and expenditure were kept, and these show that investments in loans and the purchase of land and other profitable dealings were a regular part of the fiscal activities of the priestly establishments.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the buried records which have come to light are the contract tablets kept by a firm of bankers and money-lenders known as "the sons of Egibi," established at Babylon before the time of Sennacherib, probably as early as 1000 B. C., and which existed for several centuries. These "brick books," as they have been called, constitute the chief source of our knowledge of life in ancient Babylon.

The firm of Egibi possessed enormous wealth and influence and have been designated the "Rothschilds of the ancient world." They carried on every sort of financial transaction. They made loans to the state, as well as to private persons, and the finances of the court were entrusted to them for several generations. They collected the land taxes, tithes and dues for the use of the public roads and paid them into the royal treasury.

They also undertook what we should now describe as "agencies" for private individuals, and in addition to their vast money-lending transactions must also have engaged in what we now term "banker's" business, for we know that documents existed in those early days corresponding to modern checks and bills of exchange. The various transactions of the firm were noted down on clay tablets, which were stored in great earthenware jars for safety, and there they remained until they were accidentally discovered some few years ago.

All bear the names of the contracting parties and witnesses, and most of them are dated. The Egibi firm were not the only great trading firm in ancient Babylonia, as during the excavations at Niffer there were discovered the records of another firm, known as Murasu, which rose to a position of great wealth and importance during the fifth century B. C.

Hand made paper is produced in Japan principally by farmers as a secondary occupation which they can pursue in seasons when there is nothing to be done in the fields. There are no less than 60,000 families engaged in this industry. Japan has been quick in utilizing to the utmost its assets in bringing the manufacture of hand made paper to a high modern standard. In the districts where this paper is made there are experiment bureaus equipped with up-to-date instruments and apparatus for testing and selecting the various kinds of raw material not only for indigenous Japanese plants, but also imported fibres.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

There is room for some philosophic discussion on the difficulty of arousing the sympathies of the West for the sufferings of the East. Last year the American Red Cross, after much effort, succeeded in raising $200 for the relief of the famine in China. This year, and with the double need of famine and war, the total contributions are about $100. A corresponding emergency in Europe or Australia would produce an almost limitless flow of American gold, but for the Chinaman there is $300.

Probably there are many reasons. So far as the war is concerned the spectacle of indiscriminate massacre upon both sides is not conducive to charity. We may assume that the capacity for suffering is not high among people who are always ready to resort to barbarous methods. It is a recognition of our own frailties that makes us sensitive to the frailties of others, and we have a sort of subconscious belief that the Chinaman does not suffer so much as white men would suffer under like conditions. If he had our capacity for suffering he would be less prone to inflict suffering upon others. Indeed we may believe that the Oriental philosophy in general is a protection against physical pain. Its emphasis upon bodily existence is a light one, its time concepts are vaster than ours, and the events of life are therefore viewed in a far wider perspective. To the Oriental who looks upon birth and death as insignificantly small parts of a conscious eternity the circumstances of life and death become correspondingly small. These ideas may not be actively present to the mind of American benevolence, but perhaps their general import is recognized in a vague way.

Another substantial fragment of the ancient Roman wall that surrounded London has just been discovered in Lower Thames Street between Fish-Strect Hill and Pudding Lane. The wall is known to have run through that district and the workmen engaged in some new street work were therefore asked to watch out for any sign of ancient remains. They were found at a depth of twenty feet. First came three layers of Roman tiles embedded in mortar. Below these were three layers of roughly hewn pieces of Kentish rock about a foot in diameter. Lowest of all were enormous balks of timber about two feet square and more than five feet long, lying irregularly across the line of the wall. These finds represent only the lowest five feet of the wall, which was probably twenty feet or thirty feet high and seven feet or eight feet thick. This discovery necessitates a slight correction of the conjectural maps of Roman London that are now in existence, and it is hoped that further discoveries may be made in the same area, which is being carefully watched.

Lisbon can hardly be recommended as a resort for those who are suffering from over-strained nerves. There was a monarchist riot on November 26, and while the government admits the serious wounding of twenty-one soldiers it is believed that the actual number was much larger. Civilians, of course, do not matter. The populace is now divided into two groups. The royalists, the anarchists, and the clericals have joined hands, and opposed to them are the republicans and the Carbonarios, who seem by no means averse to a little anarchy on their own account. The Carbonarios promise to import a little vivacity into the proceedings in case of a royalist rising. They have stored several thousand bombs, which will be thrown into the streets from the housetops, and which, like the rain, will presumably fall upon the righteous and the unrighteous. With such a diversity of attractions it must be somewhat difficult for a lover of the quiet life to decide between the relative blessings of the republican and the monarchical forms of government.

The proportion of lunatics to the sane is almost exactly the same in England as in the State of New York. Dr. Forbes Winslow estimates that in England there is one lunatic to every 275 sane persons. The New York state commission in lunacy says that one adult person in every 279 of the state population is insane. As the state population is 9,117,279 there must be 30,000 insane persons in the state. And these figures take no account of the feeble-minded, and perhaps feeble-mindedness is a greater danger than insanity because it is less aggressive and therefore less provocative of remedial measures. The two main causes advanced by the English experts are alcohol and religion, and these take precedence of what is called the strenuous life. Insanity, we are told, is caused by brooding upon a single idea, and not to mental activity, even of the most exhausting kind. The strenuous life may lead to nervous collapse, but not to insanity. It is the "one idea" man who becomes insane. The English experts are naturally improving the occasion by demanding legislation. No one, we are told, must be allowed to marry without a medical certificate of sanity. Any doctor, presumably, will do, although we have not yet evolved the physician who can give us even a definition of sanity.

The final extinction of the Garibaldi family would hardly be viewed as a calamity. History has room for only one Garibaldi, and with that one the strain of a real patriotism, of a real love of liberty, seems to be exhausted. Ricciotti Garibaldi, who has been so busy in many parts of the world pouring oil instead of water upon the flames of hatred, has just issued a defense of Italian aggression in Tripoli. It is all delightfully simple. "We are charged with piracy abroad. How can this be explained? Quite simply. Italy offered to buy Tripoli from Turkey. The offer was rejected, and Italy proceeded to take what Turkey would not sell." The explanation is conclusive. The law and the prophets are satisfied. If John Smith refuses to sell his watch he can have no complaint if he is taken by the throat and compelled to give it up without payment. Ricciotti then goes on to say that many other nations have gone free of the charge of piracy, although they have taken lands without offering to buy them." True enough, but a combination of wrongs do not make a right. Mr. Roosevelt "took" Panama, and then said that Lincoln and Roosevelt never did a more honorable thing. But the international conscience was offended, and it is always offended by acts of piracy. And it is never so much offended as when the moral law is invoked in defense of piracy. The burglar adds to his offense by proving that he is in the habit of saying his prayers.

Mrs. Silvanus P. Thompson, a prominent member of the Society of Friends, better known as Quakers, has pointed out that the religious community to which she belongs was actually the pioneer in the woman's movement. George Fox taught the absolute equality of the sexes in religion and church government, and at a time when advanced education was supposed to be a male prerogative the Quakers educated their women in exactly the same way that they educated their men. The Quaker marriage ceremony exacts the same promises from the man as from the woman and places both parties upon an equality. As a result there is no case upon record of a Quaker divorce. While the community is no longer so strong as formerly it is remarkable that there are no less than nine of its members in the British Parliament, and they are all of them friendly to the woman's movement, although emphatically opposed to violence in any form.

Japan has so far imitated the methods of the West that we now bear complaints from her educationists that the minds of the children are being ruined by over-cramming with a knowledge that is useless to them. President Narisse of the Woman's University of Tokio voices this grievance when she says that the youth of the day think of nothing but examinations and have become indifferent to the broad culture that is an actual preparation for the duties of life. To cram the mind with the ill-assorted facts of a wide range of subjects is not education. The possession of the facts is of no value, while the method of acquiring them is positively hurtful to the mental faculties. The children of today, says President Narisse, are acquiring their education at the cost of their personality, and at the price of their powers of assimilation, reflection, observation, and imagination. She is reminded of the remark of the French humorist: "You say that you have never been to school and yet you are such an idiot."

Recent statistics show that there are now 9,500.000 wage-earning women in Germany, an increase of 57 per cent during the last twelve years. And these women are exercising an immense influence upon politics, an influence that is of course all the greater since the enfranchisement of German women has hardly yet entered the sphere of practical politics. Until recently women were forbidden by law to attend political meetings in Prussia and Bavaria or to belong to political societies. This law has now been repealed, not only because of its injustice, but because it could not be enforced. There was nothing to prevent women from joining political societies outside of Prussia and Bavaria, and it was easy to evade the prohibition with regard to political meetings. If an address by a woman was to be given it was usual to declare the meeting adjourned while the address was being given, and it would be then reconvened. The repeal of the prohibitive laws has had the effect of creating a number of women's political associations identical with those of the men, but as a general rule the German women seem to prefer their own organizations.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Affairs in China are necessarily introducing into the papers names of towns, mountains, and geographical divisions, which have a precise signification to the Sinologist, but to the "profanum vulgus" they are a veritable Chinese puzzle. Here are a few, for which we are indebted to a Paris contemporary: "King" is metropolis, "fou," a capital of a province; "chu," a town of the second rank; "kien," a town of the third rank; "kiang," a river; "ho," a stream; "hai," a sea or lake; "tao," an island; "chau," a mountain; "ling," a hill; "kouan," a fortified place; "chai," a troop encamped; "wei," a camp; "men," barrier; "ta," great; "siao," small; "pei," north; "nan," south; "toung," east; "chang," superior; "pai," white; "hei," black; "yang," blue. Thus Nan King, or Nanking, is a metropolis of the south. As to the two terms Wai-ou-Pou and Tou-chi-pou, the former signifies the ministry of foreign affairs, and the latter the ministry of finance.

There is no need for clocks on the Ægean Sea any day when the sun is shining. There nature has arranged her only timepiece, one that does not vary though the centuries pass. This natural time marker is the largest sundial in the world. Projecting into the blue waters of the sea is a large promontory which lifts its head 3000 feet above the waves. As the sun swings round, the pointed shadow of the mountain just touches one after the other a number of small islands, which are at exact distances apart and act as hour marks on the great dial.

The growing of tea in South Carolina has passed the experimental stage and it is probable that the production will soon be increased to such an extent as to become a real factor in the tea market. During the present year 12,000 pounds of tea of the highest quality has been produced. South Carolina tea has already become famous for its superior quality, selling for $1 a pound at retail stores.

At the Gridiron Club jinks in Washington the other night it was resolved to ask Canada to annex Champ Clark. There is no hope of such a consummation. The Canadians would face war sooner.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Letter from a Girl to Her Own Old Age.

Listen, and when my hand this paper presses,
O time-worn woman, think of her who blesses
What thy thin fingers touch, with her caresses.

O mother, for a weight of years do break thee!
O daughter, for slow time must yet awake thee,
And from the changes of my heart must make thee.

O fainting traveler, morn is gray in heaven.
Dost thou remember how the clouds were driven?
And are they calm about the fall of even?

Pause near the ending of thy long migration,
For this one sudden hour of desolation
Appeals to one hour of thy meditation.

Suffer, O silent one, that I remind thee
Of the great hills that stormed the sky behind thee.
Of the wild winds of power that have resigned thee.

Know that the mournful plain where thou must wander
Is but a gray and silent world, but ponder
The misty mountains of the morning yonder.

Listen:—The mountain winds with rain were fretting,
And sudden gleams the mountain-tops besetting.
I can not let thee fade to death, forgetting.

What part of this wild heart of mine I know not
Will follow with thee where the great winds blow not,
And where the young flowers of the mountain grow not.

Yet let my letter with my lost thoughts in it
Tell what the way was when thou didst begin it,
And win with thee the goal when thou shalt win it.

Oh, in some hour of thine my thoughts shall guide thee.
Suddenly, though time, darkness, silence hide thee,
This wind from thy lost country flits beside thee,—

Telling thee: all thy memories moved the maiden,
With thy regrets was morning over-shaden,
With sorrow thou hast left, her life was laden.

But whither shall my thoughts turn to pursue thee?
Life changes, and the years and days renew thee.
Oh, Nature brings my straying heart unto thee.

Her winds will join us, with their constant kisses
Upon the evening as the morning tresses,
Her summers breathe the same unchanging blisses.

And we, so altered in our shifting phases,
Track one another 'mid the many mazes
By the eternal child-breath of the daisies.

I have not writ this letter of divining
To make a glory of thy silent pining,
A triumph of thy mute and strange declining.

Only one youth, and the bright life was shrouded.
Only one morning, and the day was clouded.
And one old age with all regrets is crowded.

Oh, hush; oh, hush! Thy tears my words are steeping.
Oh, hush, hush, hush! So full, the fount of weeping?
Poor eyes, so quickly moved, so near to sleeping?

Pardon the girl; such strange desires beset her.
Poor woman, lay aside the mournful letter
That breaks thy heart; the one who wrote, forget her.

The one who now thy faded features guesses,
With filial fingers thy gray hair caresses,
With morning tears thy mournful twilight blesses.

—*Alice Thompson Meynell.*

In the Orchard.

Does Love remember yet the little house
We builded ere the Summer's sun was set,
To shelter him forever 'neath green boughs,
That he might dream and all the world forget?
The world beyond the orchard, where men fret,
Serving strange gods, remembering not Love's vows
Until the lonely afterdays that rouse
Within their hearts the serpent of regret,
And turn to lead the gold upon their brows,
Where once of old Love's circling roses met.
Does Love remember yet the little house?
If we forget not, how should Love forget?

Does Love remember how the apples hung
From drooping boughs above us, dewy wet?
And how all golden in the dusk they swung
Among thick branches, that in leafy net
Held the first stars—those stars that shall not set
While Love remembers? How the blackbird sung,
As in a bower, when Love himself was young,
He sang for Aucassin and Nicolete,
As still he sings in Love's clear silver tongue
For hearts that worship in green places yet?
Remembers Love how bright the apples hung?
If we forget not, how should Love forget?

Does Love remember yet when boughs are bare
And moaning winds the naked branches fret?
When Winter tempest troubles all the air,
When ruin hath the orchard overset?
When he must go through windy ways and wet,
Nor find him shield or shelter anywhere?
When, cold on brow, and white among his hair,
December snow falls, where green leaves have met?
Does Love remember flower and fruit that were?
Or dream how Spring shall stir to blossom yet
The boughs that Winter winds have stricken bare?
If we remember, how should Love forget?

—*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.*

The Cloister Close.

Lovely the square of pious green, where silence broods
A gentle confidence in all the mystic past!
Eden of Dean's devotions, Canon's prayers; soft moods
Of sanctified desire—that vow and rite outlast.
Beneath these arches meditation hovers low—
A melancholy, as of ages long at rest,
And pensive charm of world-forgetting hearts bestow
An ashen benediction on the dying West.
A serious beauty bathes the clambering rose
Upon the cloister roof, o'er gray walls cut with names
Once dear to daily brotherhood—whose soft repose
The transient path of Nature, love and life proclaims.
Here pace the placid friars; youthful priests: with ear
Intent unto the lowly voice of conscience' laws,
As wilder hearts outside the sheltered fold, to hear
The scarlet bugle-call to conflict's clashing cause!
Fit only for the passions that tomorrow die—
Or for the cloister that hath no today, is man?
The Summer bird that trills her duty to the sky
From these unheeding eaves, rejoiceth for a span!
Drugged deep in sweet anointing of the spirit balm,
With happiness secure for errant hopes resigned—
Do feet that tread these ways of holiness and calm
The vaunted "peace that passeth understanding" find?

—*Martha Gilbert Dickinson.*

ETHEL BARRYMORE IN NEW YORK.

Her New Play, "The Witness for the Defence," by A. E. W. Mason, at the Empire Theatre.

After a somewhat extended tour in the South and Middle West with her new play, Ethel Barrymore came back to Manhattan and last night gave us at the Empire Theatre our first hearing of the work. Not for the stamp of our approval, no, indeed. Miss Barrymore has been above that for some time. Long ago she realized that she had a vogue here which was of no value on her tours. Whatever she did was admirable, of course, and her gowns were lovely, and was there ever any one so dear. All that rubbish is swept away now. In fact, it took several shocks to awaken even the best advised of her large circle of personal friends to the certainty that Ethel was not playing at being an actress. "Mid Channel" was the second of these surprises, and "Alice Sit-by-the Fire" the third. Whatever comes now, there will be no return to the empty adulation of earlier days. The young, charming, altogether lovely heroine of frivolous comedy has grown up. And she has lost none of that pristine charm, while she has gained wonderfully in tense, steady sureness, the repose of a mastered art. Had her talent been less, she might more easily have won the recognition that comes to earnest effort and demonstrated power. It is most pleasing to see that in spite of all—the misplaced admiration of society, the seemingly long-continued inability of Mr. Frohman to find a real play for her, the illusions that surrounded inherited ability—Miss Barrymore receives the discriminating praise from theatre-goers which she fairly earns.

Her new play is by no means a great thing. It is a novel of the melodramatic sort, told in situations and dialogue, in four acts instead of twenty chapters. Its author, A. E. W. Mason, is an English writer whose novel, "The Broken Road," is better known here than his earlier play, "Mirauda of the Balcony." The drama now being presented by Miss Barrymore, "The Witness for the Defence," was a big London success last year, and is the sort of thing that goes well for a season anywhere, if in good hands. And that is to say that in the service of mediocre players it would be not merely unconvincing but actually tedious or repelling. The central idea of the play, the one that gives it its title, would be more satisfactorily elaborated in a written story, for it includes the well-meaning but really compromising intrusion of a friend into an affair that might have worked out to a better, certainly a more definite, conclusion without his aid. Once in the muddle, however, the march of events, with slight reservation, is shown acceptably.

This is the story: Stella Ballantyne is the wife of a drunken brute, whom she has accompanied to India. His progress there on the downward way is steady and cruel. In one of his attacks upon his long-suffering wife she turns on him the rifle which she had taken up with the half-formed resolution of ending her own miserable existence. She is brought to trial charged with murder, and though the truth would have justified her, an old lover, Henry Thresk, comes forward and turns the issue by his evidence, securing her acquittal but without making plain the facts in the case. Stella returns to England and two years later accepts the love of Richard Hazlewood, who is old enough to know his own mind and to have outgrown boyish romantic notions. Richard's family, however, in the conventional attitude, are inquisitive and suspicious of the lady's past. They question Thresk, who is still lingering about, and though he is a match for their malice he decides that Stella can not afford to marry and take chances but must tell the whole story to her intended. The interview in which he forces this conviction on Stella is the test scene of the play. Fortunately for the happy ending, young Hazlewood is not dismayed, but proves his faith in Stella. There is no reason in the world why he should not have known the exact truth from the beginning, except for the confusion which Thresk, the witness for the defense, brought into the trial in India. Almost too ingenious, for a play, and yet natural enough in real life. Who has not interested friends anxious to manage one's affairs, without solicitation, so much better than one can handle them for himself? And how grieved and resentful they are when their efforts are not welcomed, and how easily they shift the burden of blame when their plans miscarry.

As the victim, first, of a degenerate husband, and next of a devoted but inconsiderate friend, Miss Barrymore carries her burden of woes with something more than resignation and desperate courage. The rôle has emotional possibilities which are entirely disregarded. To her its sorrow and despair, its unescapable torture of memories, are too deep for even momentary violence of speech or action. Yet there is nothing lacking in the impressive realism of her expression. It is an agonized soul that speaks in her voice, her eyes, her face, her poses. Miss Barrymore, even in her most youthful impersonations, never over acted. Some believed that she could not produce the illusion of deep feeling, that the power of moving the hearts of her auditors was beyond her. Such of her critics, with few exceptions, have reconsidered their judgment. She has the power, and she exerts it with a method so simple and direct, an art so finished in breadth and detail, that its effects are irresistible.

Throughout, Miss Barrymore's supporting company is excellent. A. E. Anson, as the devoted friend, is to be praised for his understanding and ease in difficult situations, never betrayed by a false or careless inflection. He shares with the star the favor won in the dramatic scene of the long-delayed confession. Leslie Faber, the manly lover, who has just "given up cricket for golf," is clear cut and thoroughly winning. A prosy old faddist of a father, played by Ernest Stallard, is made genial and sympathetic. W. L. Abington is effective as the drunken husband. Miss Annie Esmond is the only other woman in the cast, and her part is not an exacting one, but it is essayed with as much distinction as it will carry.

At the close of the third act the applause was hearty, general, and prolonged, and many curtain calls were granted. There is never any doubt of this show of enthusiasm when Miss Barrymore begins her season in Manhattan, hut it means more now than it did a few years ago. When the big play arrives, with Ethel Barrymore as its moving presence, it will find her fully equipped and able to make its appeal vivid and lasting.

New York, December 5, 1911. FLANEUR.

Death came suddenly at his home in North Easton, Massachusetts, December 3, to Rear-Admiral George Francis Faxon Wilde, United States Navy, retired. Heart disease was the cause of death, which came in the veteran officer's sixty-seventh year. Rear-Admiral Wilde commanded the United States marines—the first marines ever landed in China—during the Boxer uprising, and participated in numerous movements of the allied forces during the uprising. Graduating from the United States Naval Academy in 1864, within twenty years he had risen to the rank of commander, and in 1865 was on the flagship *Susquehanna* when she went to Havana for the Confederate ram *Stonewall Jackson*. He commanded the United States ship *Dolphin* on her cruise around the world which was finished in 1885. It was the first time a steel vessel of the United States Navy had circumnavigated the globe. He was in command of the famous battleship *Oregon* when she grounded on an uncharted ledge in Pe-Chili Gulf, and, although the rocks penetrated her outer and interior bottoms, Captain Wilde brought the battleship safely to port, seventy-five miles distant. He was commandant of the navy yard at Boston when he retired in 1905. He was born in Braintree, Massachusetts, February 23, 1845.

To the poems and editorials he has written while occupying a cell in the state penitentiary at Rusk, Texas, "Jack" McKinney owes his liberty. Governor Colquitt pardoned McKinney on Thanksgiving Day. McKinney was sent to prison on a ten-year sentence for forgery. He obtained permission to establish the *Alcade Chronical*, a weekly newspaper devoted to the penitentiary. In this paper he used editorials appealing to the prisoners to lead better lives after leaving prison. He appealed to the world to take pity on the felons in nearly every issue. But his most effective work was his short poems, telling of a prisoner's homes, thoughts, happiness, and sufferings. His last poem pictured the joy of a father freed from prison and restored to his family. It was this more than anything else that induced the governor to decide upon a pardon. Governor Colquitt at times indulges in poetry himself.

It seems a strange thing that measures for the protection of the field and forest birds of America have become of pressing necessity. Once so numerous, the birds are now so thinned in numbers that their absence from former haunts is noticeable East and West. Great losses in grain and fruit crops come through the attacks of insects that formerly were taken care of by the birds. An example of what may be done in bird culture in a large way is being furnished in Michigan, near the village of Dearborn, which is an outpost of Detroit. Here 2800 acres of land have been given up to bird attraction and protection by Henry Ford, a wealthy philanthropist. It is the most important work of its kind that has been undertaken in this country and also the first large individual effort in the conservation of our native wild life.

Telephone conversation is likely to play an important part in lawsuits and criminal action at law, with the perfecting of an apparatus by Professor P. Perotti, by means of which a permanent record can be kept of the words spoken over the telephone. Professor Perotti's telephone receiver is composed of two loud speaking telephones; one of these is furnished with the usual mouthpiece; the other is connected with the vibrating membrane of a Pathé phonograph. The current required for this telephone is a little greater than for ordinary installations. The phonograph record can be made to reproduce the speech in the usual manner.

Of great importance to copper-producing states is the reported success of the Young process for the elimination of the poisonous fumes from the smoke of smelters which have devastated the surrounding country and in some cases caused an interruption of mining. The process has been tested by Professor Cottrell of the University of California and by other Western scientists. It is to be tried in the Shasta copper fields, and copper men hope that it will put an end to the smelter difficulty.

China has the longest canal in the world—the Grand. It is the longest certified waterway, and goes from Tungtu to Hangchoo, a distance of 600 miles.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Clara Smith, instructor of mathematics at Wellesley College, has been elected a fellow of an American association of savants, in consideration of her discovery that Abel's theorems can be used to do Bissell's problems in a quicker and simpler manner than hitherto known.

Ellen Hume of Philadelphia, nearly ninety years of age, has been in the employ of one family for sixty-one years, establishing a record for faithful service. She entered the employ of the family of Isaac H. Morris as a servant in 1850, and is now with a daughter of that pioneer. She accompanies the family on its travels.

Mrs. Mary Gaunt, an Englishwoman who recently returned from a journey in the wilds of Africa, has been instrumental in founding a Travelers' Club in London for women. Only intrepid voyagers are eligible, and it is hoped the club will grow into an association to help women who wish to explore far-away lands.

Dr. John Miller Turpin Finney, mentioned as a strong possibility as the new president of Princeton, is a surgeon at Johns Hopkins and a graduate of Princeton, class of 1884. He was born in Mississippi in 1863. After completing his course at Princeton he entered the Harvard Medical School. At college he was prominent in athletics and made a fine record as a student.

William Wallace Gilchrist, for thirty-six consecutive years conductor of the Mendelssohn Club, Philadelphia, and now in his thirty-seventh year in that capacity, holds the record for such service in this country. No other leader in America, it is claimed, approaches within ten years of this splendid achievement. He has given the world many excellent compositions and is the author of a number of songs. In addition he has won several prizes for choral compositions.

Miss Julia D. Kitts, seven-year-old daughter of Lieutenant William P. Kitts, Twenty-First United States Infantry, has traveled over 46,000 miles already, and may lay claim to the world's juvenile traveling record. She was born at Fort Lincoln, North Dakota, and less than a year later had accompanied the regiment to the Philippines. She has nearly completed her second tour of foreign service with the same regiment, which is stationed at Ludlow barracks, Island of Mindanao.

Professor Cleveland Abbe, who has been awarded the Symons gold medal by the Royal Meteorological Society of London, has been in the service of the United States government for many years. He was born in Washington, D. C., and after graduating at Harvard took a course in the Imperial University at Berlin. The recent award was made in recognition of his work in the scientific world. His works on meteorological matters are considered authorities. He will leave in January for London, to accept the medal.

Joseph Taggart, who went to Congress a few days ago from the Second Kansas District, began life as a farm hand. He is the first Democrat to be sent from that district since 1896. By teaching in the little schoolhouses which with their cyclone cellars dot the plains of Kansas he earned the money that paid for his legal education. Six years ago he was elected prosecuting attorney of Wyandotte County, in which Kansas City, Kansas, is situated. He came to general notice throughout the West by solving three murder mysteries.

Miss Edith Campbell, said to be the first woman candidate in the United States to have received a vote of a President, has just been elected member of the Board of Education of Cincinnati. President Taft, the day before the city election, announced that he would vote for her. Miss Campbell is not much of a suffragist, to begin with. She was born in Ripley, Ohio, was graduated from the University of Cincinnati, and served for a year on the faculty as instructor in economics. She is a director of the Schmidlapp Fund for girls, a foundation which gives financial aid to young women who are compelled to be self-supporting.

Robert Luce, the newly elected lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, might be said to have begun campaigning at the age of seven, and has been in politics all his life. He was a precocious child and his father took him along on numerous campaigns, with the result that the lad showed a man's capacity for reasoning and work long before his majority. At seventeen he went to Harvard, and found the studies so easy that he took up newspaper work for a Boston daily, besides doing a large amount of literary work. He has lectured, done reporting and editing, taught school, and written a textbook. As a lawyer he has been successful, and has an office in Boston.

Justin McCarthy, politician, author, and journalist, celebrated his eighty-first birthday recently at Folkstone, Kent, England. He is convalescing from a sharp attack of illness, hut his brain is as keen as ever. In his hoyhood he took up newspaper work, for a time heing employed as a reporter on the *Cork Examiner*, in his native town. From Cork he went to London and began writing essays. During his long career as a writer he was editor of but one paper, the *Morning Star*, of which John Bright was the principal proprietor. His novels have long since added to his fame, and his "Ilistory of Our Own Times" ranks as a standard work. After the fall of Parnell he became the man of the hour in the Nationalist party in Parliament. Eight years ago a civil list pension was bestowed upon him by Mr. Balfour.

THE EXCEPTIONAL CASE.

In an Artist's Studio.

"Who is the man talking to Miss Van Buren?"

"And you have been here a whole year! It is the Delafield."

"Not the creator of 'The Crucial Moment'? Why have I never seen him before?"

"Because he never goes anywhere."

"He is here."

"Yes, he feels under some sort of obligation to the Kendricks, and submitted to the sacrifice."

"And why should he be such a recluse?"

"Work."

"You work, but it does not keep you from play."

"Such sacrilege! To compare the humble dauber to a master like Lincoln Delafield!"

"I suppose he is a bachelor?"

"Alas, no, fair lady! He has a wife and child."

"Where is she?"

"Presumably at home. Never disclose the awful fact, but she is said to be—domestic."

"You mean provincial, plain, commonplace. Horrors! Why must genius mate with mediocrity? It is the irony of fate. Have you seen her?"

"She has only lately arrived. No one to my knowledge has yet beheld her. The child is an infant in arms."

"I've lost time enough as it is. It may be my last and only chance. Do bring him here; that is a good little boy."

"You will be disappointed. Take warning, friend of my callow youth. Delafield cares nothing for the things the men of your class care for; he never looks at women except in the light of his art."

"Nonsense! I've known such men before."

"And they always yield before my lady's charms? But Delafield is the exceptional case. He defines unique better than Webster, for he is the living illustration of the term."

"Perhaps he will allow himself to meet the guest of his hostess at any rate."

The woman watched Cresson make his way through the crowd, then turned to the group on her right. The place was the home of the Kendricks, the occasion one of the social functions for which the wealthy family was famous.

Their guest and friend, Alison Kirkpatrick, was aware a few moments later that Cresson had returned, and not alone. She found herself facing a man whose like she had not met in all her varied experience. Physically his presence dwarfed his fellows. He filled the room. His face was not really handsome yet—what was the charm of it? Strength, perhaps, concentration, purpose shone from his wonderful eyes. Yet he was talking commonplaces, and Miss Kirkpatrick detected perfunctoriness beneath his careful courtesy.

"I am very ignorant of art," she said, lifting eyes which had dazzled the great ones of the earth to his; "but your picture obsessed me. I have been unable to throw it off. You must have had a wonderful model for the woman."

"I did," shortly.

She tried another subject and caught him heroically strangling a yawn. The light of battle shone in her eyes. She told her best story. She had hardly finished when he began eagerly:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Kirkpatrick, but would you mind turning your head as you did a moment ago?"

She did so. The man's face was transformed.

"It is just what I want for a picture I'm planning. I wonder—I fear it is too much to ask?—but if you could pose for it—— Are you generous to poor beggars?"

His eyes declared his admiration frankly.

Alison smiled. "The man of the hour has only to command," she submitted graciously.

There was no question of his interest now. The day was set for the following week. Miss Kirkpatrick felt a distinct disappointment that it was so far away. Delafield did not linger long. He drifted away in the crowd, and she saw him no more.

When she was alone in her room the woman looked in the cheval glass with ill-concealed eagerness. It was a most striking creature which she saw reflected there. Hair black as night, dark brown eyes which glowed and sparkled, creamy skin with a hint of color, a mouth which could be bewitching, but if one were overly critical, drooping too much at the corners. Tall, willowy, her creamy satin, plain, handsome, fitted her slender form to protection, while the yellow daffodils gave her just the touch of color needed.

Vain? Of course she was! How could she be otherwise? In society since her eighteenth year; an heiress, an orphan brought up by an aunt who cared for nothing but pleasure, success, and social prestige. The girl knew no other life. Her little world could not comprehend the joy of service, the interest of work, the possible absorption of an object in life. She only knew that she had Fortune's gifts, that men lost their heads over her beauty (and incidentally her money), that after years of such success she tired of it and longed for new sensations, new worlds to conquer.

And here to her hand came the desire of her heart. She only hoped that the new victim might prove a too easy triumph. She had no doubt of the ultimate result. Had she ever met a man who could resist her charms if she chose to exert them? This man, indifferent and crossed with work, had shown his admiration of her, even if he had not seemed wildly enthusiastic at first. He should pay for that later. She would show that cool, assured Cresson that his friend was not the superior god of his fancy, that his feet at least were of clay. She could see the story of his life. It could be told in a few words: Poor, struggling, hard-worked, ambitious, and just when fame burst upon him he must needs have burdened himself with a wife, the probable choice of his crude boyhood or early manhood, uninteresting, matter-of-fact, plain, a household drudge, absorbed now in her baby. Meanwhile this glorious specimen of manhood walked through life a prisoner with a ball and chain to his leg dragging him down, fettering his spirit, cramping his God-given powers.

Mrs. Phillips Westbrook took Alison out in her new machine a few days later. They picked up Cresson, who proposed a visit to Delafield's studio.

"Why, where are we going?" Alison asked as the Packard whirled them on past the city of her intimate knowledge.

Cresson opened his blue eyes wide over her ignorance.

"Latin Quarter," he replied.

"I supposed Mr. Delafield had moved his studio now."

Mrs. Westbrook's tone was reproachfully inquiring.

"You forget that he has only lately arrived, that artists are not millionaires, and then—oh, how can one explain Link to one who doesn't know him?" Cresson declared with a hopeless gesture.

Through Alison's mind came a vision of the future. She saw herself buying pictures at fabulous prices, a patroness of Art with a grateful artist her devoted friend in the near background. Her heart quickened. Life was at last interesting.

Arrived at the studio, Cresson, after one or two light raps turned the knob. It gave, and the party walked in.

"He can't be out," Cresson declared in his clear voice. He started toward the inner room, the women lingering behind.

"Ah, here you are, deaf, dumb, and blind when the Muse commands," Cresson cried in his hearty tones.

Delafield came forward to meet them. His manner was rather confused, almost, Alison thought, as if they were unwelcome. If so, he quickly recovered himself.

"The other room is pleasanter; this is always in a clutter," he apologized laughingly as he moved towards the door.

But Alison was not in the habit of following while some one else led. Besides, she had caught sight of some rare bronzes and a copper candlestick and vase. She moved swiftly to the other end of the room to examine them. Some Oriental rugs were thrown in a pile on the floor. She was rather disappointed. She had seen far more interesting studios. Even Cresson's was a den of luxury in comparison. But the man made up for other drawbacks. Except for a curious restlessness now and then and an inclination to draw them to the other room, he appeared to much better advantage than he had at the Kendricks. There was a simple courtesy about him, an utter lack of self-consciousness. His velvet jacket suited him better than a dress suit. They chatted cozily.

Alison went about examining the drawings, and the few paintings.

"I have something in the next room you will like better," Delafield urged once more.

But Alison was determined to stay. "This is the real studio," she declared. "Oh, do tell me about the picture on the right!"

Delafield started towards her when suddenly there was a quick, insistent pounding on a door nearest Alison.

"I can't stand it another minute, Link; I'm suffocating," cried a muffled voice.

Delafield ran to the closed door and threw it open.

A girl sprang into the room. She was enveloped in white crêpe drapery, exquisitely embroidered. The three stared at the unexpected vision. Alison thought she had never seen such a beautiful creature. She recognized with a swift pang which she could not analyze that she was the original of the woman in "The Crucial Moment." Her golden hair, slightly disordered, was piled up high on her perfectly shaped head, falling about her neck and face in adorable little rings; her eyes, dancing with mischief, were yet full of a half deprecating appeal for mercy like a child caught in a forbidden pastime. Her form looked less tall than it really was; it was slender, and her every movement was grace itself, but as unstudied as a child's. A sudden slip of the drapery revealed it, and the arm and hand, the latter moulded after a sculptor's dream.

Alison stood there, her thoughts a whirl of conflicting emotions. Here was the secret of the artist's unnatural exile, of his indifference to women. Men were alike the world over. They were not anchorites, but pleasure-seekers ever. She looked at the guilty pair and fairly gasped. They were laughing, actually laughing, so they could not speak.

And then Delafield, with a supreme effort, controlled his twitching lips enough to say: "Let me introduce my wife."

"It was so absurd," Mrs. Delafield explained, after she had met them properly. "Lincoln was determined that I should pose for his new picture, 'The Mother and Child.' He said he could put the baby in any time at home, but he wanted me here where he could have the proper background and atmosphere. So I came very meekly, as I always do. And in the midst of it we heard you, and as I was very negligée, I sprang into the closet. There I found this crêpe thing. But I was strangled. There wasn't a breath of air."

She turned to her husband, who watched her with amused, adoring eyes.

"You were stupid enough about getting them out of here; now do keep them till I get my dress," she begged. "I'm so sorry to have burst upon you in this dreadful way"—she included them all with her merry glance—"but you must blame that husband of mine. Artists are not responsible beings." She hurried towards the door.

"Oh, Saxon, can't you come back?"

Delafield's tone was imploring, like a boy's.

She raised her hand in protest.

"You unnatural parent! Indulgence but makes you worse. Have you forgotten your offspring in the hands of a new nurse?" And she was gone.

Somehow with her going the atmosphere changed. Delafield's courtesy appeared strained. It reminded Alison of the flatness of seltzer water with the fizz gone. She was sure that he wished devoutly that they would go and never had come to interfere with his plans. They went.

Alison was silent most of the way home. She hardly replied to Cresson's enthusiastic wonder over Delafield's wife. In fact, Miss Kirkpatrick's new sensation had made her decidedly out of sorts.

However, she was to sit for the artist Thursday afternoon. The fact sustained her through the tiresome round of gayety that intervened. Delafield should not treat her as if she were an admirable piece of mechanism. His wife was not the only beautiful woman in the world.

Thursday morning came a hurriedly written note by messenger. Tearing it open, the woman read:

> I believe you were to sit for me today, dear Miss Kirkpatrick—or was it tomorrow?—but my plans have been unexpectedly turned topsy-turvy. My son and heir has been ordered a change of locality, and I fear his mother is not up to par, though she insists upon the contrary; so we're off at once for Brittany. I can work as well there as here, and I have two or three pictures sizzling to keep me out of mischief. Perhaps if you are still here on our return in the fall, you will be good enough to fulfill your promise to pose for me. I wanted you as a foil to my wife in an Oriental scene, which I think I shall call "The Slaves." Mrs. Delafield joins me in kind regards. Sincerely yours,
>
> Lincoln Delafield.

Miss Kirkpatrick's lovely eyes emitted dangerous sparks as she tore the note into bits.

"That man is impossible!" she exclaimed to the empty space enveloping her. "I never want to set eyes on him again, never!"

Rhodes Campbell.

San Francisco, December, 1911.

Strange and fantastic was the drowning of a young woman in an underground river in Missouri last week. She was a student in Washington University, at St. Louis, and had gone with a party of freshmen under the charge of their professor of geology to inspect the famous Onandaga cave near Leesburg, in Crawford County. The entrance is by boats, and the party in several skiffs, each carrying flaming torches, had penetrated far into the interior, when by the simultaneous efforts of the passengers to dodge a row of stalactites one of the boats was upset. The lights were extinguished and in the confusion little could be done. When the other boats came up all were found but one, and then began a frantic search, wild cries bringing no answer but the multitudinous echoes of the cavern.

General Ignacio Andrade, who was President of Venezuela in the stirring times when Cipriano Castro first got busy and took possession of the reins of government down there, and is now Venezuelan minister to Cuba, is visiting New York. He says that Castro, whose whereabouts of late have been a mystery to many, is living quietly at Cucuta, which is just over the Colombian border. Though Castro is within easy striking distance of Maracaibo by water, and several Venezuelan revolutions have started from over in Colombia, General Andrade does not expect Castro to get up another.

There is one public library in Peking. It is the library of the Kuo Tze Chien, or "School for the Sons of the Empire," an ancient university that existed a thousand years before the Christian era. This library is of stone. On 182 tablets of stone composing it are carved all of the "Thirteen Classics," the summary and essence of all Chinese culture. This stone library itself is not of the age of the School for the Sons of the Empire, but probably dates from some time late in the Mongol or early in the Ming dynasty, about 500 years ago.

Astronomy for soldiers is to be taught in the English army, under the direction of the distinguished astronomer, Sir Norman Lockyer. To illustrate the value of a knowledge of the stars he tells how when Lord Wolseley ordered a night attack upon Arabi Pasha's forces at Telel-Kebir the expedition would have failed but for two naval officers who[illegible] made them more or less

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That pickpockets [illegible] ago is daily called to the a[illegible] thorities through the larg[illegible] nd in mail-boxes. For th[illegible] ge of pocket-books taken [illegible] been more than 100 a w[illegible] the West Side, a few da[illegible] ound by an early morning

SAINT-SAENS'S NEW OPERA.

Parisians Enjoy a Classical Theme in Modern Guise.

Camille Saint-Saëns has repeated in his old age—he is in his seventy-sixth year—an experience which must have taken him back to those days of his early manhood when he was organist at the Madeleine. His first success in opera, it will be remembered, was achieved with "Samson et Dalila," a work which he began in 1869, but which did not reach the Grand Opera House in Paris until twenty-three years later. And that notwithstanding its success at Weimar in 1877 and the enthusiasm with which it was heard at Rouen in 1890. Paris has always been distinguished for its hospitality to the innovating music of other capitals, and the rage for Wagner may help to explain why Saint-Saëns's biblical opera was for so many years denied a hearing in the city of its composer's nativity.

Why his "Déjanire," however, should have been so long in reaching the Grand Opera House at the capital is not quite so easy of explanation. It was first performed thirteen years ago in the Roman arena at Béziers, an aphitheatre after the style of the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, and another trial "on the dog" was carried out at Monte Carlo last March. But it was only on Monday the opera was performed for the first time in Paris. In the absence of any statement by the composer, a theory may be hazarded to account for this unusual delay. The libretto was written by Louis Gallet in the form of a declamatory tragedy, but although Saint-Saëns composed the music appropriate for that form he evidently thought a radical change necessary. The two performances at Béziers convinced him that the subject was more suitable for lyric drama, and after the death of M. Gallet he took the libretto in hand himself and, in addition to remodeling that, recast his music. Evidently his primary object was to construct a work more on the lines of his "Samson et Dalila"—a work which should once more show how futile is the strength of the strongest when in competition with the wiles of woman.

Hence the title of the new opera—which Saint-Saëns assures us is to be his last—is not "Hercules" but "Déjanire." Hence, too, the insistance not upon the twelve labors of Hercules but upon that passion for Iole which set in motion the fatal resentment of Déjanire. Not that the physical might and undaunted courage of Hercules are ignored; on the contrary, and as in the case of his Samson, Saint-Saëns takes care to provide a firm background for the triumph of Déjanire. Consequently the first act is suffused with the presence of Hercules in the character of a resistless conqueror. By the exhilarating melody of the overture, by the full body of the chorus, by the valiant bearing of the hero, it becomes obvious that here is a man supreme among his kind for physique and daring. The libretto, too, added to that impression; it brought into relief all the great exploits of Hercules's past, his triumph against the Nemean lion and the hydra of Lernæ, his slaying of the stag of Ceryeia and his capture of the Erymanthian boar, his cleansing of the Augean stables and his quest of Cerebus in the underworld. And but now he has seized the city of Eurytus, and, having slain its lord, has taken his fair daughter Iole as his share of the spoil.

Here, then, the story proper of the opera began. And, in harmony with its title, the difficulty of Hercules's situation is duly complicated by the presence of his wife Déjanire. He, however, attempts to make light of such a trifling obstacle. That, at any rate, is how Saint-Saëns reads the old Greek legend. "I want you no more," exclaims the enamored Hercules, as though he were a Latin Quarter bohemian with a new love on the horizon. Déjanire, however, is not quite the mild maternal wife of Sophocles. She has affinities rather with that discarded mistress of Napoleon III who declared that while she could have sacrificed herself to political necessity she saw no reason why she should be immolated for a caprice. Déjanire, in brief, on learning the contemplated faithlessness of Hercules, despatches first a pythoness and then appears herself to heartily curse her wayward spouse. As if this were not trouble enough, the situation is rendered more intricate by the attitude of Iole. One of the labors to which not even Hercules was equal was the winning of her love. Of course this is a radical departure from the legend; there Iole is a colorless factor, a maiden who accepts her fate with complete indifference. Not so in Saint-Saëns's opera. Such timidity would ruin the plot, especially for the Parisian, who insists upon a lover in the background. So Iole has a lover, who is none other than Hercules's bosom friend Philoctète; and it is to her pensive song of regret for that youth that the curtain falls on the first act.

Ignorant of Iole's love for Philoctète, Hercules, in the second act, condescends to the art of persuasion. But his efforts to overcome Iole's reluctance are hampered by the jealousy of Déjanire, who is not content to rely wholly upon her curse. Between the diffidence of Iole and the active opposition of his wife Hercules has an unhappy time and begins to realize how much of a handicap mere brute strength may be when whimsical women are in question. It was hardly surprising then, that, in spite of a haunting chorale, the second act had an impeded motion until near the end. Then the hero awakens to the inwardness of the situation, and realizes that the obstacle to his latest matrimonial ambition is his own familiar friend Philoctète. This provides an opening for a stirring climax. Seeing that a man constitutes the difficulty, Hercules can grapple with it, which he does in a vigorous manner by condemning Philoctète to imprisonment.

Consequently, as the third act makes clear, Hercules now has a weapon to turn against the rebellious Iole. Her lover is in prison, he explains, and unless she renounces him he will have him put to death. What can Iole do save consent? But as soon as Hercules leaves the stage to prepare for the nuptials, Déjanire enters and the two women at once agree on a conspiracy. Departing once more from the legend, and this time excusably, Saint-Saëns makes Déjanire bethink herself of the poisoned shirt of Nessus and tells Iole she will send it to her husband to wear at the wedding. When the scene changes to the fourth act there is an animated and resplendant picture of the marriage rites. But ere the ceremony is performed Hercules enters the temple to array himself in Déjanire's wedding gift. Reappearing in the fatal garment, but a few minutes elapse ere its poison begins to work, for while pouring out his libation on the altar Hercules feels his body scorched as with flame, and quickly realizes that his doom is sealed. Close at hand, in happy anticipation of stage exigencies, is a funeral pyre, built of "deep-rooted oak" and "wild male-olive," on which the defeated hero is fain to lay his agonized body. Hardly has he done so than a flash of lightning kindles the wood and Hercules disappears in a cloud of smoke, to reappear a moment later transfigured amid the gods.

Such is Saint-Saëns's "Déjanire," which no one can charge with being a plagiarism from the "Trachiniæ" of Sophocles. Of course there is indebtedness, as the foregoing sketch of the plot will show, but the differences are as fundamental as the changes the composer has made in all his other handlings of historic or legendary themes. That, indeed, is Saint-Saëns's way. His music is nearly always composite. Although not lacking in originality, or in gifts which might have made him independent of any school, he is so much of an eclectic that he can not endure the good shall be forgotten simply because it is old. There was a time when the Wagner school had great hopes of Saint-Saëns, although he was suspected of nursing ideas destructive to their faith. Instead, however, of joining either the orthodox or unorthodox camp, he astonished both by taking a line of his own. It was the line of compromise; he did not deride the old, nor did he scorn the new. If he thinks an archaic form is best for a given theme he will adopt that form irrespective of its age; and, equally, he does not refuse hospitality to an idea because it is not traditional. Hence the blending of old and new in "Déjanire," not merely in theme, but in music and staging. The old is there in sol minor without the chromatic seventh, or in plain chant; the new in such a touch of realism as that which closed the opera with a transformation scene.

Of the performance little need be said. M. Muratore, usually admirable as singer and actor, as Hercules; Félia Litvinne as Déjanire; M. Dangès as Philoctète; and Mlle. Gall as Iole, all fitted their parts as vocalists, but were somewhat too restless in action. The least guilty was Mlle. Gall, a soprano who has restraint and sings with rare freshness and purity.

PARIS, November 28, 1911. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

Brinton, Virginia, now a busy centre of industry, owes its beginning to the poisoning of a farmer's cows, which also led to the discovery of valuable deposits of arsenic. A farmer cleared a new field on the mountain top near by for a pasture. Before long the cows sickened and died. It was thought that the trouble lay in a spring which bubbled from the rocks in apparent purity. Upon analysis it was found that this water contained arsenic in such quantities as to render it dangerous either to man or beast. From the time when the ore enters the crushers until the finished product reaches the casks it is untouched by human hands. It is carried along from point to point by automatic arrangements through each process of manufacture. The impalpable dust and poisonous gases generated are so dangerous that the atmosphere of the plant has to be kept pure by artificial means.

According to Galen, in drowning the inrushing water closed the epiglottis and the weight of the water made the reopening impossible. Death by drowning was, therefore, according to the Greeks, very similar to death by hanging. Upon the theory of the delivery of the soul from the bonds of the body with the last breath is based the ignominy of death by hanging, as this death destroyed not only the body, but also the soul. The knight, however atrocious the crime for which he was to be punished by death, was permitted to die by the sword, thus saving his soul. The knight was held to be superior to the common man in every respect.

Utah, about to build a state capitol, sent a commission all over the country to find the best model. They selected unanimously the Kentucky state capitol as the most beautiful and best. Built of Indiana limestone, the structure at Frankfort cost about $2,000,000, but the Salt Lake capitol will be constructed of Utah granite or Utah marble.

Paul la Fargue, a former Socialist deputy of France, and his wife, Lera Marx, daughter of Karl Marx, the great Socialist, committed suicide at Draveil, France, a few days ago. Fear of old age and poverty were set down in letters left as the cause of seeking death by the pair.

LOST GREEK LITERATURE.

When one takes a survey of the literary output of the Greek people for ten or twelve centuries after they first appear on the field of fairly authentic history, we can not but be astounded at its enormous extent (says Charles W. Super, in the *Westminster Review*). This fact becomes all the more impressive when we remember that before the Christian era the Greek language and Greek modes of thought had worn so deep a channel in the human consciousness that almost all mental activity that was not confined to a purely local field flowed through it. Sir Henry Maine hardly stated the case too strongly when he declared that whatever moves, except the blind forces of the physical universe, is due to the Greeks. A brief record of the losses Greek literature has sustained through the ravages of time enables us, by means of the constructive imagination, to form a juster conception of the mental fecundity of the most remarkable people that has contributed to the history of our race, than we can obtain from a severely intensive study of the more or less complete masterpieces alone that still exist.

Mr. Super surveys the remains of epic poetry, the scattered records of and fragments from the tragic and lyric poets, and the work of the philosophers, at length, though his paragraphs are little more than a list of names, and passes to the dramatists, finding in this department recollections of a sadly suggestive mass of great works that have utterly perished:

As precursors in the Attic drama may be named Pratinas and his son; Phrynichus and his son; and Choirilus. But their extant literary remains are too scanty to enable us to form a just idea of their manner. The first is said to have composed fifty dramas; the second, about the same number; while the last is credited with no less than one hundred and sixty, doubtless an exaggeration. To Æschylus are ascribed from seventy to ninety. Only seven are now known to exist. His son Euphorion composed some tragedies, and his nephew, Philocles, is credited by Suidas with an even hundred. Astydamas, the son of Morsimus, was, in later times, believed to have produced two hundred and forty tragedies. This number is, however, quite beyond probability. His son also composed dramas, as did likewise Theodectes the Lydian, Polyeidos, Moschion, Dicaiogenes, Aphareus, Cleainetus, Diogenes the Cynic, Python, and others. An "Achilleis" by Aristarchus of Tegea was translated by Ennius into Latin, but he is not known to have composed anything else. Sophocles is said to have written one hundred and twenty-three dramas. As in the case of his most distinguished predecessor, we have but seven, and a few insignificant fragments.

There is not much doubt that Euripides wrote and published ninety-two tragedies, or quasi-tragedies. Out of this vast repertory seventy-three have disappeared, except a few lines culled here and there from other authors. To Iophon, a son of Sophocles, fifty dramas are assigned; and Aristo, another son, is thought to have produced at least a few. A younger Sophocles composed not less than a dozen. Other tragedians are a young Euripides, Xenocles, and Garcinos. The last-named had a son who bore his father's name, and wrote a long list of tragedies. To Achaius, a younger rival of Sophocles, are assigned as many as forty-four dramas, of which number eleven received prizes; and to Neophron, one hundred and twenty: Ion of Chios, who belonged to the same period, was a sort of precursor of Schiller and Goethe, as he wrote, or compiled, not only Reminiscences of Travel and a brief history, but also tragedies and lyric poems. Yet this long list of names is represented to us directly by only the few dramas enumerated above. All the rest, so far as we know—and there must have been some thousands—have been swept into oblivion by the slow-moving but resistless current of time. Dionysius the Elder, tyrant of Syracuse, once gained the first prize in Athens with a tragedy. Why should he not, since he was well able to pay the price? It is probable that the large assignment of plays to a not inconsiderable number of Greek composers was made in later times from internal evidence—never very reliable—as scholars came upon titles that to them were anonymous.

Turning to comedy, we find at the head of the list Epicharmus, with at least thirty-six productions. His dialogues were both witty and wise. He was, however, preceded in a minor way by Susarion in Attica and Phormis in Syracuse. Upon the writings of the Sicilian Epicharmus, Apollodorus wrote a commentary in ten books. Both the originals and the commentary are no longer in existence. Much after the manner of comedy were the Mimes, several of which were produced by Sophron, and a few by his son Xenarchus. Passing now permanently from Italy to Athens, we come first upon the names of Chionides, Ecphantides, and Magnes. Farther, may be named Cratinus, Crates, of whom we possess fifteen titles, Pherecrates, of whose comedies seventeen titles are known, Telecleides, and Hermippos. To this list should be added about a dozen others, most of whom are known by name, although of a few some small fragments have been preserved, and in the case of several, enough to provide us with an outline of the plot. It is a familiar fact that the only representative of Attic comedy known to us by existing productions is Aristophanes, although of his forty-four comedies only one-fourth has been preserved. The names of fifty-seven poets, and as many as eight hundred separate productions, make up the long roster of what once was, but has since ceased to [illegible]

LIFE AT THE CHINESE COURT.

A First Lady-in-Waiting Gives Her Impressions of the Dowager Empress.

The Princess Der Ling, author of "Two Years in the Forbidden City," has peculiar qualifications for her task. She is a daughter of Lord Yü Keng, once vice minister of war, later Chinese minister to Japan, and finally president of the Tsung-li-yamen. In 1899 he was appointed minister to France, where he remained for four years, and it was in France that his daughters were educated. On returning to China, the Princess Der Ling became first lady-in-waiting to the Empress Dowager and remained in that position for two years, and until her engagement to Mr. Thaddeus C. White, an American, to whom she was married in 1907. She had therefore unique opportunities for observing not only the domestic life of the Chinese court, but the public and private life of one of the most remarkable and powerful women that ever lived.

On receipt of the command of the empress the author and her mother and sister went at once to the palace and were kept waiting for two and a half hours, but "this is considered nothing in China." Moreover, the tedium was relieved by frequent offers of refreshments and of valuable rings. At last the young empress herself announced that the Dowager was ready, and at the same time a loud voice from the inner hall said, "Tell them to come in at once":

Her majesty stood up when she saw us and shook hands with us. She had a most fascinating smile and was very much surprised that we knew the court etiquette so well. After she had greeted us, she said to my mother: "Yu tai tai (Lady Yü), you are a wonder the way you have brought your daughters up. They speak Chinese just as well as I do, although I know they have been abroad for so many years, and how is it that they have such beautiful manners?" "Their father was always very strict with them," my mother replied; "he made them study their own language first and they had to study very hard." "I am pleased to hear their father has been so careful with them," her majesty said, "and given them such a fine education." She took my hands and looked into my face and smiled and kissed me on both cheeks and said to my mother: "I wish to have your daughters and hope they will stay with me." We were very much pleased at this and thanked her for her kindness. Her majesty asked all sorts of questions about our Paris gowns and said we must wear them all the time, as she had very little chance to see them at the court. She was particularly in love with our Louis XV high heel shoes. While we were talking to her we saw a gentleman standing at a little distance and after awhile she said, "Let me introduce you to the Emperor Kwang Hsu, but you must call him Wan Sway Yeh (Master of 10,000 years) and call me Lao Tsu Tsung (the Great Ancestor)." His majesty shyly shook hands with us.

The empress explained that she wished the author to remain at court, as she could be of great aid in the reception of foreign visitors. "I am proud of you," she said, "and will show you to the foreigners that they may see our Manchu ladies can speak other languages than their own." Then came an invitation to lunch, which was served forthwith:

There were about one hundred and fifty different kinds of food, for I counted them. They were placed in long rows, one row of large bowls and one row of small plates, and then another row of small bowls, and so on. As the setting of the tables was going on, two court ladies came into the bedroom, each carrying a large yellow box. I was very much surprised to see court ladies doing this kind of work and I said to myself, If I come here will I have to do this sort of thing? Although these boxes appeared to be quite heavy, they brought them in very gracefully. Two small tables were placed in front of her majesty, then they opened the boxes and placed a number of very cute plates containing all sorts of sweets, lotus flower seeds, dried and cooked with sugar, watermelon seeds, walnuts cooked in different ways, and fruits of the season cut and sliced. As these plates were being placed on the tables her majesty said that she liked these dainties better than meat and gave us some and told us to make ourselves at home.

The author had been told that the empress had a very fierce temper, but she was so kind and gracious and talked in such a motherly way that "I thought my informant must be wrong and that she was the sweetest woman in the world." Three days later the princess left her home and took up her residence in the palace:

Our first day there was a busy one for us. When we first arrived we went and thanked her majesty for the present that she had sent us. She told us that she was very busy today, as she was going to receive a Russian lady, Mme. Piançon, wife of the Russian Minister to China, who was bringing a miniature portrait of the Czar and Czarina and family as a present from the Czar to her, the Empress Dowager. She asked me if I could speak Russian. I told her that I could not, but that most Russians spoke French, which seemed to satisfy her. She, however, said: "Why don't you tell me you speak Russian; I won't know or be able to find out," and at the same time was looking at one of the court ladies. I concluded that some one must be fooling her, for she seemed to appreciate the fact that I had told her the truth. This afterwards proved to be true, and one of the court ladies was dismissed for pretending she could talk foreign languages when she could not speak a word.

Part of the author's duty was to help the empress to dress. Her majesty always slept in her clothes, but she put on clean ones every day. After she was dressed she walked over to a window in front of which were two long tables covered with toilet articles of every kind and description:

As she was washing her face and dressing her hair, she said to my mother that she could not bear to have the servant girls, eunuchs, or old women touch her bed, that they were dirty, so the court ladies must make it. When she said this she turned to my sister and myself, we were standing a little to one side, and said: "You two must not think for a moment that the court ladies do servant's work, but you know I am an old woman and could easily be your grandmother and it will do you no harm to work a little for me. When it comes your turn, you can superintend the others and don't have to do the work with your own hands." Then her majesty said to me: "Der Ling, you are a great help to me in many ways and I make you my first lady-in-waiting. You must not work too much, for you will have to make all the arrangements for the audiences for foreigners and you will have to interpret for me. I also want you to look after my jewels and don't want you to do rough work at all. Roon Ling (my sister) can choose what she likes to do. I have two more besides you, Sze Gurgur and Yuen Da Nai Nai, making four altogether, and you must all work together. It is not necessary to be too polite to them, and if they are not nice to you, you let me know."

The empress was fond of making fun and of teasing, and the author tells us once more that she thought she had a very sweet disposition. In spite of her age she was remarkably energetic and could walk further and faster than her attendants. On one occasion the author accompanied her majesty on a water excursion and was shown one of the state boats that had been ruined by the foreign troops in 1900. The empress explained that she did not intend to have it repaired, "as I don't want to forget the lesson I have learned and this is a good reminder":

Her majesty sat on her throne and ordered us to sit on the floor. The eunuchs brought in red satin cushions for us to sit upon. To sit on the floor is all right for Chinese clothes, but of course it was out of the question with Paris gowns, and I felt very uncomfortable, but did not like to say so. I wanted to change into Manchu clothes, for I knew they were comfortable and easy to work in, but having received no order from her majesty, I did not dare to suggest it. Her majesty noticed how very uncomfortable we looked sitting on the floor. She said: "You can stand up if you want to and just watch those boats following us." I put my head out of the window and noticed the young empress and several other court ladies were in the other boat. They waved to me, and I waved back. Her majesty laughed and said to me: "I give you this apple to throw to them." While saying this she took one from the big plates that stood upon the centre table. I tried very hard, but the apple did not reach the other boat, but went to the bottom of the lake. Her majesty laughed and told me to try again, but I failed. Finally, she took one and threw it herself. It went straight to the other boat and hit one of the ladies' head.

A toilet room formed an invariable part of every building used by the empress and also of her boats. The pavilion Ching Fo Ker that lay on the other side of the lake had only two rooms, but one of them was reserved for toilet purposes. The day of the lake trip was the first one of real work for the princess:

One of the young eunuchs told me that her majesty's dainties were ready. That was my first day of real work. I went out and found two large yellow boxes of different kinds of candies and fruits, as I have before mentioned. I carried two plates at a time, and finished in nine times, placing them on a square table near her. She was talking to my mother then about flowers. I noticed that although she was talking, she was watching me at the same time. I placed the plates upon the table very carefully, and already having noticed the day before what were her favorite dishes, and placed these near her. She smiled at me and said: "You have done it very nicely. And how do you know that these are my favorites and have placed them near me? Who told you?" I replied that no one had told me anything and that I had noticed the day before what Lao Tsu Tsung liked (according to the Manchu custom one must address a superior or one's parents in the third person). Her majesty said: "I can see you use your heart instead of head, and are not like the crowd I have here; they haven't the brains of a bird." She was soon busy eating, and gave me some candies, and told me to eat right there in her presence. Of course I never forgot to thank her, for I thought I had rather thank her too much than too little. She told me: "Whenever I give you small things you need not kowtow. Just say: 'Hsieh Lao Tsu Tsung Shang' (Thank the old ancestor), that is enough."

The empress showed great curiosity as to the dance customs of Europe and failed to see how any pleasure could be found in such an occupation. She had been told that even old women with white hair were to be found at balls:

Her majesty said: "I would like to see how you jump, can you show me a little?" I went in search of my sister, and found her busy talking to the young empress. I told her that her majesty wished to see how people dance, and that we must show her. The young empress and all the court ladies heard this, and all said that they also wished to see. My sister said that she had noticed a large gramophone in her majesty's bedroom, and that perhaps we could find some music. I thought that was a good idea, and went to ask her for the gramophone. She said: "Oh, must you jump with music?" I almost laughed when she said that, and told her it was much nicer with music, as otherwise one could not keep in time. She ordered the eunuchs to have the gramophone brought to the ball, and said: "You jump while I take my dinner." We looked over a lot of records, but they were all Chinese songs, but at last we found a waltz, so we started to dance. We could see that a lot of people were looking at us, who perhaps thought that we were crazy. When we had finished we found her majesty laughing at us. She said: "I could never do that. Are you not dizzy turning round and round? I suppose your legs must be very tired also. It is very pretty, and just like the girls used to do centuries ago in China. I know that it is difficult and one ought to have any amount of grace to do it, but I don't think it would look nice to see a man dancing with a girl like that. I object to the hand around the girl's waist; I like to see the girls dance together."

The eunuchs of the palace were often punished, and the author says that at first she pitied them, but she soon found that they got no more than their deserts. On one occasion the empress was particularly enraged by an act of cruelty to a crow and ordered the offender to be beaten:

The first person I saw punished was a servant girl; she had made a mistake about her majesty's socks and had brought two which were not mates. Her majesty finding that out, ordered another servant girl to slap her face ten times on each cheek. This girl did not slap hard enough, so her majesty said they were all good friends and would not obey her orders, so she told the one who had been slapped to slap the other. I thought that was too funny for anything and wanted to laugh the worst way, but of course did not dare.

The empress was well educated according to Chinese standards and appreciated education in others. She was surprised when she found that the princess also was versed in Chinese literature:

I was very happy. Life was perfectly lovely at the palace. Her majesty was always nice and kind. I noticed the difference in the way she had treated us since (as she said) we had become Manchus once more. One day her majesty asked me while we were sailing on the lake in the moonlight if I wanted to go to Europe any more. It was a superb night, and several boats were sailing behind us. In one boat several eunuchs were playing a kind of sweet music on the flute and an instrument very much like the mandolin, called Yeuh Chin (small harp, like the shape of the moon), with her majesty singing very softly to herself. I told her I was satisfied to be with her, and did not wish to go anywhere at all. She said that I must learn to sing poetry and that she would teach me every day. I told her my father had made me study all kinds of poetry and I had composed some myself. She looked surprised and said: "Why didn't you tell me that before? I love poems. You must read to me sometimes. I have many books here containing poems of different dynasties." I told her that my knowledge of Chinese literature was very limited, and I dared not let her see how little I knew. I had only studied eight years. Her majesty told me that the young empress and herself were the only ones who were familiar with Chinese literature at the court. She told me that she tried to teach the court ladies to read and write some time ago, but having found them lazy she gave them up.

But it was not always fair weather at the court. The moods of the empress were changeable, and when her temper was bad it meant discomfort for every one:

I can never forget the fifteenth day of the fifth moon as long as I live, for that was a bad day for every one. As usual, we went to her majesty's bedroom quite early that morning. She could not get up and complained that her back ached so much. We rubbed her back, in turns, and finally she got up, though a little late. She was not satisfied. The emperor came in and knelt down to wish her good-morning, but she scarcely took any notice of him. I noticed that when the emperor saw that her majesty was not well, he said very little to her. The eunuch who dressed her hair every morning was ill, and had ordered another one to help her. Her majesty told us to watch him very closely to see that he did not pull her hair off. She could not bear to see even one or two hairs fall out. This eunuch was not used to trickery; for instance, in case the hair was falling off, he could not hide it like the other one did. This poor man did not know what to do with any that came out. He was frightened, and her majesty, seeing him through the mirror, asked him whether he had pulled her hair out. He said that he had. This made her furious, and she told him to replace it. I almost laughed, but the eunuch was very much frightened and started to cry. Her majesty ordered him to leave the room, and said she would punish him later. We helped her to fix up her hair. I must say it was not an easy job, for she had very long hair and it was difficult to comb.

The empress was always disturbed when foreigners asked for a private audience. She liked Mrs. Conger and was always willing to receive her, but she resented that lady's habit of bringing with her a missionary as interpreter. She felt that she was entitled to know in advance the nature of such interviews in order that she might prepare a suitable reply:

"Now I tell you why I feel uneasy about this audience is because we are too polite to refuse any one who asks any favors in person. The foreigners don't seem to understand that. I'll tell you what I will do. Whenever they ask me anything, I'll simply tell them that I am not my own boss, but have to consult with my ministers; that although I am the Empress Dowager of China, I must also obey the law. To tell the truth, I like Mme. Uchida [wife of the Japanese Minister to Peking] very much. She is always very nice and doesn't ask any silly questions. Of course the Japanese are very much like ourselves, not at all forward. Last year, before you came to the court, a missionary lady came with Mrs. Conger, and suggested that I should establish a school for girls at the palace. I did not like to offend her, and said I would take it into consideration. Now, just imagine it for a moment. Wouldn't it be foolish to have a school at the palace; besides, where am I going to get so many girls to study? I have enough to do as it is. I don't want all the children of the imperial family studying at my palace."

The author did her best to persuade the empress that the missionaries were not wholly bad and that they did actually relieve much physical suffering:

Her majesty said: "That may be all right for them to help the poor and relieve their suffering. For instance, like our great Buddha Ju Lai, who fed the hungry birds with his own flesh. I would love them if they would leave my people alone. Let us believe our own religion. Do you know how the Boxer rising began? Why, the Chinese Christians were to blame. The Boxers were treated badly by them, and wanted revenge. Of course that is always the trouble with the low class of people. They went too far, and at the same time thought to make themselves rich by setting fire to every house in Peking. It made no difference whose house. They wanted to burn so long as they could get money. These Chinese Christians are the worst people in China. They rob the poor country people of their land and property, and the missionaries, of course, always protect them, in order to get a share themselves. Whenever a Chinese Christian is taken to the Magistrate's Yamen, he is not supposed to kneel down on the ground and obey the Chinese law, as others do, and is always very rude to his own government officials. Then these missionaries do the best they can to protect him, whether he is wrong or not, and believe everything he says and make the magistrate set the prisoner free."

The empress then discoursed at length on the flight from Peking and the indignities to which she was subjected. Her jade Buddha, to whom she prayed every day, had been broken, and foreigners had sat upon her throne in order to be photographed. After this outburst she returned to the subject of Mrs. Conger:

"Now let us come back to the question of Mrs. Conger's private audience. There must be something special, but I hope that she will not ask for anything, for I hate to refuse her. Can you guess what it is?" I told her majesty that there could not be anything special; besides, Mrs. Conger considered herself to be a person who knew Chinese etiquette very well, and I didn't believe she would ask for anything at all. Her majesty said: "The only objection I have is that Mrs. Conger always brings one of the missionaries as her interpreter, when I have your mother, your sister, and yourself, which I think should be sufficient. I don't think it is right for her to do that; besides, I can not understand their Chinese very well. I like to see the ladies of the diplomatic body sometimes, but not the missionaries. I will stop that when the opportunity comes."

The author has very little to say about politics except occasionally to quote the remarks of the empress. She confines herself strictly to the events that fell under her own observation, rarely straying into the fields of conjecture or surmise. The result is a book of exceptional interest and value, probably the only book ever written which deals intimately and authoritatively with the character of the Dowager Empress.

TWO YEARS IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY. By the Princess Der Ling. Illustrated from photographs. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $2 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Ethan Frome.

There should be a law compelling all novelists to pass an examination in Mrs. Wharton's stories. They would then know something of the art of sounding the heights and the depths of human nature without an unnecessary motion or a superfluous word.

"Ethan Frome" is a story of New England life in which three figures of an almost stupendous simplicity are brought into a relationship that suggests foreordained and implacable doom. Ethan is a farmer and we are allowed at once to glimpse the stunted and thwarted possibilities of his nature. Then we are introduced to his story, and no one knows better than Mrs. Wharton how to lead us from the present into the past and back again to the present. Ethan lives with his wife and a young girl relative who earns ten times over the pittance given her in the name of charity. Their life is typical of rural Massachusetts—the picnic, the walks, and the church sociable as palliatives for the sordid toil that fills the great background. Mattie Silvers is not a heroine. She is just a New England girl, fragrant, maidenly, and sensitive to the blameless impulses of her youth. Small wonder that she and Ethan begin to spin the web of their doom.

The wife, Zenobia, is a peculiarly hateful and repellant figure with a certain weird wickedness that displays itself in secret, silent, furtive ways and by acts of stealthy cruelty. No more perfect type of hag ever appeared in fiction. Ethan and Mattie live in her presence as frightened mice before a cat, and when at last we see her hovering as a sort of beneficent ghoul between the two cripples we recognize that this, too, is a subtle ministration to her love of pain. And yet we wonder why Ethan does not crush the whole web of misery into nothingness, why he starves himself for the patent medicines and the "doctor books" that are the sole solace of his wretched wife, why he does not take Mattie and escape from the living hell of his life. Perhaps that was impossible to the rigid goodness that belongs to his type and that is so often displayed by the power to suffer continuously and uncomplainingly. And yet the story is not an ugly one. Nothing so artistic can be ugly.

ETHAN FROME. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.

Japanese Painting.

Mr. Henry P. Bowie's work on Japanese art is probably the only one of its kind from the pen of a foreigner who in addition to the study of Japanese methods has also mastered their practical application. Mr. Bowie not only lived for many years in Japan, but he obtained artistic distinction among Japanese painters, contributed to their galleries, and won the commendation of the emperor, who accepted some examples of his work. Evidently there could be no safer guide for those who covet familiarity with a form of art that is immeasurably ancient and that has lost none of its power to please.

It would be impossible to epitomize a book so full of practical instruction or one that introduces us to so many methods unfamiliar to the Western mind. To the uninitiated reader it would seem that while Japanese art is more conventional than our own, more heedful of precedent and tradition, it contains also certain psychological elements that strengthen and inspire it and that are largely unknown in the West. Thus we have the law of In Yo, or contrast, which requires that every painting shall express the sentiment of active and passive; the law of Keisbo, which demands propriety in form; the law of Ko Jutsu, which controls the painting of historical pictures; the law of San Sui, which requires the invariable combination of mountain and water, and the law of Shi Ki No San Sui, which controls the correspondence of all parts of a landscape with the seasons of the year. There are many such laws, and if they are sometimes arbitrarily applied, their practical value is none the less obvious. The minuteness of Japanese art practice may be judged from the section devoted to the laws of dots and from the fact that it takes three years to learn them.

It is on the psychological element in Japanese art that Mr. Bowie is at his best. The artist must induce within himself certain states of consciousness corresponding with the subject of his picture. He can not place a dot within the eyeball of a tiger unless he feels the savage character of the animal; he must not only understand the spirit of nature, but he must make it momentarily his own. A picture may seem to be perfect, but the master will recognize that at the time of its execution the artist had failed to induce in himself the appropriate state of consciousness.

Perhaps enough has been said to show that we have here a remarkable book, a book that not only illuminates the distinctively Japanese art but that can not fail to be of practical ue to Western students of all grades, ether they wish to acquire Japanese meth- or not. Mr. Bowie has the useful faculty summarizing his material without deprivit of its technical and practical value. He es from an obvious desire to help and n a wide and competent knowledge.

A special word of praise should be given to the illustrations and explanatory plates. They do actually illustrate and explain. Many of them are by great Japanese artists and are of striking pictorial value. All of them are carefully selected and well reproduced.

ON THE LAWS OF JAPANESE PAINTING. By Henry P. Bowie. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

The Army of Days.

Mr. MacLafferty's volume of new verse contains some sixty-five specimens of his later work. It will not be a disappointment to those who have learned to expect from Mr. MacLafferty an expression of simple sentiment clothed in language that is usually accurate and that bears invariably the marks of sincerity.

Mr. MacLafferty covers a somewhat wide range of topics, and while it would be easy to quote many stanzas of excellent conception no one among them would be representative of a pervading style. Perhaps he is at his best when dealing with the beauties of the Western coast, as, for example, in his verses to "California, Bride of the Sun":

> Tawny the breasts of the billowing hillsides;
> Russet the reach of thy bounteous plains,
> Purple the fringe of the sky that enwraps thee
> Waiting the miracle wrought by the rains.

Other poems of a like nature are "Sunset on Redondo Beach," "The Oakland Hills," "Columbia River," "The Sequoias," and "The Shasta Daisy."

But perhaps the author will give the greatest pleasure by his touch upon the purely human note. If poetry is both sincere and sympathetic, it has already complied with nine-tenths of the poetic law, and Mr. MacLafferty never lacks either in sympathy or in sincerity. Such qualities never fail of a response, nor can they be praised too highly at a time when the heart is too often sacrificed to the head. For this reason "The Army of Days" ought to find an audience, and it is safe to predict for it a warm welcome from those who appreciate the simple musical expression of universal human sentiment.

THE ARMY OF DAYS. By James Henry MacLafferty. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1.

The Spell of the Rockies.

Some of the chapters in this delightful book by Enos A. Mills have already been published as separate essays, but they fit harmoniously into a volume so evidently written by a mountain lover and so well calculated to inspire others with the same love. Mr. Mills is not merely a worshiper of scenery, and of scenic descriptions it is easy to have too much. Animal life appeals to him with all the force that it should exercise toward healthy natures, and so we have some delightful chapters on the ways of the beaver, the grizzly bear, and the birds and insects of high altitudes. Some other invigorating chapters are "Racing an Avalanche," "The Forest Fire," and "Alone with a Landslide." In short the book is representative of the mountains in all their aspects, and it is written with a vigorous enthusiasm that is contagious. The twenty-four illustrations are from photographs by the author.

THE SPELL OF THE ROCKIES. By Enos A. Mills. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.75 net.

Jane Dawson.

Mr. Harben gives us a true and therefore an ugly picture of the narrower kinds of religious life still to be found in country towns. We have the fanatical young preacher whose natural goodness of heart struggles in vain against the hell-fire doctrines of his creed. There are the greedy, sordid, grasping elders and the brood of chattering, slanderous women whose poisonous tongues give a foretaste of perdition to the unorthodox and the heretical. But in George Dawson and his mother we have a fine hero and heroine. Mrs. Dawson has been led astray in her youth by the father of the preacher, and George is the result. Now her life is embittered by the venom of the pious ones, and so she has been driven into free thought and has educated her son into the same paths. They are a fine couple and compel our admiration for their calm defiance of the religious persecution meted out to them. Every village in the country has furnished their counterparts, and it is to them that we owe the religious liberty of the day. Mr. Harben shows a slight inclination to temporize and to give us a conventional ending, but it is a good story.

JANE DAWSON. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Brothers; $1.30 net.

The Unofficial Honeymoon.

Some very wicked person said once that any man and any woman would fall in love with each other given the elements of propinquity and favoring conditions. Miss Wyllarde seems to be of the same opinion. She gives us a handsome and manly man wrecked on a desert island with a rather homely and puritanical girl. Even homeliness may be mitigated by the lustre of lovelight in the eyes, and as for the Puritanism, it stands about as much chance as a snowball in—a factory furnace. Now to what extent may two young people under such circumstances consider themselves as absolved from marriage conventions and how long will Puritanism hold out in favor of those conventions? Suffice it to say that the author's views are eminently sensible and that she translates them into action with a firm and unafraid hand, but sincerely, modestly, and convincingly.

THE UNOFFICIAL HONEYMOON. By Dolf Wyllarde. New York: John Lane Company; $1.30.

The Substitute Prisoner.

Here we have a man who sits for hours in full sight and hearing of an office full of clerks and is then found to be dead from a bleeding bullet wound. To close the book until the mystery is solved is impossible.

THE SUBSTITUTE PRISONER. By Max Marcin. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.25 net.

Briefer Reviews.

Gottfried Keller's "Sieben Legenden" have been translated into English by Charles Hart Handschin and published by the Abbey Company, Chicago.

A story that well describes the development of the child mind has been told by Rosamond Napier under the title of "Letters to Patty" (George H. Doran Company; $1.20 net).

A third series of "Catch Words of Cheer," compiled by Sara A. Hubbard, has been published by A. C. McClurg & Co. ($1). The "catch words" are arranged under the days of the month and the little volume is pleasing to look at.

"The Truth about Old King Cole," by G. F. Hill (Frederick Warne & Co.; $1 net), is a book of animal verses for children. The stories are so well told that they must certainly be true, while any doubts that remain will be dispelled by the illustrations.

The American History in Literature series now includes "Noted Speeches of Abraham Lincoln," edited by Lilian Marie Briggs (Moffat, Yard & Co.; 75 cents net). The speeches include the Lincoln-Douglas debate and the volume contains biographical sketches and portraits.

"The Cook Book of Left-Overs," by Helen Carroll Clarke and Phœbe Deyo Rulon (Harper & Brothers; $1 net), is not a substitute for the regular cook book, but a supplement. It tells us what can be done with the fragments of the feast and should therefore be welcome to the frugal housewife.

Two excellently written presentation books for young children are "The Life and Adventures of General Spooley: A Story of a Toy Soldier," by D. W. C. Falls ($1.25), and "The Regatta in Animal Land," by Clifton Bingham ($1.50). The type is very large and the illustrations are vivid. The volumes are published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

"A Chevalier of Old France," translated from the French by John Harrington Cox (Little, Brown & Co.; $1.25), is intended for boys. It is a story of the valor of Roland and Oliver, the treachery of Guenelon, and the avenging might of Charlemagne, and it is told in such a way as to preserve the atmosphere of the French original.

Under the title of "A Bit of Old China" Mr. A. M. Robertson has republished the description of Chinatown contained in Charles Warren Stoddard's book, "In the Footprints of the Padres." No more vivid description of Chinatown has ever been written. It is well worthy of the decorative form in which it now appears. The price is 50 cents.

"People of the Wild," by F. St. Mars (Outing Publishing Company; $1.25), is a series of energetic sketches of animal life and told by a keen and imaginative observer and without an undue speculation into the unsolved mystery of animal psychology. There are seven of these sketches and they are well illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull, Neal Truslow, and A. E. Cedarquist.

Mr. and Mrs. William Platt have done a successful and an attractive piece of work in their "Stories of the Scottish Border" (Thomas Y. Crowell Company). They give us not only an attractive narrative, but they bathe it in the border atmosphere and embellish it with some of the best-known poems that have been written around the more striking events. The full-page engravings in tint are unusually fine.

Admirers of Myrtle Reed—and their name is legion—will rejoice in "The Myrtle Reed Year Book," arranged in calendar style and composed of epigrams and opinions from her writings. A foreword is supplied by Jeannette L. Gilder, while Mary P. Powell contributes a biographical sketch and critical appreciation. The volume, which is decoratively printed, contains a portrait frontispiece. The publishers are G. P. Putnam's Sons and the price is $1.50.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Martin Luther.

Believers in a cyclic theory of history may find some significance in the interest now heiog shown in the life and work of Luther, an interest that should find full gratification in the present scholarly biography hy Dr. McGiffert. There are many points of resemblance hetween the social and political conditions of our own time and those that preceded the Reformation, resemhlances too numerous for indication here and too intricate for hrief analysis.

The author has done his work well. He contents himself with the strict duties of the biographer, and if he allows his personal enthusiasms to show themselves they are enthusiasms for the man rather than for the theologian. No more satisfactory life of Luther has yet heen given to the world or one less likely to arouse sectarian sentiments.

Dr. McGiffert acquits Luther of responsibility for the peasants' revolt, although he admits that his teachings formed a part of the destructive tendencies of the day. Perhaps the author fails to show a full appreciation of the fact that a revolutionary idea in the moral world always finds its counterpart in the material world. So great a movement as the Reformation could hardly be accomplished without social revolution. If men's minds are freed their hodies, too, will struggle against the shackles.

And yet Luther himself had a very inadequate idea of liherty for either mind or hody. We are told that he hecame more than ever convinced that the common people "were not fit for self-government and needed to he controlled with a strong hand in religious as well as in civil affairs." Prohably Luther was right, hut it is as well that his actual attitude toward liherty should he indicated so clearly hy an author so well qualified to speak with authority.

MARTIN LUTHER: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert. New York: The Century Company; $3 net.

The Romance of Aeronautics.

Those interested in aeronautics hut who are repelled hy the more technical treatises now so numerous should find all that they want in the fine volume hy Charles C. Turner just to hand. Mr. Turner gives the whole history of the flying machine, from the more or less legendary stories of early antiquity down to the achievements of the present day. But he does it from the standpoint of the adventurer rather than from that of the scientist. His hook is hy no means lacking in precise information, hut his appeal is more especially to romance. As a result we have a volume that can he read with delight hy any one, that presupposes no technical knowledge, and that is concerned rather with the aeronaut himself than with his apparatus and his engines. His hook contains fifty-two illustrations and diagrams, as well as a good index.

THE ROMANCE OF AERONAUTICS. By Charles C. Turner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.50 net.

The Innocence of Father Brown.

Mr. Chesterton's detective stories are of the first order, and Father Brown captivates us more than did Sherlock Holmes, perhaps because Father Brown is a good man. Having devoted himself to the spiritual care of criminals, he has acquired an almost superhuman knowledge of criminal psychology, and he uses this not to secure the laurels of the detective, hut in defense of justice and for the promotion of penitence.

THE INNOCENCE OF FATHER BROWN. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company; $1.30 net.

Joyce of the Jasmines.

Mr. Barhour seems to have an inexhaustihle storehouse of delightful girls of the real, old-fashioned, and feminine kind. Joyce of the Jasmines lives in South Carolina, and when her uncle, the old doctor, invites a wealthy young patient to his house Joyce is so afraid that she will he suspected of trying to "catch" him that she pretends to he engaged to some one else. And it was a quite successful pretense—up to a certain point.

JOYCE OF THE JASMINES. By Ralph Henry Barhour. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2.

Colorado.

Mr. Parsons is content to write a guide-hook to Colorado that shall contain everything of practical value and nothing more. He deals with the state hy counties, giving history and traditions, local features, distances, traveling facilities, and all that mass of information that the intelligent tourist wishes to know. For those who have never seen Colorado no hetter or more helpful book can he fund.

A GUIDEBOOK TO COLORADO. By Eugene Parsons. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $1.50 net.

Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore.

Mrs. Cripps-Middlemore hardly exists in America, hut she may he found numerously in England. The hushand hecomes enormously wealthy, and the family expand accordingly. It is the process of expansion that we are invited to witness. But the expansion is not toward vulgarity. The children develop vast literary amhitions that are pitifully futile hut well intentioned while the mother slowly transfers her adulation from the dissenting minister upward and onward until she reaches the Catholic monsignor. It is all told with a certain delicate accuracy that precludes sensationalism, hut the author has a sense of humor that contrihutes to the make-up of a worthy novel.

THE PROGRESS OF MRS. CRIPPS-MIDDLEMORE. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25 net.

At the Age of Eve.

This is a fairly well written story in diary form. The supposed writer is a romantic girl who can not quite hring herself to fall in love with the admirahle young man who worships the ground she walks on, but who falls an instant victim to Richard Chalmers, the amhitious young politician who looks like a Greek god and who is not noticeahly endowed with either heart or conscience. She finds out her mistake in time, and as the author is a woman perhaps she knows what she is talking about when she makes her spirited and intelligent heroine capitulate so unconditionally to a classic profile that has no inward graces to justify it.

AT THE AGE OF EVE. By Kate Trimhle Sharker. Indianapolis; The Bobhs-Merrill Company; $1.25.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow has become widely known as a writer of magazine stories and sketches. Her first offerings to *McClure's Magazine* and to *Life* ten years ago were accepted promptly, although her name was unknown to the editors at that time. Mrs. Woodrow's hushand is a cousin of Governor Woodrow Wilson, and the two men were named after uncles with the surname of Wilson and Woodrow respectively.

It is "Miss" Dolf Wyllarde who is the author of "Tropical Tales" and "The Riding Master." Her recent volume of poems, hearing the modest title "Verses," is heing favorahly reviewed hy English critics.

Those who have had the pleasure of heing guests of Enos A. Mills at his Long's Peak Inn, Estes Park, Colorado, may have heard him relate some of his adventures in the wild and fascinating Colorado Rockies; how he once escaped death from an avalanche hy racing ahead of it on skis down a long valley, leaping chasms, feeling the wind of the coming mass behind him, straining every nerve, and at last dashing into a small lateral valley in the nick of time as the roaring avalanche swept on its way. This story now forms a chapter in his new hook, "The Spell of the Rockies," just puhlished hy Houghton Mifflin Company. Mr. Mills is widely known as a lecturer on forest conservation and as the author of a previous hook entitled "Wild Life on the Rockies."

Margaret Deland's new novel, "The Iron Woman," is reported as the hest seller among hooks of the season.

William Allen Butler, the distinguished lawyer whose reminiscences as dictated to his daughter, Harriet Allen Butler, have just heen announced hy Charles Scrihner's Sons, under the title of "A Retrospect of Forty Years, 1825-1865," was hest known to the general puhlic as a literary man. His most famous piece of writing, produced as a young man, was the satirical poem called "Nothing to Wear." That was first puhlished anonymously, and immediately attained great popularity in England as well as here and was translated into several foreign languages.

Even that great philogical authority, the *Literary Digest*, prints it "Chanticler," when it ought to know that in "Chantecler" the first e is silent as the word has only two syllables.

Louis Tracy, who is an Englishman and has heen a journalist in India and in London but now gives all his efforts to novel writing, is in America on his annual visit.

Arnold Bennett, the English novelist, had a delightful visit in America, and the night before he sailed for home went through one of the most pleasing experiences of his stay, a dinner given in his honor hy Colonel George Harvey. There was much of expressed compliment for Mr. Bennett's works, including an original poem recited hy Carolyn Wells, and some teasing references to the extraordinary length of his stories. Among the guests at the dinner were Postmaster-General Hitchcock, Mrs. Josephine Dodge Daskam-Bacon, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Beach, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Borden Harriman, Will Carleton, Will N. Harhen, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Underwood Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Lee Luther, Mr. and Mrs. James Oppenheim, Justice Miles Forman, Miss Marie Van Vorst, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Doran, Van Tassel Sutphen, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mills Alden, Frank Craig, and Melville E. Stone.

It is said that Kipling still remains the highest paid author of fiction of the present day. He is paid about a dollar a word. A. Conan Doyle comes next, at 75 cents a word, though he has sold many stories at a flat rate of $1000. Sir Gilbert Parker, William Dean Howells, Robert Chambers, Richard Harding Davis, and Owen Wister have heen paid that price for a short story. Magazine editors claim that good short stories are hard to get at any price.

New Books Received.

TWO YEARS IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY. By Princess Der Ling. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $2 net.

An account of the late empress hy her first lady-in-waiting.

WILD ANIMALS EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW. By Julia E. Rogers. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.20 net.

Stories of the wild cousins of domestic animals.

WILLIAM JAMES AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Josiah Royce. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

A collection of essays on philosophical idealism.

PRELUDES AND INTERLUDES. By Amory H. Bradford, D. D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1 net.

A hook of messages after forty years' pastorate.

THE BAUBLE. By Richard Barry. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.25 net.

A new novel.

DR. JOHNSON AND FANNY BURNEY. With introduction and notes hy Chauncey Brewster Tinker. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $2 net.

Johnsonian passages from the works of Mme. d'Arhlay.

THE ECONOMIC PRINCIPLES OF CONFUCIUS AND HIS SCHOOL. In two volumes. By Chen Huan-Chang, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

BIOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF HUMAN PROBLEMS. By Christian A. Herter. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

A discussion of ethical and other questions from the standpoint of biology.

NAVAL STRATEGY. By Captain A. T. Mahan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; $3.50.

Compared and contrasted with the principles and practice of military operations on land.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF LABOR, 1910. Washington Government Printing Office.

Industrial education.

COMMISSION GOVERNMENT IN AMERICAN CITIES. By Ernest S. Bradford, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.25 net.

An examination of the "Galveston Plan."

AVE. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The first volume of a trilogy, "Hail and Farewell."

SCULPTURE IN SPAIN. By Albert F. Calvert. New York: John Lane Company; $1.50 net.

With 162 illustrations.

THE SAILOR WHO HAS SAILED. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25 net.

A volume of new verse.

PSYCHE. By Francis Coutts. New York: John Lane Company; $1.25 net.

A poem.

TRAVELERS FIVE ALONG LIFE'S HIGHWAY. By Annie Fellows Johnston. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

A new story hy a popular author.

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH. Edited hy Frank Wadleigh Chandler, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the "Tudor Shakespeare."

THE PROBLEM OF FREEDOM. By George H. Palmer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.25 net.

A discussion of the problems of fate, destiny, and free-will.

REALIZABLE IDEALS. By Theodore Roosevelt. San Francisco: Whittaker & Ray-Wiggin Company.

Lectures delivered under the auspices of the Pacific Theological Seminary.

Dr. J. Fred Wolle opened the new three-manual organ in St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, on Novemher 23 (reports the New York *Musical Courier*). The interior of the church had heen attractively renovated, and the recital was the inaugural of the new pipe organ. The church choir, under the direction of Harry L. Prabst, a former pupil of Dr. Wolle, assisted. On Decemher 7 and 8 Dr. Wolle will give two recitals in Washington, D. C. The following week he will play in Riegelsville and Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. During the last week in Decemher he will give a recital and read a paper at the annual meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association (of which he is a memher of the executive committee) at Ann Arhor, Michigan. The new year will find Dr. Wolle playing in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Illinois.

"No playwright, unless it is a man like Sir Arthur Pinero, who has heen an actor, can hope to write a play that will be produced just as he wrote it without alterations." So declares Lewis Waller, the Englisb actor manager, now in New York. He goes on: "The reason is perfectly simple. There is a technic of the theatre, a technic of playwriting and acting, that can only he acquired hy lahorious experience. Very often the author will have hit on a splendid idea, hut he will have failed in presenting it, missed the climatic effect, or something of that sort. Now an actor who has had the training will realize as soon he gets into the scene that it isn't going to carry, hut he may he able to suggest how the thing should he proportioned so that the author will arrive at the very effect he had in mind."

The Pedestrian and the Street

The Ontario (Canada) Motor League bas begun a campaign of education well calculated to awaken the puhlic to the dangers into which thoughtless pedestrians plunge themselves headlong every hour of the day in the streets of Toronto.

That the league will go into the matter thoroughly and present new and interesting argument from time to time seems assured. The work is timely and will serve to awaken people to the fact that the puhlic itself is largely at fault in the usual street-car accident.

The first note of warning issued by the league and puhlished in a Toronto daily follows:

"So many street accidents from automohiles, street-cars, and horse vehicles result from carelessness of pedestrians. Many persons forget to look hefore stepping off the sidewalk for approaching traffic. Toronto has become a large city. Conditions change rapidly. The place for all vehicles is the street—for pedestrians the sidewalk.

"The coöperation hoth of motorists and of the puhlic for the safety of pedestrians is urgently requested."

What the Motor League says can he endorsed hy every street-car company, and more particularly so in the large cities. It was not so long ago that every accident to a pedestrian, especially if a street-car figured in it, was heralded hy the puhlic and a considerahle portion of the press as the result of gross negligence on the part of the operating corporation. Happily times are changing and reason is being displayed instead of prejudice. It is realized that the street is not a sidewalk and that cars have rights fully equal to those of the pedestrian, and that the latter can claim no special privileges in the middle of the street. It is also recognized that accidents have become fewer and fewer with each succeeding year, indicating a closer study of street traffic on the part of the puhlic, as well as extreme caution on the part of street-car operatives.

From a long and careful ohservance of conditions it is evident that street-car accidents happen to pedestrians hecause:

They pass close hehind a car and step in front of a wagon, car, or automohile coming in the opposite direction.

They hurry across streets on which cars are operated, intent upon other matters than street-cars.

They start to cross the track without stopping to look for an approaching car.

Or they come from hehind a vehicle which prevents the view of the track on which a car is approaching, and step upon that track, without looking for the car hefore doing so.

Every driver and pedestrian knows that a car can only proceed along its tracks, and a motorman should he entitled to assume that a person approaching a track will not thoughtlessly enter upon the track in close proximity to an oncoming car.

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PLAYERS AND MUSIC.

A few weeks ago a new theatre in San Francisco was opened to the public and for the first week in the life of the playhouse a farce-comedy was presented, a show which had created "roars of laughter" all the way from New York to the Golden Gate. That there had been material changes in the cast is true, but that is aside from the main consideration, which is that this piece of vulgar claptrap and horse-play had been selected as the fitting attraction at the launching of a new theatrical enterprise. It certainly suited the time and the place, if the box-office record is to be accepted as evidence, but there are lovers and well-wishers of the drama who doubt the value of the entertainment offered. Even while we go to the theatre to be entertained, may we not fairly ask that the scenes and the sounds shall be agreeable to self-respecting people? Is it not fair to require that the memories carried away from the playhouse shall be without taint of evil suggestion or bad manners?

Reports of little business and hard times come from all Eastern amusement centres, and find a sympathetic condition here, yet there is one theatrical field that exhibits no sign of drought or neglect. The vaudeville houses are packed twice a day. Vaudeville managers do not deceive their patrons. When they announce a great attraction from New York or Europe they keep their promise. The attraction is not a number 2, 3, or 4 company, but the original; it is not a dusty composition brought in over a long line of one-night stands, or a combination of Broadway failures made up for Western taste. It is the real thing. And the aforesaid v. m. are hoarding profits while the so-called "legitimate" is dodging the frost. Some day the men who control genuine stars and good plays will combine against the fakers and upstarts who are killing the business through greed and ignorance. The public will be amused, and it prefers clean, bright, healthful entertainment. If it can not find this in the pretentious theatres it will, perforce, content itself with vaudeville and moving pictures.

And it can do much worse than pay its money into the box-office of first-class vaudeville theatres—the two-a-day kind. This week at the Orpheum there are two acts of twenty minutes each, or thereabout, which offer more delight than could be found in many of the cheap and tawdry plays and companies numbered among the visitations of the past six months. Not only more worth-while pleasure, but more art, more trained ability in entertainment.

Ada Reeve, the London comedienne, presents one of these favored and favoring numbers. Miss Reeve is a slender, graceful woman, whose classic beauty is enhanced by a pair of big gray eyes. Her voice is a light soprano, of small compass and power in singing, but remarkably clear and winning in speech. She sings or talks a half-dozen songs, ranging from a Cockney ballad to a burlesque on days of knighthood, and each is embellished with artful glances, expressive gestures, and swift picture posings. Her costume is white silk, with few ornaments, but it is wondrously suited to her figure and movements. Altogether, player and songs, we have had nothing daintier in vaudeville. Her audiences clamor for more at the end of her generous allotment, and prove the claim that real merit is seldom unrecognized. Miss Reeve had been heralded in terms far short of extravagance, and has more than justified the press agent. She could stay at the Orpheum for two months, instead of two weeks, and still deserve first place in the list of attractions.

Away down at the end of the Orpheum bill are the Six Bracks, European athletes. They deserve the adjective famous, if they do not possess it outside the office of the programme-maker. There are two tall, stalwart men in the company and four youths of various ages and sizes, but all are adepts in acrobatic work. They dress handsomely and suitably in white jacket sweaters and green tights, and in every feat and pose they are fit models for a sculptor. Strength, suppleness, and poise are only a part of their equipment, for their long list of rapidly succeeding accomplishments holds none that is not notable for picturesque interest or enthusiastic comedy. It is a remarkable thing that nearly every group of athletes that comes over the Orpheum circuit seems more skillful than its predecessor. The Bracks will not soon be eclipsed, in spite of this.

These two numbers are the conspicuously worthy events on the Orpheum schedule this week. There are eight others of varying power to interest and amuse, and all win applause, but some of them represent survivals from the earlier days of variety. They have smoothed down the uneven parts of their work and modified their tones in most instances, but they are competing in a line that remorselessly demands new stuff, brighter, cleaner, more artistic efforts. Vaudeville audiences are catholic in taste and generous, but they will not accept as favorites those who fail to strive for good judgments.

Every genuine lover of music was delighted at the opening concert of the new Symphony Orchestra last Friday afternoon, first by the interest shown by an audience that more than filled every seat in the theatre, next by the personnel, appearance, and achievements of the players. The programme was excellent in every way, and a trying one for a newly assembled organization of musicians. It was made up of Wagner's "Mastersingers," Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 6, Haydn's Austrian National Hymn theme and variations, and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes." All were well played, the stirring finale of the "Mastersingers," and the allegro movements of the Tschaikowsky symphony especially. Mr. Hadley proved that he is much more than an able conductor. He has in a few days so thoroughly established a sympathetic and loyal connection with his players that from the first note it was evident that he would obtain from each one the best that he had to give.

The orchestra is by no means a perfect instrument as yet. Seemingly some elements are difficult to secure. In the strings he has a wealth of second violins, violas, cellos, and double-basses, but in first violins he has none to spare, and he is lacking in clarinets especially and the wood winds generally. The brasses are strong and give a good account of themselves.

While conductor and players are so genuinely in earnest, and so capable in execution, it is a pity that small details should be overlooked. At this concert the big stage curtain was lowered half-way, and a great volume of sound went up into the flies instead of being projected into the auditorium. The acoustics of the Cort Theatre are not good. Many in the lower floor, under the low over-hanging balcony, were unable to appreciate the delicacy of pianissimo passages. It is a matter of deep regret that a place better adapted to concert purposes is not to be had.

But on the whole, the beginning of the career of the orchestra is auspicious. That it will improve in plan and accommodations is certain. It is already to be praised with little reservation for its accomplishment.

M. Grazi, the responsible head of the French Opera Company, has good cause for complaint against the treatment he has received here. He brought a fine organization here, complete in detail, with the exception of a ballet. His singers, or several of them, were of high rank musically, and the force as a whole was entirely adequate for the operas he announced. His opening bill, "Les Huguenots," was remarkably well done, and it displayed voices of eminent quality—a tenor, a basso, a coloratura and dramatic soprano. The costumes were fitting, the scenery sufficiently illusory. Only the dancing was wanting. But no enthusiasm was shown. It took more than a week before the judgment of the few was endorsed by the many. Then the claims of the company were recognized. In the meantime malicious criticism, based mainly on the lack of financial support, was printed, and it looked as though a concerted effort were being made to discredit the company. Another opera company, which had been singing all summer in a cheap amusement park across the bay, was brought in to divide the interest. This later move, in spite of industrious puffery, did not succeed in affecting the patronage of the French company.

In spite of all the difficulties, accidental and purposeful, in the way, M. Grazi's singers have gained more than a bearing. Their reputation has not suffered. They can console themselves with the facts that Maud Powell, greatest of woman violinists, Teresa Carreno, greatest of women pianists, Tilly Koenen, the great Dutch contralto, and Jomelli, the grand opera soprano, appeared before empty houses here during the past year or two.

GEORGE L. SHOALS.

Regina Vicarino, formerly of the Bevani Opera Company, is reported as having scored the most pronounced success with the newly formed grand opera company now appearing under government subsidy in the City of Mexico. Miss Vicarino was chosen as prima donna to head a company composed of the best artists obtainable from the principal opera houses of Madrid, Paris, Berlin, and Milan. She is the only American prima donna with the company, and her successes in "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," and the coloratura rôles which she is singing, has been most emphatic.

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CURRENT VERSE.

Cloud Mist.

YOSEMITE FALLS.

A hurst of molten silver, horn
Of mountain snow,
That hears the beauty of the morn
Within its flow.

A wave of streaming white that falls,
And, falling, flings
Against the gray old granite walls
Its silver wings.

A whitened fire from out the sky,
Whose arrowed strands
In sunlight gleam and flash and die,
Like earth-hurled brands.

A rush, as surges of the sea,
That, dashing, wakes
Dull echoes of a musketry
Where'er it breaks.

A river turned to cloud-mist, blown
By every breath,
Yet coming to its crystal own,
After death.

—From "Children of the Shadow," by Harold Symmes.

The Song-Maker.

I made a hundred little songs
That told the joy and pain of love,
And sang them blithely, tho' I knew
No whit thereof.

I was a weaver deaf and blind;
A miracle was wrought for me,
But I have lost my skill to weave
Since I can see.

For while I sang—ah, swift and strange!
Love passed and touched me on the brow,
And I who made so many songs
Am silent now.

—From "Helen of Troy and Other Poems," by Sarah Teasdale.

Age.

Thou art the recompense of fretful years;
The compensation for the burdens borne
Through striving days. The lens through which we gaze
Past heights undreamed through all our purblind youth.
The anæsthetic deadening memory
To vain imaginings of earlier years.
Attaining thee with all thy attributes
The soul may reach the silvered peaks of peace
And purity, where all discordant sound
From lower levels hath become a blend
Of perfect harmony. Thy joys are those
Of true reality; though fewer yet
More perfect than the joys of eager youth.

—From "The Army of Days, and Other Verse," by James Henry MacLafferty.

A play about Dolly Todd, James Madison, and Aaron Burr was produced in New York last week. It is called "The First Lady of the Land," was written by Charles Nirdlinger, and Elsie Ferguson plays the distracting Dolly. History is followed closely in the plot, with the exception of a mixing of dates.

Mlle. Genée, the former dancer, who married Frank S. Isitt, attorney for the Duke of Newcastle, arrived with him a few days ago in New York. Mr. Issit said he made the trip purely on business and his wife came along just to keep him company. She said she would never dance again.

Miss Partington's exhibition of landscapes has been so successful that two days additional have been arranged for—Friday and Saturday of this week. The public is invited to see the paintings at her studio, 220 Post Street.

John Mason in "As a Man Thinks" has entered into his second month at the Lyric Theatre, Chicago. After his engagement there he will play Boston, Philadelphia, and other Eastern cities with a tour of the West to follow.

An unconfirmed report states that Eugene Walter has written a new play dealing with the Black Hand in this country.

Concerning a Moliere Farce.

Though the Drama Players from Chicago could not make Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea" agreeable entertainment in New York, they succeeded with Molière's "Les Femmes Savantes." And in this connection the *Evening Post* finds material for humorous yet kindly comment:

"The Comic Spirit had its own little joke at the expense of M. Molière, when it made the current production of his blue-stocking play largely dependent upon the efforts of the learned ladies of Evanston, of Chicago, and of the Middle West as a whole. The Drama Players, we believe, are the result and embodiment of a movement that is very largely carried on by the women's clubs. At any rate, it is the women's clubs in the West that have set on foot the Drama League to which some of our dramatic critics are looking hopefully for the long-delayed uplifting of the American stage. Now, as one studies the conditions of culture in this country, the conviction is inevitable that the learned ladies are a class with which we can not as yet dispense. What if their kind hearts will frequently beat for the undeserving Trissotins in all the arts—the feeble, unrecognized poets, the undisciplined cardboard geniuses of the atelier, the long-baired practitioners of the music of the future? They perform a mission in not discriminating. The germ of true genius lurks in unexpected places. Where, in this brazen commercial age, could the spirit of poetry and idealism find a corner to keep alive in, if it were not for our learned ladies?"

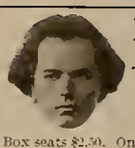
Mayor Fitzgerald, that Puritan mayor of Boston, has put a ban on the "grizzly bear" dance. Wait till he sees the "Texas Tommy," with its San Francisco certificate of—of—well, of suitability.



AMUSEMENTS.

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, $1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C1570.

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VANITY FAIR.

It is with a distinct shock that we learn the sex of Mme. Curie. We thought that she was a scientist and therefore sexless, hut to our regret we learn that she is a woman. Life seems made up of disillusionments.

It comes ahout in this way. Mme. Curie has extended the domain of her researches into the human kingdom, and she has been led to a discovery in comparison with which her achievement with radium sinks into insignificance. After a long period of observation and experience she finds that the law of attraction and repulsion that plays so large a part in the world of chemical elements is not without its influence upon human life. So far she has devoted most of her attention to the law of attraction—specialized on it so to speak—and the immediate result is an action hy Mme. Langevin against her hushand and Mme. Curie. There will he a hearing in the course of a few days, and should the court determine that Mme. Curie and Professor Langevin have displayed an undue amount of enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge it will impose a fine that may he only 100 francs, but that may go as higb as 2000 francs.

Public sympathy, curiously enough, is with Mme. Curie, not because she is a Frenchwoman—as a matter of fact she is a Pole—but because Mme. Langevin has sought the aid of publicity to redress her wrongs. Evidently a good deal depends upon the point of view, and we may believe that our American journalists will find it hard to understand why their Parisian brothers should resent the infliction upon them of sensational news. But they do. They say that this is a personal matter and that it will he settled hy the courts. If the accused couple are guilty they will be punished, hut punishment must not he increased hy publicity. Thus we find the Paris *Midi* speaking thusly: "We must pity the wife and not hlame her hitterness toward her rival. But it is quite another thing to seek the assistance of the press to wreak vengeance. That is not the work of the press when no public interest is involved."

That seems to he good sense, hut for the moment we ruh our eyes and try to remember where we put our ascension robes.

The *Midi* has a very pretty way of epitomizing the facts in such a dispute as this. There is no need for heroics or for the importation of moral issues. If moral issues exist they are so evident that they do not need to he stated. If there are no moral issues, still less can they he stated. Says the *Midi:* "Two women love a man. One has privileges and priority and four children." There we have the whole thing in a nutshell. Privileges and priority may he described as a secular way of saying that Professor and Mme. Langevin were married. "The other has the prestige of genius, companionship, and the highest works. The man, after long hesitation between the companion of hody and the companion of mind, finally made a choice. It was his right, the law admits, and the divorce trihunal will regulate it."

How simple it all sounds when thus stated hy one who is wholly unencumhered hy ethical prejudices. It hecomes as dull as a quarrel hetween two men ahout the infringement of a patent. If the patent has actually heen infringed, then damages must he paid. Such things will happen, and a wise puhlic that does not wish to he hothered ahout trivialities has created a court for the purpose of settling these little disputes. But the newspapers can not give up their space to such matters as this. And yet we say that the Parisians are a salacious people.

The London newspapers are discussing whether women have a sense of honor. It seems a silly thing to talk ahout, and, curiously enough, nearly all the correspondents are women. Men know.

Elinor Glyn comes out strongly on the negative side. She admits that men do dishonest things, strange as it may seem, hut then men know that they are dishonorahle. They may violate the code, hut the code is there all the same. But women have no code. That the game of life must he played within certain lines never occurs to them. Nothing must he allowed to interfere with a purpose. Suppose, she says, that two men are intimate friends. They quarrel, and hoth of them feel at liherty to recount to other friends the most private confidences received from one another during their period of intimacy. Mrs. Glyn says that "this is quite a common case with women, hut no man would ever dream of doing such a thing."

Mrs. Glyn attrihutes this deplorahle failing to woman's education and to a policy of suppression that has lasted for centuries. Woman has heen compelled to defend herself hy her wits, and so she has heen unahle to afford the luxury of a code of honor.

All of which seems very ahsurd, just as absurd as to speak of men in general or of women in general as possessing or not possessing any particular mental or moral characteristic. There are differences, hut they are not marked by such hroad lines of demarcation. Nor shall we account for such differences by such influences as those of education. We may as well try to explain a man's beard hy the fact that he wears trousers. It is a part of the cant of the day, and a most noisome cant it is, to maintain that men and women as human heings are identical, although external influences have caused them to converge. If nature has given different hodies to men and women, why may we not assume that she has given to them also different minds? If there is physical sex, why not also mental sex?

We may wonder if the republic of a thousand years hence will he able to hreed a citizen with no love for either titles or uniforms. We may well douht it. Indeed the very attempt to suppress the instinct causes it to come huhhling up with more energy than ever hefore. There are prohahly more fictitious titles in America than there are real titles in the whole of Europe, and as for uniforms we simply revel in them. Every secret society that proves its secrecy hy parading up and down the street has its own formidable outfit of silly titles, its own particular panoply of hrass huttons, sashes, helmets, stars and crosses. The societies could not exist a day without them. They are the bait offered to membership. Join us, the societies say, and you shall have a uniform, you shall he a right worshipful, or a most exalted. You shall at least have the outward semhlance of being some one in particular. It is true you will he despised hy your wife, hut then you will he despised hy her in any case, so what does it matter.

But an American ambassador should be above that sort of thing. He isn't. Surrounded with uniforms and titles, he frets hecause he has neither. For example, there is the case of Charlemagne Tower, who was American ambassador to St. Petershurg. Mr. Tower is supposed to have been refused admission to some court function hecause he was not in uniform. The doorkeepers could not believe that any one in an ordinary coat, not to speak of ordinary trousers, could possihly be entitled to approach the throne of grace. Of course the story is all nonsense. To have no uniform at the Czar's court would in itself he a mark of distinction, and the flunkeys would he quick to usher in any one who looked so like one of the twelve apostles. But it was good enough for Mr. Tower, who burried off and hought himself a uniform. What kind of a uniform it was deponent saith not, hut any theatrical store can fit you out. When Mr. Tower went to Berlin he took his uniform with him, and no douht it was a delight to the emperor. But the ambassador left it hehind him in Germany when he relinquished his post, prohahly hecause he honorahle realized that it helonged to the United States. Dr. Hill, who succeeded him, ignored the uniform, perhaps hecause it was too short in the legs, hut now Mr. Leishman has found it, and reports from Berlin say that he looks too sweet for anything in the gorgeous apparel that was originally intended to dazzle the eyes of the Czar of Russia.

No one ever supposed that harbers were capable of conspiracy, but it seems that they are. Conspiracy implies secrecy, but if there is anything that a harher fails to communicate to a customer during the half-hour of his ministrations there must he more in his head than one would suppose from a contemplation of his classic but inexpressive features.

But all the same he can plot and plan with the hest of them. There has heen a harbers' convention in London and the new styles have been decided upon. A hase informer has just given the whole show away. Curls are to be the order of the day, and for no hetter reason than that curls require skilled assistance, while the smooth and madonna-like fashion does not. An imitation switch can be hought for $5, hut imitation curls cost $25, so there you are.

Another piece of Machiavellian cunning is the decision that there must he no fashion inappropriate to old ladies. It is comparatively easy for the young to attend to their own hair unassisted, and so the old lady is the hest customer for the hairdresser. The mode must cater to her tastes. Now who would suppose that the hairdresser was capahle of a diplomacy like that? One might listen to his conversation for a month and never suspect that he was harhoring a thought or an idea.

"Well, whaddy you want?" "I am the man who was married in the cage of wildcats." "I asted ye whaddy you want!" "I thought I would like to look into the cage again. I fear I left my wife there and took one of the wildcats."—*Houston Post.*

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A harrister, cross-examining a witness who had a very red nose, asked: "Are you addicted to drink?" and the witness indignantly replied: "That is my business." "Ah!" said the barrister, "is it your only business?"

A Chicago banker was dictating a letter to his stenographer. "Tell Mr. Soandso," he ordered, "that I will meet him in Schenectady." "How do you spell Schenectady?" asked the stenographer. "S-c, S-c—er—er—er—— Tell him I'll meet him in Albany."

There was an Irishman who lined up his family of seven gigantic sons, and invited his caller to look at them. "Aint they the fine boys?" inquired the father. "They are," agreed the visitor. "The finest in the world!" exclaimed the father. "And I nivver laid violent hands on any of them except in self-difinse."

John had accepted an invitation to dine with his friend Jones, and it being a very dark night and the roads bad, John took a stable lantern to light him on his way. They dined well, and John departed for home. The next morning John received a note from his friend as follows: "Dear Jack—The bearer brings your stable lamp, please return parrot and cage."

A wedding party was disturbed by the crying of a baby belonging to one of the women guests. One of the young ladies present remarked to the hridesmaid: "What a nuisance babies are at a wedding!" "I should say so," returned the latter, and added, without very full consideration: "When I send out the invitations to my wedding I shall have printed in the corner, 'No babies expected.'"

On one occasion Hans Richter was present at a concert given by a brother composer, at which the latter performed a long and not particularly interesting work of his own. When the composition came to an end Richter expressed his criticism in a very few words. "Well," he said, "I too haf written compositions to make a pile so high," raising his hand three feet from the ground; "but I haf burned them!"

Maclyn Arbuckle has a country place and likes to regale his friends at the Lambs' Club with wonderful stories of farm life, and whenever he begins to talk on this subject is always assured of an interested coterie of listeners. Recently he began a discourse on his favorite subject. "But," he concluded, "during the last summer a large number of my hens stopped laying." Marc Klaw "fell." "What was the cause?" he anxiously inquired. Mr. Arbuckle smiled and answered nonchalantly: "Automohiles."

In a eulogy of the late Supreme Court Justice, a Chicago lawyer said: "John M. Harlan had a way of pointing an observation with a story. Once he wanted to rehuke a man for exaggeration, so he said he was as bad as a Pittsburg millionaire who was being interviewed by a New York reporter. 'Where, sir, were you horn?' the reporter, as he sharpened his pencil, asked. 'I was born in Pittshurg,' said the millionaire. 'And when did you first—er—see the light of day?' 'When I was nine,' the millionaire replied. 'My people then moved to Philadelphia.'"

A shiftless colored boy in Alabama, after being caught in a number of petty delinquencies, was at last sentenced to a short term in the penitentiary, where he was set to learn a trade. On the day of his return home he met a friendly white acquaintance, who asked: "Well, what did they put you at in the prison, 'Rastus?" "Dey started in to make an honest boy out'n me, sah." "That's good, 'Rastus. I hope they succeeded." "Dey did, sah." "And how did they teach you to be honest?" "Dey put me in de shoe-shop, sah, nailin' pasteboard soles onto de shoes, sah."

Before he was well known, Wendell Phillips, the distinguished abolitionist, went to Charleston, and put up at a hotel. He had breakfast served in his room, and was waited upon by a slave. Mr. Phillips seized the opportunity to represent to the negro in a pathetic way that he regarded him as a man and brother, and, more than that, that he himself was an abolitionist. The negro, however, seemed more anxious about his breakfast than he was about his position in the social scale or the condition of his soul, and finally Mr. Phillips became discouraged and told him to go away, saying that he could not bear to be waited on by a slave. "You must 'scuse me, massa," said the negro; "I is 'bliged to stay here 'cause I'm 'sponsible for de silverware."

Edith Wharton, the noted novelist, was talking in the saloon of *La Provence* about the spoiled children of multimillionaires. "They are spoiled even by tbeir tutors," she said. "I know a little Riverside Drive multimillionaire whose education proceeds every morning in this fashion: 'What state is this, Master Clarence?' 'Pennsylvania.' 'Right! Quite right!' cries the tutor. 'Only it happens to be inhabited by Californians. Pennsylvania, Master Clarence, is a little higher up.' Then the tutor says: 'Will you be so good as to tell me, Master Clarence, what Parmentier introduced?' 'The oyster,' says the little boy. 'The oyster? Quite correct,' cries the tutor. 'The oyster of the poor—in other words, that is to say, the potato.' Then they turn to literature. 'What can you tell me, Master Clarence, about Zola's works?' No answer. 'Excellent! Perfect,' declares the tutor. 'The least said about Zola's works the hetter!'"

James McNeil Whistler was dining with a friend in London. Suddenly, when all had dined and were hack in the drawing-room, Whistler said that he had almost forgotten it, but he absolutely must write a letter and get it off by the night's post. He was told that in a room at the head of the first flight of stairs he would find the lights burning and pens, paper, and ink at his disposal. He went up, and presently there was heard a series of bumps, ending in a heavy thud at tbe foot of the stairs. The master had tripped, lost his balance, and come near having a bad fall. The host ran to him and asked if he was hurt. "I am not killed, if that's what you mean!" Whistler replied; "hut, tell me, who huilt those stairs?" The host mentioned the name of a huilder unknown either to Whistler or to fame. "Humph, he did, eh? The d——d teetotaler," said Whistler.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Family Tree.

A brand-new family tree adorns
The home of Crœsus Pickles;
With tales of titled ancestors
His fawning friends he tickles.

To all the world that tree proclaims
Descent from lord and lady.
Betwixt the hranches and the ground
Of course it's rather shady.

—Josephine Coan, in Smart Set.

Says She.

My Granny she often says to me,
Says she, "You're terrihle hold,
It's you have a right to mend your ways
Before you'll ever grow old,"
Says she,
"Before you'll ever grow old.
For it's steadfast now that you ought to he,
An' you going on sixteen," says she.
"What'll you do when you're old like me,
What'll you do?" says she.

"What will I do when I'm old?" says I.
"Och, Musha! I'll say my prayers,
I'll wear a net an' a hlack-lace cap
To cover my silver hairs," says I,
Says I,
"To cover my silver hairs.
When I am old as Kate Kearney's cat
I'll sell my dress and feathcrdy hat,
An' huy an old hedgown the like o' that,
The very like o' that."

My Granny she sighs and says to me,
"The years fly terrihle fast,
The girls they laugh an' talk with the hoys,
But they all grow old at last,"
Says she,
"Thcy all grow old at last.
At Epiphany cocks may skip," says she,
"But kilt hy Easter they're like to he.
By the Hokey! you'll grow old as me,
As weak an' old," says she.

"Mayhe you tell me no lie," says I,
"But I've time before me yet.
There's time to dance an' there's time to sing,
So why should I need to fret?"
Says I,
"So why would I need to fret?
Old age may lie at the foot of the hill,
'Twixt hoppin' and trottin' we'll get there still.
Why wouldn't we dance while we have the will,
Dance while we have the will?"

—The Spectator.

A Memento.

I gaze upon it along with feelings tender,
That witness mute of her who left it there.
I wonder whether she was plump or slender,
And had she auhurn, hrown, or golden hair?

Romance awakes, and countless dreams come thronging
Until the dusk is filled with thoughts of her;
And all my soul o'erflows with deepest longing
To solve the doubts that set my heart astir.

Lo! Even yet the atmosphere is laden
With perfume faint that thrills me like old wine.
I would I knew, ah me! the dainty maiden
Who came and went and left that single sign.

'Tis plain some smaller hand than mine has fingered
The very spot whercon my hand I lay.
Perhaps my one true soul-mate here has lingered
To dream of one without whom life were gray!

Yet, after all, it may he I have wasted
A genuine, intcnse, poetic thrill;
Perhaps some "fright" has left it here, well tasted—
That wad of gum stuck on the window-sill!

—Walter G. Doty, in Puck.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced in Washington, D. C., of Miss Diana Morgan-Hill and Baron Hardouin de Reinach Werth of France. Miss Morgan-Hill is a daugbter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Morgan-Hill of Santa Clara County. Baron de Reinach Werth comes of an ancient French family whose estates are in Alsace. He is a graduate of the national military academy in St. Cyr and is a captain in the cavalry.

The wedding of Miss Clarice Lucke and Mr. Bruce Fair will take place January 10 at the bride's home on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith gave a dance Wednesday evening at Century Hall in honor of their daughter, Miss Cora Butterworth Smith.

Mrs. William Leonard Hughson and her daughter, Miss Helen Hughson, entertained recently at a dance at California Hall.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. George F. Ashton, Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, and Mrs. George A. Moore to a dance of the Friday Night Club at Century Hall Friday evening, December 29.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough gave a dinner recently at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., have issued invitations to a dinner Friday evening, December 22.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith will give a dinner Friday evening, December 22, in honor of Mrs. Smith's sister, Miss Helen Nicol, a débutante of the season.

Mrs. William Matson was hostess Tbursday at a bridge-tea.

Mrs. Charles Leonard has sent out cards to a tea at the Fairmont Hotel Wednesday, Decemher 20, complimentary to Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Minna Van Bergen, and Miss Marian Stone.

Mrs. Harrison Smith entertained at a reception Thursday afternoon, when her daughters, the Misses Alice and Henrietta Smith, were formally presented to society.

Mr. Melville Bowman was host last Saturday evening at a dinner at the University Club. The affair was in honor of three prospective bridegrooms, Mr. Otto Grau, Dr. George Dunlap Lyman, and Mr. Arthur Fennimore.

Mrs. Frederick S. Moody was hostess Tuesday at a luncheon in honor of Miss Josephine Parrott.

Miss Ruth Winslow was hostess recently at a dinner in honor of Miss Myra Josselyn and Mr. William Duncan.

Miss Ysabel Chase gave a dinner this week complimentary to Miss Myra Bailey, daughter of Captain C. J. Bailey, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bailey, who are the guests of Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight entertained a number of friends at a dinner Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels.

Mr. John C. Wilson was host recently at a dinner at the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. Bowie-Detrick was hostess Wednesday at a luncheon in honor of Miss Ruth Winslow.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson entertained sixteen young people at a luncheon Friday, when Miss Winslow was the complimented guest.

Mr. Arthur Fennimore gave a dinner and theatre party Monday evening in honor of Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen and Dr. George Dunlap Lyman, who were entertained again Wednesday evening by Mr. Herbert Schmidt, who gave a theatre and box party.

Dr. George Dunbar Lyman was host last evening at a bachelors' dinner at the Hotel St. Francis. Dr. Lyman will he married Decemher 28 to Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen.

Mrs. Edgar Painter of Alameda will give a reception at the Claremont Country Club Saturday, December 16, when her daughter, Miss Janet Painter, will make her formal début.

Miss Doris Wilshire will entertain at a tea tomorrow in honor of Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen and Dr. George D. Lyman.

Mrs. Bradley Wallace was hostess at a tea last week complimentary to Mrs. C. J. Bailey (formerly Miss Mollie Dodge).

Owing to the death of Major John B. Mhoon, the luncheon which was to have been given Monday by Mrs. H. M. A. Miller has been postponed.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis entertained a number of guests at a dinner and theatre party in honor of Miss Kate Brigham.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis have issued invitations to a dinner Tuesday evening, Decemher 19, in honor of Miss Isabella Beaver. The young people will later attend the Impromptu Cotillon.

A dance was given Saturday evening in the hallroom of the Keystone Apartments by the Saturday Evening Dancing Club. The patronesses are Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Mrs. Seth Mann, Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon, Mrs. L. A. Moss, Mrs. C. J. Rhodin, Mrs. M. V. B. MacAdam.

The Holluschickie Cluh is established in its new quarters on Bush and Mason Streets.

The second of this season's series of concerts to he given by the St. Francis Musical Art Society will take place Thursday evening, Decemher 14, in the Colonial hallroom of the St. Francis Hotel. Jan Kubelik will present the programme.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Anna Held, the noted comedienne, who is making a farewell tour of the American cities, is to he seen at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks commencing Monday night, December 18, in F. Ziegfeld, Jr.'s massive musical entertainment, "Miss Innocence," which is coming here with the New York stamp of approval, the piece having enjoyed a run of one solid year at the New York Theatre, New York. In "Miss Innocence" Miss Held takes the audience on tour through Paris, and not a point of interest is left out. And throughout it all is Anna Held with new gowns and new songs. It is safe to predict that local theatre-goers, who have been loyal to her ever since the days when she invited them to "Coome and play weez me," will like equally well her latest and greatest song hits entitled, "I Am Learning Something Every Day," "I Wonder What's the Matter with My Eyes," "I've Lost My Little Brown Bear," and "We Two in an Aeroplane."

Mr. Ziegfeld has surrounded the star with a company of exceptional strength and size. The cast includes Harry Watson, Jr., Ernest Lambert, Ethel Kelley, Richard Ridgeley, Grace Leigh, Isidore Marcil, Donald Hall, Lillian Rice, Marjorie Bonner, Angy Weimer, Evelyn Westbrook, Violet Bowers, Eva Stuart, Ann Ford, Ray Morris, Flo Thompson, Ethel Donaldson, and a splendid group of Anna Held girls. Harry B. Smith contributed the book and lyrics of "Miss Innocence," while Ludwig Englander and others composed the music. The work is in two acts and eight brilliantly illuminated scenes. There will be a special popular priced matinée on Wednesday in addition to the regular Saturday matinée.

Ada Reeve is scoring the greatest hit of any English singing comedienne who has appeared here in vaudeville. Her exquisite and dainty methods, her charming naivete, her sweet voice, clear enunciation, and her graceful and expressive actions have won the Orpheum audiences and she is encored and recalled to an extent that is perfectly unreasonable. For next week, which will positively be the last of her engagement, she will present a new programme of songs.

The coming bill is an enticing one. Those Four Entertainers, a quartet of good-looking and clever young men, will make their first appearance. They indulge in singing, dancing, and piano playing. Charles F. Semon, "the narrow fellow," will introduce his original make-up and his unique songs and music. He is an eccentric comedian who knows how to sing, act, and get music out of a variety of wind instruments. Rice, Sully, and Scott, a trio of lively funny men who come for next week only, will do remarkable stunts on a trampoline and elevated bars. George W. Cunningham and Herman Marion will perform some extraordinary feats and turn somersaults, twisters, and headspins in a most spectacular manner. Their engagement is limited to one week only.

With this programme Mr. and Mrs. Jack McGreevy, Mrs. Gardner Crane and company, and Dave Genaro and Ray Bailey will close their engagements.

The season of Christmas will be celebrated at St. Dominic's Church by a special performance of Dr. H. J. Stewart's oratorio, "The Nativity," to be given on Thursday evening, December 28. At last year's performance of this celebrated work many were unable to gain admission, and the beauty of the music created a profound impression. For the forthcoming performance the choir has been largely augmented, and the fact that the performance will be under the personal direction of the composer is a guaranty of efficiency.

Bad business is reported from all points by theatrical men. It is said that the season so far has been the most disastrous of any for years, and that one-third of the actors of the country are idle through the failure of new productions and waning power of former successes.

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The Kubelik Concerts.

Kubelik, the wizard of the violin, will give his first concert at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon, December 17, presenting a programme that can only be described by the word "prodigious." He offers a series of works that call for all the possible skill of a genius, from both the technical and interpretive standpoints. It is as follows: Concerto, Tschaikowsky; Romanze in F, Beethoven; "Præludium," Bach; "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso," Saint-Saëns; "Souvenir de Moscow," Wieniawski; "Humoresque," Dvorak; "La Campanella," Paganini.

At the second concert, on Sunday afternoon, December 24, an entirely different programme will be presented.

Seats for both concerts are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday the office at the Cort Theatre will be open after 10 a. m.

Special attention will be paid to out-of-town mail orders.

Next Tuesday night, December 19, the music lovers of Alameda County will hear Kubelik in a special programme at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland, Manager Bishop laying off his stock company for this auspicious event. The Mendelssohn and Paganini concertos will both be on this programme. Seats are obtainable at Ye Liberty box-office only.

This will be Kubelik's farewell tour of America. He has amassed a competency and his five children will keep him closer to his Bohemian home.

Bulletin from the San Francisco Orchestra.

Manager Will Greenbaum announces the following plans for the San Francisco Orchestra, Henry Hadley, conductor, for the near future. The orchestra will devote itself to daily rehearsal until after Christmas, its next public appearance being at a special Young Folks' and Students' Concert at the Cort Theatre Friday afternoon, December 29. This date was selected on account of its being during vacation, which will enable the pupils and teachers of our public and private schools to attend without inconvenience. For this concert the scale of prices will range from $1 down to 25 cents.

On Friday afternoon, January 5, the second regular Symphony Concert will be given.

On Sunday afternoon, January 14, the first concert to be arranged for those whose occupations prevent them from attending the Friday afternoon concerts, for the working man and woman who love good music, but can not find the time or spare the money to indulge in it frequently, will be given. The prices on this occasion will range from $1 to as low as 15 cents. The Musical Association of San Francisco proposes to make it possible for every one to enjoy its new and we hope permanent orchestra.

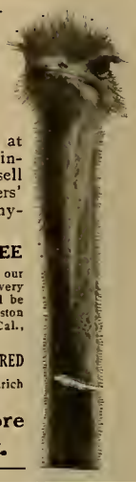
Arrangements are now being made for the first appearance of the orchestra in Oakland. The date will probably be Friday afternoon, January 12.

Further plans are now being carefully considered and it is hoped the San Francisco Orchestra will become an invaluable educational factor in our community.

A gentleman from Texas went into a Washington restaurant the other day, ordered a dinner, drew two navy revolvers and commanded the other diners to maintain silence while he ate his meal. It is a pity that more Texas gentlemen do not attend the opera.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

An Old Christmas Custom—Giving away candy on Christmas. Only be sure that it is Geo. Haas & Sons' candies that you give away. At all four candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereahouts.

Annexed will he found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereahouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William Delaware Neilson and her son, Mr. Felton Elkins, have arrived from Philadelphia and are guests at the home on Broadway of ex-Senator Charles N. Felton. Mrs. Neilson will remain until after the holidays, when Mr. Elkins will establish himself in an apartment and reside here permanently.

Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie, Mrs. Brodie, and the latter's sons, Masters George and Tallant Tuhhs, are at their summer home in Santa Barhara, having come from the East hoping the change will henefit the health of Master George Tuhhs, who has been ill for several years.

Miss Laura McKinstry returned to town Monday from Burlingame, where she was the guest of Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and Miss Josephine Redding spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn at their home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle will leave Decemher 30 for New York en route to Europe and Egypt.

Miss Cora Jane Flood and Miss Sallie Maynard returned from New York Sunday. They were accompanied hy Mrs. Henry Stephens Kierstedt, who went East several weeks ago with her mother, Mrs. P. McG. McBean.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Greene have taken an apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker, Miss Marian Zeile, Mr. Charles Keeney, and Mr. Frank Jones motored to Monterey and spent the week-end.

Miss Ruth Casey is expected home next week from New York, where she has been visiting since her return from Europe a month ago. Miss Casey has been spending the past year studying vocal music in Florence, and will return to San Francisco to reside permanently with her relatives.

Miss Henriette Blanding, who is at Vassar College, is rapidly recovering from her recent attack of appendicitis. Mr. Gordon Blanding left hurriedly for the East to he with his daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin have been spending the past two weeks in Portland.

Mrs. Alfred Holman and her daughter, Miss Helen Holman, have returned from Europe, where they have heen spending the past six months. They were accompanied from New York hy Mr. Holman, who met his family upon their arrival two weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker have closed their country home in San Mateo and are occupying the residence on Laguna Street of Dr. Adolph Barkan and Mrs. Barkan, who with their sons are traveling in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus August Spreckels and Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mrs. Cyrus Dolph and Miss Hazel Dolph have come down from Portland to spend a few weeks in this city and to visit Captain Cyrus Dolph, U. S. A., at the Presidio, Monterey. Captain Dolph will sail shortly for the Philippines.

Mrs. John G. Kittle and her sons, Mr. Allen Kittle and Mr. John Kittle, have closed their home in Ross and are occupying their town house on Scott Street and Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire and her daughter, Miss Doris Wilshire, will leave soon after the holidays for New York, where they will spend several months. During their absence Mr. Wilshire will remain in Coronado with Mrs. John Polhemus (formerly Miss Jane Wilshire) and her children.

Mrs. Hypolite Dutard has returned from a visit in Portland and is established at the Hotel Bellevue.

Mr. Deming Rideout has returned to his home in Marysville after a hrief visit in this city.

Dr. William Boericke, Mrs. Boericke, and Miss Dorothy Boericke, who reside in Berkeley, will come to town after the holidays and occupy the home on Jackson Street of Dr. Paola de Vecchi.

Miss Jeannette Hooper is entertaining Mrs. G. L. Spalding (formerly Miss Georgie Lacy) as her house guest. Mrs. Spalding will visit among her San Francisco friends for some time.

Miss Alice Warner of Monterey is visiting Miss Jane Wickersham at her home in this city.

Mr. Frederick Tillmann and his sister, Miss Agnes Tillmann, will arrive from New York December 20.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy of Los Angeles have been spending a few days in town at the Bellevue Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, who have been spending the summer in San Mateo, are established for the season at the St. Francis Hotel.

Dr. R. W. Raymond and Mrs. Raymond arrived on the *Siberia* from the Orient and are en route to their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. La Boyteaux and their daughters, the Misses Elizabeth and Mary Stuart La Boyteaux, have gone to Philadelphia to spend the holidays with relatives.

Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick has been spending the past week at the Fairmont Hotel. Captain McKittrick is expected home tomorrow from Arizona.

Dr. William E. Hopkins and Mrs. Hopkins are at present in Dresden.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe and Miss Katherine Donohoe are established for the season in their town house.

Mr. Lawrence McCreery is spending a few weeks at the Burlingame Club.

Lieutenant Francis P. Hardaway, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hardaway have arrived at the Presidio after having spent their honeymoon in the East. Mrs. Hardaway was formerly Miss Lucille Cates of St. Louis.

Lieutenant E. H. Pearce, U. S. A., of Fort McKenzie, Wyoming, is spending a few weeks in this city.

Captain Austin Parker, U. S. A., and Mrs. Parker sailed last week for the Philippines.

General E. V. Sumner, U. S. A., and his daughter, Mrs. E. L. King, are residing at the Hotel Victoria.

Major Thomas Q. Ashhurn, U. S. A., and Mrs. Ashhurn will leave early in January for Seattle, where Major Ashburn will he on duty in the pay department.

Ensign Henry Chalfant Gearing, U. S. N., and Mrs. Gearing (formerly Miss Lolita Burling), have arrived from Coronado and are established at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker will leave shortly for New York to spend the holidays with their son, Master Osgood Hooker, Jr., who is attending an Eastern school.

Mrs. Kirwin, wife of Captain Arthur Kirwin, U. S. A., and her children have arrived from Fort Leavenworth and are established at the Jefferson Hotel, where they will reside during Captain Kirwin's absence in the Philippines. Mrs. Kirwin was formerly Miss Violet Girard and resided at the Presidio several years ago with her father, Colonel Girard, U. S. A.

California at the Chicago Land Show.

The third great annual Land and Irrigation Show, which has heen holding the hoards at the Coliseum in Chicago for the past month, has closed after the most interesting and successful season thus far inaugurated. More than 200,000 persons passed through the gates of the exposition this year, totally eclipsing all former records of attendance. Of these over 150,000—or 75 per cent—were interested auditors in the lecture halls maintained hy the Southern Pacific railroad lines, where they were entertained with descriptions, moving pictures and stereopticon views of the vast territory covered hy these lines.

Twenty thousand dollars was spent hy the transportation company in the construction and equipment of free lecture halls, in which thirty-minute talks were given hy representatives of different California communities. In all, 473 lectures were given—many of them illustrated—and the amount of literature distrihuted is estimated to have heen close to two million pieces. The attendance at the lectures exceeded that of last year by fifty thousand.

"California" elicited more interest, inquiry, and enthusiasm than any other section, though liheral time was devoted to Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Washington, Oregon, Texas, and other western states. On "Texas Day," for instance, one of the leading speakers was Judge Rohert S. Lovett, chairman of the executive hoard of the Southern Pacific, who descrihed his recent "swing 'round the circle" to an immense crowd assemhled in one of the lecture rooms. Other speakers—railroad men, chamher of commerce officials, farmers, and merchants—pointed out the advantages of the West, always to large and attentive gatherings of persons.

Fifty-five thousand visitors passed through the turnstiles on "California Day" at the Land Show. Once inside they were presented with liberal samples of California products—fruits, herries, wines, nuts, raisins, etc.—together with many pieces of attractive literature, descrihing the Golden State. All of this material was transported to Chicago free of any charge, the railroads making this a part of their contrihution towards the success of the big show. Among the speakers who used the lecture halls were A. Miot, San Joaquin Valley; Miss Gifford, Sacramento Valley; Franklin Hope on "Luther Burhank"; Wilhur Walker, Central California; J. W. Erwin, W. B. Leffingwell, and Colonel Holp, on "Yosemite," "New California," and "New San Francisco." Thousands of inquiries followed the lectures.

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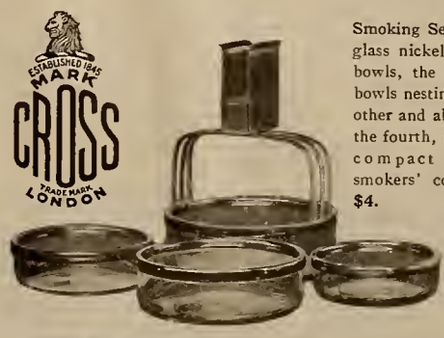
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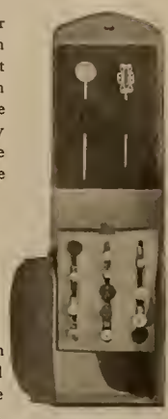


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Munsey's Magazine and Argonaut	4.40
Nineteenth Century and Argonaut	7.25
North American Review and Argonaut	6.80
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"All the world loves a lover." "Yes, except the gas companies."—*Life.*

Little Elmer—Papa, what is it that makes a statesman great? *Professor Broadhead*—Death, my son.—*Bazar.*

He—Now, don't you bother to help me on with my coat. *She*—It's no bother. It's a pleasure.—*Town Topics.*

"Wot you doin', chile?" "Nothin', mammy." "My, but you is gittin' like yooh father."—*Baltimore World.*

Benham—I always have to do the lion's share of the work. *Mrs. Benham*—Yes; the lion's share is to roar.—*Town Topics.*

"Fifteen killed and thirty injured so far during the football season." "Then the new rules didn't hurt the game after all."—*Washington Herald.*

"George says he loves that little curl over your right ear." "I'm glad to know that. I was just about to hang it on the other side."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Mr. Botts—I think, my dear, I have at last found the key to success. *Mrs. Botts*—Well, just as like as not you'll not be able to find the key-hole.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Friend—But why did you publish your poems under the name of Smith? *Poet*—Just think how many good people will fall under suspicion.—*New York Times.*

Marriage not a failure: *Old Friend*—Was your daughter's marriage a success? *Hostess*—Oh, a great success. She's traveling in Europe on the alimony.—*New York Weekly.*

Farmer (to horse dealer)—No, I don't bear ye no malice. I only 'ope when you're chased hy a pack of ravishin' 'ungry wolves you'll he a-driving that 'orse you sold me.—*Tit-Bits.*

Impecunious Lover—Be mine, Amanda, and you will he treated like an angel. *Wealthy Maiden*—Yes, I suppose so. Nothing to eat, and less to wear. No, thank you.—*Tit-Bits.*

"There's Mrs. Merrygirl's husband over there. Somehow he doesn't look like a very bright chap to me. Does he know anything?" "Know anything, my dear! He doesn't even suspect anything."—*Town Topics.*

"Poor Jane is in despair." "What's the matter with Jane?" "Why, she has just begun to realize that she's too fat for an actress and not fat enough for a prima donna."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"The postal banks are great institutions," said the prudent man. "I don't see that they're any great improvement," said the improvident person. "They're harder to borrow money from than the other kind."—*Washington Star.*

Willis—They say Dohhler has sold his painting, "The Retreat from Bull Run," that he has been trying to sell for years. How did he manage it? *Gillis*—Easily. Simply changed the title to "Automobilists Returning Home."—*Puck.*

"Anything going on this evening?" "Yes; there's to be a performance at the Athletic Gardens. A fellow will undertake to subdue an automobile that has a record of having killed six men. He's to do it in one hour or forfeit a thousand dollars."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Why are cities referred to in the feminine always?" "It may be because some of them pad their figures."—*Kansas City Journal.*

King Firefly (with much feeling)—I once loved a woman—hut, alas, she married. *Baron Rubberneck (sympathetically)*—Whom did she marry? *King Firefly (in a deep tone of manly grief)*—She married me.—*Ferris Hartman's "Red Riding Hood."*

"Has anything ever been discovered on Venus?" asked the student of astronomy. "No," replied the old professor, whose mind had slipped a cog and transported him into mythological fields; "not if the pictures of her are authentic."—*Chicago News.*

Mrs. de Mover—Good gracious! This is the noisiest neighborhood I ever got into. Just hear those children screech! *Maid*—They're your own childers, mum. *Mrs. de Mover*—Are they? How the little darlings are enjoying themselves?—*Tit-Bits.*

"How about this fare?" demanded the stranger in New York. "I haven't overcharged you, sir," declared the cahman. "I know you haven't, and why haven't you? What sort of a deep game are you up to? Answer me, now."—*Courier-Journal.*

Mr. Coopah—Could you lemme look in yo' dictionary a minute, kuhnel! Jest want t' find a couple of words to add to mah lodge-office title what Ah was elected to last night. They dun chose me Grand High Most Worthy Exalted Imperial Plenipotentiary, hut it strikes me dat sounds jes' a little bit cheap!—*Puck.*

"I'm delighted at the interest that kid of mine takes in his handwriting," one proud papa confided to us the other day. "He used to be careless about it, but I'm getting him trained now." "That's fine—and remarkable. What's your system?" "I told him to write out a list of everything he wanted for Christmas. That was six days ago, and that kid is still at it!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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The Argonaut.

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

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Exit Dr. Eaton.

The city may congratulate itself upon the legal decision that unseats Dr. Eaton and various other members of the McCarthy board of health and that reinstates the former members unlawfully deprived of their positions. It is just as well that the sweep should be as clean as possible and that the McCarthys, Eatons, Bassitys, and others of a like ilk should disappear simultaneously. Nothing so well becomes their official life as the leaving of it.

And now what about the abominable clinic? A legal decision has stated that this institution is not under the control of the board of health. Then under whose control is it? The answer is simple enough. It is under the control of private individuals, and it has been used directly or indirectly for private advantage. In other words a few persons without legal warrant have taken advantage of a state of municipal anarchy to torture and victimize a defenseless part of the community and to extort fees from those who can not call upon the law to defend them. We do not want to see this wretched business legalized or regularized except in one way, and that is by its utter extinction. The pretense upon which it was founded was a piece of quackery at its best and of graft at its worst. It belonged properly to the Ruef-Schmitz régime temporarily revived by the present administration. The coming administration will have a good deal of carrion to remove, but this particular piece should be the first to go, even if it should mean the loss of a pension to certain members of the board of health.

The Russian Question.

In the year 1832—seventy-nine years ago—the United States and Russia mutually entered into a treaty "of friendship, commerce, and navigation." It provided among other things that duly accredited citizens of the two countries should enjoy the privileges of residence, trade, travel, etc. In all respects save one this treaty has proved a satisfactory working arrangement. Americans have lived, dealt, and traveled in Russia, and Russians have lived, dealt, and traveled in America, enjoying the fullest measure of protection and privilege. Trade relations have been established on a very considerable scale, to mutual advantage. We export to Russia annually merchandise valued approximately at $90,000,000; we import from Russia annually merchandise valued approximately at $5,000,000. There has, too, grown up between the two countries a quite exceptional relationship of mutual good-will. Perhaps the fact that American and Russian interests are nowhere in conflict has been the leading influence in this connection; but whatever the reason, the fact remains. Americans whose memories go back to Civil War times are fond of recalling that the friendship of Russia towards the United States was positively and boldly asserted at a time when other leading European countries were covertly if not openly unfriendly. It is a theory widely held among our people that Russian friendship for us was potent among the considerations which restrained England, and through England France and other European countries, from giving formal recognition to the Southern Confederacy.

A few years ago Russian policy towards the Jews became discriminating and severe; and incidentally Jews residing in other countries were denied passport rights in Russia. The interdiction was general, there being no discrimination between countries. English, French, German, and American Jews. All were placed under a strict proscription. It was explained in answer to protests that Russia's anti-Jewish policy was a purely domestic matter, and that it involved no reflections or preferences on the score of nationality, since all were treated alike. This answer was not satisfactory, but in consideration of long-established good relations it was permitted to suffice. The American government protested and argued in a diplomatic way, but it all came to nothing. In spite of the precise and unmistakable terms of the treaty, Russia would not honor American passports accrediting persons of the Jewish race. So the matter has gone on for two decades. There has been constant protests on our part. The files of the State Department are filled with reams of diplomatic correspondence, all very gracious and friendly and all coming to the one conclusion, namely that Russia would not alter her domestic policy, even in respect to her treaty.

Under what particular grievance or for what reason we know not, this old irritation has suddenly grown to a fever of resentment on the part of American Jews. They have demanded on the basis of American citizenship the full rights guaranteed by the treaty of 1832. They have appealed to the government at Washington and have emphasized this appeal by mass-meetings in various parts of the country. The intrinsic and obvious justice of the demand has won sympathy from all classes of Americans. The question has become one related not to persons of Jewish faith alone, but to all faiths and all conditions. It is a question of national dignity and honor—a question whether or no the United States shall continue to hold herself bound by a treaty whose express terms in one important respect are disregarded by Russia every day in the year.

It goes without saying that when any question assumes this acute form something is bound to happen. Something did happen last week, when under the impulse of popular demand, inspired to be sure by the Jews, but by no means limited to them as a class or caste, Congressman Sulzer introduced into the House of Representatives a joint resolution reciting in embittered terms the American grievance against Russia in the matter of passports and in defiant tones abrogating the treaty of 1832. The sentiment of the country was very positively indicated by the attitude in the House on this resolution, there being but one negative vote. Then the President took a hand in the matter. He gave it out that he thought it bad manners and therefore bad diplomacy to abrogate a treaty of long standing and approved by many illustrations of amity and good-will, in terms of anger and reproach. He assumed, too, that there was a way of abrogating the treaty in better accord with international dignity and good-will and with the canons of diplomacy than by joint resolution of Congress. Acting under these suggestions he instructed the State Department on the 17th instant to notify Russia that the treaty would be abrogated January 1, 1913, under its own terms, which require formal notice one year in advance of the event. This is satisfactory to the Senate, but it does not please the House, leading members of which take the position that the President has cut that body out from its initiative and therefore from certain political capital in the matter of abrogating the treaty.

It is for lawyers to decide whether the President in abrogating the treaty by executive order is or is not within his rights. Probably he is, because it is not Mr. Taft's way to make a mistake on a point of law. He is certainly right as a matter of diplomacy and policy. There is no need to insult Russia in terminating a treaty which on the whole has served us well for nearly eighty years. If ever there was a time when it would have been allowable to do this, that time is past. In the intercourse of nations it is always good policy to be civil and fair-spoken.

The Senate has taken the President's view of the matter and confirmed his act. Now we have before us the work of making a new treaty, and it will not be easy. Russia without a doubt will insist upon her right to sustain her fixed domestic policy, which is one of discrimination against the Jews as a race. Public sentiment in this country will not consent to an arrangement which discriminates against any class or caste of American citizens. The negotiators will be up against what is known in diplomacy as an *impasse*—that is, an obstacle which can neither be gotten over nor removed. Probably we shall not for many a year have a new treaty with Russia; but it is not likely that it will make much difference practically. Privileges enjoyed under treaty will probably continue under sufferance. The day is past when formal treaties are essential to a mutual friendly intercourse between civilized nations.

The Pension Grab.

It is evident enough that the new pension bill was intended to put President Taft into a hole, but the Democrats are likely to find that they themselves will occupy the hole and not the President. Mr. Taft will not be deterred by the unpopularity that is conventionally supposed to attend upon the veto of a pension bill. Unpopularity has no terrors for him, even if the threat were real, but it is not real. The true character of this bill, and of others like it, is now well understood by the country. It is recognized as an extravagant bribe, a vast bid for votes, and when the Democrats insert into their next national platform the usual plati-

tudes about economy this preposterous pension bill will be a thorn in their sides.

There was never a vote more recklessly or irresponsibly given. At the lowest estimate the new pensions will amount to $40,000,000 for the first year and $75,000,000 for the second year after disputed claims and arrears have been allowed for. Every other pension bill ever passed has made at least some pretense of meeting the necessities of the case. This bill makes not even the pretense. The bare fact that a man enlisted and remained in the army for three months is enough. It does not matter if he never left his home, if he never heard a shot fired in anger, if he never suffered any kind of loss or even discomfort, he is still provided for in this pension bill. No matter whether he be wealthy or poor, sick or well, he is at liberty to put his hand into the national treasury. So long as this sort of thing can be done with impunity, so long as millions can be tossed away in answer to demands that are unending and insatiable, it is hopeless to talk of regularity in public finance or a scientific management of the public money. The economies instituted by Mr. Taft are swept away in a moment. A hundred such economies would be unavailing against a prodigality like this. A few weeks ago we were noisily invited by Speaker Clark to admire a management of the House that had effected a saving of less than a quarter of a million dollars. Mr. Clark will have to continue his boasted economies for some two hundred years before they will equal a single year's expenditure under the profligate scheme for which he cast his vote.

The President's course is clear enough and he will follow it. If this pension bill should pass the Senate Mr. Taft can be relied upon to veto it. Mr. Cleveland vetoed a much less objectionable bill, and it is remembered to his honor. The bill is a Democratic measure, passed by a Democratic House, and so far from putting Mr. Taft into a hole it will serve admirably as an object lesson in the actual meaning of Democratic "economy."

Suffrage Methods in England.

The latest development of the "militant methods" of the London suffragettes seems to have alarmed some of the less extreme among the leaders of the movement. Mrs. Despard, for example, has no objection to an attack upon the House of Commons as a public institution, but she deprecates the wanton destruction of private property. Other prominent women have spoken in the same manner, and while their number is pitifully small it may be that they mark a turning of the tide.

Certainly it is hard to understand how any woman of education who preserves her sanity can justify the acts of violence that marked the riot of a few weeks ago. And these acts were not the result of sudden passion. They were committed in cold blood and patterned upon a calculated plan. That plan was to destroy as much private property as possible, to break all windows within reach, irrespective of ownership or personal suffering. No estimate has been made of the amount of damage done, but it was very large, and would have been much larger but for the interference of the police, whose "brutality" is now the subject for fresh denunciation. Another feature of the same week was the renewal of the personal attacks upon the prime minister. The most flagrant of these occurred at a banquet on behalf of the Bedford College for Women. Mr. Asquith was present and was to speak, but just before he was called upon two ladies in full evening dress gained a surreptitious entrance to the room and tried to wrench the cloth from the table. They were gently removed by the waiters and then went at once to a suffrage meeting and narrated their achievements amid loud cheers.

That these outrages are not sporadic outbursts of individual mania is shown by the announcements of some of the leaders. Miss Pankhurst, for example, publicly defends the breaking of the windows of private houses, shops, and banks. She says that the average citizen is apathetic, but that if his windows are broken "he begins to think." There can be no doubt about that, but his thoughts are hardly likely to be friendly ones. He will not be convinced that all women ought to have votes because a few among them have wantonly broken his windows, destroyed his property, and endangered his life. A more pitiful demonstration of political incapacity can hardly be conceived of, and if these political rioters represent their sex, . . . sh . . . course they do not, the "cause" would be . . . ly lost. There can be little doubt that English women will presently get the vote. It belongs to the spirit of a too rapid age, but they will get it in spite of their leaders and not because of them.

"Murder is Murder."

In the *Outlook* for December 16 Mr. Roosevelt multiplies phrases in denunciation of the McNamaras, which now from any standpoint is a fairly safe course. He even ventures to look so far back as last May, to point out and commend a declaration of his own—nothing less momentous than that "murder is murder." This, too, would appear to have been safe, even if a trifle bold.

But all that Mr. Roosevelt knows now he knew long ago. For when President of the United States he appointed a commission to hear "both sides" of the anthracite coal controversy and received its report, which declared among other things:

> Its [the local organization] history is stained with a record of riot and bloodshed culminating in three murders [the report deals with the Pennsylvania incident alone], unprovoked save by the fact that two of the victims were asserting their right to work, and another as an officer of the law was performing his duty in attempting to preserve the peace. * * * In several instances the houses of workmen were dynamited or otherwise assaulted and the lives of unoffending women and children put in jeopardy. * * * The practices which we are condemning would be outside the pale of civilized war. In civilized warfare women and children and the defenseless are safe from attack, and a code of honor controls the parties to such warfare, which cries out against the boycott we have in view. Cruel and cowardly are terms not too severe by which to characterize it.

Mr. Roosevelt, we repeat, was familiar with the facts in this case because the report from which these excerpts were taken was by a committee chosen by himself and made directly to him.

But shortly after, when the federal district attorney in New Orleans brought certain labor leaders to bar for crimes against the peace, Mr. Roosevelt, then President, directed his Attorney-General to instruct every district attorney to refrain from any criminal prosecution against labor organizations without special orders from the department at Washington. Murder was not to be regarded as murder unless special orders to that effect were given. This ban has never been lifted; and while capital in various forms of combination has been harried by prosecutions under the Sherman act, combinations of labor under an executive decree by the hand of Theodore Roosevelt have been immune.

At a later time, the Werner Book Company of Akron, Ohio, became the victim of a so-called sympathetic strike. Its representatives presented the case to the Department of Justice and invoked the enforcement of the Shermau law. The answer was that no redress could be attained through the agency of the department. The reason was as above cited: Mr. Roosevelt by executive order had paralyzed the Sherman act in so far as it related to combinations of labor. Here again murder was not to be regarded as murder.

Again, at a still later time, a dispute arose between the Iron Moulders' Union, one of the constituent bodies of the Federation of Labor, and the Allis-Chalmers Company. In the strike which followed the Iron Moulders' Union pursued its customary policy of assault upon life and destruction of property. Several non-union men were killed merely for asserting their right to work, and a larger number wounded. The Allis-Chalmers Company went to the United States courts and got an injunction for the preservation of the peace. The labor leaders then appealed to Mr. Roosevelt, and at his suggestion lawyers were engaged and a slight and unimportant modification of the decree of injunction was secured. The matter was trifling, but Mr. Roosevelt adroitly turned it to political account. For in an open letter to a member of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen he took to himself credit for the aid and sympathy he had given the representatives of the Iron Moulders' Union, although their hands were red from crimes of assaults upon life and property. In this instance murder was actually condoned and those responsible for it were aided, even coddled, by Mr. Roosevelt.

And in this connection it is to be recalled that when less than three years ago Mr. Roosevelt was trying to placate organized labor in the interest of presidential politics, he made a bargain with the unspeakable Gompers under which he tried to commit the Republican party to a policy of discrimination in favor of organized labor in the matter of the injunction process.

It is all very well for Mr. Roosevelt now to deal in noisy assertions against the McNamaras. But murder is no more murder now than it was when Mr. Roosevelt was playing politics with Gompers and assisting the murderers of non-union men in the Allis-Chalmers works to evade responsibility for their crimes.

Dr. Wilson and the Pension.

Governor Woodrow Wilson's application for a pension from the Carnegie Fund is not quite so recent an event as some of his critics seem to suppose. The trustees of the fund have just made known their decision in the matter, but the application itself dates from Dr. Wilson's resignation of his position at Princeton before he became actively a candidate for political honors in New Jersey. That position was worth $8000 a year. The governor of New Jersey receives $10,000 a year, but if Dr. Wilson had failed in his political ambition it is obvious that he would have fallen between two stools. It was under these conditions that the application was made.

The application itself was unprecedented. The fund was started four years ago and it was intended to facilitate the retirement of aged professors and so to give an opportunity to younger men. This was explained to Dr. Wilson and he was advised to give the matter further consideration and if he still believed that his claim was a valid one to make another and a more formal application. He did so, and it was reserved for the consideration of the trustees at their annual meeting, which has just been held. In the meantime Dr. Wilson had been elected governor of New Jersey and was in receipt of a salary of $10,000 a year, but nevertheless he allowed his application to stand, and it has now been discussed and denied.

The reasons of the trustees have not been published, but they are evident enough. Indeed Dr. Wilson seems to have misunderstood the original purpose of the fund. It was never intended to be used as a recognition of professorial merit nor as a reward of educational service. It was designed as a relief for those wishing to retire from active life, but whose financial status would not permit of so doing. Most clearly it was not the purpose of the fund to facilitate the aspirations of those anxious to leave the educational field for one much wider and much better paid. Still more clearly it was not intended for those who had already partially succeeded in those aspirations and who hoped for a still greater success. Dr. Wilson evidently made his application to the Carnegie Fund under a misapprehension of its scope, and it may prove to be one of those misapprehensions that are damaging.

Editorial Notes.

Those who follow the proceedings of Governor Johnson's legislature have no difficulty in understanding why His Excellency went out of his way to commend Senator-Sheriff Finn to the voters of San Francisco. Nor do they cease to congratulate themselves upon Mr. Finn's defeat.

Sir John Gorst is trying to rouse the British mind to a sense of the futility—even to the viciousness—of an educational system which bears small relationship to the practical needs of the time. His indictment is not lacking in directness. "A starved and stunted race," he says, "is being allowed to grow up as a legacy for the next generation to deal with, for in most elementary schools children are only drilled, not educated." Again, "The higher and university schools are still fettered by mediæval systems which makes the acquisition of learning to be produced at examinations the main work of the students." It would seem that our American system is not the only one which needs overhauling.

Our exposition managers ought not to have asked permission to carve "*San Francisco, 1915*" in one of the big trees in Sequoia Grove and the Interior Department ought not to have granted it. It is quite enough that fences, dead walls, and house roofs should be sacrificed to the passion for advertising—"publicity," we believe is now the phrase. The beauties and grandeurs of nature should be exempt. Public resentment against the promoters of the Portola festival for defacing Goat Island has not yet died out; and it is a demonstrable fact that resentment against a recent candidate for sheriff for writing his name across the face of Twin Peaks contributed to his defeat. There is logic and propriety in advertising our coming exposition in reasonable ways; but it is offensive and outrageous to deface the Sequoia Grove in exploitation of anything.

The people of Butte, Montana, recently organized a posse and killed nearly 300 rattlesnakes in a day.

EDITORIAL LETTER.

Washington, D. C., December 16.—Go where you will these days anywhere east of the Mississippi River, and in whatever company, and you will find one topic of conversation subordinating every other. Who is to be the next President of the United States? In one form or another this question is asked in all companies and upon all occasions—usually not that your opinion is so much desired as that the questioner may present his own ideas and preferences. Listening to this talk, I have been led to wonder why it is that the Eastern and Middle Western worlds take so much more, or perhaps I should say so much more personal interest, in national politics than we Pacific Coasters. The explanation lies no doubt in our detached geographical position and in a certain sense of insularity which has instinctively grown up among us. In national politics all decisive movements or acts occur in the larger field of the East. Our "politics" comes to us ready-made. In the organization of it we have small immediate and conscious part. In the East and in the Middle West everybody, from the cross-roads croaker up to the President in the White House, feels that in a direct way he exercises a personal influence in the making of political conditions. Be this as it may, all the world "talks politics," though, I am bound to say, not to much purpose. For the most part, the universal gabble recalls the traditional two grains of wheat, or less in the traditional two bushels, or more, or chaff.

Within the past two weeks I have gone into all sorts of companies and listened to all sorts of opinions; and out of this experience I have gained these distinct impressions, namely: (1) That Mr. Taft will be renominated and reëlected; (2) that Mr. Sherman will not be renominated, but that some other Easterner, probably an anti-machine New Yorker, will be substituted for him in the vice-presidency; (3) that while there will be a good deal of open dissatisfaction and some sulking, there will be no radical split in the Republican party; (4) that both Governor Harmon and Professor Wilson will practically be eliminated before the Democratic convention meets; (5) that the Democratic nomination will go either to Champ Clark or some other Western or Southern man; (6) that William J. Bryan will continue to be the dominating head of the Democratic party. All this calls for explanation, which I shall set forth even at the hazard of being tedious.

Just now Taft stock is down in the Eastern market. For all his merits of character and manner, Mr. Taft has a propensity for blundering. He rarely fails to do the right thing when thoroughly aroused, but he does many things carelessly. His is essentially a philosophic mind, and utterances in the spirit of generalization are taken by the public to mean specific things. For example, Mr. Taft has been haunted this two years past by his tremendous indiscretion at Winona, Minnesota. What he *said* was and remains vastly to his political discredit; what he *meant* was nothing at all vital or serious. In a recent explanation, which on the whole he would better not have made, since defensive politics is always bad politics, he has told how the Winona speech was hastily dictated to a stenographer the day of its delivery between stations. A careful man, realizing the potentialities of the subject, and appreciative of the meaning and weight of phrases, would not have postponed so important a matter to a chance and hurried occasion. It was a blunder—just a blunder. It really meant nothing when it was done, and it means nothing now under explanation, but the utterances of the President of the United States ought not to lie under the necessity of explanation.

A more immediate cause of criticism of the President is the course of Attorney-General Wickersham in the anti-trust cases. It is now plain that nothing practically worth while comes out of these prosecutions. There is neither better service nor lower rates in the Northwest than before the Northern Securities decision. Meats are not better or cheaper than before the prosecution of the Chicago packers. Standard Oil has not relaxed its grip upon the country nor altered its methods under the new deal. Cigars and tobacco are not cheaper—and are quite as foul and offensive to cleanly sensibilities—as they were before the Tobacco Trust was transformed into a hundred little corporations. But in dealing with these combinations there has been created a general sense of insecurity which affects all business more or less. And quite incidentally Mr. Wickersham has aggravated the case by unwise and untimely utterances. His latest prosecution, that of the Steel Trust, appears to many as an act inspired by political and personal rather than by more worthy considerations. Even if it shall result in nominal dissolution of the trust, it will accomplish no good, but rather intrench a great interest in a new and more readily defended form of organization. Men of practical understanding know that the effective way to deal with the Steel Trust is to destroy the advantage which it has under our tariff laws. Other forms of obstruction come to nothing practically, tend to disturb business, end only in irritation. The world of business doesn't analyze it in just this way; it doesn't stop to analyze much of anything which takes the form of business obstruction. It simply feels the irritation of it and falls into a passion over it. This, I find, is now the attitude of the New York business man. He is resentful against Mr. Taft because business conditions are not satisfactory and he believes that the government at Washington has something to do with it. Listen to him at his club or over his dinner-table and he will tell you that Taft is a failure in the presidency. But next year, when his temper has had time to cool and when he is up against the matter of voting for Taft or for somebody else, he will sing quite another song. He certainly does not prefer Roosevelt to Taft, or Professor Wilson or Champ Clark. He might—probably would—prefer Harmon; but Harmon being out of the running, as I think he is, your average Eastern business man, now distinctly and even openly disgruntled against the administration, will be where he stood in 1908—for Taft.

Much of the current misunderstanding and lack of appreciation of the Taft administration is due to the weakness of the Cabinet. There is no man in the group who does anything outside of running his office or is capable of doing anything helpful to his chief. There is no man like Mr. Root or Mr. Taft himself in the days of his Cabinet service, capable of going before the public with measured and weighty utterances calculated to strengthen and sustain the administration. Mr. Knox, from whom so much was expected, has not done one notable thing in the nearly three years of his administration of the State Department. If gossip may be heeded, he is not even diligent in routine labors, being quite as often away from home on what appear to be pleasurings as at his desk. His only contribution to public interest in the administration has been an unfortunate domestic incident rather more suggestive of ideas which the public calls snobbery than of anything better. And so on down the line there is no force, no personality, in the Cabinet. There is no man like Blaine or Hay or Root to turn opportunity to account. The administration gains no distinction, the President himself gains no support from his official family.

For all his admirable candor, Mr. Taft is a bad advertiser. He has not known how to treat the press and to gain the publicity which it might give him. Instead of winning the friendship and coöperation of the correspondents stationed at Washington, he somehow contrives to alienate them. He has, for example, a way of summoning these gentlemen for a fixed hour and then under stress of other engagements failing to keep the appointment. Now your first-class correspondent, being humanly considerate of his own dignities, is not a good man to keep waiting. I was told yesterday by one of the very best men in the business, representing one of the most effective newspapers of the country, that he had been offended beyond patience. "I go to the White House," he said, "when I am summoned, because I feel that I must. But I have given up cooling my heels in the outer office. I wait a few minutes after the appointed time, and then, if the President does not appear, I go about my business. Not even the President of the United States shall waste my time and affront me with repeated disregard of fixed appointments." I repeat this remark because it sheds a certain light upon the attitude of several Washington correspondents towards the administration and because it is suggestive of a needed reform in White House methods.

But there is another side to the picture. If Mr. Taft is in some ways tactless, he is always intelligent and considerate, and in all ways honest. There is a certain convincing and winning force even in his very tactlessness because there is in it the suggestion of a large and noble mind, incapable of stooping to trivialities or to petty intrigue. Then the record of the past two and a half years is overwhelming in its demonstration of large working power on the part of the President. What others have suggested, he has put into operation. Where his predecessor raved and stormed, he has achieved. He has been at the head of the government at a period fuller of problems, more trying in its moral and intellectual tests, than any time since the Civil War. He has played no tricks. He has not even exercised an ordinary and quite legitimate diplomacy with respect to his own "popularity" with the country. Nevertheless, no man doubts his integrity, no man regards him as a selfseeker, no man of any party or faction raises a question as to his honor or his patriotism. This is much to say of one who has lived in the fierce light and amid the fierce contentions which surround the presidency of the United States.

The practical side of the situation is this: Mr. Taft as the head of the administration will have a solid Southern delegation in the next convention. Even if he should only have one-third the delegates from the Northern states, his control of the convention will be assured. It would be premature to go into figures, for as yet it is all a matter of speculation. I have talked with many practical and theoretical politicians, and have heard no one not infected by the bias of intense factional interest who seriously questions Mr. Taft's success in the party convention next June. There are many to declare that he can not be elected, but that is quite another matter. It is indeed a matter which can only be discussed intelligently in connection with opposing possibilities and prospects with which this writing will deal in due course.

There are those who believe that Mr. Roosevelt will come between Mr. Taft and renomination. But they are not many nor are they representative of large political powers or approved political judgment. That Mr. Roosevelt would be glad to step into the breach there is, since his *Outlook* article of last month, no doubt in any intelligent mind. True, his refusals are many, and their tone is loud, but they are not convincing. He takes good care not to say anything that would bar his acceptance if the nomination should come to him—and just this is obviously his hope. No man is a better judge of political sentiment in its shifting moods than Mr. Roosevelt. No man knows better how to turn wind and tide to personal account. But Mr. Roosevelt has not yet learned the full significance of the prefix "ex." His experience of a year ago taught him something, but even yet he speaks in the tone of official authority. He seems temperamentally incapable of estimating himself as a private citizen. No man is qualified to judge in his own cause; and it is perhaps natural that Mr. Roosevelt should not understand the height and the depth of the distrust in which he is held throughout the country. He has many friends and followers; but ask even the most devoted of them if he regards his idol as a stable, dependable, and truthful man, and the smile fades from his face. Mr. Roosevelt is liked by multitudes of people, but even among those who like him best there are doubts as to his qualifications for political authority. This makes a situation which no amount of individual enthusiasm can overcome. Then Mr. Roosevelt's record does not identify him with the political necessities of the time. He has blown hot and cold on the tariff question and has neglected more than one opportunity for enforcing the changes which public sentiment now demands. His connection with the new radicalism, while positive enough to antagonize conservative men, has not commended him either to the radical masses or to their leaders. Neither Mr. La Follette, nor Mr. Cummins, nor Mr. Bourne, nor Mr. Johnson are willing to step down and out and hand over the premiership to Roosevelt. Each of these leaders has his private lightning rod where he can lay his hand on it at a moment's notice; none of them are willing, having gone thus far, to hand over the captainship to one who would subordinate them in all respects.

There is another point more discussed now than four years ago: It is the anti-third-term tradition. This tradition has been quiescent, but it is no bogey of mere imagination. The younger generation does not take it very seriously, but there are hundreds of thousands of citizens who know that given a third term to Mr. Roosevelt, a fourth would be easy, and a fifth inevitable. The anti-third-term tradition is the one definite limitation upon a movement which would in a sense Mexicanize the United States. I have heard the point discussed within the past two weeks in several companies, and always in a tone implying for it a deep-rooted hold upon the conservative sense of the country.

Most certainly at this time Mr. Roosevelt is not a controlling factor in the presidential situation. Bid and scheme as he may, he will not get the Republican nomination, nor is there a possibility, at this time most certainly, of his being put forward as the candidate of discontented elements in both the old parties. He will have a hand in the game, for he has a still large personal following. He will try to defeat Mr. Taft for the nomination, but there is not one chance in a hundred that he will succeed. And if Taft is nominated, Mr. Roosevelt will swing, nominally at least, into line. It is not his way to lead forlorn hopes or to get outside the breastworks of party regularity. His old love for Taft is now plainly turned to jealousy and to hate. But that is far from implying that he will be led by it into open antagonism after Taft shall have gotten the nomination. On the whole I believe Mr. Roosevelt to be now rather more than less a negligible quantity in politics. There will have to be a complete change in conditions before he can again come into that kind of public confidence which alone can make a man the hope of a great political party.

A question much discussed just now is the probable course of the "progressives" in the event of Taft's nomination by the regular Republican convention next June; and I have heard more or less talk about an independent candidacy instituted with the [illegible] r

pose of taking away enough votes in the "progressive" states to defeat the party nominee. But I have not heard one man declare in positive terms that if Taft is nominated he will not vote for him. All the progressive leaders—with the possible exception of La Follette—are too hopeful of ultimate success within the party to join any enterprise outside of it. The progressives may be discontented and lukewarm, but after the nominations are made, they will vote the ticket. Indeed it is difficult to see what excuse anybody will have for bolting Taft. His record of achievement in the matter of the so-called "progressive" principles is an imposing one. No man outside the lines of extreme radicalism has taken more advanced ground or has held to it more persistently. The platform to be put forth at Chicago will be advanced enough to answer the demands of what may be styled the intellectual progressives. It will be satisfactory to everybody excepting those who for their own purposes are ambitious to ride the progressive movement, and it will leave the self-seekers without a decent excuse for leaving the party ranks. There will, I think, be nothing in the shape of an organized independent revolt, although there is certain to be a good deal of personal discontent. Straws indicate the course of the wind, and right at home we may trace the tendencies of things. No man likes President Taft less than Governor Hiram Johnson, yet it is to be noted that even he has avoided any declaration tending to separate himself from regular standing in the national Republican party. Again, there is no more extreme radical among us than Mr. Chester Rowell, yet it is to be noted that the Fresno *Republican*, of which he is the editor, is scrupulously careful to avoid any position that can be construed into positive anti-Taftism. Still again, Congressman E. A. Hayes of the Fifth Congressional District is a declared progressive, but all the same he is taking an active part in the councils of those who at Washington are organizing and promoting the Taft programme. I repeat that nothing in the situation as I have been able to uncover it here or elsewhere tends to support the idea of a progressive movement against Mr. Taft.

There is one question which puts to confusion every croaker—and there are many such—who rises up to say that Taft can not be elected: Where is the man who will beat him? In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, you will be given in answer—after some hesitation—the names of Governor Harmon and Professor Wilson. Yet it is plain that there is no great hope in men really on the inside of current movements that either of these can be nominated by the Democrats. There is much about Professor Wilson to stimulate confidence, and yet under scrutiny the futility of his candidacy becomes apparent. Wilson is a scholarly man, with a personal record which on its face looks distinguished. He has, too, a great advantage in fine platform gifts. Nevertheless every close observer sees that his candidacy has not grown under the tests of time. First of all, he is not a man of affairs, but a college professor—in other words, a man of theory. He has been a college president, but it is an open secret that as such he was a lamentable failure. He left Princeton last year in a state so disorganized and involved in turmoil that not even yet have the college trustees been able to find a man to take the vacant place. I am told that the differences and animosities growing out of Dr. Wilson's administration have so torn the board of trustees into factions as to break down the respect and destroy the friendships of a lifetime. I am told that the faculty is so rent with the spirit of faction that one-half of its members do not speak to the other half. I am told further that the friends of the late President Cleveland, who held some sort of official connection with Princeton, are deeply embittered against Dr. Wilson, and that in the event of his nomination they are in a position to exert powerful influences against him.

It is true that Dr. Wilson is governor of New Jersey; but it is also true that he is today widely unpopular in his own state. He has antagonized the professional politicians by a course of arbitrary virtue and at the same time he has antagonized the reformatory element by arbitrary denial of their proposals. In his own state, in other words, he has fallen between two stools, as men almost invariably do when they step out from the sphere of theoretical into the world of practical affairs.

Dr. Wilson has the scholar's antipathy to innovation. Temperamentally and traditionally he is a conservative. But since he became a candidate for the presidency he has fallen into the vice of hedging and dodging. He has gone so far, after a lifetime of preaching conservatism, to take advanced radical ground. A Democrat who earnestly desires his nomination remarked a few nights past over a dinner-table at which I was present that Wilson had been "forced to change his ground." Proceeding, this apologist said: "Wilson knows as well as any of us the difference between principles and expedients. By conviction and training he believes in the representative system under which we have come thus far. But he sees the need of the times. He believes as I do that no man can be elected President of the United States who does not accept the new theories, practically at least. He does accept them, and is honest about it in the sense that he would be faithful to them as President, even though he knows that they will involve a departure from what we have hitherto regarded as fundamentally sound. He knows that it is necessary, if he would be President, to be a progressive—therefore he is a progressive." I present this statement from a friend and supporter for whatever it may be thought to be worth. The picture which it presents of Dr. Wilson's mental and moral stature is not, I will venture to say, one likely to classify the complaisant doctor with the political and moral heroes of the race.

Just at this moment Dr. Wilson's application for a pension under the Carnegie Fund is being widely discussed to his discredit. Personally I am not in sympathy with those who would make a mountain out of this molehill. I see no reason why, upon retiring from the teaching profession, Dr. Wilson was not entitled to make this application precisely as Dr. Jordan and other distinguished educators have done. There is, to be sure, a difference in retiring on account of age and retiring to enter the field of politics; yet even this difference is hardly citable against Dr. Wilson, when it is recalled that the uncertainties of politics make that career hardly less hazardous as related to one's personal fortunes than superannuation. I should surely feel myself in a safer position to be old with a pension than to be in politics without one. Still the incident is interpreted to Dr. Wilson's discredit, and practically it has weakened his chances as a presidential aspirant.

The most serious side of this matter as I view it is the exposition which it makes of Dr. Wilson's lack of practical judgment. He was long a member of the board by which the Carnegie endowment is administered. He was personally acquainted with every member of the board by which his application was refused. It would seem that a man even of the most elementary practical sense should have known where he stood before making application. Is it prudent to put into the presidency of the United States a man so deficient in the elements of sagacity as to fall into an indiscretion like this?

All these considerations together tend, in the present posture of affairs, to make Dr. Wilson a weak and declining candidate; but the most serious phase of the situation is yet to be told: Dr. Wilson's support comes almost wholly from non-political classes, largely indeed from Republicans, who will have no voice in making the Democratic nominations. It comes, too, from the East, whereas the weight of actual power in the convention will be in the West and South. Summing up, it is my judgment, based upon observation and an open mind, that Dr. Wilson was stronger six months ago than he is today; and I believe he is stronger today than he will be next June.

If Uncle Jud Harmon could get the Democratic nomination and, what is quite as important, the solid Democratic vote, I believe he would run Mr. Taft a very close race. He has the confidence of the conservative classes—indeed of all classes except the radicals in his own party. But, although intense and persistent efforts have been making in Mr. Harmon's behalf for more than a year, his candidacy does not grow. He has no strength in the South or in the West, and it is even a question if he can carry the delegation in his own state. There is some local history in illustration of this point. While in no sense a champion of the liquor interest, Harmon has antagonized the temperance radicals of Ohio. Like most of us, he is no drunkard and no friend to drunkenness. At the same time he believes in every man's right to eat and drink in accordance with his own standards and preferences, and he has never been afraid to say so. In his two candidacies for the governorship of Ohio he has been actively supported by the liquor interest, which is presumed to hold the balance of power in that state. It appears that the liquor men thought they had a "hold" on Harmon, but that in a crisis, when they attempted to exercise it, they found they had reckoned without their host. Now it appears that Harmon is at outs both with the temperance people and the liquor interest and there is doubt as to his getting the delegation from his own state. State pride will no doubt assist him in turning the trick, but there will be no enthusiasm in his support, and in the event of his winning the nomination, the liquor interest, which is no negligible quantity in Democratic politics, will be against him.

More important still is the fact that while Harmon is himself of the West, his support is chiefly in the East. Mr. Bryan is unalterably against him, in resentful memory of his support of Palmer and Buckner fourteen years ago and of his alliance since that time with the Cleveland wing of the party. And Mr. Bryan, let it be understood, is no negligible factor in the Democratic situation. He is the one Democrat whom all Democrats know. He is the one figure in the party who knows how to conciliate and to harmonize without yielding his own principles or purposes. He is the one leader who never hesitates to speak and to act. His authority, always considerable, has been augmented by recent events. Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, is his close personal friend; and there is no Democrat of distinction, if we except Harmon and Judge Parker, who is really his enemy. Bryan still holds the Western delegations, and for the greater part the Southern delegations, in the hollow of his hand. He is, too, a most effective parliamentary leader. When these things are remembered and when it is further remembered that the two-thirds rule still controls in Democratic national conventions, the situation as related to Judge Harmon appears hopeless. I do not believe that practically he has the ghost of a show.

Who will be the Democratic nominee? Just now one hears a lot of Underwood talk; but Mr. Underwood is essentially a small man and one who has gone far on a limited equipment. He doesn't come within any recognized degree of presidential weight, and the fact that his name is the target of some attention is only a mark of the poverty of the Democratic party in the matter of personal leadership. Then there is Champ Clark. True Champ Clark is a joke, and rather a cheap joke, too. He has neither record, presence, nor breeding. In the Speakership he merely stops a gap. None the less Champ Clark is the third, if not indeed the second, individual potentiality in the Government of the United States. Whatever other men may think of him, Champ Clark takes himself seriously, and there is behind him—or at least at his elbow—a great body of political strength which in its innocence doesn't know that Champ Clark in the presidency or as a presidential candidate would be ridiculous. In my judgment, Champ Clark stands today as the likeliest man for the Democratic nomination.

There are other names in the thin galaxy of dim Democratic stars, but they are not impressive. Mr. Hearst, of course, would like to be considered, but there are a thousand reasons—one very particular and personal one—why he will not be. Really the one available figure in the Democratic party—the man who more nearly reflects the political sentiment of the day than any other, is none other than our old friend, the one-time "boy orator of the Platte," now grown heavy with years and gray with disappointment. I venture the prophecy that if the Democrats do not nominate Champ Clark they will turn to that old, tried, true, trusted, reliable, and always available patriot, William Jennings Bryan.

In conclusion let me repeat that I see convincing reasons for believing that Mr. Taft will be renominated and reëlected. Mr. La Follette can not muster the strength to beat him for the nomination, and he can not find following for an independent movement. Mr. Roosevelt will not be able to crowd him out. There will be no organized bolt from the Republican programme. Neither Harmon nor Wilson nor any other man of conservative character has, in my judgment, a chance for the Democratic nomination. It will go to the West or the South or to some man of radical beliefs and sympathies, therefore to a man easily beaten. There will be in the campaign unnumbered and embittered resentments and cross-purposes. But the conservatism of the country will rally to Mr. Taft and put him in the White House for another four years. A. H.

In the library of Congress are found the most valuable newspaper files in existence, so far as this country is concerned. Recently the government purchased the files of the Augusta (Georgia) *Chronicle*, the issues covering the period between 1786 and 1809, with the exception of five years. This is said to be one of the most important files yet obtained. The papers had been in the possession of an old book and junk man for over forty years. He purchased them for $50, sold them for $1000, and the buyer in turn got $7500 for them from the government.

To stow away the contents of the Pacific Ocean it would be necessary to fill a tank one mile long, one mile wide, and one mile deep every day for 440 years. The figures of the other oceans are in the same startling proportions. It would take all the sea water in the world 2,000,000 years to flow over Niagara.

In excavating the foundation of New York's municipal building a new record has been made for depth. At the southern end of the structure, which will house between 5000 and 8000 city employees when finished, the "sandhogs" went down 139 feet below the kerbline, or 107 feet below sea level.

Massachusetts is now the only state in the Union adhering to the system of annual elections for state officers.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Mr. Chesterton seems to he fond of the puhlic dehate. A few months ago he discussed the woman's question with a suffragette leader, and now we read of the crowds that came to the Memorial Hall in London to witness the duel hetween him and Mr. G. B. Shaw. The question for dehate was in terse and colloquial terms. Mr. Shaw moved a resolution to the effect "that a democrat who is not also a socialist is no gentleman." Mr. Chesterton asserted the negative, to the effect that a democrat who is not a socialist is, or at least may he, a gentleman. Mr. Shaw is tall and thin. Mr. Chesterton is—not thin, and so the antithesis was physical as well as mental. Mr. Chesterton was slightly supercilious, ironic, mocking, and for once in his life Mr. Shaw was forced into fiery exposition and seemed for the moment actually to helieve some of what he said. Mr. Hilaire Belloc was in the chair, and although the question at issue was not put to the vote every one seems to have had a good time. Neither Mr. Shaw nor Mr. Chesterton took any notice of the other's arguments, and so when Mr. Chesterton said that a man had as much right to own a piece of land as to own his arms and his legs Mr. Shaw said that it was a hurning outrage that thousands of pounds should he paid for a jewel while the market value of a hahy was nothing at all. Naturally no conclusion was reached except that Mr. Shaw is capahle of emphasized declamation and that Mr. Chesterton can stir him to display it

Mr. Israel Zangwill, the novelist, makes a contrihution to the discussion of the persecution of the Jews. Writing to the *Christian Commonwealth*, he says: "When I was seven weeks old and resident in the goodly city of Bristol, my mother (who is, of course, the authority for the story) was induced to trust me for a day to the care of a Christian nursemaid, an uneducated girl of sixteen; hut hecoming uneasy, she returned unexpectedly to inquire after me. She found the girl playing in the street, and was assured I was asleep, hut, insisting on entering the house, she found me screaming in my cradle, my head covered with a pillow, my face hlack, and my mouth full of hlood. The girl confessed finally that, in revenge for the death of Christ, she had, with pins, pricked a hloody sign of the cross on my tongue."

This pleasant little incident happened on the Day of Atonement, and hut for Mrs. Zangwill's timely return the world would have lost a very popular storyteller.

A telegraphic report from Paris explains that the strike of the taxicah drivers is due to an increase of the octroi duty on petroleum. The octroi is a form of revenue almost unknown outside of France. It is a customs duty levied hy a municipality against the rest of the country, and it is always levied upon food and the necessaries of life. The Parisian carrying a handhag or a camera who takes a Sunday afternoon walk into the country will find on his return to the city gates that he is confronted with an octroi official, who will satisfy himself that a loaf of hread or a hottle of wine has not heen concealed in the handhag or the camera. All market wagons must pay a duty hefore entering the city, and as petroleum appears upon the schedule a sudden increase of duty had the effect of unpleasantly lowering the profits of the taxicahs. As the municipality refused to lower the tax or to authorize an increase of fares, the drivers went upon strike hy way of protest.

An old sea captain who happened to he in Tripoli at the outhreak of hostilities has expressed to an interviewer his surprise that any one should wish to possess so malodorous a spot. In point of fact he called it a dirty hole. "After holding my nose through half a dozen grimy and grewsome lanes, I fled ahoard to get a hosing-down and a sniff of hilge-water as an agreeahle change." He says that "these turhaned chaps" may he romantic enough in fiction, hut they "smell horrihly" at close quarters. It has often happened that the picturesque East appeals more pleasantly to the eye than to the nose, and even to the eye a certain distance is needed for the full enchantment.

Dr. Ingram says that he was $10,000 richer when he hecame Bishop of London than he is now. No one will dispute the hishop's word, hut there are other hishops who have not heen similarly impoverished hy their work. Dr. Ingram says that on one occasion when he drove from the House of Lords to Fulham Palace he gave the cahman 2s. 6d. The driver gazed upon the coin in the way hahitual with drivers and said, "If St. Peter had heen Bishop of London do you think he would have given me only half a crown?" And the hishop answered, "If St. Peter had heen here he would have heen Archhishop of Canterhury, and the fare to Lamheth Palace is 1s." We are not in a position to dispute the fare to Lamheth Palace, hut we may believe that if St. Peter were in London at the present time he would not he Archhishop of Canterhury. Prohahly he would he in jail for disturhing the peace or for healing the sick without a medical diploma.

The British officials are prohably not far wrong in their expectation that the gorgeous ceremonial of the Durhar will do something to allay Indian discontent. It seems strange that a vast display of wealth—other people's wealth—should help to reconcile the poor with their poverty or compensate for political impotence, hut only those will he incredulous who are unacquainted with the Oriental mind. In India strength and magnificence are the standards of value, and there is no such valid title to property as the ahility to hold it against all comers. Moreover, the hearty participation of the native princes saves the ceremonial from any appearance of a triumph over a suhject people. The removal of the capital from Calcutta to Delhi will certainly have its additional weight upon the puhlic mind as a concession to native sentiment. Calcutta is a great commercial centre, but commerce occupies a very suhsidiary place in the Indian mind. History and tradition easily come first, and Delhi is the centre of both. Then, too, Calcutta has heen the centre of disaffection, and the change is therefore a sagacious mixture of reproof and compliment. Time alone will show the effect of the Durhar display upon a people with whom display is the reality of life and who have never hefore seen the person of an Emperor of India.

The vital statistics of France for the year 1911 show that there were 14,000 fewer hirths and 26,000 more deaths than during the previous year. Evidently there is a greater disinclination to he horn and a greater willingness to die than ever hefore, a result discouraging enough in view of the recent floods of exhortation to he fruitful and to multiply. The French authorities are said to he perplexed and to he engaged in figuring upon their hlotting pads how long it will he hefore there are no Frenchmen left. And yet the prohlem is simple enough. There are only two causes for what is called race suicide. They are the wealth of the wealthy, and the poverty of the poor, in other words selfishness and self-preservation. No country can own more wealth than it produces, and if that wealth is spent in one way it can not he spent in another. France and all other European countries have had to choose between warships and hahies, and they have chosen the warships. Hence, no hahies. The Frenchman has his standard of comfort, and he will not allow it to he lowered. He can not support a family and a navy at the same time, even when aided hy the oratory of a few well-to-do sociologists whose own families are in no way noticeahle.

The English statistics tell the same story. There is no actual diminution in the population, hut the increase is the lowest upon record. Here, also, we must resort to the same explanation. The Englishman is asking himself why it should he his duty to produce children whom he can not feed, for while the tax collector must he satisfied at all costs no one will care particularly if the children die of inanition. The housekeeping of a nation is the same as the housekeeping of a family. Extravagance in one direction means retrenchment in another, and to retrench in the matter of hahies is easy. It is the only way in which the average European can retrench.

Harvard University is a great deal too particular in the choice of its guests and also not nearly particular enough. In refusing the use of a hall to Mrs. Pankhurst it did more good to that lady's cause than she could ever have done for it herself. Mrs. Pankhurst may now regard herself as a martyr and reap the profits that always accrue to the martyr. She was mohhed in Wall Street and refused a hearing at Harvard and she could wish no hetter fortune for her cause. But with such evidence of Harvard's supersensitiveness it is a little surprising to find that Miss Emma Goldman was received with full honors at the Union. The grandson of President Eliot sat at dinner with the famous anarchist and made a speech of welcome in which he referred to his guest as "comrade." Are we to assume that Harvard disapproves of Mrs. Pankhurst hut does approve of Miss Goldman or do these incidents mark a difference of opinion hetween the authorities and the students?

The jewels of the late Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey are realizing fahulous prices in London. The first nine lots offered hy the auctioneer produced over $500,000, and there are many more lots to come. It is to he hoped that some history of these jewels will he availahle. Prohahly they represent a sum of human tragedy greater than that of many a war and far more wicked. A representative of the Turkish government who was present was heard to congratulate himself upon the size of the hids. One large offer, he remarked, would lay down the keel of a new warship and he could easily foresee the heginning of a new Turkish navy. Thus do our thoughts turn lightly to fancies of Dreadnoughts. The same newspaper that reports this sale records the observation of a lady who spoke at a meeting called to protest against the state insurance of domestic servants. If the mistresses' share of the premiums, she said, was to he used for the purchase of warships she would not mind the expenditure at all, but to spend it for the henefit of housemaids and cooks was an outrage. And yet the world is supposed to move and this century to he the twentieth.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

Gravely, solemnly, with enthusiasm and a large mixture of national pride, the Turkish newspapers publish the following remarkable piece of news (says the London *Globe*). A brigand chief, one Salin, who has been carrying on operations for some time in the mountains of Gambiek, in Bithynia, not a great distance from Constantinople, and for whom the Turkish gendarmerie have for long sought in vain, alive or dead, has placed his talents and services at the disposition of the Turkish authorities. The brigand's letter is a curious document. He says it is against the wishes of his heart to give up his calling, hut "the audacity of these Italian brigands"—an expression which frequently occurs in the letter—in waging war upon the Ottoman Empire and brutally seizing an Islamic province, impel him to offer his services, with those of his band, consisting of a hundred men, to avenge the national honor and to chastise these infidel brigands.

The longevity of artists is almost proverbial, and the case of Thomas Robert Macquoid, who, at the age of ninety-one, is still painting, is remarkable, hut not unparalleled. T. S. Cooper, R. A., exhihited at the Royal Academy for several years after passing his nineticth birthday; John Massey Wright, a water-color artist, born in 1773, was fully occupied and in active work up to the time of his death at the age of ninety-three. Most notable, however, was Titian, who, born in 1477, lived just one year short of a century, and continued to paint pictures until the very last.

INTAGLIOS.

How Wisdom May Be Wise.

Would Wisdom for herself be wooed
And wake the foolish from his dream,
She must he glad as well as good
And must not only he but seem.

Beauty and joy are hers hy right:
And knowing this, I wonder less
That she's so scorned, when falsely light
In misery and ugliness,

What's that which heaven to man endears
And that which eyes no sooner see
Than the heart says, with floods of tears,
"Ah,—that's the thing that I would be!"

Not childhood, full of fears and fret:
Not youth, impatient to disown
Those visions high which to forget
Were worse than never to have known:

Not these; hut souls found here and there,
Cases in our wastes of sin,
When everything is well and fair
And God remits His discipline,

Whose sweet subdual of the world
The worldling scarce can recognize,
And ridicules against it hurled
Drops with a hroken sting, and dies.

They live hy law, not like the fool,
But like the hard who fully sings
In strictest hond of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them not honds, hut wings.

—*Coventry Patmore.*

Bid Me Goodhy.

Bid me goodhy. No sweeter salutation
Can friendship claim;
Nor yet can any language, any nation,
A sweeter frame.

It is not final, it forehodes no sorrow,
As some declare,
Who, horn to fretting, are so prone to borrow
Tomorrow's share.

Goodby is but a prayer, a henediction
From lips sincere;
And hreathed hy thine it hrings a sweet conviction
That God will hear.

Goodhy, yes, God he with you, prayer and hlessing
In simplest phrase;
Alike our need, and His dear care confessing
In all our ways.

However rare or frequent he our meeting,
However nigh
The last, long parting or the endless greeting,
Bid me goodhy.

—*Unknown.*

The Spirit of Poetry.

She steers the stars through Heaven's azure deep;
She lifts the leaden eyelids of the morn,
On distant hills she wins the hunter's horn.
And wakes the lonely shepherd from his sleep:
She scales the dizzy ledge where torrents leap,
And hangs the hloom upon the hristling thorn:
She sits for hours in solitude forlorn,
With downcast eyes where hapless lovers weep,
When Spring comes up the vale in Winter's trace,
She plucks the hlossom from the hud's embrace;
She hinds the golden girdle round the hee,
And lends the lily's lustre to the pea;
She curves the swallow's wing, and guides its flight,
And tips the dewy meads with twinkling light.

She rides, she revels on the rushing storm,
She suns her pinions on the rainhow's rim—
She laves in mountain pools her snowy limh,
As sweetly chaste as Dian and as warm;
In summer fields she hares her hlushing arm,
And sings among the reapers. By the dim
Light of Autumnal moons, her tresses swim
On gales Lethean, with assuasive charm,
Into the chamher of the alchemist
She peers, or, through some half-closed lattice, sees
Her lover hy the wanton night-wind kissed.
Anon, she walks the dim Hesperides,
Or, mingling with the spirits of the mist,
Dances at will along the darkling seas.

—*James Newton Matthews.*

Babylon.

"We shall meet again in Babylon."

I'm going softly all my years in wisdom if in pain—
For, oh, the music stirs my hlood as once it did before,
And still I hear in Bahylon, in Bahylon, in Babylon,
The dancing feet in Bahylon, of those who took my floor.

I'm going silent all my years, hut garnered in my hrain
Is that swift wit that used to flash and cut them like a sword—
And now I hear in Bahylon, in Babylon, in Bahylon,
The foolish tongues in Bahylon of those who took my word.

I'm going lonely all my days, who was the first to crave
The second, fierce, unsteady voice that struggled to speak free—
And now I watch in Babylon, in Babylon, in Bahylon,
The pallid loves in Bahylon of men who once loved me.

I'm sleeping early hy the flame as one content and grey,
But, oh, I dream a dream of dreams hencath a winter moon,
I hreathe the hreath of Bahylon, of Bahylon, of Babylon,
The scent of silks in Bahylon that floated to a tune.

A hand of years has flogged me out—an exile's fate is mine,
To sit with mumhling crones and still a heart that cries with youth.
But, oh, to walk in Babylon, in Bahylon, in Bahylon,
The happy streets in Bahylon, when once the dream was truth.

—*Viola Taylor.*

A company has been formed in Jackson, Michigan, to manufacture a moving picture camera, the invention of a Jackson man, which is as small and light as the average kodak. It is declared that this new camera means an enormous extension of the field for portable cameras. People traveling may take motion pictures of the places they see, later to convert the films into reels for private home entertainment.

THE VASE OF REPARATION.

A Christmas Story.

Simpkins, the solemn-visaged butler of Hauxhurst Towers, refused point-blank to do the deed. It was uncomplimentary to the Christmas season, he dourly averred. It was sacrilege. It was slaughter, nothing less than slaughter.

Beckwin, the ruddy-faced chauffeur, and one of the principal participants, agreed it was a killing. Dropping an eyelid dolefully but grinning jubilantly, he summed up: it was the finest kind of a killing.

The rest of the Towers dependents entertained various views. The old gardener, being aware of the extreme delicacy of the matter and having a prudent eye for the future, was silent, but he bobbed his head with cannily non-partisan vigor. Abbie, his spectacled, stoop-shouldered wife, the only woman permitted on the palatial premises, and restricted to the culinary department, said nothing. Her motherly countenance kept wrinkling into little smiles.

Karlson Hauxhurst, shrewd financier, suave man of the world, and master of this artistically appointed bachelor home, said little. On Christmas eve his smooth, alert face and wiry figure appeared, now at the library window, now vanished through the tapestry-hung arch of the reception hall, as he obeyed an unacknowledged impulse to escape from himself. But unable longer to endure the annoying proximity of his luxurious surroundings, he started out; he would go to the club. Alack! the outdoor world was joyously a-tingle; the very flagging seemed to him to emanate a spirit of happy expectancy, a scope as unconsonant to his mood as was the grand gloom of the Towers' interior.

He paused undecidedly, his wandering gaze arrested by a loaded van up the avenue. Simultaneously, as he noted the character of the load, he shuddered and a hand went up involuntarily to a breast pocket. The next moment he wheeled back. But he strode past the portals, and avoiding the palm court, the rose arbor, and shrub walks, his feet followed a path which curved down the grass terraces to a seat near a solitary tree in the heart of his sunken gardens.

Inevitable, this rendezvous, he told himself, looking at the tree, a tall, magnificent pyramid, the only one of its genus and species on the premises. But, strangely, he was not remembering that he came here often. More remarkable, he was utterly forgetful of a one-time mortifying circumstance: the occasion when his peculiar penchant for the tree was discovered and made a public story; headlines naming it the "costliest tree in the world!" two thousand dollars for every foot of its height; the small type gave its original position as near the property line and adjoining a vacant lot, the owner of which, returned from a long absence, purposed immediate improvements, a sky-scraper apartment. Hauxhurst had demurred; the locality was unsuited to such enterprises, etc., but in an unguarded moment his tongue let slip a different objection—a high building would exclude the sunlight from his tree; then, to end the matter, he put the vital question, was the land for sale? Possibly, yes; the figure was an outrageous margin; Hauxhurst closed, and the story concluded with the prophecy that eventually the new owner would not regard the transaction as a hold-up; the extra plot doubled his acreage and enhanced the charming aspect of his grounds a thousandfold.

Hauxhurst, on this Christmas eve, fleeing thither, sank mechanically into the rustic seat and faced the tree. The gloaming and the low line of his eye-range gave a semblance of dense, indeterminate leafage. He peered steadily into the green deeps and his expression changed, his respiration slackened to expectancy, rapt, mystical.

Forests of his boyhood's far-off home, and sister Kathleen's. He sighed and lifted his gaze a span: graves of their parents; another span: a journey. Now Hauxhurst drew from an inner pocket a photo of a youth and a maid standing beside a small conifer, evidently in a city park.

Poor, stranded, homesick children! Kathleen had caressed the green foliage, murmuring, "It's something like the home trees; we'll pretend it is home, and we'll meet here whenever we can."

He sighed again; work, work, work! Their meetings? Sorrowfully he looked upward. Those precious meetings!—brief and far between!—how like the upper branches of this tree! smaller and farther apart. Up, up—the apex! The orphans were of legal age; their miserably diminutive inheritance from the home estate was delivered into their keeping.

"Karlson," his sister had said that day, "you're a—man!" Her smile was adoration. "We must have a photo, you and I, in our home—the pine." After the posing, she touched the tree significantly. "These branches, rising above one another, are like a—wedding cake." She flushed rosily. "Soon I'll be a bride. Edwin and I——"

"That fellow!" Hauxhurst recalled how harshly he had cut into her confidential disclosure; how bitterly his tongue had run on. "He has little or nothing. You and I have seen enough of struggles. I'll care for you. I'll invest my inheritance; I've a good position; I'll rise steadily—haven't I done so, thus far?—I'll take care of you. If marry you must, find some one with means. Luxurious ease—you understand."

"Oh, Karlsie!" the cry of the wounded. Her clinging fingers. Years ago, yet Hauxhurst, sitting in the fast approaching dusk, felt the pleading touch upon his arm. "Edwin," she whispered, "I love him."

"Kathleen," he concluded tersely, "I've said what I wish."

She uttered no word, either of remonstrance or of concurrence. The next day she was gone.

"And I!" Hauxhurst reviewed, "everything I've touched has turned into money or"—his keen-eyed notice winging upward, saluting gable and dome, pillar and arch—"or given me its equivalent. And she—where is Kathleen!"

A white, blade-like glare from the headlight of a trolley car rounding the avenue curve, swept down the terracing grass.

"Christmas eve!" Fearingly he surveyed the verdant lawns. "Not a flake of snow." He choked. "At the old home they said a green Christmas makes a fat burying-ground."

A light step sounded on the walk.

"Beg pardon, sir," Simpkins, the butler, prefaced. "There's a eall at the 'phone; some one at the A. & B. railway station. Seems urgent. I couldn't put him off. Says there're three packages booked to you. Perishable goods from Alkali Flat. Suggested that you send the chauffeur with the motor-car for them immediately."

"Three packages—perishable?" Hauxhurst echoed dully. "Tell Beckwin."

Simpkins bowed and departed.

"From Alkali Flat?" Hauxhurst mused, flinging a comparing eye over the green spaces. "Somewhat antipodal." Consulting his watch, he gave the chauffeur twenty minutes to go and return. "Goods from the desert; what possibilities! And, blessings upon their heads, whoever they are, that sent the stuff. And thanks to the kindly disposed agent for troubling to notify me, in this hour."

He rose and sauntered toward the Towers. When he neared the porte cochere, another shaft of trolley gleam covered the premises. Hauxhurst dropped willingly into a settee in the angle between wall and arbor. Enchantedly his gaze traveled with the amplifying glare over the scene; this time, independently of ownership. Observing with the critical judgment of a connoisseur, he approved the symmetrical development of ornamental flat beds, groupings of shrubs, distribution of statuary and fountain.

The band of light vanished. A shout from over the wall smote his ears.

"Abbie!" The chauffeur's voice, quick, important. "Come here, Abbie."

Hauxhurst paused in the screening angle, constrained by the ringing accent.

"What's up, Beckwin?" The patter of Abbie's hurrying feet floated clearly over the barrier. "What're you calling—oh!"

Hauxhurst waited involuntarily for the reply.

"I want your advice," Beckwin justified, and the concealed listener leaned to catch the next words delivered in a discreet undertone. "These—parcels came on the passenger; they're, well the wrappings are neat and clean; but, seems to me they're not—oh, see yourself. They come from Alkali Flat all right."

"I declare!" The spatting together of Abbie's palms brought Hauxhurst to a standing position. "Bless 'em!" she cried, in welcoming accents. "What sweet faces." A second later. "Take 'em straight to Mr. Hauxhurst. Deliver them exactly as you got 'em—patches, gingham, and all. Poor, little dears!" she mothered. "Simpkins! Where's Simpkins?"—stridently—"He must call the master."

Hauxhurst, suddenly roused to his conventional position, glided from the angle back to his seat at the pine.

"Beg pardon, sir," the butler hemmed perfunctorily. "The chauffeur has returned"—halting and hemming twice—"from the station. You're wanted, sir."

"All right, Simpkins," rising with alacrity, his thoughts a chaos of interrogations, out of which he emerged, with the aid of the chauffeur's voice and an index finger, aimed toward the doorway.

"That's him."

"Our uncle?" A child's treble, surprised yet clear and evenly modulated. "Mr. Karlson Hauxhurst?" asked the eldest, making a primly elaborate courtesy.

"Yes?"—expectantly, and with studiously gracious regard for the amenities.

"Mrs. Jasper said—she's the woman who, who took care of us—when—after——"

"Kathie?"—a baby lisp filled the pitiful break, and a wondering gaze traveled over Oriental tapestries, ornate panels, glittering electrolier, leaded glass, and gorgeous freize—"Kathie, is this where Santa Tlauz lives? Mrs. Jasper said——"

"Baby!" reproved the second sister, quite self-possessed, then introductorily: "Our uncle"—touching the tallest—"this is Edwina; mamma named her. I'm Kathie; papa named me. Baby Karlsie—was it you that named baby?"

"I—I——" he faltered and smiled waveringly.

"Sister," she continued, and a brisk nudge reminded Edwina, "give him the letter from Mrs. Jasper."

"Oh, yes," producing the letter. "Mamma left word that if—anything happened—we were to come—Mrs. Jasper 'd write and explain."

"Will he give us something to eat?" put in the little one. "I'm dreffful hundry!"

"Baby!" chided Kathie. "Such abrupt——"

"Yes—yes. Come," Hauxhurst gathered the baby into his arms, his fingers tightly clutching the letter. An indefinite order to the butler, an appeal to Abbie, "Here, will you seat the—young ladies."

While she chatted, heaping various viands upon the children's plates, the master opened and read—not words nor lines, but the points in the missive. Both parents had died within a week, left instructions to send children and accompanying photo.

Hauxhurst viewed the picture. Mate it was to the one in his pocket. He reversed the card, and saw "Our Beloved Brother" in Kathleen's own penscript; beneath was attached the clipping of the Hauxhurst Pine. And below, Edwin's free, masculine strokes, "Our Brother."

The anguish which surged up chokingly in Hauxhurst's breast was gently arrested by the chorus of an anthem floating up the street: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Peace on earth, truly; his heart leaped responsively. They had trusted him—Kathleen and Edwin; had put their beloved into his keeping.

"Mr. Hauxhurst," and Abbie was at his elbow, "the baby is nodding."

"Yes; which would——" he petitioned: "wouldn't the south chamber be best? Could you——" But she had already installed herself as nurse.

He was still holding the photo when she came back an hour later.

"Master," Abbie began, timidly yet eagerly, "tomorrow'll be Christmas. I—we're not prepared for a children's celebration. It's late"—flashing a query at the clock—"but there's time. The shops keep open till midnight. Beckwin could go with you and bring home a load of toys and—necessary things, in the tonneau."

"So he could," springing up, frankly appreciative. "Thanks, Abbie."

"And, Mr. Hauxhurst"—seemingly a casual remark on her way to the kitchen—"go to the dry goods and shoe departments first. Just tell the clerks that they're girls—eleven, nine, and three; and that they're small for their ages. That'll be measurements enough"—advisingly—"do the choosing of the materials yourself."

When Hauxhurst and the chauffeur returned, Abbie and her husband were waiting, alert, bright-eyed.

"We'll help Simpkins," and outstretched arms received the parcels. "The library's the place?" And Abbie walked on, without waiting for an answer.

"By jing!" exclaimed Beckwin, looking first at the master, who was writing names upon holly tags, then at Abbie and her husband wrapping articles in tissue paper and ribbon. "We've forgot something." He was holding up long strands of tinsel. "Trimmin's; where's the tree?"

He sprang to the window. "Past midnight; shops closed."

"Yes," Hauxhurst was at his side. "I'm afraid so."

There came a flash of light from the corner, a car was rounding the curve. A broad, white beam swept the garden—down, down, it aureoled the Norfolk pine.

"Gee! What a dandy!" Beckwin's face radiated with happy discovery. "Set it up in the reception hall. Looked at from below, or from the gallery, that whiplash top 'ud almost reach the colored glass dome. Whew!"

Hauxhurst's lips parted, but no word issued.

"And," the chauffeur pursued, "I'll bet them desert kiddies never saw a real, live green tree."

"No-o." Hauxhurst turned automatically to the ever-at-hand butler. "Go fetch that tree, Simpkins."

"Beg pardon, sir," the butler stammered. "You don't mean it."

"I do." He was at the table, opening a box.

"But it's—it's—why, sir, you wouldn't ruin the aspect of the premises!" Simpkins protested. "That araucaria, sir"—with pompous ease flinging out the technical term—"it's what gives the éclat."

"Stop muttering, Simpkins. Go get it. Abbie, Beckwin"—exhibiting the gilt balls, silver halloons—"aren't these for tree decorations?"

"Beg pardon, Mr. Hauxhurst," the butler concluded stiffly, "I was not employed for the purpose of chopping wood."

"I'll do it!" the chauffeur leaped forward. "I'll have it here in three seconds. You folks get a box ready to mount it, and"—tossing the hint back from the doorway—"I shouldn't wonder if those kiddies never met a real, live Santy. If you'll keep the shades down, and the lights turned on low in the morning when they come, I'll guarantee that the long-bearded old chap 'll be on hand."

While Hauxhurst, with the loyal assistance of Abbie and Beckwin and the perfunctory service of Simpkins, decorated the tree, the old gardener slipped outside to the tool-house.

"Mr. Hauxhurst valued that pine a sight," mumbled the gardener. "He'll miss it when he gets his second wind. Something must be done right now to that stump."

Early on Christmas when Karlson Hauxhurst went to the library window, as was his daily habit, to watch the morning sunlight slant upon the evergreen pyramid, he gave a quick start. The muscles of his face twitched uncontrollably.

Down in the calm, reposeful centre of the velvety terraces stood a white vase.

"Ah!" he breathed; and as he looked, the pained expression of remembrance gave way to one of relief.

"Ah!" echoed the ever-present Simpkins, his eye traveling to the spot where once had stood the ornamental conifer. "Beg pardon, sir," he observed resentfully, "slaughter."

"Was it?" Hauxhurst rejoined indifferently. "No, I hold to Beckwin's views."

"H'm," the butler mumbled. "Glad you do. H'm, that urn looks fairly well, sir."

"It does, indeed! Here, take my appreciation to the gardener. And"—with a gesture toward the vase—"tell him to put something on it"—his voice dropping shakily—"a wreath—forget-me-nots and—holly." Then, in a steadier tone, "In the spring we'll have flowering shrubs; one on either side."

"Yes, sir," but looking up, he faced an expression of countenance new, strange, satisfying, and he assented in a hushed nod.

"And Simpkins, we'll have more trees. There's room for half a dozen at least." His head was inclined sidewise to catch the laughter of delighted childish voices which rippled through the house. "Trees of a different kind, though." Softly, distantly, he concluded, "The children would prefer walnut, almond—nut-bearing trees." MARY H. COATES.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1911.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Earl Grey, formerly governor-general of Canada, announces from London that he intends to devote the next ten years of his life to "fighting English slums."

Mlle. Helene Miropowiski, who was the first French woman to be admitted to the practice of law in France, is very outspoken in her belief that women are not capable of becoming judges. She is a frequent visitor to England, and has become enthusiastic over the English methods of administering justice.

Mrs. J. B. Blossom of Minneapolis, operating the largest cattery in the Northwest, began the industry a few years ago with a single Persian kitten which she purchased as a pet. Enthusiasm of her friends led her to the conclusion that a cat farm would pay. She bought some stock and began raising Persians. Last year she made nearly $1000 out of it. Her cats have won prizes all over the country, and she has a shelf full of cups, badges, and diplomas.

George C. Britner, for sixty years a billiard ball maker, and who for several decades made the ivories for every championship game, will soon celebrate his eighty-fifth birthday. He lives in Chicago. When he began making billiard balls he received $9 for a set of four, and has seen the price advance to $60 for a set of three. In 1878 he entered the employ of the Brunswicke-Balke Company, retiring two and a half years ago on full pay. He still reports at the store occasionally and looks over the ivory.

Vice-Admiral Sir William May, who succeeds Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson as England's sea lord, has never seen a day of actual war service, but in his sphere he has made an excellent record. Some years ago he was second in command. He is an authority on torpedoes, and is the inventor of a device for firing them from the deck of a warship. Sir William is responsible for the addition of Christmas Island to the British empire. Since he planted the flag on that desolate speck in the Pacific it has been discovered that the island is rich in phosphate of lime, which has great value as a fertilizer.

Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, who was given a reception a few days ago by some 200 deaf mutes of Boston and vicinity, is the founder of the only college for deaf mutes in the world. He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1837. He graduated from Yale and studied at Columbia. In 1864 he founded Gallaudet College for the deaf in Washington, of which he is still president. His devotion to the work is quite natural, his father having been the founder in America of the system of education for the deaf. Dr. Gallaudet has done more, probably, than any other man in the world for peoole deprived of their hearing. He is the author of the "Popular Manual of International Law."

Miss Evelyn Brodstone, a young Nebraska woman, who probably commands the largest salary paid to any woman in Europe, rose to her present position from a country stenographer at $4 a week. She is secretary of a great cold-storage house in London, with branches in every part of the world, and directs its foreign business. Fifteen years ago she went to Chicago and entered the company's office in that city as a stenographer. Her rise has been steady. Recently she left London for China to straighten out the affairs of one of the largest concerns in the Chinese empire. She is about thirty years old, and on her return from China will retire on an annuity sufficiently large to keep her in independence for life.

General William H. H. Beadle, generally known as the father of the educational system of South Dakota, recently had the rare distinction of witnessing the unveiling of a statue erected in his honor. Funds for the statue were largely raised by the school children of the state, and the statue was unveiled at the convention of the educational association at Pierre. Years ago General Beadle traveled over the state on foot and on horseback, addressing audiences upon the necessity of safeguarding the school lands, with the result that, after a bitter fight, the speculators were routed by the insertion of the school and endowment land section in the state constitution. He was born in Parke County, Indiana, in 1838, became a lawyer, and practiced in Indiana and later in Wisconsin. In 1869 he was appointed surveyor-general of Dakota.

A NIGHT IN A HALL.

London Vaudeville Still in the Old Groove.

"Poverty Corner" is one of the sights of London unknown to Baedeker. It is even outside the programme of the most strenuous American tourist. In fact only those cockneys who have either an intimate acquaintance with "the profession" or who travel to and from their daily occupations via Waterloo railway station are aware of its existence. The chief adornment of "Poverty Corner" is a public-house, otherwise a gin-palace; it takes its non-directory name from the fact that it is the rendezvous of those music-hall performers who are, for the time, "down and out." Within a stone's throw are the offices of the vaudeville booking agents and two or three squalid-looking "property" shops. The district even includes an artist in basket-work, who will construct for you at choice anything from a traveling theatrical hamper to the mammoth skeleton of a wicker stage elephant.

Why there should be a "Poverty Corner" for the vaudevillians of London must, however, be something of a mystery to the dispassionate frequenter of the music halls. The "Corner" is a pathetic spectacle of out-of-works. Almost any day of the week, but especially on Mondays and Saturdays, there are little groups of shabbily dressed "artists" hovering about the doors of the gin-palace or descending the steps of the booking agents' offices with slow pace and disappointed mien. It is always the same; winter and summer, in good times and bad, the sorrowful spectacle never changes. And yet, if one spends an evening in either of the music halls of London it seems inexplicable that "Poverty Corner" should be so well stocked with the unemployed. For the bulk of the "turns" in those halls are of such a quality that it is marvelous any one who can "make up" and has sufficient courage to face an audience should lack an engagement.

Nor is that anything new. For three decades at least the same conditions have prevailed. In fact, the average standard of all theatrical entertainments in John Bull's capital is not exacting. There is one house, sacred to musical comedy, which a cynic has not untruthfully christened "The Shrine of Idiocy." All its productions are alike, and all reach a high-water mark of inanity. The plot is a kind of *Tit-Bits* anecdote beaten thin to cover a couple of hours; the humor is of a vacuous brand; and yet the theatre is always crowded. That, however, is less surprising than that the nightly queues of the music halls never fail.

Hoping against hope, and with sad recollections somewhat dimmed by long abstention, I joined one of those queues last night—a queue, too, which assailed one of the newest halls in London, the Palladium to be precise, and where, if anywhere, one might expect a satisfactory programme. The building itself is beyond criticism. A handsome façade, a palatial entrance hall, marble staircases, costly pile carpets, luxurious seats, liveried attendants, two-penny programmes, a gorgeous drop-curtain, and brilliant lighting, and, above all, an adjacent bar and unrestricted liberty to smoke as much as one liked. Here, one might think, were all the necessary ingredients for an enjoyable evening.

Unfortunately there was the performance. The orchestra certainly passed muster; large, tuneful, and well conducted. And one or two of the "turns" were good wine of that quality which needs no bush. But in the bulk those items were "turns" in another sense, attempts of such a nature as sent one's thoughts wandering to "Poverty Corner" and wondering why these were taken and the others left. There were "the March Hares," for example, who were announced to appear in "a merry musical vaudeville variation." The title was distinctly promising; something frolicsome and mad might be anticipated of "March Hares"; but the realization was a group of tame females and males, the former in abbreviated skirts and puce-colored stockings, and the latter in a semi-yachting evening dress. One of the Hares, a male, warbled a ditty while he clutched at invisibility with either hand, and the other Hares sat and hummed a droning accompaniment. The effect was as exhilarating as the sudden spurt and subsequent splutter of a damp squib.

Another alluring title on the programme was "The Dawn of Love." This was to be "an artistic phantasy," or a "poet's realization of an æsthetic world," and its setting was to disclose "the earth before its despoilation." In addition to these obliging particulars the programme threw in a couple of stanzas of poetry, set forth who "invented" and "produced" and "composed" and "supervised," and announced that Mlle. Nydia Nerigne would do "Love" and M. Ivan Petroff would be responsible for "the Dawn." And so to the play, as Pepys might have said. And that was what the earth looked like before its "despoilation"? Really, is there any difference? Trees and bushes, mossy banks and flowers, sunshine and moonshine, earth and water—they all seem strangely familiar. What was somewhat different was to see Mr. the Dawn taking his night's rest out of doors clad in something more scanty than a slumber-suit, and Miss Love coming to wake him attired in less than an Atlantic City bathing costume. They were a frisky couple, too, hooping and skipping and jumping about that undespoiled earth, but when it became obvious that that was all their idle day's employ one began to have new and kinder thoughts of the apple and the serpent. For it was a wearisome thing, that "artistic phantasy," likely to rob the Garden of Eden of its glamour and lead to theological upheaval.

Equally pretentious, with its eight changes of scene, was the "musical phantasy" entitled "Concordia," and equally lacking in grip and grit. The eight scenes hardly "baffled description" as the programme had it, while the thirty "carefully selected artists" might easily have been a job lot from "Poverty Corner," inasmuch as their chief function was to provide a setting for Percy Honri while he played on his complete stock of concertinas. And then there was Miss Hetty King "in old and new successes." The lady is evidently a favorite with the London cockney; one simian sample of that species smote his huge hands unceasingly in rapture over each of her songs. What songs they were! One was something about "taking a march to Marble Arch"; another credited the singer with a friendship for lamp posts. Hetty has one of those tuneless, recitative voices made fashionable by Vesta Tilley, and she copies that pattern still further by affecting the evening-dress get-up of the ninny about town. The type was always wearisome; a fool is always a fool, be he never so much evening-dressed; but when it is turned out as from a machine and repeated year after year it becomes intolerable.

Some relief was afforded by George Robey and Albert Chevalier, though, such is the Londoner's slavish adhesion to use and wont, even such artists are compelled to keep in a groove. Just as Sidney Cooper was never allowed to paint anything except cows, and Louis Wain dare not draw anything save cats, so Mr. Robey is galley-chained to maintaining the Dan Leno tradition, and Mr. Chevalier doomed to live and die a coster. The most suggestive sight in London is that "To Let" board outside the building in Oxford Street where an effort was made to extend the Keith circuit to the British capital. That board is a monument to the cockney's conservatism and insularity. It is as impossible to anticipate from him hospitality for anything new as to break him from his habit of expecting "God Save the King" for the finale of his music-hall programme. If the old to which he clings had anything in its favor, his devotion would count for righteousness. But it is puerile as well as old. The average programme of the London music hall has been stereotyped for a generation. The matrix was cast when the cockney's life was narrow and illiterate; if that life is wider and more informed today no one would guess it from observation in the "'alls." It seems a pity "Poverty Corner" does not take the matter in hand. The frequenters of that dismal spot have an opportunity akin to that which was seized by the pre-Raphaelites to the advantage of British art; for no dry bones are quite so dry as those of London vaudeville. HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON, December 5, 1911.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Extract from a Letter to Mr. Josiah Howell of Baldwin & Howell.

I get the *Argonaut* every week, and think it the best newspaper in the world. I read every department in it, excepting p'raps the "society" page. If you know the editor and think he would like to hear this (editors are human) you may tell him so.

L. HOPKINS,
Of the Sydney *Bulletin*.

Good English and Militant Conservatism.

SUPREME COURT OF OHIO.

WILLIAM T. SPEAR
Chief Justice

WILLIAM Z. DAVIS
JOHN A. SHAUCK
JAMES L. PRICE
JAMES G. JOHNSON
MAURICE H. DONAHUE
Judges

COLUMBUS, December 2, 1911.

ARGONAUT CO.: Good English, fine courage, and militant conservatism make the *Argonaut* the best periodical I have opportunity to read.

I enclose check for $4.00 to renew my subscription.

Very truly, JOHN A. SHAUCK.
95 Winner Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

A New Reader Surprised.

NELSON, B. C., November 12, 1911.

PUBLISHERS THE ARGONAUT: Enclosed find ten cents in coin for the literary issue, November 11th, of the *Argonaut*. I hope I will be in time to secure the copy noted, as it will appeal strongly to me.

The copy for November 4th which you sent upon request I found very interesting indeed and was much surprised to find a magazine of such high order of merit published on this coast. To my mind it excels the *Outlook* and other such publications in the East. I should like to be among your constant readers.

I do not think the newsdealers in Nelson handle this publication. Do they? Thanking you in advance, I am,

Sincerely, GEO. A. PURVIS.

Funnier than Anything "Clements" Ever Wrote.

DAVE WILSON
(Willie Green)
AUTHOR AND LECTURER
Successor to Samuel Clements (Mark Twain)

City Address: Southern Hotel, St. Louis, U. S. A.
Country Address: Curryville, Missouri
[Portrait]

CURRYVILLE, MO., December 13, 1911.

ARGONAUT, 406 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.—

Gentleman: Do you need anything in our line? We can furnish you essays, stories, or articles upon any subject you may desire.

Of course you can see from our letterhead that we are the biggest authors in the world.

We solicit a share of your business because we know you to be one of the most reliable firms in the Union.

Yours truly, DAVE WILSON (Willie Green).

On the island of Jersey the breeding of cattle is still systematically and carefully carried on. The authorities are particular that the island be kept immune from cattle diseases. Neither bovines nor hay and straw may land from the continent of Europe.

A LIFE OF CHURTON COLLINS.

Mr. L. C. Collins Writes a Biography of a Distinguished Scholar.

Mr. L. C. Collins has proved himself well qualified for a task so congenial to his affections and his taste. The life and memoirs of his father, John Churton Collins, are all that such a work should be. The elder Collins was essentially a scholar and a man of letters and the friend and confidant of the great literary lights of his day. It is from these aspects that his son now pictures him, and if we are allowed occasional glimpses of a domestic interior it is only that we may the better judge a character that was not wholly intellectual, but that was also singularly warm and human.

Of early years we are told very little, but enough. It is easy to lay too heavy an emphasis upon boyhood days that are rarely significant except to those within the family circle. We are told that John Churton Collins was born in Gloucestershire, England, in 1848, that he was the eldest of three children, and that he once tried to escape from school by climbing up the chimney while he was dressed only in his nightshirt. But these early records occupy only a few pages, and then we find the author turning to father's diary for the story of his life in London. It was a good diary, full of essential things and of records that might otherwise be lost. He was friendly with Swinburne, who writes to him on April 24, 1880, that "ages and empires—to say nothing of æons and dynasties—have risen and fallen since I saw or heard from you." The poet was about to give a public reading and would not "my dear Collins" encourage him by his presence. Later on we have the notes of an interview with Carlyle. The notes were transcribed on "Carlyle's first night in the grave," but when the interview occurred we are not told:

> His first words were: "Well, you've come to see me. What can I do for ye?" Then I sat down. He looked at my letter dated from the Temple (I remember as I transcribe this how keenly and sharply he asked me what I was doing in the Temple if I was not a lawyer—as though there was a suspicion of false pretenses) and said, "So you're a young lawyer, are you—well there's good work to be done in the law!" Asked me all about myself: asked me who were the law lecturers. . . . Of himself when he began his career he "was just dammed up"—"was ready to kill himself"—would have turned to anything, to hew wood or draw water—his misery. What Goethe did for him—he was just my Saviour. . . . Darwin said that man was protoplasm and frog-sperm—he preferred old David's "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels." . . . He spoke very bitterly about writing for money and of popular and successful writers. Said that he had taken up a volume by a creature who called herself Ouida, but who was better described by a monosyllable not mentioned in polite society—it was damnable, hateful, abominable—in such works there was nothing to do but just to stop your nose and run for it. Swinburne and his school he described as a "curious growth." Of George Eliot he did not think much—said the best thing she ever wrote was, in his opinion, her article on Young in the *Westminster Review*—he had, he said, come across "Middlemarch" at a friend's house, "found it neither amusing nor instructive, but just dull." He "didn't believe much in fiction either in Dickens or Scott or any of them." Don Quixote and Wilhelm Meister were very different things. . . . Great deal of interesting matter about spiritual things in the Travels. "Purpose of Wilhelm Meister was to show the world operating in action the formation of an artist." The work "was not altogether allegorical." Mignon was not allegorical, but just a charming figure or some such phrase he used—"at least she always was to me." He spoke with great severity of Strauss—and oh, he did roll out—it rings in my ears now—"he calls Christ a world historical humbug."

Carlyle gave his visitor some good advice. He recommended him to read German above everything else and also to "stick to some defined purpose—good or bad: a man without a purpose is soon down to zero—better to have a bad purpose than no purpose at all." Later on he met Millais, and he says of him that "a well contented, quite self-satisfied air, though his affability prevented it from being offensive, was conspicuous in him." A few days later we find him at a dinner party with a number of distinguished men as his fellow guests, among them Lord Derby, "Lord something (not Odo) Russell," and Robert Browning:

> The most striking figure there was, of course, Robert Browning, to whom I was not introduced and who had, of course, forgotten me. He was speaking of Carlyle. He spoke of his really tender heart, comparing it to the white in a ball of crystal. He said he saw him a month before his death, when the conversation turned on George Eliot. Carlyle said—what a world of pity she should come up to London and fall in with *anti-Christ* Chapman and his set. He said he never argued with Carlyle, but always let him talk on in his own way, but once he *had him*.
>
> Carlyle was running down Napoleon III when Browning said here was a man who ruled with a firm hand, put down the press, suppressed anarchy and noise, was a silent and practical despot—a man who illustrated all the qualities you teach us to respect—and how can you speak as you do of him. Carlyle was *silent*.

But Churton Collins received an unfavorable impression of Browning. He says "there was marked *vulgarity* about him, particularly in his accent and in the tone of his voice and a certain indescribable savour of *sycophancy* of a man eager to be of a grade to which he did not belong." Another interesting record is of an interview with Abraham Hayward, who talked of the prudishness of the *Quarterly* and attributed it to the fact that it was bequeathed to two old virgin sisters of Murray, who probably looked over the proofs:

> He spoke of Thackeray not in very flattering terms and said he was the snob he drew—but I got the old man to think of his friend in another light and he said sadly: "Yes, he was a generous, large-hearted fellow—his contempt for rank and his want of ease in the presence of rank were his only faults." He told two anecdotes of Thackeray illustrating this side of his character. Thackeray and himself were once invited to a heavy dinner party, themselves the only Commoners. When the ladies had withdrawn, Thackeray roared out: "Now the ladies have withdrawn, let's have the pipes and baccy." Poor Hayward shuddered as he told it and said with bated breath, "Think of that!" Dear, grand old Thackeray, how it tells in his favour.
>
> Another: Thackeray invited on one occasion Lord Broughton and Lord Stanley of Alderley to dinner. At dessert a bottle of wine, which he said was unique, went round: there was a glass left when it arrived at the top of the table. "You shall have this, old boy," he said, thumping Lord Broughton on the back. He drew himself up and said, "I am not a boy, sir, I hate to be called old, and d—— your wine." . . . How little the most brilliant genius seems to impress a man's intimate friends; he spoke of Thackeray with perfect indifference, without apparently any sense of his greatness. Our interview ended with his politely showing me over his suite of rooms, which had formerly been occupied by Byron.

Later on comes another interview with Browning and the conversation turns to Christianity. Browning believes in a future life because it has been divinely revealed, and for no other reason. If left to his intellect he will reject it altogether. He cares nothing about historic Christianity, but he has a knowledge of God within him. "I know Him. He is here"—pointing to his heart—"and it matters little to me what tales you tell me about Him. I smile, I care nothing for any stories you tell me about Him, I know Him":

> He took as his illustration the dead wife whom you have known and loved—some person comes up and says how you were quite mistaken about her character. I will tell you some stories about her early life which will undeceive you. The answer to this is I knew her. I know more about her than you can tell me. He never, he said, stretched out his hand without an overpowering sense of the spirit mystery involved in that simple action. If you don't accept Revelation, he said, I honestly do not see, after all my thinking and experience, any indication to lead us to suppose that there is a life after this. It is a great desire, that is certain: but I see no reason to suppose that it will be fulfilled. I can't agree with Tennyson. Tennyson told me that he felt positively certain of an extension of individual consciousness after death. Carlyle said to me a short time before his death: "I have no notion at all, not the smallest idea whether I am going to be annihilated, or whether I shall burst out into something splendid and quite strange." Old Landor said: "I do not care a jot which way it goes. I am ready for either." Huxley felt very depressed and dissatisfied that he would be "out of it"—felt the hardness of having to quit consciousness when his curiosity was so ardent, when so many new truths were daily coming to light. Harriet Martineau, he said, was anxious to live because she hated the idea of annihilation, and that was, he felt, certain.

In 1886 we find Churton Collins calling upon Froude, and he speaks of the "flash of the power and passion which underlay his subdued and placid exterior." Froude remarked that he had the bad taste to prefer the poetry of Pope to that of Browning, and then he "broke out into rippling laughter":

> We then spoke of style—its first aim should be the simple and forcible: he said that for his own part he wrote what he had to write just as if he was writing a letter. I suppose, for example, that I am writing to Carlyle, who abhorred all false ornament, useless epithets, etc., and then I correct, writing over again and sometimes twice over what I have written. I told him the great difficulty I had in writing—that sometimes I was a day or more in writing three or four sentences. It sprang, he said, from self-consciousness—you should remember that it must all perish and what is the good of taking so much pains: that is how I comfort myself, he said. We ought to remember it is not one man in a million who is a force in literature—who will live and whose work really matters one way or the other. He thought that Carlyle was literally the only writer of our times who was a force and who would have permanent fame, though, he said, Carlyle was always saying "what is the good"—we shall all be forgotten in a hundred years. Carlyle's great mistake was his isolated and selfish life—the idea that he was a marked man—that did him, I think, great harm, in more ways than one. He thought Tennyson's fame was permanent.

Churton Collins visited New York in December, 1893, and went on to Philadelphia as the guest of Mr. Frederick B. Miles of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching. He thoroughly enjoyed himself and gave several lectures there, as well as at Brooklyn, New Haven, Hartford, and other towns. Mr. Miles says of the visit:

> In our house, being continually at his ease, he was a continual literary banquet! And especially to Basil, my son, aged sixteen, and just beginning his studies at college. One evening he asked Mr. Collins where to find a really good description of a great battle? "Oh!" said he, "in Napier's Peninsular War, Vittoria for instance." "Of course, Mr. Collins," I said *in jest*, "you can recite the whole of it?" Whereupon, be reeled off fifteen pages of Napier without a pause, or hesitation, to the great delight of the youthful Basil and all of us. He followed this, a little later, with the whole of Manzoni's hymn to Napoleon, *in Italian!* And then, at intervals, with extracts from the Iliad—Eneid, anything you liked, in Greek or Latin! Basil was his devoted adherent and always hunted his pipe for him . . . for, although he had the "literature of the world" by heart, he could seldom remember where he left his pipe!
>
> There were frequent amusing duets between them—Basil upstairs, Mr. Collins downstairs—shouting to each other, and frequently ending like this—"Is it up there, Basil?" "No, sir! can't find it anywhere!" "Ah! *Dear me*, here it is in my pocket! All right, Bas!"
>
> We were all *very* sorry when he left us.

In 1899 Churton Collins edited the "Early Poems of Tennyson." Not the least interesting feature of this edition lies, says the author, in the emendations shown therein, which were made by Tennyson from time to time in successive editions:

> How careful and fastidious a poet Tennyson was may here be seen: he was continually altering the text—and sometimes, after varying readings in several editions, he would at last go back to what he had originally written.
>
> In the "May Queen" the May Queen's young lover is named Robin—and this is so in the original version published in 1833.
>
> In the 1842 edition, he changed the name to Robert. But in the next edition, published in 1843, he changed it back to Robin, and so it has remained.
>
> And Tennyson not only changed words, but rewrote whole passages—and added here and excised there. Moreover, nothing was too trivial for his critical eye; he puts in and takes away commas and goes to the trouble of altering "through" to "thro'." A rather interesting case in point arose from one of his corrections:
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> In the "Poet's Song" occurred this line:
>
> The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee.
>
> This line remained as it was through all the successive editions till 1889, when "bee" was altered to "fly."

Churton Collins pointed out that the change from "bee" to "fly" was a necessary one, since "for very obvious reasons" the swallow does not hunt the bee, and was then overwhelmed by an experienced beekeeper who assured him that swallows were his greatest foe and that the predatory birds could easily decimate a whole hive.

Churton Collins had a powerful memory, as has been shown, but he used it for the aid and never for the discomfort of others:

> His astonishing memory, with its vast store of knowledge, was accompanied by a singular modesty and patience towards those less gifted. Whatever question were asked him, however trivial, however much it were one that "any schoolboy could answer," he never disconcerted his questioner by even a look, but replied in a manner to make his interrogator pleased with himself for asking it. He always enjoyed being asked questions. It was a good game trying to "stump" him, but it was too one-sided, as he so rarely lost!

What were the things that he committed to memory? The answer would appear to be—anything that took his fancy. Passing a coffee-shop one day, he saw in the window a series of about twenty-five verses of "doggerel" in which the proprietor sought to advertise his remarkable tenpenny dinners, drawing particular attention to the fact of how vastly they had improved on what they had been (apparently under the old proprietor) when—

> It was not an uncommon occurrence to scoop
> Some two or three blackbeetles out of the soup.

Reading this all through once or twice, he soon committed this "poem" to memory and gave us the benefit of it when he reached home.

Some years afterwards I asked him if he could recall those "Tenpenny dinners at Walkers"; after a few moments of thought, he "rattled off" the verses once more.

Professor Collins found great delight in hearing the recollections of the survivors of the Balaklava charge. In January, 1907, he says he had a long and interesting talk with H. Wilsden, who told him that during the ride he "never felt happier in his life," which goes to show what a strange thing happiness is:

> He couldn't remember that he exchanged any words with his pals as they swept along: they were shouting Hurrah! and such interjections: the roar of artillery was fearful and rang in his ears painfully for six weeks after: the valley was full of drifting smoke from the guns, so that at times they could hardly see anything and hardly knew where they were. When they arrived at the guns and could speak, the men were full of jokes and jests and profanity, cutting down the Russians with "You are done for, old chap." "That'll do for you, old Bono," said one man as he slit a Russian's or Cossack's skull in two. Wilsden said the swords they fought with were so blunt that they made no impression on the Russian's coats—the edge of the swords being as blunt as the backs: he saved one comrade's life by plunging the point of his sword through a Russian's throat; how many he killed or wounded he did not know because the horses trampled them under: the language of the soldiers in action is, he said, horrible. As they rode back he passed Lowe, who offered him some brandy and shook hands with him, but he refused the brandy, taking it afterwards. One of his comrades said, "I have just rode over to Captain Nolan, who was lying dead with a revolver in his hand." "Why didn't you stoop down and take it?" said another.

In 1907 we find Churton Collins at a lunch with William Watson, and he says they had a very interesting talk:

> He told me of a visit he paid when a boy of sixteen to Tennyson at Farringford. How he got a note in response to a request for an interview saying that Tennyson would see him at twelve o'clock the next day. How at that time Hallam received him; talked very pleasantly and then showed him up into Tennyson's study. He was then writing "Queen Mary" at a window looking on to the beautiful garden and scenery. Tennyson advised him not to throw himself into literature, but to make it a recreation, warning him against publishing too early, saying, "They are always bringing my early poems up against me." In the course of the conversation Hallam, who was sitting dangling his legs from a table, struck in and said, "Why, Robert Browning gets only £200 a year from all he writes." Tennyson then, without saying a word, looked up in a slightly reproachful way at Hallam as if about to say that a fact like this is not for the ears of a young man. Tennyson treated him, he said, most kindly and courteously, and he had nothing but the most pleasant memory and impression of the old poet.

Churton Collins was accidentally drowned in 1908, an end that he would doubtless have preferred to a lingering illness; yet, says his son, his lonely and premature death remains, and always will remain, terrible to those who miss him sorely.

LIFE AND MEMOIRS OF JOHN CHURTON COLLINS. By L. C. Collins. With two illustrations. New York: John Lane Company; $3 net.

That the camel may have been a native of this country, and that strong reason exists for such belief, is the attitude assumed by E. S. Riggs, assistant curator of the division of palæntology in the Field Museum of Natural History. On this continent, he states, the camels had a life history that extended over, perhaps, 2,000,000 years and ended about 200,000 or 300,000 years ago, some time before the glacial epoch. The American varieties include some smaller and others larger than the bactrian camel of today. The camels are the oldest cloven-hoofed animals known in America. Their earliest deposited fossils are found in the plains of southern Wyoming. Specimens of different periods are found as far east as Kansas and as far south as Texas.

The legal existence of juries was perhaps first recorded in Plantagenet times. At one time a jury that could not agree was placed in durance vile, and during Queen Elizabeth's reign a banquet was usually given to the jury by the successful litigant.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

The British Museum.

Mr. Henry C. Shelley needs no apology for the useful and handsome volume now before us. It is true that there are many guide-books to the British Museum, and dreary reading most of them are, but there is no one among them that occupies the place now filled by Mr. Shelley. A catalogue of the museum treasures is a good *vade mecum* for the visitor, but if he possess the right kind of soul he will need something more. He will want to know something of the history of the famous storehouse, the public spirit and the scholarship that gave it birth, and the slow steps by which it climbed to its eminence. Mr. Shelley gives us all this and in no perfunctory way.

Sir Robert Cotton was actually the founder of the museum, but he got little for his trouble except a good conscience. Associated with the dawn of the Stuart rebellion he found himself in prison and his library confiscated, and when at last he was in sight of a restitution his heart was broken and he died. Then came Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, to continue the good work, and also his son, who inherited his father's love for books and the extravagances of the collector. Sir Hans Sloane, too, did his part, but he hardly deserves to be called the founder of the museum, although he caused it to take final and objective shape. The museum as a public institution opened its doors on January 15, 1759, but the doors were not opened very wide, and many years passed before the collection was generally recognized as a great public possession.

All this is set forth very satisfactorily by Mr. Shelley in the first part of his book. We have a chapter on the more notable of the museum officials, and this is followed by a survey of the treasures themselves, a survey that is particularly valuable for a certain sagacity of selection that will be welcome enough to visitors who are in danger of submergence beneath an embarrassment of riches. The volume as a whole is one not to be overlooked either by the traveler or by those who would gather at their own firesides some knowledge of one of the great wonders of the world.

The British Museum: Its History and Treasures. By Henry C. Shelley. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $4.

American Story-Tellers.

Mr. Frederick Taber Cooper has given so many evidences of a clear literary insight that his present volume of critical analyses should meet with a warm welcome. Within the space of 350 pages he deals with Marion Crawford, Robert Herrick, Ellen Glasgow, Robert W. Chambers, Gertrude Atherton, Winston Churchill, Kate Douglas Wiggin, David Graham Phillips, Frank Norris, O. Henry, Owen Wister, Booth Tarkington, Edith Wharton, and Ambrose Bierce. With clear ideals of his own he measures against them the work of each author and allots his praise and blame without the intrusion of personal preferences, and always with the emphasis upon the former rather than upon the latter.

If a fault may be found with Mr. Taber's method of appraisement it is in a certain over-stress that he lays upon the technical rather than upon the ethical work of the story-teller. To be "true to life" is a virtue, but it must include some indication of the ameliorative intention of life as well as being a picture of life as it now is. In other words, literary art, like all other kinds of art, must prophesy, and the author does not always point out the failure to do this in such writers as Mr. Chambers and Mr. Phillips. He seems to ask from them nothing more than technical excellence and he omits from his scale of merit that high literary art that shows men what they should be. And yet he quotes the opinion of Marion Crawford—the master of them all—that "more good can be done by showing men what they may be, ought to be, or can be than by describing their greatest weaknesses with the highest art." The supreme fault of the story-writers of today, and especially with the short-story writers, is their willingness to accept a trade order from the public for work of a specified and often ugly kind, and that they fill those orders with precisely the same accuracy as does the grocer or the tailor. That may be good business, but it is poor art, and it is the duty of the critic to discriminate between the authors who follow a star and those who follow a greenback.

Some American Story Tellers. By Frederick Taber Cooper. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1.60 net.

Letitia Carberry.

Mary Roberts Rinehart has already taken her place as a humorist of high rank. Moreover, she has created a new character in the person of Letitia Carberry or "Aunt Tish," whose warrior soul has triumphed over the automobile and the motor-boat and who is now trying to exchange these somewhat battered vehicles for an airship. Three of the Aunt Tish stories are included in this volume, the *pièce de résistance* being the first of the three which describes a grewsome adventure in a hospital and which alternately chills us with horror and warms us with laughter. Sometimes Mrs. Rinehart tramples somewhat roughly upon the possibilities, but the effervescence of her fun excuses it.

The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

I Fasten a Bracelet.

This powerful story is marred by one pervading defect. Its ethics are inexcusably bad. To depict cruelty is well within the proper province of the novelist. To condone cruelty, to invite us even to admire it, is another matter. We beg to be excused.

Craig Schuyler while on his travels discovers that his name has been forged to a check for a large amount. Returning home at once, he fastens the crime upon two ladies, a mother and daughter, and as they make no defense he holds his discovery over them as a whip and reduces them to a condition of moral slavery, although we know, of course, that they are innocent. A more calculated scheme of subtle brutality and insult can hardly be imagined. Whatever views we may hold upon the sanctity of property, we can hold only one opinion about Craig Schuyler, and that is that the skin should be cut from his back with a horsewhip. His final atrocity is to compel the girl to wear an iron bracelet that was once used in the African slave trade. At last we are asked to witness the repulsive spectacle of Schuyler falling in love with his younger victim and she with him. There may be girls so abject as this and there may be ruffians such as Schuyler, but they are rare. As a narration of supposed fact the story would be a curious and unpleasant one. It becomes more than unpleasant when we are asked inferentially to regard Schuyler's behavior as the natural result of resentment and to rejoice in the ultimate rectification of an unfortunate misunderstanding. That the story is told with skillful power is an aggravation of the ethical offense.

I Fasten a Bracelet. By David Potter. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $1.25 net.

The Song of Renny.

Once more Mr. Hewlett paints for us a mediæval picture full of the romance that seems so much like the fabric of a dream. There are the old castles, and the cloisters, and the colleges, and the troubadours. Mighty knights stride through his pages with their hearts so full of sentiment and their hands so red with blood. They were tremendous lovers, these old warriors of France, who held the king himself at the point of their swords and took whatever they had a mind to and settled all questions of property rights by hard blows, a method most enviably speedy and with all the finality of the grave. Mr. Hewlett plunges us at once *in medias res* when he shows us Earl Pikpoyntz, that terrible red-haired pirate, riding home to his castle with a forlorn little girl upon his saddle bow. She is the only survivor of a grim tragedy in which the earl has borne a murderous part. But we don't read "The Song of Renny" for the story of it. It is not so much a story as a picture gallery, full of prelates who are just a shade less ruffianly than the laymen, of lovely ladies without nerves, and of ladies who are not lovely, but old and wicked, and who weave spells with their trembling hands. If Mr. Hewlett has a fault it is his persistence in the idea that he is writing a story and thus giving us a shade too much of family detail so as to make the story technically perfect.

As to whether these are real people the individual reader must judge for himself. Believing firmly in Mr. Hewlett's clairvoyance, we are inclined to think that the picture is as true as such a picture can be. But there will be no disagreement as to its sombre beauty, and perhaps beauty and truth go hand in hand.

The Song of Renny. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

Uncertain Irene.

Katharine Holland Brown tells her story in the form of a diary, but we are left still in doubt as to the kind of story that a girl would write if she could only think of a place safe enough to keep it. The diarist in this case is Philura, who is sent away to Europe to preserve her from the clutches of Jerry, who, for various reasons, is an undesirable. She is chaperoned by a scholarly lady named Irene, who is suspected of having a past. Of course Jerry follows his lady love to Europe and Irene's past turns up at about the same time and we rather wonder what all the trouble was about, although doubtless it is clear to the feminine mind. Doubtless the two couples are still living happily ever after.

Uncertain Irene. By Katharine Holland Brown. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.20 net.

Labrador Yarns.

The work done by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, M. D., is well known to every one familiar with Labrador. Indeed Dr. Grenfell may be said to have discovered Labrador and to have placed it visibly upon the map. Certainly no one could be better qualified by experience to tell stories of the far north, while a glance at the stories themselves shows the author to possess a descriptive power of a high order. In this volume we have all sorts of yarns of men and animals, of adventure by sea and land, or suffering and hardship, all of them calculated to awaken sympathy for the people to whom Dr. Grenfell has given his life. The author's high purpose combined with his literary ability should insure a welcome for his book.

Down North on the Labrador. By Wilfrid T. Grenfell. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company; $1.

On the Iron at Big Cloud.

In the course of fifteen short stories Mr. Frank L. Packard makes us familiar with the life of the railroad repair shop. But it is not the repair shop of the big city where order rules as in a department store. Mr. Packard carries us away into the mountains, where the division superintendent has "a hard lot to handle" and where the boss must impose his will by the arts of the pugilist or resign. Mr. Packard writes in a nervy way and as one who is saturated with experience. His stories go a long way in helping us to understand how the other half lives.

On the Iron at Big Cloud. By Frank L. Packard. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.25 net.

A Safety Match.

Mr. Ian Hay's new story has for its plot the well-worked idea of the young girl who marries a wealthy man much older than herself in order to relieve the financial stress of her family. We know at once that there will be an estrangement, and as we know also that Sir John Carr is an unusually fine type of man we foresee that Daphne will presently awake to that fact if only the inevitable number three can be sufficiently suppressed before things go too far. The story will please the conventional reader, and it may be said, moreover, that it contains some good pictures of labor-union life in England.

A Safety Match. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $1.20 net.

Briefer Reviews.

"Sewing for Little Girls," by Olive Hyde Foster (Duffield & Co.; 75 cents), is a book of practical instruction with plenty of clear and useful illustrations.

"The Corona Cook Book," by Ruth Alden (the Abbey Company), is a collection of recipes after the card index plan with an expansible device for keeping personal cooking rules.

The American Book Company has published a German edition of "Wildenhruch's Der Letzte," edited by J. H. Beckmann, A. M., with footnotes, exercises, and vocabulary. Price, 30 cents.

J. B. Lippincott Company have just published the third volume of "Home Life in All Lands," by Charles Morris ($1). It is devoted to "Animal Friends and Helpers" and is well illustrated.

"For Lovers and Others," by James Terry White (Frederick A. Stokes Company; $1.25 net), is a book of verse intended to commemorate anniversary days. There are illustrations and decorated pages.

The American Book Company has published a little volume of "German Epics Retold," by W. Bine Holly. Footnotes, exercises, and vocabulary make the work suitable for school purposes. Price, 65 cents.

"Wit and Wisdom of G. K. Chesterton" (Dodd, Mead & Co.; $1 net) is a well-made selection from the writings of the most popular philosopher of the day. The volume is an attractive one and of pocket size.

"The Public Ministry of Jesus," by Horace Davis (American Unitarian Association; 50 cents net), is a description of the humanitarian mission of Jesus notable for its breadth of view and avoidance of dogma.

A good book for the California boy is "The Cave of Gold," by Everett McNeil (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50). Those who enjoyed "Fighting with Fremont" will welcome this further volume of California life by the same clever pen.

From the Macmillan Company comes another volume of short stories by Jack London. The book is entitled "South Sea Tales" and contains eight yarns as forceful and as stirring as any that Mr. London has written. The price is $1.25 net.

"The Castaways of Pete's Patch," by Carroll Watson Rankin (Henry Holt & Co.; $1.25 net), is a sequel to "The Adopting of Rosa Marie," which was so distinct a success. The scene of this second volume is laid on the shores of Lake Michigan.

"District Nursing," by Mabel Jacques (the Macmillan Company; $1 net), is intended to give the public some definite knowledge regarding the history of the district nursing movement and a detailed description of what is being done by the associations.

To their library of "Little Books for Little People" Moffat, Yard & Co. have added "The Cats' Tea Party," by Laure Claire Foucher, with illustrations by Margaret E. Grainger (50 cents net). It is a little volume of verse about the animals familiar to childhood.

"Two Years Before the Mast," by Richard H. Dana, Jr., should receive a new lease of popularity from the fine new edition just issued by Houghton Mifflin Company. Not only are the colored illustrations of unusual merit, but the volume contains a new introduction by R. H. Dana, 3d, and a final chapter, "Sixty-Six Years After," in which the edition is brought down to the present day.

Under the title of "Little Folks' Book of Verse" Clifton Johnson has edited an anthology of children's poetry with illustrations by Mary R. Bassett. The selections are well made and the volume an attractive one. The publishers are the Baker & Taylor Company. Price, $1 net.

"Pickaninny Namesakes," by Eloise Lee Sherman, is a volume of pictures and verses arranged as an alphabet, accompanied by characteristic pictures and verses illustrating the humor of the old-time American negro. It is published by Frederick Fairchild Sherman. Price, 75 cents net.

Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published a new edition of "The Rose and the Ring; or, The History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo," by W. M. Thackeray ($1.50). The fine colored illustrations are by J. R. Monsell. No better book of its kind for children has ever been written nor one more suitable for seasonable presentation.

A book well qualified to interest children in natural history is "Wild Animals Every Child Should Know," by Julia Ellen Rogers (Doubleday, Page & Co.; $1.20 net). The author gives a profusion of good stories of the wild cousins of domestic animals and other warm-blooded quadrupeds and illustrates them by thirty-one good plates.

The What Shall I Be? series published by A. C. McClurg & Co. is a particularly useful one at this period of narrowing opportunity and increasing competition. The latest addition to the series is "The Fireman," in which Mr. Tudor Jenks sets forth the conditions of the fireman's life, its dangers, opportunities, and emoluments. The illustrations are by George Alfred Williams.

The Works of Tolstoi.

That the Tolstoi vogue is not yet upon the wane is shown by the pocket edition of fourteen volumes just issued by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Pocket editions are often marred by uncomfortably small type, but in this case the type is large, large enough to justify reading in a street-car. "War and Peace" occupies three volumes and "Anna Karénina" two volumes. All the other stories are complete within the same covers, some of the shorter ones being bound together. The edition is tastefully dressed in blue cloth with gilt lettering, and its collective appearance is an attractive one. The volumes are sold separately at $1 each.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Edinburgh.

Mr. James Bone is inclined to apologize for adding another volume to the already well-stocked library of books about Edinburgh. But his own work is an exceptional one. He tells us that during many extensive explorations through the interiors of the Old Town buildings, he acquired some idea of what relics of elegance and harmony really remain in the homes built for the Old Edinburgh gentry and now tenanted by the very poor, and of the attitude of the present tenants toward those relics. Here indeed is good material, nor would we admit that any good writing about Edinburgh can be superfluous. Mr. Bone not only has good material, but he is alive with the best spirit of antiquarianism and he knows how to bring past and present into pleasing contrast. The volume itself is sumptuously prepared, with type of the largest, heavy paper, and wide margins. A fine feature of the work is the collection of drawings by Mr. Hanslip Fletcher. There are seventy-five of these and they make an Edinburgh picture gallery that it would be hard to surpass.

EDINBURGH REVISITED. By James Bone. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $5 net.

Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia.

This monumental work under the general editorship of Dr. Samuel Macauley Jackson is now close to completion. The eleventh volume has been issued and one more is yet to come. In the present volume we have the same array of scholarship to which previous volumes have accustomed us. About two hundred and forty names appear in the list of contributors and collaborators, and all of them are distinguished in their own particular departments of learning. Volume XI begins with "Son of Man" and ends with "Tremellius," and among the subjects notably dealt with are Tractarianism, Time, Thomas Aquinas, Thirty-Nine Articles, Theology, The Talmud, Syrian Literature, Symbolism, and Sun Worship.

THE NEW SCHAFF-HERZOG ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE. Vol. XI. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D. D., LL. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Love in a Little Town.

Mr. J. E. Buckrose uses an old idea with some success. Celia Bassingdale is in a fair way to be spoiled by luxury, and, moreover, is in danger of marrying a fortune hunter whom she worships with the usual maidenly fervor. To save her from these calamities her wealthy uncle pretends to disinherit her and sends her away to live with some poor relations, who teach her some of the realities of human life. Mr. Buckrose has a pleasantly light touch as well as a serious purpose, and so long as he continues to combine the two his novels will rank a long way above the froth and effervescence that constitute so much of modern fiction.

LOVE IN A LITTLE TOWN. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.50.

Tarpon Fishing.

Mr. A. W. Dimock gives us one of the best books on tarpon fishing that have yet been published. He fills nineteen chapters with personal recollections of great days upon the water, and he seems to have enjoyed his failures quite as much as his triumphs, which proves him to be a true sportsman. Fascinating as is the letterpress, the illustrations are even more so. There are nearly a hundred of these, and if there can be any greater delight than to catch a tarpon it would be to take such pictures.

THE BOOK OF THE TARPON. By A. W. Dimock. New York: Outing Publishing Company; $2 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

William Dean Howells returned last week from Spain. He did practically no work on this pleasure trip.

Another of David Graham Phillips's novels is to be presented on the stage. "White Magic" has been dramatized, and it is expected that a prominent actress will be starred in it early in the new year. "The Grain of Dust," with James K. Hackett in the leading rôle, has proved one of the successes of the season.

A statue of Mme. de Sevigne was unveiled recently at Vitre, in Britanny, not far from Les Rochers, where she loved to live and the scenery of which she exquisitely described in her letters. M. Paul Deschanel, the academician, delivered the inaugural address, and the company paid a visit to the Chateau des Rochers, in which the Netumitres family preserves many relics of its famous ancestress.

During the months' travel in China on which Professor Edward Alsworth Ross's "The Changing Chinese" is based, Professor Ross was twenty-three days beyond the telegraph, and forty days beyond coined silver money. "Some of the time," he wrote from the Upper Yangtse to Professor L. W. Ward of Brown University, the distinguisbed professor of sociology, "I felt I was walking through Europe of the thirteenth century. Same walled cities with crenellated battlements and fortified gates, same reliance on the pack animal, same unglazed windows and smoke-blackened walls, same water-carriers supplying raw river water to horses, same stenches and absence of sanitation, same handicrafts and craft guilds, same use of charcoal and neglect of coal, same lepers and wayside beggars, same early marriages and annual birth-rate, same subjection of women and ignorance of the masses."

College men are poorly represented in literature and journalism, according to figures cited by the *Yale Alumni Weekly* from the Yale Catalogue of Living Graduates. Out of 15,958 names there recorded, only 380, or less than 2½ per cent, are connected with authorship, whether more or less temporary. Even in the graduate group of the academic department—the "culture" branch—307 graduates out of 11,424, or less than 3 per cent, have any claims upon literature.

Publishers continue to value the book review. An investigation by a writer in the Boston *Transcript* has resulted in finding emphatic endorsement for the discriminating review, whether favorable or not, as a powerful influence in the commercial success of a book. "You can't always trace it," one of the publishers interviewed is reported as saying, "but there is no doubt they introduce a book to the reader more readily, and command a more respectful attention, than a regular advertisement." But there is the qualification that the sale of fiction is much less affected by reviews than is that of the other kinds of literature. In this field readers are evidently more willing to rely upon their own judgment, a condition that doubtless has its effect upon novel-writers.

A fuller account than has hitherto appeared of the newly discovered play by Sophocles is given in the London *Times*. In form it comes under the head of the Satyric drama. It was customary to produce tragedies in sets of three, followed by a lighter piece in which the chorus consisted of satyrs. The only specimen of the Satyric drama that has come down to us is the "Cyclops" of Euripides. Of the hitherto unknown Sophoclean piece about 400 lines have been recovered; this is probably half of the entire original. The title of the play, "Ichneutæ," or "The Trackers," was already known. The play is based upon the familiar myth of the infant god Hermes—his theft of Apollo's cattle and his invention of the lyre.

New Books Received.

THE BLUE BIRD. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $4.50 net.

A fairy play in six acts. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. With twenty-five illustrations in color by F. Cayley Robinson.

JOYS OF THE ROAD. Compiled by W. R. B. Chicago: Browne's Bookstore; $1 net.

A little anthology in praise of walking.

THE TAHQUITCH MAIDEN. By Phebe Estelle Spalding. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

A tale of the San Jacintos.

ROBERT E. LEE, MAN AND SOLDIER. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.50 net.

A biography and an appreciation.

CONTROL OF THE MARKET. By Bruce Wyman, A. M., LL. B. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.50 net.

A suggested solution of the trust problem.

ESPERANZA. By Susan L. Valerga. San Francisco: Brown & Power Stationery Company.

A romance of the Sierras.

THE MAKERS AND TEACHERS OF JUDAISM. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

From the fall of Jerusalem to the death of Herod.

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. CENSUS. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; $1.50.

The third volume of the U. S. Service series.

SCIENTIFIC FEATURES OF MODERN MEDICINE. By Frederic S. Lee, Ph. D. New York: The Columbia University Press; $1.50 net.

Issued in the Columbia University Lectures series.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION AND POLITICAL THEORY. By Leonard T. Hobhouse. New York: The Columbia University Press; $1.50 net.

Issued in the Columbia University Lectures.

THE GRIP OF FEAR. By Maurice Level. New York: Mitchell Kennerley; $1.20 net.

A detective story.

OLD EGYPTIAN LIBRARIANS. By Ernest Cushing Richardson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An account of twenty-one librarians who lived before the time of the Hebrew Exodus.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By A. Maurice Low. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.25.

A study in national psychology.

THE MONEY MOON. By Jeffery Farnol. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A handsomely illustrated novel by the author of "The Broad Highway."

PICTURE PLAYS. By Marguerite Merington. New York: Duffield & Co.

Plays founded upon famous pictures.

LATER LETTERS OF EDWARD LEAR. Edited by Lady Strachey. New York: Duffield & Co.; $3.50 net.

A second volume of correspondence between the famous author and Lord Carlingford, Lady Waldegrave, and others.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS AND OTHER COLLECTIONS OF PHILADELPHIA. By Helen W. Henderson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $3.

Issued in the Art Galleries of America series.

CUBA AND HER PEOPLE OF TODAY. By Forbes Lindsay. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $3.

History of the island, description of its people, and an examination of present political conditions, industries, resources, and prospects, with information for investor and settler.

THE SO-AND-SO FAMILY. By Ethel C. Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.25.

The original drawing book of a child of nine. With an introduction by Abbie Farwell Brown.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK. By Montrose J. Moses. New York: Duffield & Co.; $1.25 net.

An analysis of the poet's social significance and of his philosophic evolution.

THE TRUE DANIEL WEBSTER. By Sydney George Fisher. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $2 net.

A biography.

SONGS EN ROUTE. By Hester Dickinson. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1 net.

A volume of new verse.

BEYOND THE TWILIGHT. By George W. Harrington. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; $1 net.

A volume of new verse.

FRANCISCA REINA. By Amelia Woodward Truesdell. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; $1.

A volume of new verse.

FAMOUS PRIVATEERSMEN AND ADVENTURERS OF THE SEA. By Charles H. L. Johnston. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $1.50.

Stories of stirring days on the water.

THE FRENCH BLOOD IN AMERICA. By Lucian J. Fosdick. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; $2 net.

Information of the French families that came to the colonies and the part they played in the national development.

LE MARCHAND DE DESESPOIRS. Par Séverin-Mars. Paris: Louis Michaud; 3 fr. 50.

Un roman par le comédien qui abandonna tout jeune la littérature pour le theâtre et qui public aujourd'hui ce livre écrit il y a dix ans.

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES. Edited by Clifton Johnson. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; $1.25 net.

For young children. With illustrations by Machan Knowles.

HARD LABOR AND OTHER POEMS. By John Carter. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

A volume of verse by a young man confined in the Minnesota state prison and which resulted in his pardon.

THE LAW OF THE EMPLOYMENT OF LABOR. By Lindley D. Clark, LL. M. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.60 net.

An attempt to cover the field of law as it affects the employment of labor in the United States.

CAPTAIN POLLY, AN ANNAPOLIS CO-ED. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1.50.

A new story by the author of "Captain Polly of Annapolis."

HORIZONS AND LANDMARKS. By Sidney Royse Lysaght. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.50 net.

A volume of new poems.

THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE. By Edward A. Foord. New York: The Macmillan Company; $2 net.

A history of "the rearguard of European civilization." With thirty-two full-page illustrations.

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH. Edited by Louise Pound, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; 35 cents net.

Issued in the Tudor Shakespeare.

On Christmas Day Clara Barton will be ninety years old. Fifty years ago she began in a small way the work which made her famous the world over. She was in Washington when some soldiers of her own state, Massachusetts, arrived from Baltimore, where the first blood of the war had been shed. She met the wounded men at the railroad station, and visited them afterward at the infirmary and capitol, where some had been quartered. On account of the suddenness of the call, little provision had been made for the men at the capitol, and Miss Barton had baskets of food brought to them, and from the Speaker's desk read to them an account of their progress from Boston and Washington, as recorded in the newspapers. From that hour she identified herself with the soldiers in their sufferings.

The hit that "Treasure Island" made is one of the most pleasant episodes in literary history. The story that Gladstone got a glimpse of the hook at Lord Rosebery's house, and spent the next day hunting over London for a second-hand copy, is good enough to be true. Stevenson's own comment on his success is levelheaded, if pointed: "This gives one strange thoughts of how very had the common run of books must be; and generally all the hooks that the wiseacres think too had to print are the very ones that bring me praise and pudding."

A new society has been organized in France under the title "The League Against the Lending of Books." It is asserted that the movement is really in the interest of authors, as every borrower may he considered as one buyer less.

Many letters purporting to have been written by Oscar Wilde during the last years of his life are on the market, and several have already been stamped as forgeries.

Sightseeing at Christmas

With the Christmas holidays at hand thousands are looking forward to a little relaxation. Many are planning fishing and hunting trips, and the usual splendid California midwinter weather promises to favor them. Whole troops look forward to long jaunts over the hills and along country roads, while as many more will visit different parts of the city to view it in all its wonderful Christmas dress.

The occasion offers home residents and visitors alike an exceptional opportunity to see San Francisco and become better acquainted with its outlying districts. Nowhere else are such attractive midwinter climatic conditions met with, and nowhere else is a city so gayly decorated.

To see San Francisco thoroughly, no other means is so simple and so cheap as the street-car. The following little journeys can be made for five cents each way, and will prove a source of deep satisfaction to the sightseer, as they include the historical, the picturesque, the sublime, and the matter-of-fact; they show the old and the new San Francisco, its magnificent growth, its possibilities and the manner in which street-car growth marches in advance of progress.

To the Ocean—Here is a ride which introduces the sublime in nature. Board a Sutter Street car at Market and go direct to the Cliff House. The cliff ride along the trolley road is one of the most wonderful in the West. At the terminal point are Sutro Heights, with its beautiful gardens, Sutro baths and museum, the Cliff House and beach. No finer view of ocean and bay could be imagined. Return can be made by another route.

Golden Gate Park—Every visitor must see this world-wonder. The Haight Street car, boarded either at the Ferry or along Market Street, goes direct, taking its passengers along the main business thoroughfare for several miles before turning into the residence section. The Park has its museum, art gallery, play grounds, and many other features of interest. Return need not be made over the same route, the Ellis Street car affording opportunity to view more of the city.

Telegraph Hill—Just now deep interest is centred in the saving of this eminence to the city for a park. It was, in the early days of San Francisco, prominent in the town's life, a signal station being maintained on its summit to announce the incoming of ships. The Kearny Street car takes one some distance up this historic hill, and from its top the view of San Francisco, the bay, and the cities on the eastern side is marvelous. On the way back the car can be left for a walk through picturesque Chinatown, with its sights, smells, and wonderful shops.

The Switchback Ride—This is something quite out of the ordinary and worth the journey any time. Board the Daly City car at Fifth and Mission and transfer at Guerrero and Eighteenth. The ride up and over Ashbury Heights, the view of the city lying below and, on a clear day, the Farallone Islands, about twenty miles out in the Pacific in plain sight, will never be forgotten.

To obtain an idea of the shipping, the waterfront possibilities, the shipbuilding, etc., it is only necessary to take a Railroad Avenue car at Third and Market Streets and ride out to the end of the line.

Then there is the ride to San Mateo, twenty-six miles distant, passing through numerous pretty little villages. This is the only trip which can not be made for the sum previously mentioned.

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"MISS INNOCENCE."

Either Anna Held or F. Ziegfeld, Jr., has acquired a very thorough-going conviction of the business value of pruriency on the stage, judging from "Miss Innocence," as seen at the Columbia Theatre Monday night. "Miss Innocence," no doubt, was aimed primarily at the New York theatre-going public with whom shows of this kind hit the bull's-eye every time. Judging from the large, enthusiastic crowd of men at "The Follies of 1910," some months ago, whose eyes were almost unanimously characterized by an avid, unpleasant gleam, we do not always lag very far behind in this regard here in San Francisco. But, on Monday night, although there was a large, opulent-looking audience of what our Continental friends call "over-fed Americans" present, and although over-feeding tends to develop animalism, still, there was an absence of enthusiasm in the response of the audience: due, perhaps, to a lack of the preponderance of men that was very noticeable on the first "Follies of 1910" night.

I think the trouble was partially that "Miss Innocence" doesn't sufficiently consider women's tastes. Women like a little touch of sentiment, and the traffic between the sexes in "Miss Innocence" is all open, unadulterated grossness. They like pretty songs of dainty if facile sentiment, with a touch of individuality to them; something like "Dream Days," that charming little Mizzi Hajos sang to us recently. In "Miss Innocence" the lyrics are nearly all too pronouncedly suggestive, and the choruses stamped by routine. In fact, "Miss Innocence" is gotten up primarily for the men, and those who liked it on Monday night seemed a little coy about showing it.

I think another trouble is that the salacious suggestion is laid on too thick; and, besides, it doesn't merely suggest. It openly hits you in the eye, and it is intimated to you so unmistakably that you are to be shocked that, with the contrariety of human nature, you very soon fail to respond.

In spite of the carefully cultivated French accent of Anna Held, and several brief, vapid French dialogues in the Montmartre scene, there is nothing Gallic in "Miss Innocence" except the *locale* of several scenes.

The French excel in the art of delicate insinuation, and one can not call the robust, sledgehammer vulgarity of "Miss Innocence" insinuating in the least degree. Even Anna Held, in spite of her languid voluptuousness of style, can not be considered insinuating. The voluptuousness by long practice has become commercialized. We know that this clever little woman knows that it is a paying commodity. The dear public expects it from her, and, as the years have gone on, every look, tone, gesture, attitude, even her gait, has been trained to conform to this ruling idea. The result is, as with Olga Nethersole, that we become surfeited. We want a change to something wholesomer before the evening is quite through, and we don't get it.

The idea of the opening scenes in "Miss Innocence" is, it is true, somewhat Gallic. The French, in their light *bouffe* pieces, love to dally with the idea of an innocent convent-bred girl brought face to face for the first time with the great question of sex-attraction, and revealing herself at the same time as a charming mixture of innocence, roguishness, and instinctive response.

But Miss Held did not succeed in arousing in us that mood of smiling indulgence with which we should greet the awakening of instinctive womanhood. I even think that some felt slightly repelled. Little things are often very fruitful of results. Anna Held is still a very personable woman, and in the superb and glitteriug costumes she wore she made a figure on the stage that easily drew the eye away from the numerous young, comely, beautifully formed and lavishly displayed girls that were grouped thereon. Yet, if she had only left off that evil, suggestive, Salomish-looking make-up to her eyes in the first act, when innocence was making its first discoveries, we should have felt that there was more point to the scenes.

The actress's eyes are already sufficiently experienced in conveying sensuous suggestion, and the scene did not call for the looks and invitation of a habitué of Montmartre. All this, in spite of an element of artistic restraint in Anna Held's acting. But overruled by the commercial instinct, she makes her effects too broadly, in order to win the ready response that she feels spells money. In other words, artistry is being displaced by commercialism. For "Miss Innocence," as a production, is a very striking example of a carefully calculated expenditure in which every dollar brings the maximum of return. Everybody who sees it and attempts to describe it will have so much glitter and gorgeousness on his tongue's end, and will give such an impression of effective costliness in the production that he advertises it willy-nilly, the listener not being apt to take in the fact that it is things, rather than people, that have been paid for.

As, for instance, the shapes, purely as shapes: wondrous flesh and blood monuments of flawless symmetry. The costumes, which, on the lowliest and least, were *chic*, graceful, tasteful, and tremendously expensive. The scenery and stage effects, which were costly and striking. In the Montmartre scene, for instance, when confetti throwing began, there was lowered from above a gorgeous cascade of gilded paper ribbons, interspersed with others of gay colors. The effect, in this scene, of the numerous bacchanalian figures darting in and out of the labyrinth of glitter and color was most striking.

We were also treated to a view of Paris by night, crowned with its diadem of jeweled lights, over which an illuminated airship pursued its devious way. There was a representation of a ballet school, in which forests of sweet young things in the white of innocence, displayed with unbounded generosity every line, curve, and projection in their beautiful bodies. There was a studio on the Rhine (apropos of nothing) in which a model, covered, much to our amazement, clear to the wrists by a suit of fleshings, posed as Lorelei—her head, by the way, covered with rats, puffs, coils, and other hairy monstrosities—while a diligent class sketched her in the altogether.

The management of "Miss Innocence" had refrained, in its advance notices, from publishing the plot of the piece. I know why, now, because the plot had by this time gone off somewhere to lie down and take a rest, while we studied the human form divine—and feminine—in ballet schools, art classes, and the like.

A little incident will give some idea of the prevailing atmosphere of "Miss Innocence": The stage in the art-class scene is suddenly filled by a bevy of classically draped beauties, who bide, each behind her respective easel, when a group of artist-lovers enters. There is a musical colloquy, during which the nymphs throw aside their satin mantles, and their pearl-colored necks and arms are seen in dazzling fairness and superb nudity above the pictures on the easels. The artists sit down to sketch, when the lower halves of the pictures begin to slide up like so many window sashes. Behold! a row of impeccably formed feet, ankles, and symmetrical knees is gradually revealed, with no suggestion whatever of drapery. The view gradually increases, as the pictures slowly slide upwards. We are supposed to grow faintly alarmed, then agreeably expectant, when with a flirt of drapery, half a dozen nymphs step, each from behind her improvised screen, revealing herself fully clothed in satin ball dresses, the skirts of which had been carefully held up by each bewitching owner, in order to play this thoroughly characteristic trick on the audience. The song accompanying this playful incident is entitled "I'd like to see a little more of you," and the whole stunt gives a very good idea of the predominant tone of "Miss Innocence."

An amusing novelty is the bell ballet, as performed by a dozen selected girls, who, bedecked in a bell-spangled harness, make a jingling accompaniment to the orchestra by agitating, with muscular movements, their bells. In the course of their turn they lie down, and, with the backs of their heads to the audience and their startlingly symmetrical young legs held aloft, they discourse sweet leg-music, while all the Jims, Dicks, and Johnnies in the audience enjoy the mingled sensations of eye and ear delectation simultaneously.

Comedy is always an important element in an entertainment of this kind, and it looked at one time as if we were going to be done out of it, in spite of the presence of Harry Watson in the cast. That we were not is due much more to Harry Watson himself than to the writer of the book, who, by the way, is the perennial Harry B. Smith. (The music is by Raymond Hubbell.) The comedian is given numerous disguises, even to assuming at one time the horizontal-skirted costume of a ballet girl. But the lines as laid down are not enough, and it takes the quick, improvising humor of a natural comedian to carry the thing through to a successful issue.

Sarah Edwards, after much promise in the earlier scenes, in which she figures as the head of a girls' seminary, is an able coadjutor to Harry Watson in supplying humor, in a scene full of the spirit of ever-enjoyable burlesque. The lady reveals unexpected talents in acrobatic tumbling, which are discovered during the various faints with which she celebrates the successive arrivals upon the scene of a quintet of ex-husbands.

Ethel Kelley, as a lightsome dancer, and Ernest Lambert as a haw-haw Englishman, about complete the small group of principals, of which, as may be seen, only the star, the comedian, and Sarah Edwards amount to sufficient importance to be more than mentioned.

The show-girl, of course, is much in evidence. They certainly have a connoisseur to choose them, for, as is usually the case in the Anna Held shows, each girl is enough in herself to be the star girl in a whole chorus.

In "L'Abbaye" at Montmartre, where the illegitimate consorts of the Parisian nobility are represented as displaying their beauty and their clothes, dazzling beings glide in, one after the other, each one a model of opulently fleshly attraction. In the Anna Held shows there is never any idea whatever of sacrificing all to the star. It is all business, and each one of these beauties must reimburse the management for the high price paid for her superlative charms by the most lavish of revelations. Hence, hundreds upon hundreds of dollars have gone into those exquisite costumes, which vary from extreme length to extreme brevity.

Through all this phantasmagoria of feminine beauties Anna Held moves, clad in cloth of silver, in cloth of gold, in cloth—almost—of diamonds, languidly engaged in ensnaring the senses of some responsive male, or warbling a ditty full of *double entendre*, or half dancing—the Oriental-eyed Anna is not very agile—and half posturing through some characteristic song that is linked with her name.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Man Who Made Caruso.

Eduardo Missiano, a singer at the Metropolitan Opera House, who as a young man first recognized the value of Caruso's voice, died suddenly in New York two weeks ago. Missiano was forty-two years old and had been with the Metropolitan company for five years.

The friendship of the two singers dated from the time they were boys and went swimming together in the Bay of Naples. Missiano was the son of wealthy parents and Enrico Caruso was a poor lad along the water-front. One day when they were at the bay Caruso was singing. He was then eighteen years old and his friend twenty-one.

"You've got a fine voice," said Missiano, "did you ever take lessons?"

"I'm too poor," said Caruso.

"Don't worry," replied Caruso's friend. "I know a teacher who takes pupils for nothing. I'm one of his paying students and he'll take you if I ask him."

Missiano took the young Caruso to the teacher, Guglielmo Bergine. The master heard the boy sing and shook his head.

"He has no voice," he said.

"But he's been singing all day," insisted Missiano, "and he's nervous. Won't you let him come back in a day or so and then try again."

Missiano's father had money, and who could refuse a favorite pupil? A date was set for another trial. The teacher thought better of the boy's voice when he sang the "Siciliano" from "Cavalleria Rusticana" for him on the second tryout. Thus began the musical history of Caruso.

Ferris Hartman and company played "Wang" last week in Los Angeles and the greatest praise of the critics is given to Myrtle Dingwall, the San Francisco girl who is already a comic opera prima donna with a host of admirers in the California cities where the Hartman organization has been seen. Miss Dingwall's voice and personal charm will carry her to wider fields before many seasons.

Thomas A. Edison is still enthusiastic over his idea of printing books on thin sheets of nickel, cheaper, tougher, and more flexible than paper. He says that by his method he can produce the nickel sheets at a dollar a pound, and that they would print as well as paper and be practically indestructible. A really fire-proof library is one of the possibilities of the near future.

There is a big bold advertisement in the *Musical Courier* of New York which reads: "Tetrazzini Concert Tour under direction Tivoli Opera Company. February 1912—April 1912. For time, details and particulars address W. H. Leahy, San Francisco, Cal." There are two pleasing predictions, possibilities, or probabilities in the announcement.

Sousa's Band has just completed in New York a concert tour of fourteen months around the world, everywhere playing to immense audiences. Sousa plays the classics and much that may become classical in the future, but any essay on popular music can not well ignore his work or its influence.

Pavlowa, the Russian dancer, did not come to fulfill her contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York, but in her place Mlle. Katarina Geltzer has arrived, and is announced as Pavlowa's equal. Judgment is reserved.

J. B. Fagan's dramatization of Robert Hichens's novel, "Bella Donna," was produced at St. James's Theatre in London, December 10. It made an undeniable hit. Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the leading rôle scored heavily.

Keeper of London's Secrets.

Sir George Henry Lewis, solicitor and senior member of the firm of Lewis & Lewis, died in London a few days ago, aged seventy-eight. In America Sir George would have been reckoned a criminal lawyer of the highest type. Few sensational cases have been brought into the English courts in the last forty years in which he did not figure, usually on the winning side. He was sometimes called the "father confessor of London" because he heard so many of the sins of society and never told them. His houses at Walton-on-Thames and on Portland Place, London, and his business office at Ely Place were filled with artistic gifts from wealthy clients. But he never revealed to his most intimate friends who the donors were.

According to the English practice he was a solicitor, as distinguished from a barrister. He consulted with his clients and prepared their cases for trial. He was a familiar figure in London society. He seldom missed a theatrical first night, where his wavy gray hair and short cropped whiskers were known of all.

He was of Jewish descent, the son of James Graham Lewis, founder of the law firm. Shortly after he was admitted to practice as an attorney in 1856 he became famous by conducting the prosecution of the directors of Overend & Gurney's bank after the bank had failed. He was also behind the two prosecutions of the notorious Mme. Rachel, who made rich women "beautiful forever." He was conspicuous in the Colin Campbell divorce case and the Tranby Croft baccarat scandal. He prepared the case for Parnell and the Parnellites in the famous *Times* parliamentary commission hearings. He was the discoverer of the fact that the informer Richard Piggott was the forger of the alleged Parnell letters on which the case turned. He always said this was his greatest case.

He was created a knight in 1893 and a baronet in 1902. Nearly two years ago he retired from active practice. He kept no diary and often declared that he would write no memoirs.

Printers' Ink, a technical journal, is carrying on an intelligent and well-advised campaign for the suppression of fraudulent advertising by legal means, centring its efforts on the formulation of an adequate law to this end and the presentation of such a law to the various state legislatures. A recent issue contained a very full and carefully reasoned summary of the need of such a law from a legal standpoint, a digest of decisions under existing laws and a clear statement of the legal difficulties to be overcome. A later issue contained a draft of the law proposed, which has received considerable approving comment as being at once clear, brief, and comprehensive.

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VANITY FAIR.

A London court has just settled a libel suit that should be of some interest to Americans. The plaintiff was Mr. Frederick Casano, a musical conductor of some repute. The defendant was Mrs. Maldwin Drummond, perhaps better known under her former name of Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr. Into the lady's ancestry there is no need to enter, but it may be said that "Marsh" Field, Sr., was one of those pioneers of American wealth who began life as a cowboy and a clerk and who ended—well, we all know where he ended. Let us hope that these few lines of reminiscence will not be painful to Mrs. Maldwin Drummond, who has long since severed her connection with the horrid and vulgar people who earn money and who now sheds the light of her social recognition only upon those who spend it.

But to return to the libel. It seems that Mrs. Drummond gave a hall, and during the course of the festivities it was reported to her that Mr. Casano had invited one of the guests to dance with him. It is easy to believe that the lady's blue blood boiled in her veins. For just imagine. Mr. Casano was a mere common person who worked, actually worked, for his living, and yet he had the audacity to raise his plebeian eyes to a guest of the house. Mr. Casano may thank his stars that he lives at a time when an undiscriminating law protects even such hase creatures as himself. Otherwise Mrs. Drummond would have had him boiled in oil. But she did what she could. She wrote a letter to the musical agency through whom she had condescended to hire this musical creature. She explained the contamination to which her guest had been subjected, and she concluded: "Mrs. Drummond will not tolerate behavior of this kind at her ball, and she would be glad if you would inform Casano accordingly." With awe we note the fine scorn indicated by the omission of the prefix. We would suggest that even the use of the correct name is more than these people have a right to expect. Why not insist upon calling them all Pompey or Jupiter, or require them to wear a number?

But Mr. Casano brought an action for libel and then the whole matter was explained. Mr. Casano had not done the thing charged against him. Being a musician of some fame, he would probably consider it beneath him to dance with any young woman of the kind likely to be found at such a hall or in such company. But one of the male guests, searching in the profundities of his intellect for the material for a joke, had given Mr. Casano's name when asking for a dance. The young woman thus affronted had asked him how he dared mingle with the guests and had hurried away to Mrs. Drummond to report the insult. Mrs. Drummond admitted that the whole affair was an unfortunate misunderstanding, but none the less she was mulcted in damages.

The *Millinery Trade Review* serves to remind us of how much depends upon the point of view. Now one would suppose that the Madison Square Horse Show was connected in some dim and distant way with horses. The name seems to justify such a suspicion. There is at least an equine suggestiveness about it, but the *Review* puts us right upon this point. With an engaging frankness it admits that "occasionally one forgets the glitter and glare of the arena boxes in watching the splendid horsemanship and wonderful animals on the tan bark." Such aberrations are, of course, few and far between, but the flesh is weak. In spite of good resolutions to look at hats, and only at hats, it did sometimes happen that a visitor to the horse show would so far forget herself as to look at a horse.

As a rule the *Review* confines itself rigidly to the "female of the species," but in dealing with the horse show it casts a benevolent glance at the humbler sex. There are many innovations, we are told, in male attire, and they are "being discussed in agitated whispers." Gloves and canes are being discarded, and also the tie pin. A scarf pin has been a tradition for years and "its loss is being excitedly commented on."

Is this really true? Must we believe that the men of New York were gathered in little groups discussing in "agitated whispers" the absence of scarf pins? It hardly seems as if it could be so.

Beautiful furs, we are told, were the order of the day among the women. The weather, of course, had nothing to do with this. Fashion had ordered that furs be worn, and furs would have been worn just the same if the temperature had been that of Tophet. Fox and sable were the most popular, but they were dyed all sorts of unnatural colors, and the *Review* frankly admits that if the hunter should meet any of these pelts out in the wilds he would drop his gun and run, or at least change the brand of his own particular liniment.

Whatever else the new age may have done for women, it has not raised them above the craving for an incessant flattery. In the temple that they have raised to themselves the censers never cease to swing nor the smoke of self-adulation to rise into the skies. The movement began with the assertion that they were just as good as men, and no decent man ever denied it. Now men are asked to give unhesitating assent to the proposition that women are much better than themselves. Listen to this disgusting drivel from one of the newspapers devoted to women's interests. It is entitled "Hints to the Average Husband": "She is better than you are, and therefore your attitude toward her ought to be that of admiration and of reverence. Do not neglect to give her the praise which is her due. Many women go hungry all their lives, in proud silence, for lack of that hearty praise which they must know that they deserve. It is an ill day for a man when he fails to recognize, or when he forgets, what he owes to women. Without their presence and their influence the graceful courtesies of civilization would speedily disappear, and would soon be followed by all that we have learned to regard as the common decencies of life."

There are various comments that might be made upon this precious production. There may be women whose chief characteristic is a "proud silence," but they are not numerous. We will readily admit, however, that "without their presence and influence" the world would be a very different place from what it is. In fact it would be uninhabited. But here is another of the husband's duties:

"Do what you are asked to do. Do at once, without debating, even if the thing in question may seem unreasonable to you. She may be wrong about it, but the chances are that her mind has worked more quickly than your own, and that your later thought will approve and confirm her decision."

No one supposes that women in general will approve this sort of trash, and yet it is typical of what one may find in the woman's literature of the day. And it does immeasurable harm to the cause of women.

An English court has decided that a woman is not compelled to change her name when she marries and that she incurs no legal disability by such refusal. A test action was brought against Mrs. Florence Fenwick-Miller, a member of the London school board. Six months after her election to this position she was married to Mr. Frederick A. Ford, and it was stated that "by mutual consent the bride will retain her maiden name." The lady was subsequently reëlected, and her unsuccessful opponent then brought an action to oust her on the ground that she had not been elected in her true and legal name. The law officers of the crown have now decided that a woman is under no legal obligation to take her husband's name and that the election is good. We may assume also that a woman is under no obligation to call herself "Mrs.," which opens up a new and delightful vista of irresponsibility. There are several questions of this kind waiting to be settled. Perhaps before many years are over we shall find some bold and daring male moving the courts for a decision as to whether a married man can be forced to wear a ring in his nose.

The Infanta Eulalia of Spain has written a book that is likely to make a sensation, although it is hard to see why it should. The book itself is not yet published, but if we may judge from a few advance notes it appears to contain nothing more than a rather prosy statement of some of the axioms that have been current in the feminist movement for the last ten years or more. For example, the Infanta, speaking of marriage, says that she "is unable to accept as a sacrament a terrestrial bond which is often more material than spiritual." Elsewhere she says that marriage is a contract and that it may be amended or annulled like all other contracts. Divorce, she says, is useful and necessary.

Now it is hard to see why the world should be plunged into consternation by such statements as these. They are taught in the girls' primary grades of the common schools of this country. Even the first reader contains such questions as: "Give short definition of divorce, alimony, decree nisi, decree absolute, and judicial separation." If these excerpts from the Infanta's book are actually representative of the whole, then all we can say is that there is not a school sorority in the country that could not, and does not, pour out better stuff by the ream. The fact of the matter is, we are surprised not by the excellence or the originality of the hook, but by the circumstance that a princess should be able to write any sort of a book.

In the meantime it may be noted that King Alfonso is a first-rate press agent. On hearing that his aunt had made an incursion into literature the king telegraphed at once to express his astonishment. "I order you," he said, "to suspend this work until I have further cognizance of the book and authorize its publication." Fancy talking in that way to a woman and an aunt. We can imagine the snort of indignation with which the Infanta shook the dust of Spain from her feet and, metaphorically speaking, told her nephew just where he might go.

Grand opera goers at a reecnt performance in the East noted a lady who appeared in a close-fitting, sparkling net cap, with Egyptian danglers on each side of the head, and at the back a flaring peacock's tail of aigrettes. It was pronounced stunning and becoming, hut a few carping critics intimated that the wearer was trying to be theatrical. Society continues to be conservative in the matter of grand opera dress.





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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An aviator descended in a field and said to a rather well-dressed individual: "Here, mind my machine a minute, will you?" "What?" the well-dressed individual snarled. "Me mind your machine? Why, I'm a United States senator!" "Well, what of it?" said the aviator. "I'll trust you."

Jimmy Traddles was a lahorer. Noon sounded one day, and he sat down and felt in his pockets for his lunch. But the pocket was empty. "Boys," said he, "I've lost my lunch." Then he gave a cheery laugh. "It's a good thing I've lost it, too," he said. "Why so, mate?" a man asked. "Because," said old Jimmy, "I left my teeth at home."

Baron Gustave de Rothschild had a pleasant mixture of caution and waggery. Once while in the synagogue his neighbor suddenly plucked him hy the sleeve and whispered hoarsely, "I have come away this morning without locking the safe!" "Don't worry," replied Rothschild, looking round at the vast congregation, "we are all of us here!"

A young lady who had returned from a tour through Italy with her father informed a friend that he liked all the Italian cities, hut most of all he loved Venice. "Ah, Venice, to he sure!" said the friend. "I can readily understand that your father would like Venice, with its gondolas, and St. Mark's, and Michelangelos." "Oh, no," the young lady interrupted, "it wasn't that. He liked it hecause he could sit in the hotel and fish from the window."

Mr. Gladstone is said to have found the Inverness cape in which he made his Midlothian campaign of immense assistance, and not only in keeping off the cold. Once, at a railway station, he stood at the carriage door, ostensihly shaking hands with his admirers. But the hands of the G. O. M. were snugly hidden heneath the cape, while an ohliging porter knelt hehind and thrust out his hand to the Gladstonian worshipers. "A hard hand has Gladstone," said one of them, as he walked away, and his companion replied, "Ay, and did ye notice his nails?"

Pat O'Shaunessy had heen told hy the doctor that he could live hut a few hours, and his wife and assemhled relatives and friends asked him whether there was one last wish he would like to have gratified? "There is," said Pat, "I'd like to hear the village hand play once again." Accordingly the village hand gathered. When at last it had played, "Say Au Revoir But Not Goodhy," and had taken its own departure, Mrs. O'Shaunessy, kneeling at her hushand's hedside, asked: "Can ye die aisy now, Pat." "Yis," replied Pat. "I can die aisy now. Hell has nothing worse than that."

Reginald de Koven told at a musicale in Chicago a story in praise of modesty. "A group of tourists," he said, "in Bonn visited Beethoven's house. One of the tourists, a girl of twenty or so, sat down at Beethoven's piano and played the 'Moonlight Sonata' nonc too well. Beethoven's own work, in his own room, on his own piano! When the girl had finished she rose and said to the old caretaker: 'I suppose lots of famous musicians have heen here and played on this instrument?' 'Well, miss,' the caretaker answered, gravely, 'Paderewski was here last year and his friends urged him to play, hut he shook his head and said: 'No, I am not worthy.'"

The lihrarian was in a severely critical mood. "Too many hooks at the present time," he said, "are written solely to sell. Their authors try to make us think that they are producing literature, hut they can't fool us. They only fool themselves. The men might produce literature if they would just put a little more sincerity into their work, hut, as it is, they remind me of Jake McMasters. 'You're workin' very hard today, Jake, me son,' said a friend. 'How many hods o' mortar, in the name of heaven, have ye carried up that ladder since startin' time?' 'Hush, me lad,' said Jake, with a wink. 'I'm foolin' the hoss. I've carried the same hodful up and down all day, and he thinks I'm workin'.'"

They were seeking to impress the visitor. "If you really wish to get an idea of the toughness of New York toughs," announced one, "you should hy all means attend the annual hall given by the Gorilla Club. It is ahsolutely the toughest stunt that is pulled anywhere. If you don't get action there for your money you won't get it anywhere." "Do you mean that fights are common at that hall?" inquired the man-to-he-impressed. "Am I to understand that shootings——?" He got no further. One of the others leaned forward, solemnly took hold of his sleeve, and remarked: "Fights? Shootings? Why, every single person that starts to go into the Gorilla Club hall is stopped out ... and searched for concealed weapons, and, if he hasn't any—they give him some!"

Addison Mizner, the well-known New York first-nighter, told, at a studio supper, a prominent business man's experience. "A chandelier fell in the night in his house," explained Mr. Mizner, "and in the morning at hreakfast he said to his wife with a laugh: 'What did you think, my love, when you heard the chandclier fall in the dead silence of the night?' 'I thought, darling,' his wife answered, 'that you had heen detained on business again and were getting upstairs as quietly as you could.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Christmas Weather.

Roasting! cries the turkey.
Chile! says the sauce.
Freezing! moans the ice-cream.
Mild! calls the cheese across.
Frosting! the cake declares.
Clear! vows the jelly bright.
Pouring! the coffee gurgles.
Now which do you think is right?
—*New York Sun.*

Epitomized Conversation.

ACT I.

The infant 'tis who speaketh—
If speech it may he called,
And yet mine ear can only hear
One syllahle that's hawled—
"Wa-wa-wah!"

ACT II.

He's grown in childish troubles
He makes a grievous fuss,
And comfort seeks in treble shrieks
In accents sounding thus—
"Ma! Ma-ma!"

ACT III.

Now he's a college student;
His intellect is grown,
We may suppose? Ah, heaven knows
He yowls in strident tone:
"Rah-rah-rah!"

ACT IV.

Now after graduation,
He's grown a humorist,
And at the jokes he tells to folks
He laughs himself—oh, list!
"Ha-ha-ha!"

ACT V.

Last act of all: Grown aged,
A cynic now is he;
At all the mirth and tears of earth
He mutters savagely,
"Bah! Bah! Bah!"
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Christmas Songs of an Old Scrooge

To a Stenographer.

Person feminine of gender,
Pounding at the lettered keys,
Think you that I should surrender
Tribute, be it ne'er so slender?
Lithe and listen please:

You who, chafing at your fetters,
Say you "Do not have to work,"
Queen of pompadoured coquetters
How you hate to take my letters!
How you love to shirk!

You who take two hours for luncheon,
Cake and soda, as it seems,
Being all that make your nuncheon,
While all afternoon you munch on
Callow chocolate creams!

Typist, 'tis the truth I'm telling,
Pardon my insurgency,
But, O maid at work rebelling,
Scorner of the rules of spelling,
Not a cent from me!
—*Success Magazine.*

Advice.

He was a large and robust wight,
A picture of good cheer,
And he smiled a smile that was full of guile
As he shouted in my ear:
"Oh, my puny friend, pray listen to me,
If your life and your health you prize;
What you seem to need is a change of feed
And fresh air and exercise.

"You need to get up at half-past four
And go for a ten-mile run;
And then you should take a swim in the lake—
You will find it a world of fun.
And thus you will work up an appetite,
So fill up your famished maw
With a slice of toast, or two at most,
And a couple of peanuts—raw!

"And when you have finished your daily grind,
Walk home by the longest way,
You will then feel fine and procced to dine
On a ration of soft-hoiled hay.
You should sleep, of course, in the open air—
You'll soon grow accustomed to that;
A cake of ice for a pillow is nice,
And for cover, a light straw mat.

"You must——" But here I adjured him to cease
And hespoke him as man to man;
"What you tell me to do, does it benefit you?
Have you followed this excellent plan?"
Then he smiled his smile that was full of guile.
And he gave an eloquent wink,
And he says, says he: "I'm as strong as can be—
Of such hunk I never think!"
—*Chicago Daily News.*

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For particulars address - - 341 North C St., San Mateo, Cal.

PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Mellus of Los Angeles and Lieutenant-Commander Samuel Brown Thomas, U. S. N., son of the late Rear-Admiral Charles M. Thomas, U. S. N.

Mrs. Charles Alden Cooke gave a tea in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont Hotel on Monday to announce the engagement of her daughter, Miss Hazel Anna Cooke, to Mr. Robert Spain Woodward, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Woodward of 2825 Broadway. Miss Cooke is a graduate of Stanford University and Mr. Woodward is a graduate of the University of California.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Van Sicklen, and Dr. George Dunbar Lyman will take place Wednesday evening at St. Luke's Church on Van Ness Avenue. Among the bridal attendants will be the Misses Hilda Van Sicklen, Lillian Van Vorst, Marian Marvin, Anna Olney, Frances Martin, Agnes Tillmann, and Lurline Matson. Mr. St. John will come from the East to be Dr. Lyman's best man, and the chosen ushers are the Messrs. Melville Bowman, George Willcutt, Arthur Fennimore, Herbert Schmidt, Roy Ryone, and Orrin Wilson. Dr. Lyman and his bride will leave immediately for New York en route to Egypt and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan entertained a number of friends Monday evening at dinner at the Hotel St. Francis and later attended the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a theatre and supper party Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope gave a dinner Thursday evening at their home on Pacific Avenue and entertained twelve guests who later occupied two boxes at the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a dinner Friday evening and attended the ball at the Fairmont Hotel.

Among others who entertained at dinners Friday evening were Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark, and Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. James Ellis Tucker was hostess Wednesday at a tea in honor of Mrs. C. J. Bailey.

Miss Jennie Hooker gave a dinner the same evening in honor of Mrs. Bailey.

Mrs. Henrietta Zeile gave a dinner-dance Monday evening at the St. Francis Hotel in honor of her grand-daughter, Miss Marian Zeile.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore entertained at a dinner in honor of Mr. David Bispham.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron gave a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel complimentary to Mr. Bispham.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern entertained a number of friends at a dinner last week at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Cullen Welty was hostess at a bridge-tea at her home in Presidio Terrace.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith entertained a large number of friends at a dinner Friday evening at the Fairmont Hotel. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Smith's sister, Miss Helen Nicol, a débutante of the season. Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their guests later attended the Bachelor and Benedicks ball.

Miss Lee Girvin entertained a number of the débutantes at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club.

Miss Minna Van Bergen and Miss Marie Louise Foster were hostesses at a tea Friday in honor of Miss Sibyl Stone, who is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Leonard Abbott.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau entertained the members of the Monday Evening Card Club at her home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie Gordon gave a dinner at their home on Jackson Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Greene, who have recently arrived from New York.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge will be hostess today at a tea in honor of Colonel Bailey, U. S. A., Mrs. Bailey, and their daughter, Miss Omira Bailey.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have issued invitations to a small dance Wednesday evening, December 27, at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Mary Helen Carlisle was hostess at a tea Thursday at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mr. Forbes Robertson.

Dr. George D. Lyman was host at a dinner-dance last Friday evening at the St. Francis Hotel. The affair was complimentary to his fiancée, Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen.

Miss Ruby Bond gave a tea Thursday at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Miss Ory Wooster and Miss Wynne Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Houghton entertained a dozen friends at a dinner Wednesday evening at their home in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker gave a dinner last week at their home on Laguna Street.

Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, president of the Panama-Pacific Woman's Board, entertained at a luncheon at the St. Francis Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford gave a luncheon last week and entertained Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Starring.

Miss Jennie Blair was hostess at a theatre and supper party in honor of Colonel C. J. Bailey, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bailey.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough entertained a number of friends at a theatre and supper party.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels entertained at a dinner last week at the Hotel St. Francis and with their guests attended the Kuhelik concert.

Miss Marie Louise Tyson will be hostess at a bridge-tea Wednesday at the Fairmont Hotel.

A Christmas dance will be given Wednesday evening at the Presidio. The affair will be a bal masque.

The Gaiety Club will give its first dance this season January 10 at the home on California Street of Miss Dora Winn.

The Junior Assemblies, organized by Mrs. Bowie-Detrick, will give a fancy dress dance Friday evening, December 29.

The first of the series of the St. Francis subscription dances took place last Saturday evening under the patronage of Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mrs. Leon Greenebaum, Mrs. Edward Brandenstein, Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Mrs. Moses Heller, Mrs. William Fries, Mrs. Marcus Koshland.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Commencing with this Sunday night Anna Held and her company of chorus girls, clever comedians, and singers, will begin a second and final week of an engagement which is bringing big audiences to the Columbia Theatre. F. Ziegfeld, Jr., who has brought Miss Held and her production of "Miss Innocence" to this city, has certainly given theatre-goers here a colorful taste of the up-to-date kind of show which is at present so much in vogue. Exquisite stage effects, tons of gowns, and comedy that is productive of many laughs, all combine in making "Miss Innonce" a show far above the ordinary. There will be a special holiday matinée on Monday (Christmas day). The final performance is announced for Saturday night, December 30.

The Road Show which Martin Beck sends to the Orpheum next Sunday afternoon will be found exceptionally attractive and enjoyable, and one of the very best in the history of this favorite vaudeville theatre. The original famous Eight Palace Girls, direct from a five years' engagement at the Palace Theatre, London, have been specially secured by Mr. Beck for a tour of the Orpheum Circuit and are now making their first visit to this country. They are attractive in appearance and costume bewitchingly. The great charm of their work is its marvelous unison. They show the acme of training in their graceful, unusual, and beautiful steps. Paris's latest sensation, Simone de Beryl, the reigning French beauty, will present a series of artiste's tableaux, creations of ancient and modern painters. She has brought to her assistance elaborate embellishment and extraordinary electrical effects. She poses against a background for her various changes of attitude. She is a sinuous, blithe, and glittering spectacle, a revelation in stage art annals. A well constructed play, with a really interesting story and plenty of genuine comedy, will be the dramatic feature of the Orpheum Road Show. It is called "Honor Among Thieves," and its authors are Frank Craven and Scott Welsh. Its objects are to furnish amusement and to disprove the old adage, "Honor Among Thieves," for its characters, which consist of three burglars and the cop on the beat, who is an ex-thief, all seek to give each other the "double cross." It is produced by Joseph Hart. The popular song writers, Keller Mack and Frank Orth, will introduce "The Wrong Hero," one of the funniest singing and talking acts of the season. These two young men have built up a reputation and have the comedy instinct that is such a splendid asset in entertaining. Ray Samuels, styled "the Blue Streak of Ragtime," will contribute to the new bill. She sings particularly well the latest song hits, but her success is principally due to a remarkably charming personality. Loughlin's Comedy Dogs, the most astonishingly clever canine act in vaudeville, will be another novelty. The remaining acts will be Charles F. Semon and Those Four Entertainers.

Cohan & Harris's production of "The Fortune Hunter" will come again to this city to delight theatre-goers with one of the most enjoyable and wholesome comedies now being presented on the American stage. Fred Niblo heads the cast, which is the identical one which appeared in the play when offered the first time. Miss Josephine Cohan is also a member of the company and will appear in the leading feminine rôle, that of Betty Graham, the daughter of the old inventor. Frank Bacon plays the part with which he has been identified from the beginning. The engagement of "The Fortune Hunter" will be limited to one week, beginning Sunday (New Year's eve), December 31.

CURRENT VERSE.

Beyond Recall.

I can not call you back again,
For you have journeyed far
Beyond the hosting of the rain
Or any circled star.
For you have journeyed suddenly
Beyond my farthest hill.
I can not call you back to me
Who am so earth-bound still.

In lilac leaves and boughs of fir,
Low water-sounds and wind,
In wings that start and clouds that stir,
Sure excellence I find:
In touch of hands and flash of eyes.—
But you—oh, what of you?
Grown instantly so strange, so wise,
And so eternal, too?

I can not call you back: although
My loneliness may call.
What would you now of whirling snow,
And shadows sunset-tall?
And I—what would you now of me?—
I can not journey. I
Must wait till I, too, suddenly,
Unlearn this earth, this sky.

—Fannie Stearns Davis, in Harper's Monthly.

Threnody.

There's a grass-grown road from the valley—
A winding road and steep—
That leads to the quiet hilltop, where lies your love asleep . . .
While mine is lying, God knows where, a hundred fathoms deep.

I saw you kneel at a grave-side—
How still a grave can be,
Wrapt in the tender starlight, far from the moaning sea!—
But thro' all dreams and starlight, the breakers call to me.

. . . . . .

Oh, steep is your way to Silence—
But steeper the ways I roam,
For never a road can take me beyond the wind and foam,
And never a road can reach him who lies so far from home!

—Ruth Guthrie Harding, in Lippincott's Magazine.

Semele.

Semele, lying in the arms of Jove,
In madness of too curious womanhood,
Or in a woman's perilous vanity,
Looked up into his face, and murmured thus:
"Thou visitest me secret from the sky,
But as an earthly lover; yet I know
Thou art a god descending in deep night
Down from the flashing silence of the stars,
Immortal, for the touch of mortal lips.
As thou art god, helovèd, swear to me
One thing that I shall ask thee to fulfill."
Then answered glorious Jove, in human guise,
O'er-raptured by the human after heaven:
"I swear to thee the oath no god may break,
By stream of Styx, the holy wave of hell,
Rippling forever in the ear of souls,
That whatsoe'er thou askest I will grant.
And yet be fearful of too large request:
Remember thou art mortal and must pass."
Then Semele said sweetly in his ear,
"This then I ask, that when thou com'st again,
It shall be in full glory as a god,
In flaming splendor, and in rolling power.
Love me as clear god, not as god disguised!
I crave thy majesty as thou my kiss."
She sighed once on his lips, then hid her face.
But Jove was sorely troubled at her words.
"Alas!" he cried, "release me from this oath.
Which, if I swear it, Styx will ne'er relent;
Should thus I visit thee, then would'st thou die,
Shrivcled in glory insupportable.
Then ask some other thing that thou mayst live,
Since, if I woo thee in my proper shape,
Thou shalt be strewn in ashes from my eyes."
"But I will ask no other thing of thee,"
Semele answered; "and what thou hast said.
Incites me, being woman, to persist.
But, if I die, I die a dazzling death.
Swear then by Styx that thou wilt do this thing."
And by that Stygian river, by whose wave
No god may swear, and of his oath he free,
Jove swore that he would come in his own shape,
Knowing that of that glory she must die.
And Acheron heard, and through his stagnant pools
Muttering, recorded sullenly the oath.
So on the after midnight when she stood
Mortal with fluttering heart on the dark hill,
A god broke up the heaven, and coming down,
Lightened and thundered out of her the life,
Making the woman ashes in mid-air.

—Stephen Phillips, in the Forum.

The length of most national anthems is in inverse ratio to the size of their proprietary countries. The Belgian "Brabanconne" is much longer than the "Marseillaise" and "God Save the King." While there are only sixteen bars in the Russian anthem and twenty-eight in "Hail, Columbia," the Siamese require seventy-six bars to proclaim their loyalty, and the record for length is held by the San Marino anthem, which has ninety-seven, or more than four times as many bars as there are square miles in the republic.

Your New Year's Call—If unable to make your call in person, send your card enclosed in a box of Geo. Haas & Sons' candies. Orders sent from all four stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will he found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Ruth Casey arrived Thursday from New York, where she has heen visiting since her return from Europe, and is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver.

Mrs. A. H. Loughhorough and her niece, Miss Bessie Zane, left Tuesday for New York, en route to Florence, Italy, where they will visit Mrs. Loughhorough's daughter, Mrs. Allen Wallace.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin and Miss Frances Martin are in New York, where they have heen joined by the Messrs. John Martin, Jr., Walter Martin, and Howard Martin, who will return to their collegs after the holidays.

Mrs. Charles Nohle (formerly Miss Florence Coleman) is contemplating a visit to Europe, where she will travel with her sister, Mrs. Hennen Jennings.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Pfaff (formerly Miss Lucy Harrison) have returned from their wedding trip to Honolulu.

Mr. Roy Ryone and Mr. William B. Hopkins have returned from a month's visit in Honolulu.

Lord Tweedmouth, Lady Tweedmouth, and Lord Alastair Innes-Kerr have arrived from the East and will spend the winter in Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. William Burke are at present at the Hotel Vendome in San Jose and are planning to go to Europe for the henefit of Mr. Burke's health.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander and her daughter, Miss Harriett Alexander, have returned from Burlingame, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan.

Miss Rehecca Shreve has returned to San Mateo from Santa Barhara and will spend the holiday vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper has returned from San Luis Ohispo County, where she has been visiting Miss Janet von Schroeder.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., have recently heen the guests of Miss Ethel Crocker at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford have returned from a hrief visit to their ranch in Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun have returned to their home in Cleveland, Ohio, after a two weeks' visit in this city.

Mrs. Marshall Field has closed her apartment on the Avenue Hoche in Paris and has returned to Chicago.

Mrs. Peter Martin and her young son are estahlished at the Hotel Beausite in Paris. They will he joined in January hy Mr. Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt are planning to have a country home huilt on their property in El Cerito Park.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brownell have recently purchased land near Menlo, where they will have a home huilt hefore the summer season.

Mr. Felton Elkins has rented an apartment on Sutter Street and will soon he permanently estahlished.

Miss Doris Wilshire has recovered from a threatened attack of diphtheria. Owing to her indisposition, Miss Wilshire was ohliged to recall the invitations to a tea which was to have been given Sunday, Decemher 17, in honor of Miss Dorothy Van Sieklen and Dr. George D. Lyman.

Miss Dorothy Munson of Utica, New York, is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. George Shreve, with whom she will spend the winter.

Mrs. J. B. Wright and her nieces, the Misses Laura and Mildred Baldwin, have returned from Europe and are at the home in Presidio Terrace of Mr. and Mrs. A. Stewart Baldwin.

Mrs. John Brice and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Briee, have arrived from Europe and have joined Captain Brice at their apartment on Hyde Street.

Miss Katherine Mellus has returned to her home in Los Angeles after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Grace.

Mrs. Dennis Searles and Mrs. Douglas McBride have returned from a hrief visit to Southern California.

Mr. Peter Martin spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guest of Mr. John Lawson. Mr. Martin will leave within a few weeks for Paris, where Mrs. Martin is estahlished at the Hotel Beausite.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Havens left Sunday for their home at Sag Harhor, Maine. They were accompanied hy Miss Amy Bowles, who will be their guest for several weeks.

Captain John Burk Murphy, U. S. A., Mrs. Murphy, and their little daughter, have returned to the Presidio from Portland, where they have heen visiting relatives.

Mrs. J. B. Berry and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Berry, are contemplating a trip to Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Genevieve Harvey has returned to her home in Galt after having spent several days with Miss Ida Bourn.

Miss Leslie Page will leave Tuesday for Washington, D. C., where she will spend the season with Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond.

Miss Mauricia Mintzer and the Messrs. Lucio and William Mintzer, Jr., will leave Tuesday for the East. Miss Mintzer will spend the next six months traveling in Europe with Miss White of Paris. Mr. Lucio Mintzer will return to college, and Mr. William Mintzer, Jr., to an Eastern school.

Mr. and Mrs. Garret McEnerney have returned from Europe.

Miss Ysahel Brewer, who recently went to Los Angeles to reside, arrived Monday and will spend several weeks with friends in this city.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne and her daughters, Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Julia Langhorne, are at present the guests of Captain Powell Clayton, U. S. A., and Mrs. Clayton (formerly Miss Nannie Langhorne), at their home in Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.

Miss Marjorie Josselyn has recently been the guest of Miss Jennie Crocker in Burlingame.

Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray returned last week from Honolulu and are temporarily established at the Hotel Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigne (formerly Miss Marie Louise Elkins) are the guests of Mr. de Guigne's hrother-in-law and sister, Viscomte Elie de Dampierre and Viscomtess de Dampierre, at their chateau in France.

Mr. John C. Wilson has returned from a hrief visit to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Ellicott, wife of Captain Ellicott, U. S. N., has returned from Honolulu and with her daughter, Miss Priscilla Ellicott, has taken an apartment on California Street. Captain Ellicott is attached to the U. S. S. *Maryland*.

Mr. and Mrs. Rohin Hayne (formerly Miss Jane Selby) are at present in Scotland, where they will spend the holidays with Mr. Hayne's aunt, Mrs. Archihald Douglas-Dick.

Miss Cara Coleman has returned from school in Santa Barhara and will spend her vacation in Burlingame with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rohert L. Coleman.

Mrs. Arthur Brander is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague and their family are expected to return from their plantation in Louisiana soon after the holidays, and will occupy their home in Menlo.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Wright are in Minneapolis, where they will spend the holidays with their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Wright.

Miss Agnes Tillmann and Mr. Frederick Tillmann arrived Wednesday from the East. Mr. Tillmann will return to college after spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillmann.

Major J. C. Gilmore, U. S. A., has returned from a trip to the Orient and is a guest at the Fairmont Hotel. Major Gilmore has assumed his duties at the Presidio.

Dr. W. A. McEnery, Miss Gretton, and Miss Isahel McLaughlin, who arrived recently from London, have rented for the winter the home in Burlingame of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight.

Miss Irene Sahin is at present in Washington, D. C., where she is the guest of her hrother-in-law and sister, Captain Alfred Bjornsted, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bjornsted.

Colonel William P. Nichols, U. S. A., chief of staff, has gone to Denver, Colorado, to spend a few weeks with relatives.

Captain H. J. Brees, U. S. A., has arrived at the Presidio and will shortly assume his duties as aid to Major-General Arthur Murray, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Henry C. Pratt, U. S. A., formerly aid to Major-General Carter, U. S. A., in San Antonio, Texas, has been appointed aid to Major-General Murray, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Philip H. Sheridan, U. S. A., arrived last week from Schofield Barracks, Hawaiian Islands, and is en route to Washington, D. C. Lieutenant Sheridan is a son of the late General Philip H. Sheridan, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Harry Pfeil, U. S. A., has arrived from Schofield Barracks, H. I., and will spend several weeks with relatives and friends.

Kubelik Again at the Cort Theatre.

Jan Kubelik, the most marvelous of all violinists, will give his second concert at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon, Decemher 24, at 2:30, again presenting one of those stupendous programmes that no other violinist would dare attempt. The unimportant small numher finds no place on a Kuhelik programme, each work heing one of the master-compositions for "the instrument with a soul."

The complete programme is as follows: Concerto in D minor, hy Vieuxtemps (complete); "Ave Maria," Schuhert-Wilhelmj; Gavotte (for violin alone), Bach; "Havanaise," Saint-Saëns; "Scene de la Czarda," Huhay; "Caprice," Paganini; "Carnevale Russe," Wieniawski.

Seats are on sale at hoth Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday the hox-office will he open at the Cort Theatre after 10 a. m.

Manager Greenhaum hopes to he ahle to arrange another Kuhelik appearance hefore the great artist leaves the Coast never to return again.

Minetti Quartet Concerts.

Music-lovers are to have the opportunity of hearing the Minetti String Quartet in its twentieth season of chamher music recitals at Kohler & Chase Hall, the first one to he given in January. The patrons of these concerts in the past have had proof of the splendid ensemhle and fine programmes of these artists, and have been proud to encourage musicians of their standing who have loyally persevered so many years in the interest of the music-loving puhlic. The programmes of the four concerts, to be announced later, will include several novelties, as well as the standard classics.

In a corridor down in the hasement of the executive mansion at Washington, D. C., is the so-called art gallery, where are hung the portraits of wives of Presidents. Only pictures of the wives of the chief executives which have been presented to the government are added to this underground collection. One of the most admired of all those who have graced the White House is lacking from the double "linc" of oils and water colors. This is Mrs. Grover Cleveland. She is not alone in her absence, however, since only a comparative few of the Presidents' wives are represented. Among them, reading from today on hack to times when the White House was only half its present size and an art gallery a mere hope of the future, is one of Mrs. Taft. It was painted at the summer place at Beverly hy a Swedish artist noted for his excellent outdoor effects in portraiture and shows the present first lady seated in the White House grounds with just a hit of the official residence visihle.

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has heen decided hy the Monks hereafter to hottle

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First Popular Concert by Our New Orchestra.

Next Friday afternoon, Decemher 29, at the Cort Theatre at 3:15 our new San Francisco Orchestra, under the haton of Henry Hadley, will give its first popular concert, which is to he designated a Young Folks' Concert, the programme heing specially arranged to please the younger students of music and yet containing works of only genuine musical value. Being vacation time a crowded house is expected, especially as the prices have heen placed at a most modest figure, a good reserved seat heing ohtainahle at the rate of 25 cents.

In addition to the magnificent symphony orchestra of sixty-five players the hoard of governors has secured through the courtesy of M. Pierre Grazi the services of Mme. Martha Richardson, the prima donna soprano of the Paris Opera Company, who will appear as soloist. Mme. Richardson is an American woman who has hut recently made her début in Paris at the Gaietie-Lyrique, and a most hrilliant future is predicted for her. Gifted with a voice of unusual beauty and wealth of tone, and the possessor of personal charm, there is no reason why this artist should not take rank among the greatest.

The very attractive list of works to he given is as follows: March from "Aida," Verdi; Overture, "William Tell," Rossini; "Liehestraum" (Love's Dream), Liszt; Aria from "Herodiade," Massenet; Ballet Music from "Coppelia," Delihes; Air for G string (all the violins), Bach; Waltz, "Tales from the Vienna Woods," Strauss.

Seats will he ready at hoth Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's next Tuesday.

The second regular symphony concert will he given on Friday afternoon, January 5, when the new Beethoven Symphony recently discovered in Germany will he played for the first time in America.

Next year, for the first time since 1876, the price of seats for the Bayreuth Festival is to he raised (says *Musical Courier*). For thirty-five years the uniform tariff of 20 marks, or $5, has heen adhered to. This is now to he raised to 25 marks ($6.25), which means that the "Ring" cycle will cost each patron thereof $25. The Wagners, mother and son, are fully aware that most of the festival visitors, if no pressure were exerted, would content themselves with attending a performance of "Parsifal" and ignoring the other works in the current repertory; hence the regulation that every one must huy a seat either for the complete Tetralogy or for "Die Meistersinger," or whatever else may chance to he the secondary independent work, in addition to his "Parsifal" ticket. Usually for one or two performances of the Grail music drama this otherwise rigidly enforced rule is suspended.

When "The Girl of the Golden West" was produced (says the New York *Evening Post* critic), the admirers of Giacomo Puccini expected great things, believing that it might excel "Madama Butterfly" hy as much as that Japanese opera excelled its predecessor. It did not fulfill these expectations. In ahundance of melody, in atmosphere and regard for local color, in the happy use of leading motives to give eloquence to the orchestral score, "Madama Butterfly" remains Puccini's hest opera, hetter than anything he has done except the exquisite third act of "Tosca," which would he sufficient to immortalize this Italian.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Knicker—Are you cutting down expenses? *Bocker*—Yes: I am paying only half the bills.—*Puck.*

"Why are you rushing around so today?" "I'm trying to get something for my wife." "Had any offers?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Wife—George, do you know that the children need new shoes? *Husband*—So does the auto! The children will have to wait!—*Puck.*

Wigg—Bjones is pretty hard to please, isn't he? *Wagg*—Almost as hard to please as a college graduate looking for his first job.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Did that aviator friend of yours have a successful season?" "Very. He more than made enough to pay all his hospital expenses."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Maud—Miss Oldun thinks that hotel clerk just lovely. *Ethel*—Why so? *Maud*—He wrote opposite her name on the hotel register: Suite 16.—*Boston Transcript.*

"There's nothing in a name." "I think there is." "Prove it." "Well, I'll bet if it was called 'lodge' instead of 'church' more men would attend."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Amateur Nimrod—Can you show me any bear tracks? *Native*—I kin show you a bear. *Amateur Nimrod*—Thanks awfully, old chap. Tracks will suffice.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"What is the name of that species I just shot?" inquired the amateur hunter. "Says his name is Smith, sir," answered the guide, who had been investigating.—*Washington Herald.*

"Kicking is bad policy. Behold the mule. Kicking never gets him anywhere." "That is exactly why the mule kicks." "Eh?" "He doesn't want to get anywhere."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Guide—No one has ever been able to find out what the Sphinx stands for—whom it represents! *American Tourist*—That's nothing! We've got lots of Congressmen home the same way!—*Puck.*

Mary—And they found her walking the streets in her underwear. *Alice*—A somnamhulist, of course. *Mary*—No, simply a woman with no one in the house to button her up.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"It isn't the size of the gift, but the spirit that goes with it that counts," she said softly. "Who is going to get a 25-cent present from us now?" asked her husband promptly.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Butler—I 'ere that the hoss 'as been an' hought another o' them old masters. *Chef*—Bah! He geeve me ze pain. He knows nossing of art. He can not tell ze Meissonier from ze mayonnaise.—*Life.*

"Something wrong with this item." "How, now?" "Says the bridegroom took his place beneath the floral bell and 2000 volts were immediately shot through his quivering frame."—*Washington Herald.*

"Wait a moment," said the budding novelist. "I'll show you the proofs of my novel." But the other hastened away. "No, no," he said. "I don't need proofs. Your word is enough."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

"May I ask," inquires the interviewer, "why you paint none but nudes?" "Certainly," replies the painter. "The styles change so rapidly in clothing that a picture would be out of date almost before the paint is dry."—*Chicago Post.*

"What is this contraption you are making?" "It might be used for a number of things," replied the girl. "But it doesn't look like anything I know. What is it intended for?" "For a Christmas present."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Visitor—So you've had three dogs, eleven cows, and two horses killed by autos so far this year. Why don't you put in a complaint? *Farmer*—Never. I'm willing to take my medicine. I was one of the yaps that kept hollering for good roads.—*Puck.*

"Grandma," said Brewster's young son one day, "which of my parents do I resemble?" "Both," the grandmother answered. "You have your mother's remarkable capacity for spending money and your father's absolute genius for not making it."—*Kansas City Star.*

"What makes you think the baby is going to be a great politician?" asked the young mother, anxiously. "I'll tell you," answered the young father, confidently; "he can say more things that sound well and mean nothing at all than any kid I ever saw."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Look at me!" exclaimed the leading lawyer, warmly. "I never took a drop of medicine in my life, and I'm as strong as any two of your patients put together." "Well, that's nothing," retorted the physician. "I never went to law in my life, and I'm as rich as any two dozen of your clients put together."—*Buffalo Commercial.*

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THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - - - EDITOR

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The "Wool" Message.

In his suggested changes in the wool tariff President Taft plants himself on the doctrine of a system of charges calculated to make up the difference between the higher cost of labor at home and the lower labor cost abroad. He would retain the principle—or the expedient—of protection, but he would make it a legitimate protection, not a shelter for extortion. The findings of the special tariff commission, made up of representatives of both parties, under unanimous agreement, are taken as a basis; and the methods of imposition are those approved by working experience. It is not easy to see how anything could be fairer than this. It has the merit of scientific as well as practical approval, and it has the further merit of being understandable to every grade of mind.

To the plan as outlined by the President there would seem to be but one rational ground of objection; and it is available only to those who disapprove of the protection principle in any form or application. There will, of course, be a protest, for that is the business of those opposed to the administration. It ought to be a protest on principle without the usual accompaniment of calculated confusions and mystifications. The country—all parties alike—we think would welcome in the present uncharted state of public opinion a fair fight between the opposing principles of protection and free trade.

It is, we fear, too much to expect a fair fight upon a straight issue—with respect to the wool tariff or anything else. Congress is too busy making politics; both parties are too eager to placate and cajole voting elements. What we may expect is a long struggle over points so technical, involved, or obscure as to put the whole matter in a fog. And in the end the schedules will be left as they are. With the House representing one party, with the President and Senate representing another, and with a presidential year in the offing, only confirmed optimists will hope for reform in schedules which the President himself has characterized as "indefensible."

A New Year and an Old Call.

The year 1911 has been marked by a series of radical changes in the political structure of the State of California. At the head of affairs there has been an administration committed to the idea of correcting certain abuses of representative government by substitution of a more democratic system. The project inaugurated under a passionate enthusiasm not untinged by personal motives, gained momentum with success, and under this inspiration has been carried, we suspect, to a point even beyond the original mark set by its sponsors. If the purpose of this writing were to review the reform scheme and its promoters it would be easy to find grounds for criticism; for the movement soon discarded the restraints of democratic theory, and proceeding under whip and spur recalled and surpassed the worst abuses of the old scheme. Government under the most arbitrary forms known to modern times can hardly afford a parallel to the doings at our state capital during the past year in the name of reform. The procedures have included disregard of law, a gross extravagance in public expenditure, bribery by wholesale and retail through the public service—the whole gamut of evils which may be summarized in the phrase Boss Rule.

Observing the events of the year and reflecting upon the tremendous changes involved in them, we have been more than once amazed at the inertia, the appearance of dull indifference, on the part of the conservative element. And we have wondered which of the two parties to this revolution was more blameworthy—the intoxicated and reckless innovators or the stupid and supine element which if it had the nerve to stand for anything would stand for conservatism. More than once as we have seen Governor Johnson under the exhilarations of emotionalism and vanity pursuing his destructive schemes, and at the same time have observed the attitude of resentful but voiceless conservatism, we have been reminded of the scripture which contemptuously marks the dumbness of the sheep before her shearers.

It has been the boast and glory of the American system that it is based upon the common will. Public opinion, we are never weary of declaiming, is sovereign in a land dedicated to liberty and human rights. It once was so; and perhaps it would still be so if public opinion had the courage and the voice to declare itself. In times past, certainly, there was a public opinion here—a public opinion which ruled as surely and as promptly and with far greater justice than any monarch. It declared itself in public meetings and through the acts of courageous and determined leaders. In every emergency it found a thousand tongues. It put down criminality and protected property rights, even before we had a definite system of laws; and at a later time, when the half-organized system of a new community proved unequal to the contest with anarchy, it rose above the prostrate body of the law and sustained orderly life under the sanctions of common justice and common morality. Again and again and again in process of time, public opinion, in the face of difficulties but responsible and unafraid, has espoused the cause of conservative principles and sustained among us the banner of a high and advancing civilization.

We hear it said, as it was said of old, that there were giants in those days. Perhaps there were, but of what stuff were they made? The answer is in the memory of some of us not even yet reckoned old. They were men of plain sense, plain morality, and of manly courage. The Colemans, the King-of-Williams, the Brodericks, were not men of such supreme gifts as to lift them above and beyond the normal levels of human character. Their merit lay not so much in special powers as in the manly dedication of such powers as they had to public service. They belonged to the noble breed to whom even death is preferable to tyranny. They were eager and ambitious men, even in ways called worldly, but they made not the mistake of putting gain before honor, and they would have scorned to sit silent and supine under the whip of a Hiram Johnson or any other. There was in the men of the pioneer generation of Californians a spirit which rose to meet public occasions as a man rises in defense of his fireside and his children. We hear echoes of this spirit even now—but only echoes.

Let us consider the events of the year: They have overthrown the wisdom of an earlier generation; they have even mocked its caution and solicitude for generations to come. And who has risen to say no? Who in protest has invoked the power of public opinion? When theorists and sentimentalists, self-seekers and emotionalists, men under the bias of misinformation or no information, men resentful through individual disappointment or wounded under the failure of overwrought ambition, have moved forward to destroy the safeguards of our political and business life—yes, let it be said, even our sacred business life—who under the inspirations of social responsibility has found the hardihood to stand before the flood and, summoning the forces of public opinion, to stay its course? Who has come forward panoplied in the garments of historical and moral power to champion the cause of conservative principles?

Men and brethren of California, if what is left of the institutions which under the old standards guaranteed liberty and equity among men are to be sustained in California, the cause of conservative principles must find voice and leadership. Resentment against passionate and reckless innovation must not be left to expend itself in idle talk in club corner and over tea-tables. If there be any iron in the blood of conservatism it is time that it should nerve itself to action—time for it to do the things that must be done if we are to preserve what an earlier generation bequeathed us. These things are plainly in evidence: We must restrain an impetuous, uninstructed, and reckless state government. We must bridle a licentious press, which regards no interest save that of its private coffers. We must sustain a press with the knowledge and the courage to defend our institutions and our homes. We must rebuke the selfishness and the arrogance which denies the elementary right of any man to earn his living in the sweat of his face without a license from some labor union. We must, in short, have a revival of old-time American spirit, of old-time American self-respect and courage, of old-time regard for principles and institutions bearing the stamp of social experience and historic adjudication.

These things can not be achieved by a policy of silence or by limiting action to dinner-table discussion. There must be a policy of standing up and of speaking out. We venture to say that the public does not need even to be convinced; what it needs is to be led. It wants captains who are not afraid of their own voices or of their own shadows. It is eager to discover somewhere something of that moral hardihood which inspired Thomas Starr King when he fought the fight against secession in the "sixties" and which [illegible]

earlier time, moved William T. Coleman to come forward with—"Boys, follow me." The time and the emergency demand action—not violence, but resolute and courageous action. The situation is one in which five men by reinspiring the conservative judgment and conscience of California, might accomplish all the suggestions above set down. The call is for leadership—leadership in words and in deeds. But have we the men? Lacking them, matters will go on as they have been going. We shall allow political fakirs, academic theorists, clerical mountebanks, and leather-lunged agitators to monopolize the sphere of public discussion, unrefuted and unrebuked. And, under these influences, we shall go on from bad to worse—through political demoralization to the end of social disaster.

And let nobody be deceived by the flattering unction that disaster will be averted without some effort to avert it. That may have happened before, but the jug has gone to the well too often. The present "reform" movement, led in California by Hiram Johnson under a fever of malice and emotionalism and supported by discontent, ignorance, and credulity, is a movement directly toward social revolution. Its sponsors may not, probably do not, know it, for they are too shallow to see beneath the surface of things. But to those who understand the tendencies of the time the menace is plain. Politico-Socialism, which, whatever else it might do, would surely destroy all the standards of the existing state of things, is waiting its hour—organized and ready with an alluring programme. It is already in hard-and-fast alliance with trade-unionism and trade-unionism is in flirtation with "progressivism." Does the conservative element understand what this means? As little, we sometimes think, as the beruffled and perfumed dandies of the Old Régime comprehended the premonitory rumblings of the revolutionary cyclone. But it is a time to harken and take heed—a time to speak and to stand for traditional and proved principles.

The *Argonaut* does not boast when it declares that it has borne here practically alone in recent years the burden of sustained protest against menacing innovations. It is not weary in well-doing; it has no intention to faint and fall by the way. Its resolution is all that it ever was to hold the banner high. The *Argonaut* will not falter in its duty as it conceives it. But it wants help—not the beggar's help—but the help of manly coöperation. It wants that those who give it private and intellectual approval shall come into the open, stand by its side, lend a hand in the business of saving California from the Goths and Vandals of revolutionary theory, contempt of law and tradition, of personal resentment, of greed, of malice, of recklessness.

China's Revolution.

The news reports from China are scanty enough, but it is easy to see that the empire is in a state very close to chaos. At the present moment there is an armistice varied by an occasional massacre. The Manchu power, such as it is, is concentrated at Peking around the Dowager Empress and the regent, but the rebels say that they can take Peking whenever they wish and that they will do it unless a republic is declared at once. Yuan Shi Ki, the imperial premier, is at Peking, but seems indisposed to declare himself definitely for any specific policy, nor, probably, would his opinion make very much difference one way or the other. He is said to be strongly opposed to a republic and to favor a limited monarchy with a Chinaman, instead of a Manchu, upon the throne, and there can be little doubt that Japanese and British influence is behind him, although it is now said that he is willing to participate in a national convention to determine the form of government to be adopted. Both Japan and Great Britain have their own reasons for objecting to an Oriental republic. They believe, and perhaps with reason, that such an institution is impossible in the East, and they are unwilling to see an experiment so full of dangerous contagion. In the meantime we hear that Manchuria has declared herself to be autonomous, and as Manchuria is practically a Japanese province we have here a fresh element of complexity.

No one who studies the situation with a knowledge of the country and with the map in front of him can question the wisdom of Yuan Shi Ki when he says that a republic is impossible for China. It is, of course, easy to set up some sort of council of provincial governors and to call it a republic, but it will bear about as much resemblance to a real republic as do the governments of Ecuador or Bolivia. The best that China can possibly get is some kind of despotic government that shall be more tolerable than the old Manchu tyranny from which it has escaped. The idea of anything approaching a democracy, or the institution of a popular ballot-box is too ludicrous for contemplation. Japan has far more political intelligence than China, but democracy is almost unheard of even in Japan. There is not a statesman in the country who possesses as much statutory power as an Oklahoma assemblyman, and imperial autocracy is more firmly seated today in Japan than it was under the Shogunate in the last century. If Japan has not yet come within sight of democracy or of popular government what chance is there for China to establish a republic that shall be a republic in more than name?

It is hard to resist the conviction that the real Chinese crisis is still in the future. A nation of four hundred millions of inert people firmly wedded to the traditions of immemorial ages does not change its political conceptions in a day nor a year. The revolution has been accomplished by a small knot of exceptional men who have pitted themselves against a somewhat smaller clique of corruption-sodden officials. Some initial successes brought to the rebels the aid of the mob, naturally ready to throw itself against any power represented by the tax collector. But the real crisis will come when the people find that they have still to pay taxes and that the revolution means no practical change in the dreary poverty of their lives. So far there has been no general rising of the people nor even any fighting upon a large scale, and we may look forward with some apprehension to the effect upon the dense masses of China's four hundred millions of people when they realize that the only system of government they ever heard of has been overthrown.

Governor Johnson and Abraham Ruef.

Nobody was less pleased than the *Argonaut* with the circumstances of Abraham Ruef's trial and conviction. Not that it had any sympathy for Ruef, for it regarded him with unspeakable loathing, but because it understands the value to society of respecting legal processes in their spirit and letter. The *Argonaut* was unwilling that the community already terribly injured by the crimes of this vile scoundrel should suffer through him the further and greater injury implied in demoralization of its machinery of justice. Greatly as it desired the punishment of Ruef, it would have preferred that he should go free rather than that the integrity of the law should be weakened in the effort to give him his deserts.

But out of and through procedures which no man of intelligence, much less any lawyer, could approve, Ruef was landed in the state penitentiary. The methods of the trial were shameful beyond words. But in the end they found a species of justification in the justice and propriety of the result. If justice and the spirit of social order had been outraged in the trial, both justice and social order were in a measure vindicated in the conviction of a creature whose punishment could not be greater than his crimes demanded.

All this is said by the way of explaining the *Argonaut's* protest against a scheme now plainly being cooked up at San Francisco and Sacramento for Ruef's release under the "parole" device. The plan is not authoritatively announced—there is not frankness and boldness enough for that just yet. But public sentiment is being "felt out" by reports more or less vague of what may happen in the near future. These reports belong to that species of diplomacy which French statesmen call "trial ballooning." A trial balloon in the French practice is a rumor diplomatically put forth in a form easy to be discredited but designed to test the state of the public mind.

The theory of the parole as related to Abraham Ruef is that authority rests with the board of prison commissioners. But the prison commission is a mere agent; the real authority is in the governor. This is approximately so under all administrations; it is particularly so under the administration of Hiram Johnson because his all-engrossing vanity and his universal meddlesomeness render all spheres under his hand directly his own. The law requires that certain functions shall be performed by commissions appointed by the governor. But Governor Johnson requires that all commissions appointed by him and subject to removal at his hands shall be subservient in matters great and small. Nobody who knows the relations between the governor and the prison commission will consent for a moment that an act so important in its bearings as the paroling of Abraham Ruef is the act of the prison commission and not the act of the governor.

If Ruef is set free under the parole device it will be because Governor Johnson wants him free. The prison commission will not in this matter act independently of the governor. Before a step is taken it will be known precisely what the governor wants done. The responsibility will rest with the commission only in its character of agent; the real responsibility will rest with the governor.

The Special Session.

The extraordinary session of the legislature that has just relinquished a somewhat discreditable life succeeded in passing bills and resolutions covering twenty-four out of the twenty-five subjects mentioned in the governor's call. This may seem to be a rapid performance in view of the fact that the session was called only about a month ago, and that it has therefore handled the enumerated measures at the rate of about one a day. But there is no reason why it should not have finished its programme much more rapidly than it did. With the exception of the reapportionment there was hardly a pretense of debate at any time, and there would have been no debate over the reapportionment bill but for the fact that it concerned the personal interests of the members. Leaving this bill upon one side it may be said that the legislature met in order to learn the will of Governor Johnson and to carry it out with obsequious deference. So far as the session has been of benefit to the people at large it could have done its work quite as effectively and much more cheaply by means of postal cards. It allowed itself to sink to the position of a rubber stamp, going even so far as to withhold criticism from a particularly ugly piece of jobbery on the avowed ground that it would be unseemly to oppose the will of a "reform administration." With such principles and thus unblushingly declared it is hard to understand why we should have a legislature at all. Doubtless a constitutional amendment abolishing the legislature and vesting supreme and perpetual power in the hands of the governor could have been easily slipped through unnoticed among the others. Some of those actually passed and now in operation were hardly less revolutionary and despotic. No doubt we shall hear some forcible public comments upon some of this legislation when it meets the test of practical application, for it is safe to say that not one voter in a hundred is aware of its nature or has taken the trouble to supervise the filling in of the blank signed check that he so innocently handed to Governor Johnson. But it is a check that must be paid.

The reapportionment bill is, of course, a scandal of the first magnitude, a piece of shameless jobbery. It may be that the letter of the constitution has been observed. That is a matter for lawyers to determine, but there need be no question that the spirit of the constitution has been contemptuously violated. The reapportionment should have been made upon a broad basis of population and nothing else. Instead of that we find an indecorous scramble among legislators for the inclusion within their own domains of every favorable nook and corner within reach, with the result that the state has been carved into districts of every size and of every weird shape that can be conceived. But the dominant idea has been so to gerrymander the work that it shall advance the local and national aims of Governor Johnson. To recount the inequalities and the injustices of this particular bill would be to occupy more space than can be given to it. And it is only one bill out of many, dictated by the governor without the slightest public sanction, and passed by the legislature as a matter of form that it would be indecent to criticize or oppose. It has been left for a reform administration to inaugurate a system of boss control more crude and raw than anything that California has yet experienced.

Among the lesser of these undebated and unopposed measures is one that is curiously significant of all of them. It provides that all state advertising shall be handled by the board of control, which is authorized to dispense its favors wherever it chooses without asking for bids and without a limitation of prices. That is to say, the board of control has power to select the newspapers in which the public advertisements shall appear and to pay them any prices that it may please. It can punish, reward, or bribe any newspaper in the state as the condition may require, and it can do this without any regard to cost or fair play. The iniquitous character of the measure was pointed out when it came up for debate, but it was nevertheless passed on the avowed plea that it was improper to criticize an administration measure. There was not a legislator present who might

not have known that such a power in the hands of the board of control would eventually be used for corrupt purposes and for the bullying of the press into a state of subjection. The abrogation of the Ten Commandments would have been passed with the same abject celerity.

It seems that copies of all the new laws are to be sent broadcast over the state. It is well that it should be so. Even the resources of the modern press can hardly keep pace with a legislature that passes some far-reaching and revolutionary law every day. Certainly there can be no general knowledge of dozens of measures outlined by the governor one week before the legislature meets and passed by that same legislature within a month and without discussion or debate. When we know precisely what has been done and the individual responsibility for the doing of it there may be occasion to say something more.

Eight Hours for Women.

That a few women employed in the state printing office should work for ten hours a day instead of the statutory eight hours is not in itself a matter of profound importance. The legislature bas been in session and it is easy to believe that an unusual volume of work placed a special strain upon the mechanical force. But it is of importance that a law should be broken by the very administration that passed that law and that called upon high heaven to witness the purity of its motives and its undiscriminating benevolence toward the women of the state. It is of importance that the state printing office, working under a newly appointed nominee of the governor himself, should assume a privilege asked for by other large employers of labor in San Francisco and elsewhere and that was promptly refused.

The facts are plain. The women of the state printing office were obliged to work for more than eight hours a day, and when the state printer was asked to explain his violation of the law he replied that these women would receive a time compensation later on. By this answer he made matters worse. Not only did he break the law, but he did not even know what the law is, seeing that the new statute expressly forbids this plan of time compensation and provides that no woman shall work more than eight hours in any one day. To make matters still worse, we now learn that some of the large establishments in San Francisco specially asked to be allowed to do what the state printer did, and so to get some relief during the holiday week, and that their application was refused. It would seem that no one may break the law or be allowed to waive it except the autocrats who passed the law.

As to the effect of this preposterous legislation upon women themselves the *Argonaut* has already had something to say. It finds a confirmation of its predictions in the significant fact that some of the great department stores in San Francisco are discharging their women chiefs and replacing them by men, who will not be compelled to lay down some important piece of work because the clock happens to strike five. To require the head of a department to cut short her work with a hatchet, no matter how vital that work may be, can mean only one thing. It means the replacement of that department head by some one whose efficiency and therefore means of livelihood have not been carefully destroyed by a programme-taking legislature.

Employers of labor who have not been privileged by the administration to break the law like the state printer naturally feel that they have a grievance. So they have. And yet it is evident that the blame is largely upon their own heads. This outrageous law was pending long before it was passed. A breath of public opinion would have killed it. Every employer of women's labor in the state knew well that there are occasions, such as Christmas, when a few hours overtime is essential. They could have seen to it that they were at liberty to ask for that overtime on a proper basis of compensation. A few letters to the newspapers, a little public presentation of the case, would have been enough. They knew also that those who were agitating for this law cared about as much for the cause of the women as Judas Iscariot cared for the poor and that the whole precious business was no more than a kowtow to the labor unions and a chance for a philanthropic pose. But those who had most to suffer from this law had the least to say against it, and even now they are silent unless specifically questioned by a reporter. That there should be no public opinion is a lamentable fact, but that elementary businesss interests should he thus attacked without protest is surprising. As a result we find that our large commercial establishments are put to unnecessary expense, which must have its effect upon prices, and that the public is inconvenienced by the relays of inexperienced and incompetent assistants who at the stroke of the clock must take the place of those who have been trained to do the work. Possibly we may find that public opinion, or at least business opinion, has been stirred into activity by the recent revelation of the system prevailing at Sacramento, where the administration issues indulgences to its favorites to break the law whenever it seems good to do so.

Russia and Persia.

However we may regret Mr. Shuster's dismissal by the Persian government we may console ourselves with the reflection that it is a matter that concerns only Mr. Shuster and the Persian government. That Mr. Shuster happens to be an American who has hired his services to a semi-barbarous country has no national bearing so far as we are concerned.

The quarrel between Russia and Persia is a simple one. Its parallel can be found in every part of the world where the powers of Europe have found themselves in contact with weakness, savagery, or barbarism. Russia and England have entered into an agreement for a joint protectorate over Persia, Russia taking the northern part of the country and England the southern. In pursuance of his duty to bis employers Mr. Shuster advised Persia to resist the Russian aggression, and Russia naturally replied to this advice by a demand for Mr. Shuster's dismissal, which has just been obeyed. We may reasonably condole with a conscientious official who happens also to be an American, but the fact that he is an American had nothing to do with the Russian demand.

Nor need we waste much sympathy over Persia, seeing that no government could possibly be worse than her own. It is a curious fact that while Russia is uniformly brutal to her own people she has a sort of rough genius for governing other people. She persecutes Jews and unorthodox Christians, but no one ever heard a complaint from the Mohammedans, Buddhists, and Shamans whom she rules impartially and justly. Nor will she persecute the Parsis of Persia if she should determine to administer the northern part of the country. When the resistance is over she will probably give Persia as good a government as she has known for a long time, which, of course, is not saying much.

Editorial Notes.

The suggestion contained in a telegram to the *Examiner* that President Taft will "conciliate public opinion" in New York by "consenting to the renomination of Vice-President Sherman" is about the most ridiculous piece of political gossip that has been put forth in many a day. If there be any man who above and beyond all other men is held in political contempt in the State of New York it is Vice-President Sherman. Under the theory of "conciliation" of public sentiment in the State of New York it would be far more discreet to throw Mr. Sherman over than to keep him in the vice-presidency. The truth about Mr. Sherman is that he is a very commonplace man, nominated not because he had any fitness for the vice-presidency, but as a sop to the New York political machine, which three years ago appeared to be in full authority of Republican affairs in that state. He had no standing in the country at large, and deserved none; and under the changed conditions in his own state he has no standing even there. Nobody, unless it be Mr. Sherman himself, thinks his renomination practical or possible; and President Taft should be the last to consent to it. In this connection it seems timely to repeat what has been said many times before in these columns, namely, that the practice common to both political parties of using the vice-presidential nomination as a mere sop in the game of political diplomacy involves a standing discredit and a serious menace. We have suffered in the past through the accession of unfit and unworthy Vice-Presidents to the presidential office, and we shall surely suffer again in the same way if a way shall not be found to select vice-presidential candidates with something of the discriminating care bestowed upon presidential nominations.

Mr. Roosevelt shows bad temper not so much in declining to attend the peace banquet in New York as in the terms of his refusal. It is quite enough in a matter of this kind for a man to regulate his own conduct by his own standards without hurling opprobrious epithets at others who have a right to their own theories of personal conduct. It would perhaps be difficult for anybody to write the word "traitor" in a social note without violation of one of the first rules of civility. Mr. Roosevelt certainly has not done so. The real reason why Mr. Roosevelt protests against the reciprocity treaties is not so much his objection to reciprocity as his hatred of President Taft. He had hoped to find in Mr. Taft a ready instrument of his own purposes; and having failed—Mr. Taft having proved himself to be very positively his own man—he is consumed by vexation and chagrin. Underlying the whole matter, too, is Mr. Roosevelt's overweaning ambition to again be President. Every movement is now directed to that end. His scheme is to take the Republican nomination by storm, then to gain the support of the malcontents and "progressives" in both parties. This scheme will not work, and Mr. Roosevelt would know it well enough but for his bias of self-interest and vanity.

It is worth noting as a commentary upon one aspect of the new order of things that the state legislature has changed the law with respect to the qualifications for suffrage. Whereas since time out of mind it has been required that each registered voter shall record his age, it is now made permissible merely to declare the fact that the voter is twenty-one years of age or over. The concession is plainly and baldly a sop to women ashamed of their years. The claim of those who urged this change was that it was a mere matter of form, really signifying nothing. But our neighbor the *Chronicle* exposes the fallacy in this claim as follows:

> The declared age of the voter is the strongest element there is in the precautions against impersonation in voting. The watcher, with the precinct register in his hand, can at once detect any disparity in age in a person offering his vote between the appearance of the would-he voter and his recorded age. It is not true, as alleged, that the signature is sufficient. The challengers are not so placed as to see the signatures. They can see the voter.

It could have been wished, even by those of us who believe the imposition of suffrage upon women to be a political and social mistake, that the first fruits of the new system should have been something more dignified and worthy than a change finding its suggestion in feminine vanity and whose effect must be that of destroying one of the safeguards of the ballot.

Congressman Kent's theory that a policy of free tolls for American ships in the Isthmian Canal would "clog commerce and thereby add to the cost of distribution and the impoverishment of the commerce of this coast" is too involved for plain comprehension. Probably Mr. Kent himself does not understand more than that he is "agin" the proposition. Being a congressman and a progressive, he must have reasons or a substitute for them, and one jumble of phrases may be as good as another. In the judgment of the *Argonaut* free tolls to American ships and a charge to foreign ships would make dissatisfaction throughout tbe commercial world. At its best it would be a raw way of doing what may be a right thing. A more diplomatic aid to American commerce using the canal would be the giving of a direct subsidy equal to the tolls to every American ship passing through the canal. This would yield all the advantage of a rebate without affording foreign countries even a pretext for resentment.

If anybody imagines that it will be easy to negotiate a new treaty with Russia, he disregards the plain facts of a diplomatic *impasse*. No American administration will negotiate a treaty which does not grant equal privileges to all American citizens—including Jews. The Russian authorities, by the same token, will not negotiate a treaty which does not grant equal privileges to all Russian subjects—including Mongols. There you have on either side a difficulty which can not be removed or passed over. Yet there will be the wish on both sides to be friendly and to join in commercial interchanges. Tradition and habit call for continued good relationship; and there are no points of conflict or enmity. In this situation matters will be allowed to go on as before. We shall have no treaty, but none will be needed. A state of mutual good-will will of itself serve every practical purpose of a treaty.

The *Argonout* awaits with some impatience the day when Mayor-elect Rolph and his "official family" shall settle into the saddle and down to work. Then perhaps we shall hear less about what is going to be done. We have observed in other relations that actual responsibility either in a man or a system is the best cure for over-loquaciousness.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The General Medical Council of Great Britain is just now in the crucible of public criticism, and the crucible seems to be fairly hot. All medical licenses are issued by the council and they can be withdrawn at will, and for causes that the average man refuses to regard as offenses. It is doubtless a salutary rule that physicians shall not advertise themselves, but there may be a wide difference of opinion as to what constitutes an advertisement. A case in point is that of two reputable practitioners who have just been disqualified as a result of their connection with the Sandow Institute. Now although the Sandow Institute advertises its various athletic and hygienic treatments, it does not advertise the names of its physicians, whose only duty is to pronounce on the physical fitness of clients to undergo certain exercises. None the less these physicians have been deprived of their diplomas, and therefore their livelihood, by the orders of a few medical brahmins who chose to interpret the rules in the light of their own prejudices. That the whole medical profession should be subject to a tyranny of this kind and that there should be no appeal from the extra-legal despotism of the council is rightly regarded as a public evil, and if the present agitation can be sustained it seems likely that the Medical Council will be stripped of its powers. Two hundred years ago the world was at death grips with its religious despots, but if those same tyrannies are now to be exercised by science we shall be almost justified in saying that "the struggle nought availeth."

The late John Strange Winter must certainly rank among the successful story-tellers of her day, and yet we are told in *Pearson's Magazine* that six years of toil elapsed between the mailing of her first story and the receipt of her first remuneration, and when that first remuneration did come it was only about $2.50. John Strange Winter gives us a statement of her income during the course of several years, and it may prove of some dreary satisfaction to other authors who are still waiting for the fickle god to smile upon them. Here it is: Income for 1876, $22; 1877, $167; 1878, $444; 1879, $638; 1880, $412; 1881, $662; 1882, $750; 1883, $727; 1884, $563.

America is not the only plaintiff against Russian bigotry, nor are the Jews its only victims. The decree that expelled the Jesuits from Russia is enforced today as rigorously as it ever was, and it seems that no intercession, however influential, can avail against it. Of this we have an illustration in the case of Father Pigot, an Australian scientist of eminence. Father Pigot was anxious to visit the Pulkova observatory in order to discuss certain seismological questions with Prince Galitzine. His mission was in no sense a religious one, but although the British government made a special request to the Russian minister of the interior for a relaxation of the law the request was uncompromisingly refused. Many European governments have expelled the Jesuits for good and sufficient reasons, but no such stringency as this has ever been shown outside of Russia. And of course there is no remedy. There may be some personal satisfaction in saying that Russia is governed by barbarians, but this is mitigated by the fact that Russia does not care in the least what is said of her and does not even take the trouble to ascertain.

Two eminent European scientists have been so good as to discuss, and to disagree about, the subject of American nerves. Professor Hugo Muensterberg maintains that American nerves are no worse than nerves elsewhere, but that Americans make more fuss about them. On the other hand, Dr. James Crichton-Browne says that our nerves are worse and that we do well to make a fuss about them. So we may take our choice between the German who says that we are hypochondriacs and the Englishman who asserts that we are neurotics. Both contentions seem to be a little insulting, but then we do talk a good deal about our nerves, and anything is better than to be charged with shamming. The English physician contends that both America and England are becoming neurotic, but that the evil is more pronounced in America. He says we are losing the power of sustained attention. We can not sit through a serious drama, but must have the constant change of musical comedy. Nor can we read a book unless it has a thrill upon every page. The short story is the limit of our literary endurance, and the shorter it is the better. Every half-hour must furnish some sort of contrast and all occupation other than that of business must be in tabloid doses and every tabloid different.

Mayor Gaynor of New York has appointed a large committee to arrange the details of a celebration of a hundred years of peace between America and Great Britain. The celebration will begin on February 17, 1915, the anniversary of the ratification of the Treaty of Ghent a century ago, and will last for several months. Commemorative services will be held in Washington, Ottawa, Niagara, New York, Detroit, and other places, and the world will be invited to consider the object lesson furnished by the Canadian frontier, which is unmarked by a fort or a gun. In this connection comes a striking suggestion from Senator Root to the effect that the 150,000,000 English-speaking people throughout the world should cease all work for five minutes and devote that time to silent prayer. It seems that among the senator's many excellencies must now be numbered an element of gratifying but unsuspected piety.

Many years ago Sir William Harcourt said in the British House of Commons, "We are all Socialists now." If the remark was true, then how much more true is it in England today when we find both great political parties in practical agreement as to the propriety of state insurance for the industrial classes. With the passage of the Domestic Servants' [illegible] Bill seems to be nearly complete. Henceforth every wage-earner in the country will be pensioned, insured, shepherded, and dry nursed in some form or other from the cradle to the grave. But why are these favors only for the industrial classes, the spoiled darlings of the new democracy? There are other classes less favorably situated financially than the recipient of a weekly wage. The clerk, the doctor in the back street, the small tradesman, has often a harder struggle than the laborer. He has no mobility and he must think as much of his appearance as of his dinner. No doubt a beneficent government will presently cast its eye in his direction and insure him and pension him. In fact why not insure and pension every one? Then we shall be like the inhabitants of the Orkney Island, who get their living by taking in each other's washing. Curiously enough, the Socialists themselves opposed the insurance scheme upon the ground that its beneficiaries ought not to be asked to pay part of the premiums. Hitherto workhouses and prisons have been the only institutions whose beneficiaries have been required to pay nothing at all.

Justice Grantham, the great English jurist, who has just died in London, was famous for the candid expressions of opinions with which he decorated his conduct on the bench. Here are some of the decided statements with which he is credited:

"Connsel very often try to draw a red herring or a hare across the path to prevent the jury seeing what is the real issue."

"It is time that some of these publicans were strung up by the neck. If more publicans were prosecuted there would be less drinking and less crime."

"No one ought to take a check from a bookmaker."

"Farmers are wholly ignorant of their own business."

"A husband in certain circumstances is entitled to box his wife's ears."

"I dislike the Roman Catholic faith as much as anybody."

It is easy to believe that these *obiter dicta* rarely failed to call forth a protest from the aggrieved victims, but the protests had no effect upon the judge. He neither retracted, apologized, nor explained.

The following decree from the Chinese imperial government is a curious blending of severity and mercy: "All persons who have been pressed bodily into service by the rebels, but who will save themselves by returning at once, shall be permitted to turn a new leaf without being questioned as to their past behavior, be they soldiers or people. Whoever shall serve us by killing rebels or by capturing and binding members of the rebellion party, shall be rewarded regardless of rules, upon bringing them before us. Should any roll-call book of the rebels be discovered, let it be instantly burned, and not the least inquiry made that may cause distress."

Rebels, it seems, may be killed, but any list of rebels should be destroyed at once, so that no distress may be caused to any one. Another section of the decree requires all governors to warn the people "not to listen to false doctrines nor to repeat what they have heard." It is to be feared that false doctrines may sometimes be found elsewhere than in China and that even the most civilized of people will sometimes "repeat what they have heard."

The English suffragettes have lost at least one powerful champion by their personal attacks upon the premier. Sir Edward Grey, the secretary for foreign affairs, who has been warmly sympathetic with the women's cause, has announced that he can take no further part in its advancement. Referring specifically to the recent attack upon Mr. Asquith, he says: "As a matter of fact we can not advocate it successfully when conduct of this sort alienates numbers of people who would otherwise be disposed to give it a fair and favorable hearing; nor can it be expected that people like myself, who are colleagues and friends of the prime minister, can give active support to any movement while some of its supporters make him the object of a demonstration such as occurred last night. In saying this I know that I express the feeling of others who are my colleagues as well as of myself. I feel bound to say that for any of us to give active support to the cause of women's suffrage while this violent conduct is continued would be repugnant to our own good feeling; and even if it were not so, it would in the circumstances be sheer waste of time." SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

No foreigner can help admiring the completeness and thoroughness of German institutions for the care of the sick and the poor, and if completeness and thoroughness could make people well and happy German patients and the German poor would have nothing to complain of. But something else is needed, and that is sympathy. The German doctor approaches his patient as though he were about to solve a proposition in Euclid. Science, skill, precautionary care, are all in evidence, but in a large majority of cases the warmth, the feeling of lively human interest in the patient and his feelings are wanting. In the case of children such warmth and sympathy are particularly necessary, and the poor German parent knows that he can not expect it from a public institution.

Fantastic as it may sound, yet meeting with success, is the use of electricity for the purpose of "aging" cognac or clarifying champagne, in France. An electric generator of high frequency is installed in the store-rooms, warehouses, and wine vaults to send Hertzian waves all around the bottles. By this two widely different results are expected to be obtained—the aging of the cognac and the drawing out of the deposit which the fermentation process causes, which is expected to accumulate around the cork. The apparatus used for the application of the Hertzian waves is kept a profound secret by the manufacturers.

OLD FAVORITES.

Some Sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney.

I.

With what sad steps, O Moon, thou climbst the skies,—
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What! may it be that e'en in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,
I read it in thy looks; thy languisht grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, e'en of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there—ungratefulness?

II.

Come Sleep, O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the preace [press]
Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw;
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light;
A rosy garland and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine in right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

III.

The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
Bewray itself in my long-settled eyes
Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,
With idle pains and missing aim to guess
Some that know how my spring I did address,
Deem that my muse some fruit of knowledge plies;
Others, because the Prince my service tries,
Think that I think state errors to redress;
But harder judges judge ambition's rage
Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place,
Holds my young brain captived in golden cage.
O fools, or over-wise! alas, the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start,
But only Stella's eyes, and Stella's heart.

IV.

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise;
They deem, and of their doom the rumor flies,
That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise;
Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass;
But one worse fault—ambition—I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass
Unseen, unheard—while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

VII.

No more, my dear, no more these counsels try;
O give my passions leave to run their race;
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace;
Let folk o'ercharged with brain against me cry;
Let clouds bedim my face, break in mine eye;
Let me no steps but of lost labor trace;
Let all the earth with scorn recount my case—
But do not will me from my love to fly.
I do not envy Aristotle's wit,
Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame;
Nor aught do care, though some above me sit;
Nor hope, nor wish, another course to frame,
But that which once may win thy cruel heart;
Thou art my wit, and thou my virtue art.

IX.

I never drank of Aganippe well,
Nor ever did in shade of Temple sit,
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell;
Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit.
Some do I hear of poets' fury tell
But God knows not what they mean by it;
And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,
I am no pickpurse of another's wit.
How falls it then that with so smooth an ease
My thoughts I speak, and what I speak doth flow
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?
Guess me the cause—what is it thus?—fye, no!
Or so?—much less. How then? sure thus it is,
My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kiss.

XII.

Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be;
And that my Muse, to some ears not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses' feet,
More oft than to a chamber melody,—
Now blessed You hear onward blessed Me.
To Her, where I my heart safe left shall meet.
My Muse and I must you of duty greet
With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully,
Be you still fair, honored by public heed,
By no encroachment wronged, nor time forgot.
Nor blamed for blood, nor shamed for sinful seed.
And that you know, I envy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much bliss,
Hundreds of years you Stella's feet may kiss.

In the centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence the small group of Magdalen Islands are populated by three or four thousand lineal descendants of the Acadians under Champlain and De Monts, who were driven out of New France, Nova Scotia, by the English. Since the first settlement in 1763 generations of the same families have raised scanty crops in the valleys and fed sheep and cattle on the high conical hills which constitute a prominent feature of an insular landscape. Year after year men have gone out on the waters of the gulf in search of the cod, mackerel, and lobsters on which a livelihood depends. They are simple, primitive people, these natives of the Magdalens, laboring all the while under circumstances that are most discouraging. The archipelago contains twelve or thirteen distinct islands, including several grim rocks which are not inhabited and never will be.

MORE GAYETY ECLIPSED.

Paris Loses Another Famous Pleasure Haunt.

And now the Bal Bullier! Oh, Louis Napoleon and Georges Haussmann, what crimes have been committed in your names! But did you, in your ambition to create a new Paris such as shall rival the regularity of a chessboard, quite foresee what devastation would ensue? Perhaps not. For Louis at least was not altogether a kill-joy. He may not have "tripped the light fantastic toe" over the boards of the Bal Tabarin and the Moulin de la Galette of Montmartre, or the Bal Bullier of the Quarter, but to charge him with aversion to the delights of those haunts would imply a mortification of the flesh of which he was not capable. His ambition for a new Paris hardly extended to the region of morals. And yet the fact remains that the Second-Empirizing and the Haussmannizing of Paris is having issue in a surprising transformation.

How to account for the obliteration of Bullier's is difficult. Why that businesslike ballroom, conspicuous on the Carrefour de l'Observatoire by its gorgeous terra cotta decorations, has been sold and is to be replaced by a huge apartment house is really mysterious unless because the *Vie de Bohème* of Murger is actually a thing of the past. The adjective "businesslike" is used of deliberate purpose. For the Bal Bullier was not in quite the same category as the Bal Tabarin or the Moulin de la Galette. The latter delectable resorts are run chiefly in the interests of those innocents from abroad who visit Paris to "see life." If it were not for their patronage not only would the Bal Tabarin close its doors, but most of the *cabarets artistiques* on Montmartre would speedily become bankrupt. Few of the mildly shocked visitors to the Bal Tabarin or the Moulin de la Galette are aware that most of the dancers, and especially those alluring females who are so adroit with their high kicks and ample displays of lingerie, are hired by the night as so many supers.

Not so at the Bal Bullier. The frequenters of that hall went thither to dance, not to gaze. They were not serious social reformers or innocents anxious to "see life." There was no gallery at Bullier's. By far the majority of those who paid their franc admission (two francs on certain special days) did so because they really wanted to dance. And dance they did, steadily and furiously for hours at a stretch. Especially in the quadrilles, the most wonderful of all performances in the old days. There were no decoys here; save for a few chance strangers who were wise enough to elect the Quarter in preference to Montmartre the patrons of Bullier's were genuine students and authentic grisettes. Indeed, the Murger type persisted until quite recently; they were all there, Rodolphe and Mimi living in daily starvation on the proceeds of a badly paid *feuilleton*, Collins, and Marcel, and Schaunard, and Phémie minus her bonnet, and Musette with her preference for champagne because it "made a noise."

Those were the days, then, when the students of the Quarter had an honest predilection for dancing. They were the days, too, when the grisette was unspoilt and was as virtuous as circumstances would permit. She was still the Lisette of Béranger, with no higher ambition than to possess half a dozen pairs of English-made white thread stockings. Occasionally she deviated; now and then, like the wayward Musette, she left her painter for a lover with a better-filled purse, but her heart was with her painter still, and she never failed to inform her new "protector" that he had her company solely because ribbons were so expensive. But whither has she vanished? The brave little maiden, with her picturesque cap, her printed calico frock, her tripping gait, her inimitable skill with the end of her skirt—whither has she fled? That the grisette is extinct even Parisians do not deny. For it is impossible to recognize Lisette in the profligate of the boulevards, in the high-heeled, loud toileted, red and white painted and plastered female of new and regenerated Paris.

Perhaps that explains why the Bal Bullier has closed its doors. "One student equals one grisette" the axiom might have run in the old days, but now that the grisette is a lost factor the student has no further use for Bullier's. Or, on the other hand, it may be that the student himself is to blame. He seems to be growing more serious and more frivolous. So austere is the sedate student becoming that, as was recorded in the *Argonaut* several months ago, even such a high-brow café as the Vachette has gone out of business for lack of customers. And, contrary-wise, the giddy student is too blasé to be satisfied with anything short of the strong meats of Montmartre. Legends of the Beaux-Arts ball have vitiated his taste. Denied the original, he grasps after the copy. If he can not see that unblushing grand parade in which the chief figure is the most famous female model of the day carried aloft *in puris naturalibus*, he will gaze upon the most sordid imitation. Electric traction has done the rest. In the old days, when Montmartre was a long and strong pull up-hill, the student of the Quarter rarely strayed so far from home. He was satisfied with the riotous fun of the "Boul. Miche." Now, however, those excitements are voted tame and domestic, because, owing to motor 'bus and the speedy Métropolitain, a few centimes and as many minutes will transport one to the purlieus of the Moulin Rouge.

Altogether, then, the passing of the Bal Bullier will hardly conduce to the regeneration of Paris. And its demolition is to be regretted on the score that it lessens the number of those pleasure haunts where it was possible to be wicked without being sinful. Ruth Mayflower, of Boston, Massachusetts, or Barbara Smith, of Tooting Common, England, would not have suffered in reputation by a visit to the Bal Bullier. Not, that is, among those "in the know." But neither Ruth nor Barbara would have been aware of the fact. The charm of Bullier's was that it had the appearance of naughtiness without the reality. The uninitiated visitor no doubt thought he or she was "seeing life," and it did Paris no harm that such guests went away blissfully undeceived.

And now nothing is left but the Palais Royal! Long may it be ere the innocent from abroad learns the truth about that, learns, that is, how that haunt has faded to the sere and yellow leaf. The Parisian, of course, and also the blasé cosmopolitan, is well aware that the Palais Royal is no longer the place to dine or promenade or flirt. "Le Palais Royal!" shrugs the Parisian; "mais, mon cher, on n'y va plus." They do not, not the knowing ones, that is. And yet the galleries, with their money-changers' shops, their cafés, their Hebraic jewelry stores, still have attractions for some people. They are types not difficult to recognize. English curates who want to "see life" that they may build their sermons on solid foundations, hen-pecked benedicts of all nations out "for a spree," earnest social reformers in search of data—they all flock to the Palais Royal because they have read Macaulay. Alas for their simple faith! They wist not that times have changed. In the historian's day the Palais Royal may have exhibited "the good and evil of civilization," and all the pleasures of life, "high and low, intellectual and sensual"; but not now. Such as its glory was has departed. Westward the course of pleasure has taken its way. The cafés are mere ghosts and travesties of such renowned predecessors as Méot's, Masse's, Véry's, and Février's. The "fixed price" billboards are alluring to the uninitiated but warning beacons to those who have once bitten. And as for the gilt lockets, and gaudy pins, and paste-set rings, and heavily enameled bracelets—who buys them save the innocent stranger? Pitiable, too, is that confidence which mistakes the painted demoiselle of the Galeries de Bois for the Parisian demimonde of salacious romance. And yet, as the Bal Bullier is doomed, we may be grateful for the Palais Royal.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

PARIS, December 12, 1911.

Curiously enough, the pearl divers of Japan are women. Along the coast of the Bay of Ago and the Bay of Kokasho the thirteen and fourteen-year-old girls, after they have finished their primary school work, go to sea and learn to dive. They are in the water and learn to swim almost from babyhood and spend most of their time in the water except in the coldest season, from the end of December to the beginning of February. Even during the most inclement of seasons they sometimes dive for pearls. They wear a special dress, white underwear, and the hair twisted up into a hard knot. The eyes are protected by glasses to prevent the entrance of water. Tubs are suspended from the waist. A boat in command of a man is assigned to every five or ten women divers to carry them to and from the fishing grounds. When the divers arrive on the grounds they leap into the water at once and begin to gather oysters at the bottom. The oysters are dropped into the tubs suspended from their waists. When these vessels are filled the divers are raised to the surface and jump into the boats. They dive to a depth of from five to thirty fathoms without any special apparatus and retain their breath from one to three minutes. Their ages vary from thirteen to forty years and between twenty-five and thirty-five they are at their prime.

Three centuries ago there were no flower gardens in England. What were then thought of as gardens were herbaria, places where rosemary, mint, rue, thyme, and sage grew, and perhaps a few primitive blooms, such as violets and primroses, were suffered to exist, much as poppies and cornflowers do today. Many well-known plants have been developed from specimens discovered in various parts of the world, and there is no doubt that a number of charming novelties are still lurking undiscovered in remote spots. The chances of valuable finds are, however, becoming unfortunately less every year. A small army of collectors is always at work in every corner of the world searching for new treasures to enrich our floral store.

The "live power" of a furious sea is estimated by multiplying the mass of the surge by the square of its speed. When the surf, impelled by the drive of the broad sea, meets a solid obstacle, its pressure is thirty tons per square meter of water. This estimate, which is close, explains how water, when continually sapping the foot of a cliff, breaks down the land, forces back the shore line, and little by little, constantly and surely, increases the sea's domain. A wave from thirty-three to thirty-five feet high, and six hundred and twenty-five feet long—such a wave as the sea produces every eighteen seconds—represents power of about 1350 H. P. —steam—per square yard.

Icelanders are now famous for their high standard of education. Every child of ten in this remote little land can read and write, neither abject poverty nor important wealth is seen, and crime is rare; and the latest step in the evolution of this remarkable people is the founding of a university at the capital,

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Professor F. von Luschan, who has been awarded the Huxley memorial medal for distinguished service, is at the head of the department of anthropology at the Berlin University. He is the fourth foreigner on whom this honor has been conferred.

Oakland City, Indiana, is probably the only place in the United States which can boast of a perfect school record. A commissioner of education has just made the discovery that every Oakland City grammar-grade pupil for three years past has continued into the high school.

Murdo Mackenzie, one of the best-known cattlemen in Texas, is seventy years old, but he has just entered into a five-year contract with a syndicate of Scotchmen to go to a remote part of Brazil and take charge of a 6,000,000-acre tract of land and convert it into a ranch property. His contract calls for a salary of $50,000 a year. For many years he has been manager of the Matador ranch. He believes he is good for fifteen or twenty years more.

George W. P. Hunt, just elected governor of the new State of Arizona, went to Arizona as a boy thirty years ago and began work in a mining camp as a waiter in a restaurant. He followed the life of a prospector and miner, was successful, and is now a leading merchant, banker, and capitalist of Globe, his home for many years. He has served Gila County in the legislature and was president of the recent state constitutional convention. He is a native of Missouri.

James B. McCreary, who took the oath of office as governor of Kentucky a few days ago, was elected to the same position thirty-six years ago, when he defeated John N. Harlan, afterwards United States Supreme Judge. Governor McCreary was then thirty-six years old. After completing his term he served in the House of Representatives and later in the Senate. He now assumes the task at Frankfort with the purpose in mind of making it the climax and conclusion of his long life of public service.

William H. Davies, recently placed on England's civil pension list with a pension of fifty pounds a year, is probably the first actual tramp in the history of that country to be so honored. Davies is a Welshman by birth and a tramp by preference, having lived the life for many years in this country and England. He is minus a foot, the result of a stolen train ride. After years of vagabondage he turned his attention to literature, and following many bitter disappointments "arrived." He has written both verse and prose.

Charles Curtis, United States senator from Kansas, who recently presided over the Senate during the absence of Vice-President Sherman, is described as the "first Indian to preside over the upper branch of Congress." His grandmother was a Kaw Indian, and in 1903, by reason of his Indian blood, he received 1600 acres of land in Oklahoma as his part of the Kaw allotment. He was born in 1860, and was admitted to the bar in 1881. While serving his eighth term in the House of Representatives he was elected to the Senate.

Maggie Teyte—her real name is Plumnon—"with reddish hair, numerous freckles, and an unmistakable Cockney accent," though only twenty, is a new diva now appearing in the East. She is one of the few English singers who has ever captured the ear of Paris. Her early girlhood was spent in Staffordshire, England. Singing was her gift, and at thirteen she began studying under Jean de Reszke, in Paris. At seventeen she sang professionally in "Don Juan," at Monte Carlo, and about a year later she was the operatic sensation of the French capital. The greatest ambition of a singer was realized in her nineteenth year, when she scored an unquestioned success at Covent Garden. Her husband, Eugene Plumnon, is a wealthy young barrister.

Dr. Luther H. Gulick, director of the department of hygiene of the Sage Foundation, with its fund of $10,000,000, came up from the ranks. At Oberlin College he cut lawns, cared for house furnaces, and worked as a book agent. In preparing for college at the high school at Hanover, New Hampshire, he paid his living expenses by sawing wood and waiting on table at a summer hotel. He studied at the medical college of the University of New York, taught physical training, had a milk route, and got up before daybreak to milk the cows, after which he made delivery to his customers. Dr. Gulick was born in Honolulu, spent his childhood in Japan, and learned the Japanese language thoroughly. In his younger life he intended to follow his father's footsteps and become a medical missionary.

S. M. Penland, blind most of his life, farms 960 acres of rich Kansas land and is rated by stockmen as the best judge of cattle in the state. He purchased 800 acres of his large holding thirty-two years ago, after he became blind. His farm is near Hillsboro, Marion County. He is a scientific farmer, has all the bulletins of the state and government agricultural departments read to him, and puts the observations of the crop experts into practice on his place. Some of the finest blooded cattle and hogs in Kansas are found on the Penland farm. His hand is unerring, and as he rubs it over an animal he points out its defects instantly. His faith in humanity is superb, and he says he has never found a man who tried to cheat him because of his infirmity.

THE CHRISTMAS CHALLENGE.

A Husband, a House, and a Fortune.

And you say he committed suicide on Christmas day from sheer loneliness. You put forth the theory that loneliness is Fate's most potent servant. That it drives people to all sorts of abnormalities. So be it, my friend the philosopher. But Fate isn't necessarily dire. I can cite you a case of a directly opposite type.

It was Christmas day also—but Sunday. Christmas on the road! You fellows with your homes and families, perhaps taking in a Christmas matinée as an extra fillip to the joy of the occasion, can't imagine what wells of loneliness our hearts become on that day. With the eyes of our souls astigmatized by the little germ of "heimweh" we lose our entire perspective of life. We either grovel in the dregs of our homelessness or we fly to the other extreme and become hilariously gay. It's a time when at a drop of the hat, as it were, we become straws for the winds of Fate. And we don't care! Why should we? For it's Christmas, the one home-hallowed day of the whole, long year. And we are on the road!

But as I said before: This was Sunday also. So at least we were exempt from being the Yule-log that burns itself to the further glory and joy of the rest of the world. And as acting manager I had ordered a feast for the crowd at Donelies Restaurant. (I'm not going to tell you the town for various reasons. That it is the Middle West must suffice.) I had given orders the night before for one continuous table. We meant to look as much like a family gathering as possible.

Three o'clock was the hour set for our Christmas feast, and we all arrived early. At 2:45 from my place at the head of the table I looked around. We were all there and I rose with a toast—jocularly, for there were spirits to be leavened.

"That each of you may see your name helping to blazon the white light of Broadway," I cried.

"That's for me!" Flora Flood, our leading lady, young, ambitious, but really talented, chimed in.

"Oh, you Broadway!" came from Hawley, our villain, who had once played the metropolis and never let any one forget it. And he drained his glass.

There were other murmurs, laughs, and sighs. And suddenly, above everything else, Hawley's voice rose again.

"Spoons for the other end of the table!" he called.

"Cut that, Drake," another member laughed.

We had all turned our eyes to where Griswold Drake, our matinée idol, was throwing his soulful eyes on Annette.

Annette, by the way, unimportant as her rôle was, was the most important member of our company. She was the lady of the troupe, the winsomest, sweetest little woman imaginable, cut out by the Lord for a wife and a mother, but the poorest actress a lovely woman could possibly be.

"This is the third time this week I've asked her to marry me." Drake made no secret of his love.

"The fourth," she laughed.

"By ginger!" he laughed back, "is it? Well, it'll be the fifth this evening. You know you promised to let me spend it with you." And he raised his glass also. "To our dearest wishes!" he cried.

"To our dearest wishes," Annette leaned back in her chair, straight, clear, shining eyes regarding us, "and their fulfillment."

As usual she was subtly winsome, but beneath her light tone lay the aching something we all felt.

"And pray what may yours be, young lady?"

I had asked the question to keep the conversational ball a-rolling.

"Mine?" She looked at me for a moment. "Mine?" she repeated and laughed deliciously. "Well, you'll all laugh, I'm sure, if I were to tell them."

"It's me." Drake smote his chest.

"You! Pouf!" Her eyes danced and her voice rippled.

"Then out with it." Our spirits were rising and I helped the good work along. "Can it be bought or stolen? If so your humble servant will do his best to get it for you."

She shook her head negatively.

"Perhaps it may be sensible to enchantment," our villain rumbled. "If so I'll do the voodoo act."

Again she shook her head, twinkling humor casting swift lights.

"It's a gift from the gods, I truly believe," she laughed. And it was part of Annette's nature that she should treat the very same thing that we others would rail about with that sweet intensity.

"Then it can't be bought." I scratched my head. "How do you ever intend to acquire it?"

"I don't."

"Still we want to hear," and Drake made a pretense of rolling up his sleeves. "I want to hear," he corrected, "so if it is another man I can murder him."

"The man is the least important part," she laughed.

"Hear! Hear!" There was a chorus. "But tell!"

Annette smiled a little and drew a soft breath before she answered.

"Well," she smiled, "in a modified form it is just what each of you is wishing for this day of days. Only with me it is my very own home I want—and babies, a whole house full, all sizes. I've never had a really-truly home—not one that I can remember. I was shifted around from relative to relative. At eighteen I joined a little theatrical troupe. That was eight years ago." She looked around at us with deep eyes, and as I watched I noticed that she was not seeing us at all, but something far away, some dream picture, as it were. Then she went on: "But if I ever had a home—a little house——" She paused. "Ask me—just ask me," she twinkled, "you men, any one of you. Even you, Gris. But you've got to produce the house first, leave the profession second, and third—well, I don't care what you do, provided you're a good provider and come home every evening as a family man should."

"Little she asks—her wants are few," Drake paraphrased. "Is it perhaps a hut of stone—a very plain brown stone that will do?"

"No-o-o." She drew out the word, still smiling. "But if you were to ask me what sort of a home I'd prefer, I would refresh your memory with a picture of that one on the bluff, directly opposite the station. Not too modern. Large, airy rooms, I'm sure. Lots of ground. I was seeing myself at the window when our train rolled in, watching the children with their sleds and calling first to one then to the other to be careful."

There was a little, rhythmic measure to her voice as it trailed along, a sweet intensity that made us wait, holding our breaths a little as she talked. And across the room a single, solitary diner, the only other person in the whole restaurant outside of ourselves, also leaned eagerly forward, eyes wide, listening intently. And just then Flora Flood nudged me.

"Ask the 'Geek' to join us," she whispered. "He looks like a man. Besides by his face one would think Annette's cry for a home had found an echo in him. Take my word for it, Christmas doesn't mean home and joy to him either."

There was a moment's hesitation on my part, then I gave the invitation, which was accepted with alacrity.

The next moment the man—he was a big fellow, well built and well dressed—was with us, leaning over the table. His eyes were flashing like a boy's who takes a dare, but twinkling with something besides merriment.

"So you like the house on the bluff?"

The question was meant for Annette, and she answered it.

"Like it!" Just those two words, but her voice lilted and sang them.

I don't know why, but strong undercurrents began to stir us. We were instantly conscious that some tricks of Destiny or Fate was to be turned.

"What was it you said?" he went on. "Produce the house?"

"Exactly!" she laughed, her eyes now as daring as his.

"Will the deeds do at the present moment"—he had slipped his hand into a pocket—"and the keys?" The latter rattled across the table to her. He was laughing, but a little breathless, and beneath all was a note of deep seriousness.

Annette blushed divinely. Then her merry, ringing laugh peeled out.

"Take them away—quick!" She covered her eyes with her hands. "Such a temptation!"

"Is it a temptation?" His voice was sober and his eyes burning.

"Is it!" Her own deep blue eyes grew deeper as she exclaimed.

Every nerve in me jumped. There was a look on her face that I could read. And I recognized that Annette, our little lady, had caught the devil-may-care spirit that desperate loneliness and homelessness gives.

"I've produced the house," he said solemnly, in that same breathless tone. "I'm not in the profession, but the next homeless thing to it—a drummer. I'll chuck the job and go into business in this same little burg. When the old aunt left me the house there was coin a-plenty went with it. Now it's up to you—will you? Will you?"

"Will I?" A litle smile lifted the corners of Annette's mouth, but her eyes still held that shining, devil-may-care look.

"Hold on." Drake rose to his feet. "This isn't a square deal at all." One could see that he didn't quite know whether to take the incident smilingly or seriously.

"But the house—the home, Gris," she flashed. "He's produced it!" She was bending blindly forward.

"Will you?" he asked again. And his big voice, muffled, vibrated through the long room.

We held our breath for a second waiting for her answer. Then she jumped to her feet.

"I will! I'll do it!" A gurgling laugh issued from her parted lips.

The man took three big strides to her side and grasped her hands.

"It's done," he cried. "We'll get a minister or a justice or some one and have the knot tied right away. Hey there!" And in a flash he was over talking to the restaurant-keeper and busily telephoning.

For a brief second our bewilderment held us dumb. Then I rose to my feet.

"Annette!" I came to her side of the table. "What ails you? Think! Why you're crazy to do such a thing. Or are you playing—playing a joke on us?"

"A joke!" She held out her hands and drew a deep breath. "If you had wished for a million and the door opened and it was offered you, would you reject it?"

"But think!" My tone was sharp. "You don't know this man. Don't know a thing about him."

"Neither do I about Gris," she laughed, "except what he has told me. Or about Hawley or Tompkins or—or——"

"Well, that is so," I halted her, because if she was going to enumerate all the male members of our company who had asked her to marry, why my name would have been amongst them also.

"Still you know something about us—our dispositions," I went on.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"The real man and the real woman," she parried. "Do we ever really know them. It's my idea that marriage alone furnishes that knowledge. So I'm going to marry the—the home," she tossed her head wilfully.

We were silent from sheer stupefaction. "I never heard of such a thing," I said at length.

"It's Fate—Fate," she twinkled. "Be careful, Dick! Watch the door! Some woman may walk in offering you your dearest wish. And—and then would you refuse her with it? Would you dream of refusing it if she had to go with it?"

I caressed my chin for answer. By this time our new friend had returned to us.

"A justice will be here in ten minutes." He rubbed his hands gleefully. "Tomorrow"—he bowed to Annette in lieu of a name—"we will have a clergyman if you wish." And he had barely finished when a blast of wintry air wafted a little round man in the door.

He was Justice Penrose. The proprietor introduced him to us. And Flora Flood, who reveled in romance less than any woman I knew and had the most unromantic appetite, put in quickly: "Let's get it over with, Annette, so we can eat. This will be a wedding feast besides a Christmas feast."

"Annette," the stranger came forward. "Annette," he looked into her eyes and clasped her hand in his. And all through the ceremony I fancied I saw his lips moving to her name.

We had a gay Christmas dinner. Oh, there was no question about its gayety. The unusualness of the situation and the wild spirits of the bride and groom carried us mountain high in joy. Just once he grew serious. It was when I put a telling question to him.

"I've been a drummer for twenty years," he said. "And I'm forty now. I hadn't any idea I had a relative in the world until this old great-aunt died and left me the property. Then when I got the word, I came directly here from the coast. 'It's Christmas,' I said to myself. 'I never had a home in my life. Here's where I shake the road and settle down.' But when I reached here and looked over the great, lonely house, that old gnawing that always eats into me on Christmas day gnawed harder than ever." He stopped for a moment and looked around at us. Then he went on: "At least you folks have the rest of the company. But fellows like us without home or kin have a devil of a time at Christmas. Why, when I strolled into this restaurant—property and all—I was wishing ptomaine poisoning would put the finish to me. Then I saw—Annette." He paused before her name, a look of awe crossing his face. "And then I heard her. Well, that's all. And if Christmas didn't start off so merry, it's finishing up strong. And as for the New Year—happy is going to be a cheap name for it."

There was something so straightforward about him that I was beginning to feel a trifle easier in my mind.

An hour later they were bidding us goodby, and we stood bareheaded in the doorway speeding them. The wind was blowing a gale and it had started to snow. But not even the terrific storm quenched their spirits. Bending forward and holding his hat with one hand, with the other he helped her along, protecting her as best he could with his big form. And the last we heard them say was: "It's home."

"Home," they echoed each other.

And now I suppose you are wondering how I know whether Fate that precipitated this marriage was a kind one. Well, I do know it. And once a year at least my orbit crosses their little city. And sometimes more than once a year I am able to make my professional duties bring me near enough for a visit. And that picture that she imagined has become a true one. And I buy the flexible flyers. It is a privilege I asked for. And a week ago, my friend, I sent out the fourth.

LILIAN DUCEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1911.

The fact that the coming White Star liner will have golf links on board (says the Springfield *Republican*) opens up possibilities perhaps not sufficiently realized hitherto by travelers with sporting blood. It will be necessary before long, at the present rate of construction, merely to carry a menagerie in order to provide the passengers with big game hunting.

In view of the rapid disappearance of the herds of elephants which formerly roamed in Africa, and the limited number of those animals remaining in Asia, attention has been called to the enormous supply of ivory which exists in the frozen tundras of Siberia, and which it is thought, will probably suffice for the world's consumption for many years to come.

A Paris merchant has established a store where wedding presents can be hired. A snobbish mother who wishes the display of presents at her daughter's wedding to be dazzling can go to the merchant and arrange for borrowing articles from his collection. An employee attends the wedding in disguise to watch the presents.

THE NEW SUFFRAGE CLUB.

"Flaneur" Describes the Inauguration of Mrs. Belmont's New Enterprise.

If Mrs. Belmont's new clubhouse does not turn New York into one vast camp of suffragettes, nothing will. The right name of the institution is the Political Equality Association, and it is to be found at 13 and 15 East Forty-First Street. It was opened on December 4, and Mrs. Belmont was there herself, and Mrs. Shaw, and Miss Harriet Mary Mills, and Miss Inez Millholland, and ever so many other ladies whose costumes were duly recorded by young lady reporters who were probably suffragettes too, if the truth were known. And one of the most attractive young women I have ever seen was selling cosmetics and beautifiers and doing a great trade. I bought some myself, not that I needed beautifying, but because I wanted to engage her in conversation, and I am confident that after about three more smiles I should have been a suffragette. But the arrival of another customer saved me. I saw that she would smile at almost any one who had a dollar and a complexion like mine.

The really serious business of the evening was the hearing of the speeches, but you could not do even this unless you had a ticket of admission. Miss Mary Donnelly collected the tickets at the door, and there were three male policemen to help her in case any one should come who did not believe in moral suasion. At least the policemen appeared to be male ones, but you can never tell nowadays.

Mrs. Belmont's was the speech of the evening. Indeed she may be said to have been all the speeches, since every orator began by thanking God, metaphorically speaking, for the priceless gift of a Mrs. Belmont. They did this even when she specifically asked them not to, which must have been very painful to her. Mrs. Belmont said there was a tremendous task ahead of them. I thought for the moment that she was referring to my complexion and that she was aware of my interview with the young woman in the beauty parlor, but she wasn't. She said the task was "the necessary remodeling of the masculine brain." The male malefactors present began to simper a little and to wonder how it would be done, and whether it would hurt. But Mrs. Belmont meant the male mind, not the male brain. Men had to be made to "know us as we are." That seemed quite nice, and we applauded. It was just what we have been trying to do for ourselves, but usually the knowledge came too late.

Mrs. Belmont is a resourceful woman. As she explained the various means of grace we wondered how any one could ever escape. I have already mentioned the sylph with the cosmetics, and Mrs. Belmont could add nothing to my knowledge of her. But if the sylph should fail—a most unlikely supposition, I should say—there was the dancing class. Why Mrs. Belmont had known of young men who had never thought about the suffrage, or anything else, in their lives and who had become ardent converts after a waltz, and no one had ever been proof against a sit out in a dark corner. After Mrs. Belmont came Miss Shaw, and Miss Shaw was argumentative, persuasive, and just a shade menacing. She said some rather biting things about the antis who weren't there but who may be heard from later, and she was also quite cross with Mayor Gaynor because he had asked the members of the women's federation whether their husbands knew they were out. Miss Shaw went on to say that Mayor Gaynor was responsible for the lawlessness of New York, which seemed to be hitting below the belt and also to have no bearing upon the suffrage. If Mayor Gaynor is not careful he may yet live to be told that he has four wives and was once convicted of robbing a graveyard. Then we shall know how wrong he has been about votes for women. But on the whole it was a nice, genial meeting, and every one became ecstatic at the mention of Mrs. Belmont's name, which was every few minutes, and Miss Millholland wore black velvet and a picture hat and Mrs. Ruhlin also wore black velvet—which was annoying to both of them—and no hat at all.

The chief feature of the new establishment is its cost. At least it seemed so from the fact that every official one met was simply brimming over with statistical information conveyed in a hushed and awed whisper. For example, Miss Mary Morgan, who is in charge of the commissariat, tells you that the incinerator cost $500 and the patent dishwasher $600. The whole establishment cost $400,000, not including the young woman in the cosmetic department, to whom my mind automatically reverts and who is worth all the money and more. The furniture and fittings cost nearly $200,000, and you have to pay 50 cents for roast and vegetables and home-made pie, but if you have only 15 cents in your pocket, as usually happens, you can have beans and coffee, but not in the garden, which is reserved for the 50-centers of purer blood. Everything is estimated in dollars here, and the moment your eye alights upon something some one will sidle up and tell you what it costs. It is all very impressive and expensive and it seems as though it must be good for trade. Moreover, Mrs. Belmont says that names are being added to the membership list of the association at the rate of about seventy-five a week. And this number may be doubled when the young women who beguile the young men by dancing with them, and especially by sitting out with them, are able to get in their full work.

It would really seem that the suffrage can not be long delayed after all these speeches, although the task of remodeling the male brain may be quite tedious. A good deal depends upon how soft it is now. But the Political Equality Association, viewed as a club, is sure to be a success if the young woman with the cosmetics will only keep at the post of duty. She could do more to remodel the male brain than a speech from Mrs. Belmont that stretched from Grant's Tomb to the Golden Gate. FLANEUR.

New York, December 20, 1911.

Joy Riders.

It appears from the most recent official data that, during the first ten months of the present year, eighty-nine persons in Greater New York were killed as a result of automobile accidents, and that 855 others were injured. No statistics are given as to lives lost and persons injured from other accidents during the same period, these data having been collected by the secretary of the National Highways Protective Society, which is chiefly concerned with automobile accidents. The secretary cites as the most formidable items among the causes of accidents the "joy-rider" and the "night-hawk" cabman. A writer in *Motor World*, citing these figures, says the society has already "exercised a good influence," and that its secretary's conclusions as to "joy-riders" and "night-hawk" cabmen are "well within reason." The law on the statute books, making joy-riding a felony, "has failed woefully as a means of greatly reducing offenses." The writer continues:

"'Joy-riding' continues to flourish to an extent almost beyond belief and fully known only to garagemen and chauffeurs. The garage which does not house at least one chauffeur given to nightly theft of his employer's car probably is the exception and not the rule; most of them house more than one such culprit. There are garages which are perfect hotbeds of 'joy-riding,' but for some reason the average garageman and the average chauffeur consider themselves interdependent. They protect each other, so to speak, from the car-owner who pays both for honest service. The protection is carried to great extremes.

"In one recent instance the garageman, who himself had a car for rent, wailed continually because a chauffeur on his premises was 'hacking' his employer's car at less rates than the garageman considered fair competition. But despite his knowledge the garageman failed to notify the car-owner of the almost nightly theft and misuse of his property. It continued until finally the crook lost his job, and even then he was permitted to hang around the garage until the garage-owner was given a stern choice by another patron of his establishment who had discovered that his own car was being similarly misused.

"This may be an extreme case, but the fact remains that 'joy-riding' can not long continue without the knowledge of the garage-owner and his night superintendent. They can come pretty close to stopping it whenever they will and whenever they cease to seek subterfuges and begin giving the car-owner a square deal and the protection for which he pays well. Joy-riding can be stopped, and quickly. Simply so amend the anti-joy-riding law that the garage-owner or the garage superintendent, or both, shall be made accessories to the crime committed by the chauffeur. Such a law instantly will not merely clarify the garage atmosphere, but it will make the highways safer and save many lives and many limbs, all of which are objects well worth serving. When everything else failed to stop race-track gambling, a law of the sort which made the track-owners and directors personally culpable stopped it instantly and effectively."

Paul Revere was the first American banknote artist, and from the time of the chartering of the Bank of North America under the direction of Robert Morris in 1781, up to the present, American engravers have excelled not only in the artistic quality of their designs, but in their provisions against counterfeiting. Marco Polo found banknotes in China ages ago, printed on paper made from the bark of the mulberry tree. One of the notes, upon which the great Venetian traveler himself may have gazed, is on exhibition at this day in the office of an American company. It is one of a series issued by the Ming dynasty about 1399 A. D.—"current anywhere under heaven"—and seems to have been printed from wooden blocks on a sheet of paper 9x13 inches—a bigger surface than any man could cover with both hands outstretched. It is good for "one string of cash." The provision against forgery is simple to the point of severity—"Counterfeiters hereof will be executed. Persons giving information of counterfeiters will be rewarded with taels 250, and, in addition, will receive the property belonging to the criminal."

It would require 840,000 men to produce as much energy as the 70,000 horsepower developed by the turbine machinery of the express Cunarder *Lusitania*. Then, if the men were to work on the eight-hour day system those figures would give a total of 2,520,000, that being the number of men whose strength would be necessary to drive the vessel across the Atlantic Ocean.

A new theory to explain the rings of Saturn is urged by Professor Birkeland of Christiania, who holds that they are produced by electric radiation from the planet, and are "renewed, so to say, every instant."

CONFESSIONS OF MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.

Mr. Arnold Bennett tells some amusing stories in "The Truth about an Author," lately published by the George H. Doran Company. He tells us of the writing of his first novel and of his efforts to avoid being "too damnably Mudiesque" and of the proper remedy for the dreadful despair that follows an initial effort which is to "go to the nearest bar and have a drink." But at last the novel was launched through the postoffice and then came the interview with the publisher:

We discussed the weather and new reputations. I was nervous, and I think the publisher was nervous, too. At length, in a manner mysterious and inexplicable, the talk shifted to my manuscript. The publisher permitted himself a few compliments of the guarded sort.

"But there's no money in it, you know," he said.

"I suppose not," I assented. ("You are an ass for assenting to that," I said to myself.)

"I invariably lose money over new authors," he remarked, as if I was to blame.

"You didn't lose much over Mrs. ———," I replied, naming one of his notorious successes.

"Oh, *well!*" he said, "of *course*——. But I didn't make so much as you think, perhaps. Publishing is a very funny business." And then he added: "Do you think your novel will succeed like Mrs. ———'s?"

I said that I hoped it would.

"I'll be perfectly frank with you," the publisher exclaimed, smiling heneficently. "My reader likes your hook. I'll tell you what he says." He took a sheet of paper that lay on the top of the manuscript and read.

I was enchanted, spell-bound. The nameless literary adviser used phrases of which the following are specimens (I am recording with exactitude): "Written with great knowledge and a good deal of insight." "Character delineated by a succession of rare and suhtle touches." "Living, convincing." "Vigor and accuracy." "The style is good."

I had no idea that publishers' readers were capahle of such laudation.

The publisher read on: "I do not think it likely to be a striking success!"

"Oh!" I murmured, shocked hy this bluntness.

"There's no money in it," the publisher repeated, firmly. "First hooks are too risky. . . . I should like to puhlish it."

"Well?" I said, and paused. I felt that he had withdrawn within himself in order to ponder upon the chances of this terrihle risk. So as not to incommode him with my gaze, I examined the office, which resembled a small drawing-room rather than an office. I saw around me signed portraits of all the roaring lions on the sunny side of Grub Street.

"I'll puhlish it," said the publisher, and I helieve he made an honest attempt not to look like a philanthropist; however, the attempt failed. "I'll puhlish it. But of course I can only give you a small royalty."

"What royalty?" I asked.

"Five per cent—on a three-and-six-penny book."

"Very well. Thank you!" I said.

"I'll give you 15 per cent after the sale of five thousand copies," he added kindly.

O ironist.

Mr. Bennett tells us that he began his career as a lawyer's clerk and that he had a special aptitude for making out adequate bills of costs which caused his employer to regret his determination to enter journalism. His first venture was on a woman's paper and his first colossal blunder stands upon the files of that paper as a witness against him. And yet who shall blame his unsophisticated youth?

Journalism for women, hy women under the direction of men, is an affair at once anxious, agreeahle, and delicate for the men who direct. It is a journalism hy itself, apart from other journalisms. And it is the only journalism that I intimately know. The commercial side of it, the queer financial hasis of it, have a peculiar interest, hut my scheme does not by any means include the withdrawal of those curtains. I am concerned with letters, and letters, I fear, have little connection with women's journalism. I learnt nothing of letters in that office, save a few of the more ohvious journalistic devices, but I learned a good deal ahout frocks, household management, and the secret nature of women. As for frocks, I have sincerely tried to forget that hranch of human knowledge; nevertheless the hahit, acquired then, of glancing first at a woman's skirt and her shoes, has never left me. My apprenticeship to frocks was studded with emharrassing situations, of which I will mention only one. It turns upon some designs for a layette. A layette, perhaps I ought to explain, is an outfit for a new-born hahe, and naturally it is prepared in advance of the stranger's arrival. Underneath a page of layette illustrations I once put the legend, correct in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand—hut this was the thousandth—*Cut-to-measure patterns supplied.* The solecism stands to all eternity against me on the file of the paper; and the recollection of it, like the recollection of a *gaucherie*, is persistently haunting.

Another good story throws a ray of light upon the inner mechanism of the woman's newspaper. The incident occurred upon the first day of Mr. Bennett's introduction to journalism, and although it has been related before it will bear repetition. Probably it is typical:

That day happened to he press-day, and I perceived that we gradually hecame very husy. Messenger-hoys waited while I wrote paragraphs to accompany portraits, or while I regularized the syntax of a recipe for sole *à la Normande*, or while I ornamented two naked lines from the *Morning Post* with four lines of emhroidcry. The editor was enchanted with my social paragraphs; he said I was horn to it, and perhaps I was. I innocently asked in what part of the paper they were to shine.

"Gwendolen's column," he replied.

"Who is Gwendolen?" I demanded. Weeks hefore, I had admired Gwendolen's breadth of view and worldly grasp of things, qualities rare in a woman.

"You are," he said, "and I am. It's only an office signature."

Now, that was what I called journalism.

Mr. Bennett tells his readers that sometimes he reminds himself that he has now no real satisfaction to look forward to except that of continually inventing, fancying, imagining, scribbling. Say another thirty years of these emotional ingenuities, these interminable variations on the theme of beauty. Then he asks himself: Is it good enough? And he answers: Yes.

The Republican National Convention will be held in Chicago on June 18, 1912, according to the unanimous decision of the national committee.

SERVING THE REPUBLIC.

General Nelson A. Miles Writes a Volume of Memoirs of His Civil and Military Life.

No one is better entitled than General Miles to give such a title to a volume of reminiscences. He was already serving the republic at the time of the Civil War, and he has been serving it ever since in positions of increasing responsibility and importance. He was at Fair Oaks, the Seven Days' Battle, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, and the Wilderness. He commanded the Federal troops through the famous "bloody lane" at Antietam and his narrative is therefore not only personal but national. It is a story of the Civil War and a story of all the military days that have followed it. And it is a story well told. General Miles has that kind of literary excellence, and it is a high one, that consists in stating facts as they occurred without verbal decorations. As a result his memoirs are eminently readable.

Like every other soldier who has seen much active service the author says that he is often asked how it feels to be wounded. He himself was wounded four times, and twice almost fatally, so he is able to speak from experience. He says:

> One is often asked how it seems to be wounded in battle. The flight of a bullet is quicker than thought, and has passed through a flesh-wound before one realizes that he has been struck. I have seen bodies of men dead on the field of battle where the brain had been pierced and death had been instantaneous. They would remain in every position of the "manual of arms," with an anxious look, a frown, or a smile on their cold and rigid faces. My wounds received at Fair Oaks, Fredericksburg, and Petersburg were flesh-wounds, and disabled me but a short time. While riding down the line at Chancellorsville one of the enemy's bullets struck my metallic belt-plate with great force. This caused a slight deviation as it entered the body. The result was an instant deathly sickening sensation; my sword dropped from my right hand, my scabbard and belt dropped to the left; I was completely paralyzed below the waist. My horse seemed to realize what had occurred; he stopped, turned, and walked slowly back—I holding to the pommel of the saddle with my hands. We soon reached a group of soldiers, who took me off and, placing me in a blanket, carried me to the Chancellorsville House, and pulled a dead man off a couch to make room for me.

Although the author devotes less than a hundred pages to the Civil War they are all of them well filled. He gives us a short but vigorous account of the Spottsylvania fight. As the Union column swept *en masse* over the fortifications, the Confederates threw down their arms and four thousand were captured. If this assaulting column, says General Miles, had been properly followed by a supporting force a greater success would have resulted:

> The assaulting column pressed forward through the broken line for some distance, and was then met by a counter-charge. The ground was fought over by the troops charging back and forth for ten hours of that day, and presented a spectacle of horror without a parallel. Probably on no other one field of like area of the great Civil War did as desperate fighting and heavy loss occur. During that time the infantry fire was so terrific that standing trees were cut down by musket-balls alone, and one solid oak, twenty-two inches in diameter, was cut down entirely by the infantry fire during the engagement. Its stump is now in the National Museum at Washington. Batteries attempting to go into action were completely disabled and thrown in a disordered mass by the drivers and horses being killed, and the bodies of men who fell, killed or wounded, on the ramparts were riddled by scores of bullets. It was the only ground that I ever saw during the war that was so completely covered with dead and wounded that it was impossible to walk over it without stepping on dead bodies.

During the fighting between the Wilderness and Spottsylvania the two armies are said to have lost over eighty-four thousand men.

With the fall of Richmond and Petersburg the enemy, closely pursued, retreated to Chesterfield Courthouse, Amelia Courthouse, Jetersville, Deatonsville, and Sailors' Creek. At the latter point a final stand was made, but the Confederates were quickly routed and their train captured. At night time, says the author, a scene of comedy was enacted about the bivouac fires. Several of the captured wagons were found loaded with the assets of the Confederate treasury, which had been brought out from Richmond:

> Then followed a most extraordinary spectacle of jollity and good humor. A Monte Carlo was suddenly improvised in the midst of the bivouac of war. "Here's the Confederate treasure, as sure as you are a soldier!" shouted one. "Let's all be rich!" said another. "Boys, fill your pockets, your hats, your haversacks, your handkerchiefs, your arms, if you please," was the word, and the Confederate notes and bonds were rapidly disbursed. If they were at a discount, they were crisp and new and in enormous denominations. Spreading their blankets on the ground by the bivouac fires, the veterans proceeded with the comedy, and such preposterous gambling was probably never before witnessed. Ten thousand dollars was the usual "ante." Often twenty thousand to "come in"; a raise of fifty thousand to one hundred thousand was not unusual, and frequently from one million to two millions of dollars were in the "pool." "Be prudent, stranger," "Don't go beyond your means, my friends," were some of the remarks frequently heard amid roars of laughter, together with an occasional shout of, "Freedom forever"; "Rally 'round the flag, boys"; "Aint I glad I'm in *this* army"; "We are coming, Father Abraham"; "Boys, what do you say—let's pay off the Confederate debts," etc. They were seemingly as light-hearted and oblivious as it is possible for soldiers to be to what might follow. They kept up the revelry during most of the night, though some were to make the soldier's sacrifice on the morrow, while others were to witness the scene of final triumph.

The author turns rapidly from the Civil War to the campaign against the Sioux. The rejoicing of the centennial celebration was followed, he says, by a period of national gloom as the news arrived of the Custer disaster. A part of the author's regiment, the Fifth United States Infantry, was ordered to join the campaign against the Sioux, and he himself was placed in command. Incidentally he tells us a characteristic story of Sitting Bull:

> Fort Buford, located at the junction of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, was then in what was known as the hostile Indian country. It was the favorite hunting-ground for Sitting Bull and his followers. At times he would come in to barter and trade, and be very peaceable; at other times he was a terror, attacking the post, capturing the herd and killing all the white people that he found outside of a defensive position. A favorite amusement of these Indians at such times was to seize the sawmill and beat their tom-toms on the circular saw. At one time Sitting Bull jumped over the counter at the store, took possession, assumed the position of post trader, and with savage glee and mock authority bartered the merchandise for the buffalo robes and furs of his companions. The brave trader, expecting to be scalped and possibly tortured, resorted to a strange device to save his life and property. Lighting his pipe of tobacco, he took his place near an open keg of powder, and then informed them that he would blow the whole establishment into the air and the Indians into eternity unless order was restored. This was too serious a menace for the savages, and they at once became good Indians.

The white soldiers came up with Sitting Bull's braves near the Yellowstone and a parley was arranged midway between the two forces. Sitting Bull is described as a man of powerful physique, with a large, broad head, strong features, and few words, which were uttered with great deliberation; a man evidently of decision and positive convictions:

> Sitting Bull said that Almighty God had made him an Indian, but not an *Agency* Indian, and he did not intend to be one. He said there never was a white man who did not hate the Indian and there never was an Indian who did not hate the white man. They were at that time flushed with victory. They believed the Sioux warriors superior to any body of white troops in that country. During the conversation, through the interpreter, named Brughier, a half-breed, I told Sitting Bull that I knew when he would be on the Yellowstone, where he was going, and the object of his movement. This surprised and at the same time enraged him to an intense degree. His whole manner and appearance was more like that of a wild beast than a human being. Every feature showed intense excitement and the deep emotions of his fierce nature. His strong jaws were firmly set and his eyes were like balls of fire.

There was some brisk fighting, but Sitting Bull himself escaped. Subsequently there was another battle with Big Crow, and that redoubtable chief was killed, and his party then surrendered and were greatly surprised to find that their friends and relatives who had been captured previously were alive and had been well treated:

> The meeting of the captives and their relatives who came in with the delegation was one that fully illustrates the Indian character. The women were hysterical with emotion; they bewailed the misfortunes and woes of their race, and at the same time they shed tears of joy at seeing again those nearest and dearest to them. The Indian warriors scorned to show any emotion of grief, joy, or fear. One was observed to take up a little child in his arms with the utmost tenderness, yet his face was as motionless as a bronze statue. One beautiful Indian girl looked in vain among the warriors for the face of her lover, and although she inquired anxiously for him she was turned away by them with some thoughtless remark or jest, they little realizing the depth of the heart-wound they were inflicting. We were unaware of this romance until it resulted in a sad tragedy. One morning, at daybreak, after the chiefs and warriors had departed, a sharp report was heard coming from one of the tents occupied by the Indians, and it was found that the young Indian maiden had committed suicide with a small pistol which she had concealed all the time during her captivity. Her companions then reported that she was overcome with grief because her lover did not come to see her; but it was afterward learned that he knew nothing of their leaving camp; that he was away hunting at the time and did not return until several days after their departure—too late to join them.

We have an interesting chapter on the capture of Chief Joseph, and another on Indian life and problems. Then came the fighting against Geronimo in Arizona and the final surrender of the Apache chief after being pursued for five months. Geronimo sent word that he was prepared to give himself up to the highest authority, so General Miles went down to meet him near the Mexican line. Geronimo said that if they were all to be killed he would prefer to die fighting:

> He was told that he must surrender as a prisoner of war and accept whatever disposition the government deemed best to make of him and his followers; that the United States military authorities were not accustomed to kill their prisoners, and that their future would depend upon the orders and decision of the President at Washington. He was informed that I had directed General Wade to move all the Indians at the Apache Agency in northern Arizona out of the territory, and that he and his people would be removed; that Indian depredations and atrocities had been endured long enough and must end forever in that country. He was in no position to dictate terms. I explained to him the folly of contending against the military, with all its advantages of communication and transportation. While watching a corporal use the heliostat and flash a message in a few seconds by the sun's rays a day's journey for his horse, he was struck with awe and amazement. He sent an Indian runner to Natchez, who remained out in the mountains, to tell him that he was in the presence of a power he could not understand, and told Natchez to come in and come quick. He afterward stated that he had seen these flashes high up on the mountain peaks, but thought they were spirits and not men.

After the surrender a violent thunder-storm swept the country and the author was crowded under the same shelter with Geronimo and Natchez. He explained to them that it was a good omen, that there was a silver lining to the war cloud, and that the sunshine of peace would eventually bless the land.

After the expiration of the Indian wars the author speedily found occupation of another and of an even more serious kind. The outbreak of the Pullman strike resulted in the entire paralysis of the freight and passenger trains in the western half of the country, and General Miles makes no secret of the gravity with which he viewed the situation. He speaks of the danger that the "revolution" would spread to the Eastern states and says that he was summoned by telegram to a council at Washington:

> At this council there was a difference of opinion as to the magnitude of the impending danger; some were of the opinion that if two hundred regular soldiers were to march down Michigan Avenue the disturbance would be over and the trouble ended. I took quite a different view and expressed the opinion that the trouble was very much more deeply rooted, more threatening and far-reaching than anything that had occurred before; that it was not generally understood, and that there was danger of the overthrow, or at least the paralysis, of the civil government and authority. I explained that the United States court had jurisdiction in Chicago and was entitled to protection; that in the same building was located the sub-treasury, with over twenty millions of government money which belonged to the people of the United States; that Chicago was a great distributing centre for the Northwest, and through its postoffice department was moving the mails of the people of the country, containing the most important and valuable documents and communications, which could not be disturbed without direct violation of the laws of Congress.

Troops were moved to Chicago and the mail routes were reopened, but for a time it seemed likely that a sympathetic strike would be called throughout the whole of Chicago. A meeting was called of some two hundred and forty members of the different organizations representing one hundred thousand men, and at this meeting the leader proclaimed the movement as being not a strike, but a rebellion:

> They did not succeed in calling out from their various occupations the men engaged in all the industries of that city, but the strikers and rioters did have the full sympathy of many of the people. A mob assembled near the slaughter-houses composed of nearly ten thousand men. It moved along the line of the Rock Island Railroad, overturning and looting cars, burning a station, and committing various acts of violence. The cry was raised "to —— with the government." They were dragging a rope and shouting the names of the prominent men they were going to hang when they reached the centre of the city, and discussing the banks and sub-treasury vaults they were going to loot when they should get to that part of the city where these moneyed institutions were located. The police stood idly by and witnessed the unlawful acts, making no effective efforts to check them, and if it had not been for the prompt movement of a body of troops to Twelfth Street, taking position across the line of march, most serious disturbances would have occurred on that day. It was learned that all of the gun stores, including the great wholesale and retail establishments of the city, had been sold out.

During the spring of 1897 the war between Turkey and Greece broke out and General Miles was ordered to Europe to observe the military operations. His opinion of the Turkish army is of some interest at the present time when the empire is again embroiled with a European power:

> The Turkish army, which we hear less about than any other, is a well-organized, disciplined army, numbering at that time seven hundred thousand effective men. It is trained to look upon the Sultan as the spiritual head of their religion on earth. This has the effect on the mind of the Turk of inspiring the belief that in serving his Sultan he is serving his God. There is certainly one advantage in their religion, in that it maintains absolute sobriety. The use of liquor is abhorrent to the Mohammedan, and results in their army being an absolutely temperate organization. The personnel of their army is made up of strong men, and their military establishment is conducted with great economy. They take pride in having maintained their position against the European governments who moved against them either jointly or separately. I had an audience with the Sultan, and was cordially received by the high officials of the Turkish army. The manner of his assuming sovereign power, the fact of his keeping his elder brother a prisoner in a palace just above Constantinople on the Bosphorus for over twenty years, had prejudiced me somewhat before meeting him. On seeing him I found a man of small stature, keen, sharp face, cold, black, cruel eyes, black hair and full beard. In conversation I found him thoroughly familiar with military affairs and deeply interested in the condition of his army. Great reverses occur in political as well as in other walks of life and it is somewhat remarkable that, after thirty years, the man then occupying such an autocratic position is now a prisoner practically in the same condition as his brother was at the time, and his brother enjoys the liberty and authority which he had been deprived of for so many years.

The author expresses some strong opinions as to the Spanish war and especially as to the destruction of the *Maine*. It would be interesting to know if he still retains his belief that the disaster to the *Maine* resulted from internal causes after the recent finding of the board of inquiry. This is what he says:

> I had a good opportunity of knowing the disposition of many of the prominent men of our country, especially President McKinley and his Cabinet, and I know that only one of the latter was in favor of war. I know that the Secretary of State, John Sherman, one of the few preëminent statesmen of our country, was decidedly opposed to it, and deemed it absolutely unnecessary; whereas, on the other hand, I heard a conversation between one member of the Cabinet and an assistant secretary, which was as follows: The assistant secretary said to the member of the Cabinet, "What are you doing toward getting up a war with Spain?" The member of the Cabinet replied, "I am practically alone in the administration, but I am doing all I can to bring it about." The assistant secretary, with great gusto, replied, "Thank God! Thank God!" Such was the sentiment of the administration and many of those who were best informed as to the condition of affairs, but the advocacy of certain of the press journals as well as the clamor of a portion of our people continued until the war frenzy predominated. The sending of the battleship *Maine* to Spanish waters was most unfortunate at that time. Her destruction in the harbor of Havana precipitated the war with Spain. I have never believed that the disaster was caused by the Spanish government nor its officials or agents. They certainly had no motive for such a crime, and every reason to avoid it. Terrible explosions have occurred since at the Naval Proving Grounds, at Indian Head, Maryland; at the Dupont Powder Works, Delaware; at the California Powder Works, and at the Mare Island Powder Arsenal, California, as well as in other places. I believe that the disaster resulted from internal rather than external causes.

A few brief extracts can give no more than an inadequate impression of a valuable book, a book that has all the merits of an autobiography with none of the demerits usually to be found in works of this kind. Its compilation is the latest and by no means the least of the services rendered by General Miles to the republic.

SERVING THE REPUBLIC. By Nelson A. Miles, Lieutenant-General, U. S. A. New York: Harper & Brothers; $2 net.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Likely Story.

Mr. De Morgan's apologetic preface shows that he takes his critics too seriously and that he should obey them is really deplorable. They tell him to write no more historical novels and he almost promises them that he will not. They blame him for the length of his stories, and so he writes a shorter one and we get less for our money. Now if Mr. De Morgan had been attentive to the rules of the game, if he had obeyed the laws laid down in some of those admirable books that tell us "how to write a novel," we should never have had "Joseph Vance," or "Alice-for-Short." We like him because he broke the rules, because he was so garrulous, so inconsequential, and so trivial. It was the duty as well as the delight of the critic to point out these faults, and he naturally forgot to say that their result was the creation of living characters with whom we were as familiar as though we had lived with them, as indeed we had, and shall continue to do so.

But in spite of Mr. De Morgan's reformation he has still given us a fine story, or rather two fine stories. For he takes us back to the Italian renaissance by means of the portrait of a beautiful woman, a portrait that seems to talk and to tell its secrets to all who look at it sympathetically. And the young woman in the portrait had a story strangely like that of the modern characters, almost as though they had been reincarnated and were playing the game over again in ways that seem commonplace because they have become part of a sordid and familiar environment. Mr. De Morgan shows all his old power to reproduce conversation with exactness, and he is just as kindly, and humorous, and sagacious as ever. But the story is too short and it seems to show a certain timorousness of possible censure that lessens its convincingness.

A LIKELY STORY. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Jennie Gerhardt.

Theodore Dreiser is said to write pessimistic novels. This means that he tells us somewhat minutely of the things that happen rather than of the things that ought to happen but that don't. There is nothing of the prophetic about Mr. Dreiser's imagination, and therefore it is not of the artistic kind, but it is always accurate and it is not his fault that the world is apt to be a little dreary to many of those who live in it.

Jennie is the daughter of a pitifully poor washerwoman. Senator Brander falls in love with her to her detriment and dies before he can marry her. Jennie has a baby, as will sometimes happen, but she retrieves herself and becomes a lady's maid. Then she is pursued by Lester Kane, whose proposals are frank and unblushing, and as her family are in dire straits she goes away to live with him in New York. To say that Jennie is mentally pure and that she is a true and a good girl will be shocking to phariseeism, but none the less true.

There is nothing to object to in the story except its lack of artistic imagination and its possible effect upon young girls who can not fully appreciate the value of the legal protection afforded by marriage. It is true that Jennie is eventually discarded, but not until she has been educated and amply provided for. And even married women are sometimes discarded. Her irregular connection with Kane, whom she loves and who loves her, has saved her from degrading penury and probably from worse, it has raised her intellectually and socially, and it has preserved her family from want. The only thing lacking is a marriage certificate from the city hall, and the new theology encourages us to hope that this will not be demanded at the gates of heaven. Otherwise Jennie is quite safe.

JENNIE GERHARDT. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Far Triumph.

The author has already shown her ability to create strong woman characters. Her men are not quite so real, but they are good enough for a background. In this case her heroine is Esther Rieloff, who is living in semi-retirement with her scholarly foster father. Here she meets Rutledge Ericson, who has been sent into the country to study. They fall in love, and as parental consent is impossible they elope. A mischance compels them to postpone the clandestine wedding for a day, and as Rutledge's mountain cabin is in perilous proximity they anticipate matters somewhat and calamity follows. There is an automobile accident while they are on their way to the clergyman next day and when Rutledge recovers consciousness he is told by the mother that Esther was killed. That he accepts that statement too readily, that he makes no inquiry and asks for no proof is a weak link in the story, and we have little sympathy for him as he goes down the hill of debauchery too fast to save himself when he discovers at last that Esther is alive and that she has been into the depths as a result of his selfishness and carelessness.

Much will be forgiven to an author who can create such a character as that of Esther, but it would he in holder relief if the plot were less complicated. Mrs. Ericson is too subhumanly wicked, and Kyle, the lawyer who befriends Esther, is a shade too good. Mrs. Dejeans's reputation will not suffer from her latest story. It is one to he read, but her next will be all the better for a greater simplicity of plot that will allow of a brighter limelight upon her heroine.

THE FAR TRIUMPH. By Elizabeth Dejeans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Following of the Star.

The author of "The Rosary" shows no diminution of the power that marked her earlier work, but her theme will not commend itself to all readers alike. An increasingly large part of the novel-reading world will find itself unable to understand the moral and mental prostration before the church and its representatives that pervades the pages of this novel.

The hero is David Rivers, a young curate who is taking temporary charge of a country parish while recovering enough health to return to his mission in Africa. Among the parishioners is Diana, an enormously wealthy young woman whose disinclination to marry is tempered by the fact that she will lose her fortune unless she does marry. A husband being thus essential, who more suitable than the emaciated young clergyman who has not body enough decently to cover his soul and who presently will be swallowed up in the wilds of Africa? So Diana proposes to David, and the terms of her proposal are frankly commercial. She herself will retain her fortune, while the mission in Africa will be furnished with everything that it needs. And David consents.

The arrangement is not a pretty one. Nor is it palliated by the somewhat sickly piety and scripture searching that are supposed to justify it. It can not be justified, even though a curate be a party to it. David and Diana, married and parted the same day, fall in love with each other, and we foresee at once that the beloved mission will presently be left to take care of itself and that there will be a happy reunion in England. The story is told with undeniable charm and strength, but it is marred by exaggerated eurate worship and by morbid efforts at spiritual self-justification. David and Diana marry for money, and for nothing else. A few random texts selected hy a process of divination neither change that fact nor justify it. When David returns to his wife he does so because he is very much in love with her and this is quite reason enough. No further explanatory texts are needed. And yet the story is delightfully told. Florence L. Barclay could not tell a story in any other way.

THE FOLLOWING OF THE STAR. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; $1.35.

Mr. Cawein's Poems.

This volume is made up of selections from poems already published, and it certainly deserves a place on the poets' shelf and one within easy reach of the armehair. Mr. Cawein seems to find his inspiration mainly from the nature that it pleases us to eall inanimate. Certainly it is not inanimate to him, and he has the poet's supreme gift that enables him to see the phases of consciousness in nature, and their identity with the finer and larger consciousness of man. Of this we find an illustration upon every page. Here is one snatched at random from "A Voice in the Wind":

> 'Tis the spirit of autumn, no man sees,
> The mother of Death and of Mysteries,
> Who cries on the wind all night to these,
> "O my children, come home!"
> The spirit of Autumn, pierced with pain,
> Calling her children home again,
> Death and Dreams, through ruin and rain,—
> "O my children come home, come home!
> O my children, come home!"

Not all of Mr. Cawein's poems are of this interpretative or clairaudient kind. Here and there we have poems of action, such as "Lynchers" and "Ku Klux," but they are just as alive with imagination as the others. The volume is enriched by a foreword by William Dean Howells.

POEMS. By Madison Cawein. New York: The Macmillan Company; $1.35 net.

Robert E. Lee.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page explains that his biography of General Lee has grown somewhat away from the original plan since first he drew his mental specifications. He had intended an enlarged edition of the little volume published three years ago under the title of "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner," but the material that came to his hand proved so attractive that the present large biography was the result. The story of Lee's battles is an old one, and we may doubt if the strictly military details are capable of much more elaboration. But these details have usually been set forth hy soldiers whose technical knowledge has sometimes been greater than their literary skill. There is still plenty of room for a story by a civilian for civilians, and it may be said, moreover, that no story is so old that is can not be decorated by Mr. Page.

But perhaps the chief interest of the volume is its tribute to Lee as a man. The tribute is to be found on every page, not in the form of conventional eulogy, but as a radiation from the facts. Equally valuable is Mr. Page's consideration of the attitude of the Confederate government toward its greatest soldier. Lee was "under the direction of the president," and the direction was actual and harassing. Every military move must be submitted for the approval of Richmond and often for the criticism of civilians whose opinions upon matters of vital military policy were final. The supremacy of one man is essential in matters of war, and supremacy was never allowed to Lee, who felt himself to be at variance with his superiors not only in military matters, but in the ideals for which the war was waged.

To summarize the seven hundred pages of so delightful a biography would be both difficult and undesirable. The soldier, the civilian, and the statesman will be alike charmed with the lucidity of the narrative and the just appreciation of men and events. All this is indeed assured by the name upon the title page.

ROBERT E. LEE. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.50 net.

Famous Privateersman.

Mr. Charles H. L. Johnston has forsaken the land for the sea. Instead of telling us of cavalry leaders, Indians, and scouts, he fills a large volume with stories of the ocean, and of the privateersmen, treasure-seekers, and pirates who sailed thereon, and he seems to be just as enthusiastic about them as he ever was about his land heroes. Here we have Drake, Raleigh, England, Jones, and a dozen more, some of them respectable, some of them rather the reverse but all of them brave, and this is all that we ask of a sailor. The Recording Angel himself has a special standard by which to measure seamen, and it would jil become us mortals to he too particular.

Mr. Johnston knows how to tell this sort of story. He measures his heroes by their deeds, and it is their deeds that he gives us, or at least some of the best, or worst, of them. All his stories are worth reading. They are crisp, nervy, and alive, and the many illustrations are excellent.

FAMOUS PRIVATEERSMEN AND ADVENTURERS OF THE SEA. By Charles H. L. Johnston. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; $1.50.

The Blue Bird.

The publishers are to be congratulated upon this exquisite edition of Maeterlinck's fairy play, a play that is alike a delight to the child and an education to the philosopher. This particular edition has some advantages not enjoyed by its predecessors in that it embodies the changes and additions made by the author for the Paris production of the play. The translation is hy Alexander Teixeria de Mattos, the text is large, and the paper of unusual quality. But the chief attraction of the edition is the twenty-five illustrations in color by F. Cayley Rohinson. Such illustrations are often conventional and evidently by artists ill equipped temperamentally for their special work. But if Maeterlinck himself could have illustrated his own play he would probably have conceived just such designs as these. Nothing better in the way of illustrating has been done for a long time.

THE BLUE BIRD. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; $4.50 net.

At the Age of Eve.

This is the story of one of those trivial, pert, useless sort of girls so much beloved by the modern story-teller, who regards them as "types" of present-day life. This particular example rejects the love of an honest man because she bas fallen in love at first sight with an ambitious young politician who has a face of the Greek god variety. When she discovers that he is a selfish and domineering bully she reverts to the real man and that is all there is "to it."

AT THE AGE OF EVE. By Kate Trimble Sharber. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $1.25 net.

Brieter Reviews.

The American Book Company has published Alternate Book Two in the "Eleanor Smith Music Course," for use in connection with schools where sight-reading is desired. The songs are graded. Price, 30 cents.

Duffield & Co. have published a second series of "Grimm's Animal Stories," printed in large type and with full-page colored illustrations such as children like. The translation is by Lucy Crane and the pictures by John Rae.

In "The Jinx," by Allen Sangree (G. W. Dillingham Company; $1.25 net), we have a collection of good baseball stories, the best of them being the one that gives the volume its title. But the frontispiece is a disfigurement.

Under the title of "Bashful Ballads" Harper & Brothers have published a volume of humorous verse by Burgess Johnson, whose work is too well known to need commendation. The volume is cleverly illustrated and the price is $1 net.

The Macmillan Company has published a very satisfactory edition of the "Ingoldsby Legends," a collection of "mirth and marvels" not so well known in America as it should be. The colored illustrations by H. G. Theaker are an attractive feature of a fine book. The price is $2 net.

The What Shall I Be? series (A. C. McClurg & Co.) now contains a volume on "The Sailor," by Tudor Jenks, and with illustrations by George Alfred Williams. These are useful books and should be in the hands of every boy in search of a career.

A thoroughly good aviation story for boys is "The Airship Boys' Ocean Flyer," by H. L. Sayler (Reilly & Britton Company; $1). The author knows his subject, and moreover he writes without condescension, a frequent failing in books for young people.

Lassoing mountain lions may be classed among the strenuous amusements of the day. Zane Grey in "The Young Lionhunter" (Harper & Brothers; $1.25) tells us all about it, as well as of other kinds of hunting in the grand cañon country. A good book for boys this.

"An Open Letter to Society," by Convict 1776 (Fleming H. Revell Company; 75 cents net), is a general review of the penitentiary system from the point of view of the prisoner. It is written without bitterness or self-pity and it is fortified and guaranteed by an introduction by Maud Ballington Booth.

Those who want to know just what literature is available for children should consult "One Thousand Books for Children," compiled by Penrhyn W. Coussens and just published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Each entry consists of the title of the book, name of the author, a short synopsis of the contents, and the age of the children for whom it is intended.

Henry Holt & Co. have published a volume of one-act plays hy George Middleton, whose ability as a playwright needs no exposition. There are six of these plays, portraying American types of today, and although serious in tone they are practical for amateurs and especially available for club discussion and reading. The volume appears under the title of "Emhers," and the price is $1.35 net.

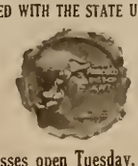
The Tudor Shakespeare now in course of issue by the Macmillan Company has been enlarged by the addition of "The First Part of Henry the Sixth," edited by Louise Pound, Ph. D., and "The First Part of Henry the Fourth," edited by Frank Wadleigh Chandler, Ph. D. (35 cents net each). The fine workmanship and the convenient pocket form of this edition should make it a favorite.

"Myths and Legends of Alaska," by Katharine B. Judson (A. C. McClurg & Co.; $1.50), is a valuable contribution to folklore and to our general knowledge of the far north. The text is supplemented with a number of fine photographs as well as sketches furnished by the United States Bureau of Ethnology. Miss Judson has an attractive style, and those in search of new fairy stories will find them here.

Margaret E. Sangster's poetical work has won a deservedly high place for a certain homely sincerity and simplicity of theme too often lacking in more pretentious compositions. Mrs. Sangster's friends are legion and they will welcome "A Little Book of Homespun Verse" that has just been issued by the Sturgis & Walton Company ($1 net). Mrs. Sangster well deserves the popularity that is hers.

Every boy whose tastes are not confined to the comic supplement will rejoice in "Harold, First of the Vikings," by Captain Charles Young (Thomas Y. Crowell Company; $1.50 net). The story is historically accurate in its main features and it is told with energy and enthusiasm. The sixteen full-page illustrations are fine examples of Gertrude Hammond's best work. It would be well for the coming generation if there were more such books as this and a greater disposition to read them.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Fighting Race.

"The Fighting Race," by Joseph I. C. Clarke, contains a number of poems already well known and not likely soon to be forgotten. The most familiar among them is, perhaps, the poem from which the volume takes its name, but others are no less worthy of popularity and remembrance:

THE FIGHTING RACE.

"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back,
And Kelly drooped his head,
While Shea—they call him Scholar Jack—
Went down the list of the dead.
Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
The crews of the gig and yawl,
The bearded man and the lad in his teens,
Carpenters, coal passers—all.
Then, knocking the ashes from out his pipe,
Said Burke in an offhand way:
"We're all in that dead man's list, by Cripe!
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the *Maine*, and I'm sorry for Spain,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble," said Burke.
"Wherever fighting's the game,
Or a spice of danger in grown man's work,"
Said Kelly, "you'll find my name."
"And do we fall short," said Burke, getting mad,
"When it's touch and go for life?"
Said Shea, "It's thirty-odd years, bedad,
Since I charged to drum and fife
Up Marye's Heights, and my old canteen
Stopped a rebel ball on its way.
There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green—
Kelly and Burke and Shea—
And the dead didn't brag." "Well, here's to the flag!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place,"
Said Burke, "that we'd die by right,
In the cradle of our soldier race,
After one good stand-up fight.
My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill,
And fighting was not his trade;
But his rusty pike's in the cabin still,
With Hessian blood on the blade."
"Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikes were great
When the word was 'clear the way!'
We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,
Said, "We were at Ramillies.
We left our bones at Fontenoy
And up in the Pyrenees.
Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain,
Cremona, Lille, and Ghent,
We're all over Austria, France, and Spain,
Wherever they pitched a tent.
We've died for England from Waterloo
To Egypt and Dargai;
And still there's enough for a corps or a crew,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here is to good honest fighting blood!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh, the fighting races don't die out,
If they seldom die in bed,
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,"
Said Burke: then Kelly said:
"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,
The angel with the sword,
And the battle-dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one big horde,
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
Will stretch three deep that day,
From Jehoshaphat to the Golden Gates—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

THE CHALICE OF TEARS.

"O wizard, const tell if my lover is true,
For he is away, away?"
"This chalice, maid, hold where the light streams through;
If ever it glows with a blood-red hue,
His love's as the winds that stray;
But if it still shows thro' the changing years
The crystalline depths of its gathered tears,
His love, then, abides alway."

"His love, then, abideth! Rejoice my soul!"
"Nay, maiden, thyself must see.
The chalice for me brings not joy or dole;
His heart must be dead as a burned out coal
Who sees all the things to be.
The warmth of thy touch, as thou breath'st his name,
Alone can bring flashing the red-blood flame,
If gone is his love for thee.

"A chalice of tears by the love-lorn shed—
Nay take it my lady fair—
Hot tears that were rained for the newly dead,
Slow drops that were drained when the heart was bled,
The last before dry despair,
All mingled with spells 'neath the starless skies"—
"O wizard, I would not believe mine eyes
If the blood-red gleams were there!"

GLAD BE OUR GOODBY.

When I am gone, and swift the train has curved
Behind the bend,
It may be that my light goodby has served
To mark the end:
For Death has posts along the way: they rise
In stony white,
And signal unto unexpectant eyes,
Eternal night.
Sweet, seek not further of this mystery:
What will be, will.
My own true lover, and my heart-queen be—
My sweetheart still.
For there is naught in any world that counts
For gain or loss.
Save as it counts for love, for love that mounts
O'er pain and cross,
And martyr-lives or hero dreams are spent
In vain,
Save as they plead for love and love's content,
Or love's sweet pain.
And come I never or come I soon,
My sweet,
Send your love after me by night and noon,
My love to meet.
And if the realm of darkness be perchance
Their meeting place,
Two stars as one they'll light the black expanse,
And love's path trace
Unto the Paradise of spirits clad
In endless bliss.
So glad be our goodby, and sweet and glad
Our parting kiss.

THE JOYANCE OF SPRING.

So mating songbirds wing
Among the apple blooms,
What cares the light-heart Spring
For Winter griefs and glooms?
The clouds may float and darken,
The rain may glance and fall,
The gales may sweep—but hearken!
Her joy outruns them all.

She dances o'er the blades
Of tender, dewy grass;
She romps adown the glades;
She shimmers in the pass.
She's mist-veiled on the mountains;
She's green-robed in the vales;
She's naked by the fountains;
She's rain-clad in the gales.

Steal down the orchard aisles,
When morn's yet faint with gold,
If you would win her smiles
And all her charms behold.
In dew-bespangled tissue,
And borne on laughing airs,
She'll come, mayhap, and kiss you—
As Love comes—unawares.

The volume is published by the American News Company, New York.

Commission Government.

That the commission form of municipal government has been in operation for only ten years and that it has already been adopted by over one hundred and fifty American cities is a phenomenon of some magnitude, although the shortness of the experimental period prevents anything like a conclusive judgment. The past decade has been notable for a certain recklessness of experimentation, while there is a natural tendency to keep the disadvantages in the background and to display the successes. There can be no reform of municipal government without a preceding reform of the citizen, and an improved mechanism must therefore always take a subsidiary position.

But whatever facts are available at this early stage have been set forth fully and impartially in this useful volume by Dr. Ernest S. Bradford. If be bimself is an enthusiast he preserves his critical and judicial faculties unimpaired. His equipment comes from study and from personal investigation and he gives us his results with a certain hopefulness that a way has been found to challenge the monopoly in city government bitherto enjoyed by bad citizensbip to the exclusion of the good.

It is hardly necessary to remind any one that the commission form of government was invented by Galveston. After the disaster of 1900 it was found advisable as an emergency measure to place the city under the control of five men, each being individually responsible for a department of the city government. The plan worked well; it was continued; and now it bas been widely imitated elsewhere. It seems to have been generally, hut not universally, successful. The novelty of the plan has had tbe effect of drawing good citizens to the polls and perhaps a certain credit bas been given to the new machinery as such that should rigbtly be given to the good citizens. We may justifiably believe that nothing more than the votes of tbe good citizens are needed anywhere and under almost any form of government. All municipal misgovernment may be epitomized as the failure of good citizens to vote, and if the commission plan bas drawn the best elements to tbe polls it deserves the credit of a bitherto unperformed achievement. But will it be ahle permanently to continue the good work and to overcome the apathy that so far bas allowed energetic vice to flourisb? We sball have to wait more than ten years for an answer, but in the meantime Dr. Bradford's book is not one to be overlooked by those who need facts.

COMMISSION GOVERNMENT IN AMERICAN CITIES. By Ernest S. Bradford, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Way with the Nerves.

Dr. Collins has written a book that will be read with avidity by those who have nerves and with a certain scornful interest by those who have none. The advice is contained in the form of letters to imaginary correspondents who complain with much wealth of detail of the ills that encompass them. Thus we have a letter from "a lady who seeks the deliverance of a sister who is jealous." She gets several pages of reply. Then there is the "nervous youth" who wants advice as to a profession, and other letters to ladies who have ennui, and who are depressed, and to young men who look upon the wine when it is red, and who have bysteria, and who are worried about tbeir souls. There are all kinds of letters to all kinds of people. Some of them need kindness and some of them need spanking, but they all get the former treatment, and very few of them get drugs. One passage in particular strikes the attention. It is addressed to some one who has committed "youthful errors"—that is to say, to the whole of humanity. The author advises his patient to read poetry and also Emerson. If he had to choose between Emerson and Emmanuel Church he would not besitate a moment. Perhaps a little Emerson taken three times a day, especially before bed, would cure most of the nervous ailments mentioned in this book. At least it could do no harm. Dr. Collins writes as though he were medically sane. His book is one to keep within reacb in case of an unforeseen *descensus averni*.

THE WAY WITH THE NERVES. By Joseph Collins, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Poems by Professor Van Dyke.

A volume of 460 pages of by no means large type marks a poetic industry remarkable enougb in a day when we tolerate poetry, but neither invite nor welcome it. Not that all tbese poems are new. They are described as being "now first collected and revised with many hitberto unpublisbed," and there is nc reason wby tbe author should hesitate thus to perpetuate a poetic labor that is so consonant with the mood of the day. Probably the majority of American poetry readers prefer the work of Professor Van Dyke to that of any other poet, and wbile a popular majority is hardly a test of poetic excellence, at the same time it bestows a laurel that is well worth the having. Professor Van Dyke is always understandable. He never makes a demand upon mental effort and he always has sometbing to say that is gentle and sympathetic and that persuades us that we, too, have had similar tboughts.

THE POEMS OF HENRY VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2 net.

The Mahatma and the Hare.

Mr. Rider Haggard is hardly to be congratulated upon his title, but the story itself is worthy of its author. It is a plea against the cruelties of sport, and the speaker is a hare who recounts the borrors of the chase to his friend, the Mahatma. The world must indeed be a hell for the animal wbom it pleases men to hunt, and Mr. Haggard can use the appropriate language to explain just wbat kind of a hell it is. Any one who can read this story and continue to chase hares must be of the morally pachydermatous order.

THE MAHATMA AND THE HARE. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; $1 net.

New Books Received.

THE GIRL THAT GOES WRONG. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; $1.25 net.

Side lights on the white slave traffic.

THE WAY WITH THE NERVES. By Joseph Collins, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A review of typical nervous diseases in the form of letters from patient to physician.

ENGLISH FOR NEW AMERICANS. By W. Stanwood Field and Mary E. Coveney. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.

Easy lessons in the English language.

THE WAY OF PEACE. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.; 50 cents net.

A series of talks with men and women.

THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES. By Ernest Thompson Seton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $2.50 net.

A canoe journey of 2000 miles in search of the caribou; being the account of a voyage to the region north of Aylmer Lake.

THE INTERNATIONAL CRITICAL COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS. Edited by Rev. Charles Augustus Briggs, D. D., Rev. Samuel Rolles Driver, D. D., Rev. Alfred Plummer, M. A., D. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $3 net.

A critical and exegetical commentary on Micah, Zephaniah, Nahum, Habakuk, Obadiah, and Joel.

THE COMMON PEOPLE OF ANCIENT ROME. By Frank Frost Abbott. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.50.

Studies of Roman life and literature.

HENRIK IBSEN. Collected works. Vol. XII. Translated by A. G. Chater. With introduction by William Archer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; $1.25 net.

Complete in thirteen volumes, entirely revised and edited by William Archer.

Perhaps the most curious newspaper printed in the world has begun a semi-annual publication in Paris. It is called the *Mendicants' Journal*, and is, presumably, intended for restricted circulation among the beggar class. The government, however, may take steps to suppress it. The newspaper offers to supply lists of centres where begging may be pursued most profitably, with names of person who may be approached. Particular facilities for obtaining costumes suitable for cold-weather beggary are binted at. Also a beggar well recommended may obtain at the bureau of information of the paper a list of important weddings, baptisms, burials, and givers of social functions, together with servants who may be "worked." Dates on which royal or other official visitors are expected in Paris will also be supplied in advance on payment of a fee, this to be graduated according to the standing of the beggar in bis trade and the position he must consent to occupy, as well as the importance of the coming guest.

Regulating the Passenger

The city of Liverpool, England, is a grand old town, bolding a prominent position among the busy marts of the world. Its name is always associated with salt, but it is unique in anotber sense, in that it is reported to be the straphangers' paradise. Consular reports are to the effect tbat an almost entire absence of overcrowding of street-cars exists there, even in the busy opening and closing business bours of the day.

At first glance it would seem that Liverpool had solved the problem of tbe rush hour and given her people a perfect street-car service. Such, however, is not the case, and traffic conditions in Liverpool are not reported better than in Boston or San Francisco. Certainly the average American would find cause for complaint in Liverpool and return home with greater faith in American institutions which would, at least, allow him to get into any car he pleases, instead of compelling him to wait until one carrying the regulation number of passengers came along. The average European workingman or business man does not object to waiting for the next car. But tbe American? He will often take the crowded car ahead in preference to the empty following.

Our people simply must get there—wherever "there" is—and they must bave tbe first car that comes along. Now suppose the European system were tried out here—especially during some afternoon as the shops were closing. A full-fledged riot would be precipitated on the spot. In Liverpool there are signs on each car, stating just how many passengers it can accommodate, and after tbis number has clambered aboard no more are allowed to enter. Americans claim it as their privilege to pack a car to the roof when in a hurry or during the rush hours. They would not be likely to agree to the regulating which the Liverpool people take as a matter of course.

No city has yet solved the problem of street-car crowding during the rush hours of the day, and comparative tables disclose the fact that San Francisco stands well to the front among cities which are making every effort to handle the situation at present and prepare for the future. Boston, with all its age, culture, and endeavors, has not been able to find a solution of the question. Quoting the Boston *Traveler*:

"In spite of trailers and every other provision for handling rush traffic, it is still true that in most foreign cities people are delayed during the heaviest hours of the day by the rules that prevent overcrowding the cars. No city bas really solved the problem of giving everybody a seat without making anybody wait, and it is doubtful if it ever will be solved. As the American will not wait, some proportion of him must apparently continue to hang to a strap.

"Boston is today unfortunate in the fact that its street railway lines can not carry enough cars to move the people without discomfort during rush hours."

What Boston can not accomplished, San Francisco has not heen able to perfect, despite the addition of many new cars during the year. Furthermore, if anything like the Liverpool laws were in operation here, it would be impossible to give every passenger a seat during the rush bours even if a solid train of cars was lined up on both tracks from the Ferry to Valencia Street.

Locally the street-car situation has heen improved most extensively during the year now ending, resulting in better service than San Francisco ever had before. Eigbty latest-style pay-as-you-enter cars were added, and everywhere tracks were improved and large extension work carried out at heavy cost. The coming year will see other improvements added.

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"THE FOURTH ESTATE."

The removal of the Alcazar Theatre to the Great White Way—as we are now beginning imitatively to put it—makes the third downtown reopening of favorite ante-earthquake theatres and also the establishment downtown of the fourth important playhouse.

On three of these occasions there was a feast of entertainment behind the curtain, and a flow of soul in front. For it is very evident that beside its chance patrons, and the ebb and flow of occasional ones, each theatre has its "steadies," who turn out enthusiastically to cheer, send flowers, call for speeches, and show in every way that sentiment is mingled with their frequent investments in an evening's pleasure.

The Alcazar patrons find that the new theatre is so cozy and, as with the Columbia, its auditorium is so shallow, that downstairs at least no one can have a poor seat. The mural scheme of decoration consists of groves of our California redwoods thrown in relief against a cheerful background of the golden sunshine of the golden west. A representation of a redwood grove on the drop curtain, and a lavish use of gilding on cornices and moldings, carries out the color scheme.

The only defects apparent on a first visit seem to be the small size of the proscenium boxes, and an uncomfortable, grip-productive over-heating of the theatre during the entr'actes.

The management has had the excellent common sense to celebrate such a notable occasion with a splendid play, and a fine production. "The Fourth Estate" has derived its very apt title from Carlyle's saying, "Burke said there were Three Estates in Parliament, but in the reporter's gallery yonder, there sat a fourth estate more important far than they all."

The author in chief of "The Fourth Estate," Joseph Medill Patterson, as the son of Medill Patterson, the well-known founder of the Chicago *Tribune*, had an opportunity to learn the newspaper business, root and branch. Harriet Ford collaborated with him, and the result, except for a lamentably inartistic alteration of an originally tragic ending to please the facile sentimentality of the average theatre-goer, is an unusually good play; well constructed, the dialogue terse, pithy, and concise, the story absorbing, and the theme behind it worthy of the attention of people of brains, as well as of the mere seeker of entertainment.

Evelyn Vaughan and Bertram Lytell, who hold a firm place as favorites of the Alcazar patrons, were engaged to lend prestige to the inauguration of the downtown season, and the presence in the company of a couple of new players, both of them evidencing ability and poise in their stage work, lends an addition element of interest to the performance.

The play is sure to have a run of a week or so over the original seven days devoted to each change of bill, and, on account of the excellence not only of the play, but of the performance, there will no doubt be a revival in the future.

But one can scarcely look for a more suitable exponent of the journalist obsessed by an austerely high ideal, than was Bertram Lytell in the rôle of Wheeler Brand. The young actor is partly indebted to his good looks for his ascendancy over feminine imaginations, but his great charm is the sincerity with which he expresses the sufferings and sentiments of the character with which he so earnestly seeks to identify himself. When Judith Bartelmy, in the person of Evelyn Vaughan, remarks to Wheeler Brand with sad playfulness that she has fallen in love with a rather gloomy young man, we feel that the term almost describes him, but not quite.

Wheeler Brand is a man with an obsession; or so it must seem to the ordinary business man who passes his life in making compromises. He belongs to the ranks of the few who serve to keep our faith in human nature alive; for he believes in placing right above expediency. To him the idea is everything, and before its magnitude, and to its absorbing claims the individual must bend th[illegible]ead, therefore, of [illegible]s, and devouring [illegible] of humor, but of [illegible]l, as evidenced by [illegible], the old dereliction [illegible] heart. But the last [illegible]xtend kindness is h[illegible]

Th[illegible]ich martyrs are made. His portrait is consistently that of one who does not flinch in the appointed path in which he has set his feet, no matter how the stones may cut and bruise them. The end was—not is—fitting.

For such a man there could be no compliant bride, turning her back on her own people, on social state, on luxury, and following him in his grimly appointed way. Not, at least, of the stuff of which Judith Bartelmy was made. Judith belonged to the social world, and Brand was born for battle, and the death of a captain leading a forlorn hope.

To this character Bertram Lytell brought almost his best. His young face was white, and set, and unsmiling; even while softened by the love with which Judith inspired him the journalist had the fixed gravity of one who must renounce all the foolish, idle, pleasant things of life.

The play with its original ending was splendidly consistent; the youth of high aim, unable to reconcile the purposes of his life with non-fulfillment and failure, kills himself, and, in the judgment of the unworthy, the power of yesterday becomes self immolating fanaticism today, and the subject of a newspaper item. So might the life of this stern, devoted, self-sacrificing young bannerbearer have gone out, if the expediency he scorned had not prevailed with his creators. And I can imagine how they suffered over the change. Yet do not make the mistake of thinking that Wheeler Brand is a piece of turgid impossibility on stilts.

On the contrary, he is pictured as all business; the fruit of up-to-date journalism. As the managing editor he is a man of few words, and those very much to the point. Curt and concise, he brushes aside the boyish frothings of young Nolan, until he foresees a possible item. Then out comes his pencil. Upon discovering that the fact offered is "dead stuff" the pencil is promptly and decisively replaced. Yes, there was quite enough occasion to smile, while we saw Brand in the strenuous business of editing, and putting aside people with axes to grind.

Evelyn Vaughan, during the run of "The Fourth Estate," plays second fiddle, but she does it so gracefully that we find ourselves admiring her almost as much as if she had greater opportunities. It is principally as an imperious young society queen, incredulous of an ill-mannered Providence taking away from her the thing she wants most, that we see her. Miss Vaughan dresses prettily, and carries with grace the clinging skirts and monster drooping hats of the present mode. She has an emotional scene in the fourth act, but, well though she carries it, it is like a dash of improbability in the midst of realism. Hence we do not see her in that at her best. In the other scenes, she made a good complement to Bertram Lytell and was attractively womanly enough to heighten the idea of romanticism in the attachment of the young journalist to the daughter of the man he unrelentingly pursued.

Adele Belgarde, after long and frequent experience, is now quite at home in the rôle of a dressy, shallow home woman, whose foolishness is condoned by family affection. But the majority of the rôles are masculine, and it is newspaperdom that we find primarily interesting.

All the brief conversations in the newspaper office would seem to indicate a habitual gravity, almost sadness, among those knights of the pen, who are so thoroughly aware of the ups and downs in the life of a journalist. Those men who are drawing into their nets all the sad and glad and evil news that make up the happenings in a great city do not show elation unless they get some tragic information the publishing of which will make the morbid crowd buy. "Good! That's a dandy story!" is the comment of the managing editor when he is told the piteous details of the drowning of a group of Italian youngsters, and he adds dryly: "Only time the kids ever saw water." This is a man of heart, too, but the authors are giving us a sketch of life, routine life as it is lived.

Burt Wesner fills the managing editor's chair in the first act and does it with such dry fidelity to life that, in spite of the clever and bright finale, which sees Brand, just disgraced and dismissed, suddenly high in favor with the new proprietor, and forcibly placed in the managing editor's chair, we look with some ruefulness at the deposed functionary. He seems too good to lose, and it is some satisfaction afterwards to see him in Act IV as the night editor.

Act IV is the offending act; the one in which an artistically consistent ending is forcibly wrenched around and distorted into an inconsistent and unconvincing close, in order to placate the unthinking majority. But, before a realistic and absorbing play is suddenly turned into five minutes of melodrama, we are treated to a midnight scene in the composing-room of the *Advance* which for realistic detail could scarcely be beaten. The scenic artist of the Alcazar, it seems, had taken in all the newspaper offices in San Francisco, in order to get a truthful representation and the result has that lifelikeness about it which makes us feel that we are seeing the real thing. I wondered if in the midst of the clatter of the machines, and the hurry and rush of the final moments before sending the paper to press, the men preserve their tranquillity in real life as well as they did in the dramatic presentation of it. Probably they do, for routine is routine, whether exciting or otherwise, and the only way men can preserve their sanity when the big issues of life press on them daily is, doubtless, to keep cool in the midst of apparent confusion.

Some lighter scenes in the play enabled us to see the family of Nolan, the millionaire proprietor of the *Advance*, essaying the art of social climbing; and incidentally we were made acquainted with the new juvenile, Charles Ruggles, and the new *ingénue*, Beth Taylor.

Miss Taylor had a small part, in which she looked youthfully dainty and pretty and did the little that she had to do with competence and charm; so that Alcazar patrons look forward to a longer and better acquaintance in other plays.

Charles Ruggles is a distinct acquisition. I do not know yet whether he is the juvenile or the comedian, but he has marked abilities in both lines, and is decidedly an actor of parts. His humor is innate and unforced, his acting characterized at once by spontaneity and neat technical finish.

E. L. Bennison, in a fine and plausible make-up, impersonates the unlettered proprietor of a great daily, and Will Walling is the grafting judge: a little steoreotyped in acting, but very imposing in appearance.

Charles Gunn seems to have passed on from a juvenile to a "heavy." He was quite villainous, on rather traditional lines, but his make-up made his appearance too suggestive of that of an unscrupulous heart-smasher in a French play.

The minor rôles were well and carefully done, an especially neat bit of work being that of Roy Clements, who, as a poet on a daily, makes crushing acquaintance with the sad realities in the lot of a cub reporter learning to condense.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

"When I went on the stage in 1863," said William H. Crane, "the theatres were lighted with gas and the best seats were 50 cents. Nightly receipts of $400 were unusual, and there were no traveling companies playing one-night or week stands. Every city had its own stock company; there were no stars at the head of their own companies. One hundred dollars a week was the highest salary paid leading men and women; $30 was a good salary, and even competent actors worked merely for their board. Salaries were not paid regularly. Actors were engaged for a 'line of parts.' There was no attempt to 'fill the eye.' The stage was equipped only with 'hacks and slides.' That is, with back doors and wings. There were no ceilings in interior scenes, for instance. There was no attempt at realism. Productions rarely cost more than a few hundred dollars, and actors had to sing and dance as well as act. Stock companies played farce one night, Shakespeare the next night, and opera the following evening. Frequently all of these were given in one evening. Plays were never rehearsed more than a week. There was no grease paint. Actors had only white chalk, vermilion, and India ink to aid in making up. False whiskers were stuck on with powdered gum arabic. Musical comedies were unknown. The musical plays that were presented had no plots and were made up of interpolated songs. There were no show girls, and chorus girls had to sing. An orchestra of six or seven was considered satisfactory for a musical play. The comedian who wore the largest checks in his trousers was considered the funniest. Every actor 'gagged'—interpolated anything he saw fit. Plays were crudely constructed. Their characters were not real. The stage interested only a small portion of the population."

Sara Allgood, a versatile member of the Irish Players, has always dreamed of being a singer, and may go into musical comedy. Speaking of the Players, in New York, she said: "The enthusiasm of us all when this company was first organized was really wonderful. It wasn't for money we worked then, I can tell you. It was not, indeed. Because we got between five and fifteen shillings a week, and that only if we were lucky. Often we would get nothing at all. When I was raised to fifteen shillings a week I thought I owned the world. At night after the play we'd all chip in for a little feast, and the boys would run out to get it—one for tea, another for sugar, another for bread, and so on. Many's the time I've dressed myself for my parts in clothes I made from my mother's old dresses. And Kerrigan used to borrow things from his house to use as stage properties, once a poker, another time a blanket. We had nothing of our own and no money to get anything with. Why, even yet I wear the old cape in 'Hyacinth Valley' that I stole from my aunt in those days. I've never paid her for it, but I've promised to give her five shillings when I go back to Ireland now."

Few American films are popular at the moving picture shows in Nuremberg and adjoining German cities. Consul George N. Ifft states that the only ones of interest are those depicting cowboy and Indian life.

The Beel Quartet Concerts.

The first of the series of six chamber music concerts by the Sigmund Beel Quartet will be given Sunday afternoon, January 7, at the St. Francis Hotel, in the Colonial ballroom, a place most admirably adapted for such events. The programme will consist of "Quartet," C major, Mozart; "Andante Cantabile," Tschaikowsky; "Scherzo," Cæsar Franck, and "Quartet," A major, Schumann. Season tickets as well as single tickets may be secured at both Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's. Mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenhaum. The establishment of a permanent string quartet that will take an active part in our musical life is almost of equal importance as the founding of our new symphony orchestra, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Beel and his associates will meet with the encouragement they so well deserve. The Beel Quartet is composed as follows: Sigmund Beel and Emilio Meriz, violinists; Nathan Firestone, viola, and W. Villalpando, violoncello.

No American playwright, it is said, has written successful plays so early in life as has Edward Sheldon, author of "The Princess Zim-Zim."

All cafés and restaurants serve Italian-Swiss Colony wines. Call for them if you are downtown New Year's Eve.



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The Beel Quartet
1st Concert
St. Francis Hotel Ballroom
Sunday aft, Jan. 7, at 2:30
Tickets $1.00, at usual box-offices as above.
Coming—DE PACHMANN

VANITY FAIR.

A French law court is supposed to be always susceptible to feminine charms, but La Belle Otero has discovered that there are exceptions to that rule. Of course her opponent may have been equally beautiful, and when a judge is confronted with two angry ladies his only possible course is to give his award in favor of the fairest.

The trouble came about in this way: Mme. Otero sent some valuable lace to a modiste and then called in person to explain her wishes. The lace was discussed from all points of the compass and was then laid on the mantelpiece. It disappeared and was never seen again. Mme. Otero charged the loss to the modiste, who responded with a declaration that the lady had taken the lace away with her. She saw her do it. There could be no question about it. Her memory was absolutely clear on the point. Ladies' memories are always clear when their interests are at stake. No woman ever yet lost an advantage through a lapse of memory.

But La Belle Otero had a crushing reply and we can imagine the fine toss of the head with which it was delivered. Carry a parcel? Is it conceivable that she would so far forget herself as to do such a thing? The impossibility of an action so derogatory was a sufficient reply. The honorable court would doubtless laugh at such a plea. They would be aware of the canons of fashionable propriety and would know that La Belle Otero might break all the Ten Commandments, but that she would never be guilty of infringing the laws of etiquette.

But the court found against her. They unearthed a law to the effect that the evidence of a person becoming the depositary of an article must be accepted in the absence of a receipt proving the contrary, and so Mme. Otero retired thinking thoughts no mortal ever dared to think before, thoughts that defy expression, thoughts that wither and scorch.

But is there a rule of etiquette that forbids women to carry parcels? We were aware that women will spend a morning ransacking a shop and will then buy a packet of pins and order them to be sent home before two o'clock, but we had supposed that this was due to an indomitable spirit of command and not to fashion. Some other Parisian women have been interviewed on the point and they do not agree with La Belle Otero. Mme. André Mégard, the actress, says that she does not like to carry parcels, but that she would rather be loaded like a donkey than allow a single one to be carried by a man who happened to be with her. At the first blush this seems to be a commendable sentiment, indeed so commendable that we back away from it suspiciously, fearing a trap. We shall ask our wife about this in a cautious and offhand way in an effort to get at the inwards of it. Our own experience of married women is that they have no objection to allow their parcels to be carried by men who "happen to be with them." Probably Mme. Mégard was not referring to husbands or cattle of that kind.

But Mlle. Regina Badet, the dancer, takes a quite opposite view. She says she never comes home without carrying two or three parcels and that an artist who can not gracefully carry parcels must be extraordinary. Finally we have Mme. Geneviève Vix of the Opèra Comique, and she seems to be a volatile and frivolous person. She admits that she has no definite views as to parcel carrying. So much depends on the contents of the parcel. If it contains $1000 worth of lace, why surely she will carry it. Just try her. One in each hand. A sensible young woman that. If only we were in a position upon our salary to bestow a few parcels of this kind upon Mme. Geneviève Vix of the Opèra Comique what a delight it would be to see her tripping along the street with her precious burden. But, unfortunately, the coal bill is still unpaid.

A lady in Vienna has allowed it to be known through the English press that she wishes to acquire a husband. That in itself can hardly be considered as a news item, but the conditions are certainly unusual. First of all he must be a husband "only in name," but that also is commonplace. Most husbands nowadays are husbands only in name. Husbandhood may be described as an honorary distinction. But the lady is willing to pay, and herein she strikes a bold and original note. It is usually the husband who pays and who is supposed to be laid under an eternal obligation by being permitted so to do. But this lady is willing to pay $250 to the man who will marry her and bind himself to leave her then and there, never to molest her, never to ask for more money, and generally to efface himself. It seems an easy way to earn $250.

As may he supposed, there are hundreds of applications for the position of "husband in name only." The curious part of the thing is that most of the applicants are Scotchmen, and nearly all of them think it necessary to state their religious convictions. One of them explains that he wants to go to Canada and that the $250 would be useful to him. He adds, "Even if I do marry again over there she aint like to hear of it." This seems to show a moral laxity deplorable in a Scotchman. Another one tries cannily to raise the price, but will "sign anything." Still another is a Highland soldier and his time is precious. He can devote three days to the formalities, but not a moment more. Several enclose their photographs, although personal appearance would seem hardly to matter much in view of the instant and permanent separation of the high contracting parties.

Mr. Richard Barry has won his suit against the Players' Club in New York, but the case seems to involve a knotty problem that the court seems hardly to have solved. It will be remembered that Mr. Barry wrote an article that gave great offense to many of his fellow-members. Soon afterward he was solemnly expelled and he brought an action to compel his reinstatement, and it is this action that he has now won. The authorities of the club argued that if Mr. Barry had written this article before his admission his application would have been declined, and that they were justified in expelling a member who had done something after his admission that would have barred him from original membership. But the court refuses to assent to this proposition. A member may not be expelled merely because a number of his fellow-members wish that he were outside instead of inside. He must do something prejudicial to the club as a club.

The contention seems to be faulty. It is too materialistic. The Players' Club is an assembly of gentlemen who love each other dearly, who are bound together by ties of mutual toleration, and who are willing to hear each other talk and to drink each other's whisky. Now the club proper may be described as a spiritual entity made up of the aforesaid love, toleration, and willingness to imbibe liquid refreshment, and whoever, by act or thought, places himself outside of that charmed and impalpable circle ceases *ipso facto* to belong to it. He is to be considered, not as being expelled, but as having resigned. The forcible exclusion of the corporeal part of him is merely the logical result of his own act. Being no longer in spiritual communion with the other members, having withdrawn himself from the communion of saints, so to speak, it is only right and proper that the phenomenal part of him should follow suit, if we may be allowed so worldly an expression in connection with the Players' Club. That is how we should have argued the case had we been upon the bench, which we weren't. How can there be anything more prejudicial to a club as a club than the nasty spirit said to have been displayed in Mr. Barry's article? Can such things be, and brotherly love continue? And without brotherly love how can there be clubs?

Mayor Gaynor of New York seems to have had a real good time at the civic welcome extended by the city to the State Federation of Women's Clubs. He was unfeignedly glad to see them all because "we assume that your husbands know where you are, and that, strong-minded as some of you are, we have no doubt that you are here with your husband's permission, and that makes it the more easy for me to say that we welcome you here, and are glad to see you." The reports say that the applause "lacked enthusiasm." Perhaps that may be a delicate way of putting it, for New York is nothing if not delicate, but Mayor Gaynor does certainly seem to have escaped with his life. There are men who have had their hair pulled and unkind things said to them for less than that.

But Mr. Gaynor's full triumph came a moment later. He was handed a telegram, and after reading it he announced that if a Mrs. Shinler was present she was requested by her husband to go home at once. There was no movement, so we may assume that Mrs. Shinler was not present. Otherwise she would, of course, have retired at once.

Every one knows that there are lady attorneys in France, and therefore every one knew that what has now happened must happen at some time. It might be postponed, but casting our prophetic eyes into the future it was easy to foresee that one day one of these lady attorneys would have a baby at some—legally—critical time and that the wheels of justice would thereby be hampered. It was useless to contend that French women never do have babies, although the census returns seem to give that impression. There are exceptions to every rule, and the exceptions are sure to be inopportune. This particular exception was inopportune. Mme. Suzanne Grunberg had an important case to argue, and even before the case was called it was generally known that she was otherwise engaged. Her male colleagues were in a state of almost hysterical gallantry. Her opponent begged the judge to adjourn the case, and with exquisite and delicate gallantry explained that "my honorable friend is unable to appear in court owing to sickness." But the judge did better still. Who was he that he should be outdone by a mere attorney. "You mean," replied his honor, "temporarily engaged on important business of state interest." It was admirably said. It was worthy of a gentleman and a Frenchman. Doubtless his heart was thrilled with exultation that a Parisian woman had become a mother and that at last the census people would find something to enter upon their little lists. And it was a member of his own noble profession that had done this thing. An infant attorney had made its appearance into the world. *Vive la République!*

Now this may happen again. And worse. One day some judge will have a baby, and what shall we do then? Or a battle will be postponed because the commander-in-chief is "temporarily engaged on important business of state interest." We shall read that a truce has been declared, although "mother and child are doing well," or that the enemy's forces have permitted an envoy to pass through their lines with a supply of paregoric and dill water. There is simply no end to the difficulties ahead of us if nature persists in her present blind and obstinate refusal to recognize the duties devolving upon her by recent legislation.



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SEVEN LARKS
SEVEN DAYS.
EACH DAY
EACH WAY
EVERY DAY
SEVEN DAYS.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Johnny was bragging to the neighbor's boy. "I get a penny every time I take a dose of my cod liver oil." "What are you going to do with the money?" "Ma is saving it in a box, and when there's enough she's going to buy me another bottle of the oil."

In a criminal case in a Louisiana town one of the jurors held out stubbornly. The remaining eleven had quickly reached an agreement, but no argument would move the twelfth man. Finally, in disgust, when ordering dinner, the foreman said: "Order eleven dinners and a bale of hay."

A bicyclist was riding down hill when his hat blew off. A passing countryman picked it up and took it to him as he circled around, saving him the trouble of getting off. "I really must get a hat-guard to keep it on," remarked the cyclist, as he rode off witbout a word of thanks. The yokel's reply was short, but expressive. "Get a nail," he said.

Mr. MacTavish attended a christening where the hospitality of the host knew no bounds except the several capacities of the guests. In the midst of the celebration Mr. MacTavish rose up and made the rounds of the company, bidding each a profound farewell. "But, Sandy, mon," objected the host, "ye're not goin' yet with the evenin' just started?" "Nay," said the prudent MacTavish, "I'm no' goin' yet. But I'm tellin' ye good-night while I know ye."

His father came up from the old home town to visit him. During his stay he remarked, with regret, "Son, I hear you've been losing a lot of money on fast horses. "Father," the young man came back, "that just shows how news will get twisted by the time it arrives at the old town. It is true that I have risked some coin at the tracks, but it wasn't on fast horses. What lost me my money was quite the opposite, dad—quite the opposite."

A traveling man stopped to watch a small colored boy who stood on one foot, inclined his woolly head far to one side, and pounded vigorously on his skull with the palm of his right hand. "Hello, boy," grinned the drummer, whose memory was carried back to his own boyhood days by the familiar action, "what are you doing?" "Got watah in mah ear," replied the boy. "Oh, ho," laughed the drummer. "I know just how that is. Many a time I have felt just like that after being in swimming." "Swimmin', nuffin'," the boy exclaimed, "Ah been eatin' watahmilyun."

General F. D. Grant, apropos of the uselessness of arbitration as exemplified in the case of the Turko-Italian war, said the other day in New York: "It reminds me of a story. According to this story, a war was going on, and one day, the papers being full of the grim details of a bloody battle, a woman said to her husband: 'This slaughter is shocking. It's fiendish. Can nothing be done to stop it?' 'I'm afraid not,' her husband answered. 'Why don't both sides come together and arbitrate?' she cried. 'They did,' said he. 'They did,' way back in June. That's how the goldurned thing started.'"

An old negro was brought to trial in a Southern town for stealing a chicken. "Rastus," said the judge before pronouncing sentence, "I am about to give you two months in the workhouse. Have you anything to say for yourself?" "Good Gawd, boss!" exclaimed the old man. "Two months! For stealing one hen!" "Have you anything to say?" repeated the judge sternly. "All I got to say is, boss," declared the negro, "'tain' no use to sen' me to no jail for two months for stealin' one chicken, 'case ef I spent two months in jail for ev'y chicken I done stole, I mought as well done been bawn in jail."

A burglar broke into a Euclid Avenue mansion early the other morning and found himself after wandering about the place in the music-room. Hearing footsteps approaching, he took refuge behind a screen. From 8 to 9 the eldest daughter had a singing lesson. From 9 to 10 the second daughter took a piano lesson. From 10 to 11 the eldest son got his instruction on the violin. From 11 to 12 the younger boy got a lesson on the flute and piccolo. Then, at 12:15, the family got together and practiced chamber music on all their instruments. They were fixing up for a concert. At 12:45 the porch-climber staggered from behind the screen. "For heaven's sake, send for the police!" he shrieked. "Torture me no longer!" And in the evening papers there was the headline: "Nervy Children Capture Desperate Burglar."

A story is being told at the expense of an old Yorkshire farmer who was recently called upon to explain why he had failed to take out a license for a favorite fox-terrier dog. "'E's nobbut a puppy," the defendant remarked, in response to a question as to the animal's age. "Yes, yes! So you say. But how old is he?" "Oh, weel, I couldn' tell to a bit," was the reply. "I never was much good at remembering dates, but 'e's nobbut a puppy." On the other hand, it was maintained that the animal in question was a very, very old-fashioned puppy, and the magistrate inflicted the usual fine. Shortly afterward the farmer was met by a friend who wanted to know how he had fared at the police court. "Nobbut middlin'," was the reply. "Did they fine you?" "Yes," responded the victim; "an' 'ang me if I can understand it! Last year an' the year afore that I told the same tale about the same dog, an' it wor allus good enough afore! Who's been tamperin' wi' the law sin' last year?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Make an Effort.

Of course, Christmas comes in Dec.,
That fact is not hard to rem.
On the first of the year
All the bills will appear.
Try to have them all paid by Sep.
—*Puck.*

With Apologies to Mrs. E. W. W.

O, it's easy enough to look pleasant
When one hasn't a cause for regret.
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When his wife is a suffragette! —*Life.*

Views.

The farmer's views are rather grim;
They are, indeed;
The goldenrod is but to him
A pesky weed. —*Kansas City Journal.*

The auto driver's views are grim;
They are, indeed;
A victim killed is but to him
A proof of speed.
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

The politician's views are grim;
Oh, world of strife!
Most everybody seems to him
To have a knife.
—*Springfield Union.*

The merchant's views are very grim,
They are, alack!
All women live, it seems to him,
To bring things back.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

The Freshman.

Who wonders where his coin has gone,
And gets stung when the grades are drawn,
And takes gym to increase his brawn?
The Freshman.

Who is it wears the "rah-rah" clothes,
And tries to publish what he knows—
Who's not aware that the "green" still shows?
The Freshman.

Who spends his coin on the "fair co-ed"
Until he's gone 'way "in the red"
And can not pay for board or bed?
The Freshman.

Who gets so mixed up in the "frat"
That he can't tell where he is at?
Who is it that does all of that?
The Freshman.
—*The Coyote.*

Thoughts at 8 a. m.

I love to think of boyhood days when I the turkeys fed;
I used to fix their breakfast food ere yet the sky was red.
I used to dry shampoo the horse and manicure the cow;
I love to lie in bed and think I needn't do it now.

I love to think of boyhood days when I arose at four
And fetched the water from the well, a hundred pails or more.
And then I dragged the harrow out and harnessed up the plough;
I love to lie in bed and think I needn't do it now.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

In China.

Ten little Manchus going out to dine,
Cook slipped the prussic, and then there were nine;
Nine little Manchus headed for a fête,
Met a bunch of rebels, and then there were eight;
Eight little Manchus—sort of royal leaven—
Palace toppled over, and then there were seven;
Seven little Manchus, using chopsticks,
Waiter swings a hatchet, and then there were six;
Six little Manchus, glad they were alive,
One of 'em was captured, making—let's see—five;
Five little Manchus locked the cellar door,
Some one found a window, and then there were four;
Four little Manchus, each on bended knee,
One wasn't needed, and then there were three;
Three little Manchus, in an awful stew—
Boiling oil composed it—and then there were two;
Two little Manchus, both upon the run,
Couldn't reach the fortress, and then there was one;
One little Manchu, all that's left of nine—
Writing out a message, meaning "I resign."
—*Denver Republican.*

A Duluth man's wife turned complacently from the mirror, and, smoothing her new hobble skirt—a skirt of that ultra sort which must be put on with a shoe horn—she said: "I wonder if the hobble skirt will ever go out?" "Not with me," the man answered, firmly.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The engagement has been announced in New York of Miss Patricia Cosgrave and Mr. Donald Murray. Miss Cosgrave is a sister of Mr. John O'Hara Cosgrave, formerly of this city. The wedding will take place on January 4 in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey A. Marvin have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marian Marvin, and Mr. Otis Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Johnson and brother of Miss Emily Johnson. Miss Marvin is a sister of Mrs. Roy Somers.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen and Dr. George Dunbar Lyman took place Thursday evening at St. Luke's Church. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Van Sicklen of Alameda, who are spending the winter at the Fairmont Hotel. Miss Hilda Van Sicklen and Miss Lillian Van Vorst were the maids of honor, and the bridesmaids were the Misses Frances Martin, Agnes Tillmann, Anna Olney, Lurline Matson, and Marian Marvin. Mr. St. John came from the East to be Dr. Lyman's best man and the ushers were the Messrs. Melville Bowman, Roy Ryone, Orrin Wilson, George Willcutt, Herbert Schmidt, and Arthur Fennimore. Dr. Lyman and Mrs. Lyman left Monday for New York en route to England. They will spend the winter in Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker entertained a large number of young people Wednesday evening at the Fairmont Hotel. The affair was in honor of their daughter, Miss Ethel Crocker, and their son, Mr. William H. Crocker, Jr., who is here from Yale for the holidays.

Miss Marian Stone was hostess at a dinner recently at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Stone.

Mrs. George R. Shreve was hostess at a tea Tuesday at the Town and Country Club in honor of her cousin, Miss Johnston, of Utica, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis gave a dinner last week complimentary to Miss Isabelle Beaver, the débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Barron (formerly Miss Genevieve Harvey) was christened last Friday afternoon in St. Mary's Cathedral. Mrs. Charles W. Clark was the godmother and Mr. James D. Phelan the godfather of the little girl, who was named Sophia Cutler Barron, after her maternal grandmother, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey.

Miss Anna Olney gave a theatre and supper party Monday evening in honor of Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen and Dr. George Dunbar Lyman.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee of San Mateo entertained a number of friends at a dinner Friday evening at the Fairmont Hotel and with their guests attended the theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin gave a theatre and supper party last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening in honor of Miss Metha McMahon.

Miss Kate Peterson was hostess Thursday at a tea complimentary to Miss Metha McMahon and Miss Marie Louise Tyson.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis will entertain a house party this week at his country estate near Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker have issued invitations to an Oriental dance January 26 at the St. Francis Hotel.

A dance was given Friday evening at the Century Club Hall by the patronesses of the Friday Evening Club, who were the hostesses on this occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger will entertain at a New Year's dance in honor of the Misses Evelyn and Genevieve Cunningham.

Miss Ethel Crocker was the guest of honor at a dinner given Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

Mr. Raphael Weill has isued invitations to a dinner at the Bohemian Club January 6 complimentary to Miss Josephine Redding, the débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding.

Mr. Raymond Armshy gave a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame in honor of his sister, Miss Cornelia Armshy.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained the members of her family at a Christmas dinner at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. William Delaware Nielson of Philadelphia was hostess last Friday at a tea at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear of Oakland entertained the young friends of their daughter, Miss Ernestine McNear, at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark gave a dinner at their home in San Mateo in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Raoul-Duval of Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs entertained a large number of guests at a dinner they gave at their home on Broadway.

Miss Louise Kellogg was hostess at a bridge-tea at her apartment on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Esther Denny gave an informal tea last week at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Lurline Matson entertained at a dinner in honor of Miss Metha McMahon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering have issued invitations to a dinner January 10 in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Cyrus Walker have issued invitations to a dinner January 19 at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon and her daughter, Miss Scott Hendricks, were hostesses at a tea last Friday in honor of Miss Clarice Lucke, whose engagement to Mr. Bruce Fair has recently been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl entertained at a dinner Monday evening at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. A. Dalton Harrison of Oakland was host at a tea Christmas day in honor of Miss Janet Painter, Miss Pauline Painter, and Miss Frances Ramsell.

Invitations have been issued to the Cinderella ... January 12 at the Fairmont Hotel. Among ... nesses are Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. George Pinckard, Mrs. George D. Boyd, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Harry N. Stetson, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. John G. Kittle, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. William B. Bourn, Mrs. William Gwin, Mrs. John Brice, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Vicomtesse de Tristan, Miss Cora Jane Flood.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The Orpheum Road Show is scoring a big success. Every number in it makes a hit and the entire performance excites enthusiasm. Next week will positively be its last and will also conclude the engagements of the Eight Palace Girls, Simone de Beryl, "Honor Among Thieves," Mack and Orth, and Ray Samuels. The attractions of the Road Show will be enhanced by the addition of several novel, popular,, and clever acts. Gordon Eldrid and company will present the uproarious farce, "Won by a Leg." The characters pretend they are deaf and dumb and crippled, while in reality they are not. Mr. Eldrid is a talented comedian who immediately wins popularity and maintains it to the end. His support is clever. Seymour Felix and Amelia Caire, two lively youngsters who excel in mimicry, will make their first appearance here. These youthful protégés of Ad Newherger under his able tuition have developed into as entertaining and sprightly singers, dancers, and talkers as can be found. They imitate Richard Carle, Rock and Fulton, De Haven and Packer. Montgomery and Stone, Irene Franklin, and Jeff de Angelis. They call their skit "The Runaway Kids." The Esthor Trio, consisting of one woman and two men who style themselves "the wonderful up-side-down artists," will be included in the novelties. It matters not whether they are standing on their heads or their feet, they are equally efficient, accomplishing on their hands everything the average man does with his feet, and many a thing the ordinary pair of feet finds impossible. The girl is a dancer of grace and agility. A particularly interesting reel of daylight motion pictures will be the finale to the performance.

Cecelia Loftus, the world's greatest mimic, who comes direct from London to play a special tour of the Orpheum Circuit, will begin an engagement January 7.

At last San Francisco is to see "The Fortune Hunter" again, which charmed local theatre-goers last season. Cohan and Harris will send it to the Columbia Theatre for a return engagement of one week which will include the regular Saturday matinée and a special New Year's Day matinée on Monday. "The Fortune Hunter" has owed its great and lasting success to its sweetness and wholesomeness, its sentiment, its humor, and, to a great degree, to its absolute Americanism. People and story are of our own land, and as most city folk have a background of country life, they have found the little village where the play is laid within their own knowledge, and the men and women of their own acquaintance. Fred Nihlo will appear in the title rôle, supported by a perfect company, including Miss Josephine Cohan, and from present indications his business will rule through the entire engagement. As implied by the title-rôle, the plot revolves around the matrimonial campaign of a youth who would, with one stroke, gain connubial bliss and sinful wealth. Henry Kellogg, a Wall Street broker, conceives a brilliant campaign for marrying money, but ere he has time to put his plan into execution, he is promoted to a partnership in his firm and gains money without what he conceives the drawback of matrimony. Hence he passes the scheme along to his impecunious friend Nat Duncan. His instructions are brief—go into a town of about two thousand inhabitants, look well, dress well, adjure liquor and tobacco, go to church, and take your pick of the wealthy girls. "The Red Rose" follows "The Fortune Hunter" at the Columbia Theatre.

Christmas cards sent out this year by members of the English royal family were illustrated with scenes from English history. The king's greetings were accompanied by a picture by Howard Davie of Cedric the Saxon accepting the crown, an appropriate choice in this coronation year. Queen Mary's card also marks the year, for it represents the acceptance of the crown by William and Mary. The card chosen by Queen Alexandra bears a picture of a woman seated at a window with an open Bible. The Prince of Wales recalls to his young friends what happened at Crecy. His card shows the Black Prince in battle. Nor will it be forgotten that the prince's motto, "Ich Dien," and his crest were first used after that victory. A curious whim has prompted the German emperor in his choice. He has placed on his card a picture of a modern Dreadnought signaling Christmas greetings to Nelson's old flagship. The Czar also seeks a subject with an English setting. Peter the Great is depicted working as a shipwright at Deptford in 1697.

A Theatrical Mix-Up—Did "Miss Innocence" take "The Third Degree" in "The Fourth Estate"? No one knows. But she did take a box of Geo. Haas & Sons' Milk Chocolates home with her after the performance.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Girls of Spain.

You shall not dare to drink this cup.
Yet fear this other I hold up—
Sings love in Spain.

One brimming deep with woman's breath,
This other moon-lit cup is—Death:
Drink one, drink twain.

No sippers we of ladies' lips,
Toyers of amorous finger tips,
Are we in Spain.

Terrible like a bright, sweet sword,
And little tender, is the lord
Of Love in Spain.

His song a tiger-throated thing,
A crouch, a cry, a frightened string—
Death the refrain.

Scarlet and lightning are its words,
There is no room in it for birds
And flowers in Spain.

A flash, and mouth is lost on mouth,
And life on life—so, in the south,
The cup we drain.

We do not dream and hesitate
About its brim, we fear not Fate
That love in Spain.

And ah! come hear the reason why
There are no girls beneath the sky
Like those of Spain.

All other women scarcely seem
More than pale women in a dream
By ours of Spain.

Ah, who aright shall tell their praise,
Their subtle, soft, imperious ways,
Their high disdain?

Golden as bars of Spanish gold,
Hot as the sun, as the moon cold,
The girls of Spain;

Their faces as magnolias white,
Their hair the soul of summer night,
Soft as soft rain;

And swift as the bright blade that flies
Into a coward's heart, their eyes,
Then soft again.

Under their little languid feet,
That carry such a world of sweet,
My heart is lain.

Girls north and south and east and west!
But fairer far than all the rest
The girls of Spain.

—*Richard Le Gallienne, in Harper's Weekly.*

Return to Tragedies.

I close the pastoral page,
Here ends the hours of woodland idleness;
Here ends the pleasance of some happier age
Where music walked with summer as of old
And love was not denied, and that distress
Which vexes earthlier lovers slept untold.
Here ends the idyl of the earlier page,
Here ends the age of gold.

To deeper things I turn,
Unto the failure of emprise, the fate
Mortality so tardily must learn,
The fallen crown, the goal achieved too late.
The uncertain shadows wherein to and fro
There stalks a veiled ghost that will not rest.
The star-crossed passions, and the thrusts of hate.
The old immedicable human woe
Touched into peace, the pain that is not pain.
The purpose wider than the paths we pressed.
The sorrow rising out of sorrows slain—
Yea, tragedy seems best!

—*Arthur Stringer, in Everybody's Magazine.*

On Meelin Mountain.

On the slopes of Meelin Mountain 'tis as lonesome as can be;
Up among the whins and heather where our little cottage stands
And all night I hear the wailing
Of the homeless curlews sailing;
And the ever haunting rhythm of the marching fairy bands!

They are marching down from Meelin to the distant vales below,
Like an army off to battle, massed in squadron and platoon;
I can see their bright swords gleaming,
And their rustling banners streaming,
While ten thouasnd golden helmets shame the lustre of the moon!

They are passing down from Meelin to the Rath of Glen-na-shee,
Down the lonely mountain roadway by the Ridge of Moonamoe;
And their harpers all are playing,
Fairy tunes that set you swaying;
Strains that stir the soul a-thrilling with the dreams of long ago!

Who is brave enough to follow where the solemn night winds call?
Who will join them down from Meelin in the moonbeams falling white?
All his earthly woes shall leave him,
Human sorrows never grieve him,
And the fairy harps shall fill him evermore with strange delight!

They are marching down from Meelin, stepping fast before the dawn;
Fainter grows the fairy music, dying plaintive on the blast,
And I ponder by the embers
While my stricken heart remembers
All the spell of lost enchantments, all the years of youth long passed!

—*James B. Dollard, in New York Sun.*

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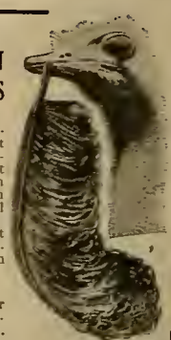
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereahouts.

Annexed will he found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereahouts of ahsent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship and their children are at present in Santa Barhara, and upon their return they will occupy the home in Burlingame of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman.

Miss Margaret Casey came out from New Ynrk to spend the hnliday vacation and joined her family at the Hotel Potter.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett of Burlingame spent several days last week in town as the guest of Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden and their daughter, Miss Margaret Belden, will return shortly from New York, where they have been spending several months.

Mr. Russell Veit arrived Saturday on the *Manchuria* from the Orient and left Monday for his home in New York.

Mrs. Drummond MacGavin has returned to her home in Los Angeles after a few days' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin at their home on California Street.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott and her niece, Miss Effie Brown, will spend the next two years traveling in Europe. During Mrs. Scott's absence her home on Pacific Avenue will be used as the headquarters of the woman's board of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hearst arrived recently from Mexico, and with their children are the guests nf Mrs. Hearst in Pleasanton.

Among the young people who have returned from Eastern schools are the Misses Arabella Schwerin and Kate Crocker, the Messrs. Horace Van Sicklen, Gordon Johnson, Dearborn Clark, Harry Crocker, and Mountford S. Wilson, Jr. The Messrs. William H. Crocker, Jr., and Genrge H. Howard, Jr., are also home from college, and will return East the second week in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Gay Lombard will leave in January for a trip to the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell have returned from Europe and will reside at the Fairmnnt Hotel until their apartment, which is being built on Sacramento and Mason Streets, is ready for occupancy.

Mrs. Tuttle and her daughter, Miss Charlotte Tuttle, have returned to their home in Colusa after having spent several days in town.

Mrs. Lane-Leonard and her little daughter returned Tuesday from Pleasanton, where they spent a week with Mrs. Hearst.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman will leave shortly for Santa Barhara, where they will remain several weeks, after which they will go East on a pleasure trip and will spend several months motoring to the principal places of interest. They have rented their home in Burlingame to Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship.

Mr. Fentriss Hill has gone East to spend a few weeks with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stephens Kierstedt have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall.

Mr. John Parrott, who returned to England to join Mrs. Parrott, was accompanied hy his niece, Miss Katherine Donohoe, who has been spending several months with relatives in the East.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and Miss Arahella Schwerin arrived last week from New York. Miss Schwerin will return to school after the holidays.

Mr. Tevis Blanding has come from his ranch in Lake County to spend a few weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding.

Mrs. George F. Ashton, the Misses Helen and Bessie Ashton, and Mr. Raymond Ashton returned Tuesday from the Presidio, Monterey, where they spent the Christmas holidays.

Dr. Ernest Dwight Chipman and Mrs. Chipman have returned from Europe, where they have heen traveling during the past six months. They are established at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Dorothy Dickens has returned from a visit in Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their sons, the Messrs. William, Jr., Gordon, and Lansing Tevis, left last Friday evening for their home in Bakersfield. They were accompanied by Mrs. Tevis's mother, Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, whn will return to town next week.

Mrs. Edwin Newhall and her daughter, Miss Frances Newhall, returned last week from the East, where Miss Newhall has been attending college.

Dr. Herbert C. Moffitt and Mrs. Moffitt have returned from a hrief visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Austin Woods have returned from the East.

Mr. Thomas J. Barbour has returned from New York, where he has been making an extended visit.

Mrs. Montague Soley-Morle of London, who is spending the winter in this city, returned Tuesday from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Havemeyer and her daughters, the Misses Vera and Ethel Havemeyer, spent the week-end in Burlingame as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew L. Stone.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edward Maud and Mrs. Maud's son, Mr. Ernest C. de la Montagne, are occupyIng the home on Clay Street of Major John A. Darling and Mrs. Darling.

Mrs. George H. Howard has returned frnm New York, where she has been visiting for the past two months.

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and her daughter, Miss Cora Smedberg, have returned from the Presidio, Monterey, where they spent Christmas with Major G. W. McIvor, U. S. A., and Mrs. McIvor.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Burns Henderson returned last Friday from a brief visit to Honolulu.

Dr. Edwin Janss and Mrs. Janss (formerly Miss Florence Cluff) came up from Los Angeles to spend the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Miss Innes Keeney, and Miss Augusta Foute spent the Christmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hayes have returned to their home in Visalia after a visit in town with Judge Charles M. Weller and Mrs. Weller.

Mr. and Mrs. Raoul-Duval have arrived from their home in Paris and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. Emil Bruguiere and her son, Mr. Louis Bruguiere, have arrived from the East and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. J. M. Waterbury and Mr. Frederick N. Wattriss spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla.

Mrs. J. K. Armshy, Sr., and her daughter, Miss Cornelia Armsby, of Chicago, are spending the holidays with their relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findlay Monteagle will leave today for New York en route to Egypt and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent and Miss Jennie Hooker spent the week-end in San Mateo as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris and their little daughter Jean are expected to arrive from London the latter part of January and will spend several months at the Fairmont Hotel. They will he accnmpanied by Mrs. Spencer Eddy and her son, who will join the family at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. Samuel Hopkins has been spending the past week at Monterey.

Mrs. George Hazleton has gone to Washington, D. C., to spend several weeks with relatives.

Major Sherwood A. Cheney, U. S. A., is en route to Panama, where he will remain indefinitely.

Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher, Jr., U. S. A., has sufficiently recovered from his recent accident to be able to join bis regiment at the Presidio, Monterey.

Captain T. L. Murphy, U. S. A., has gone East to spend several weeks with relatives.

Major G. W. McIvor, U. S. A., Mrs. McIvor, and their children will sail in January for the Philippines, where they will reside indefinitely. They are at present at the Presidio, Monterey.

Unahle himself to attend the New York performance of a well-known farce which he once controlled, hut was douhtful of employing the London rights, Charles Frohman a season or so ago sent three well-known theatrical managers to its performance with the request that each visit him separately afterward with a verdict upon the entertaining qualities of the play. Said one manager, "It's the funniest farce I've ever seen. I never laughed so much in my life." "What is it all ahout?" asked Mr. Frohman. "Well, you know," was the answer, "it's just a farce, hut it's awfully funny." Said the second manager, "it's a scream. I nearly fell out of my seat." "Then tell me something funny in it," asked Mr. Frohman. "Oh, well, I can't do that, hut it's a very funny farce." Said the third manager, "I ache from laughing. Really, I nearly died." "What made you laugh?" said Mr. Frohman. "Oh, it's so funny, you know," was the only answer. "I don't know, I just laughed." "All right; here you all are," concluded Mr. Frohman. "This is what I think. It isn't a good farce hecause not one of you can tell me why I should see it. It's only the play that causes laughter nutside the theatre as well as in that can hope to attract a steady patronage, isn't it? I have had more farces that everyhody laughed at and nohody knew what they were ahout—and that consequently failed—than any dozen other managers. The fact that you can not tell me what made you laugh simply means that the play has no idea—only a string of incongruous situations." The play perished in less than a month.

The girl caddies at Dinard are very amusing (writes James Douglas in London *Opinion*). They are also good caddies. Their strength is extraordinary. Some of these sturdy little Breton maids can do three rnunds a day without a sign of fatigue. Their names are like one of Rossetti's poems—Rosalie, Cesarine, Julie, Emmeline, and so forth. And their wit is full of salt. They are nnt clad in rags, like so many of the child caddies in England, hut are comfortably garhed and neatly shod. One little girl told me that she earned fifteen or twenty francs a week, and that it all went toward her dnt. The French hoys are not quite so clever as the girls. They are not so quick of eye and hrain. What struck me most ahout these French youngsters was their physical strength. Our English lads and lassies are nnt so well fed. Nor are they so well educated. The French girl of fourteen or fifteen is a little woman of the world. She is more than the equal of an English girl of seventeen or eighteen in shrewdness and mother-wit.

A German company is planning to huild the greatest passenger-carrying steamship in the world, the idea heing to provide luxury rather than to seek speed. She will be an eleven-storied floating palace, will carry 5000 passengers, and will have engines of 80,000 horsepower, exactly twice as powerful as those of the new White Star liners. On the promenade deck nne of the new features will he quiet summer houses in old English rustic style for tea and coffee parties. Annther new feature will be a huge marhle swimming hath running through two decks. The hath is to he an exact copy of one found in Pompeii and its mosaic pavements are to he copies of Rnman pavements discovered at Treves.

Odder, a small city of Denmark, has not become reconciled to the automohile, and will not permit one to pass through the streets. When a car is to he taken across the city horses are hired and the car is drawn. It may not he generous to note that the inhahitants possihly derive some revenue from the hire of horses, hut such wnuld seem to he the case. If any mntorist defies the ordinance he has a steep fine to pay.

The Second Symphony Concert Next Friday.

The second concert of the San Francisco Orchestra's regular symphony season will he given at the Cort Theatre next Friday afternoon, Decemher 5, at 3:15. The orchestra has heen increased hy several string players, rehearsals have heen held daily, and Conductor Hadley feels confident of greatly deepening the splendid impression made at the first concert.

The programme will he an exceptionally interesting and novel one, two of the three numhers heing entirely new to this city, nne now playing for the first time in the United States. The overture, "Sakuntala," hy Goldmark, is very rich in its orchestral coloring, and a work of heauty. It is descriptive of an Oriental play. The symphony will he the lately discovered early composition of Beethoven, which Dr. Stein accidentally found in the lihrary of the Musical Association at Jena. It is one of the early works of the master and quite Mozartean in its melodious simplicity. While perhaps nnt one of the important compositions of Beethoven it is of the greatest musical interest and every music lover will welcome the opportunity of hearing an unknown work hy the king of all symphony writers.

Seats for the symphony concert will be on sale all the week at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

On Friday afternooon, January 12, the orchestra will give its first popular concert in Oakland, at Ye Liherty Playhouse, and on Sunday afternoon, January 14, a special concert will he given at the Cort Theatre to accommodate the many who are unable to attend the Friday afternoon events.

Kubelik's Farewell Popular Concert.

Kuhelik will give his farewell concert at the Cort Theatre this Sunday afternoon, Decemher 31, at 2:30, offering an entire change of programme, and at pnpular prices. Hundreds whn have heen unahle to attend the previous concerts on account of the stress of holiday husiness may thus hear a colossal programme at a minimum price, for a good reserved seat may he secured for this event for as low as fifty cents. The seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's, and on Sunday the hox-office will he open at the Cort Theatre after ten o'clock. The offering is as follows: "Concerto," B minor, Saint-Saëns (complete); five masterpieces hy Wieniawski: (1) "Legende," (2) "Scherzo Tarantelle," (3) "Sielanka," (4) "Mazurka," (5) "Polonaise," A major; Sarasate's "Romanze Andalouse," and hy special request, Paganini's "Witches' Dance." Kuhelik announces that this will he his last tour of America, so it hehnoves every one who is desirous of hearing him to attend this concert.

What promises to he the sensation of the current theatrical season is John C. Fisher's prnduction of the Glohe Theatre, New York, success, "The Red Rose," a musical comedy in three acts hy Harry B. and Rohert B. Smith, with music hy Rohert Hood Bowers, which comes to the Columhia Theatre on Sunday, January 7. The story correctly depicts the art students' night life in Paris; hut contrary to many productions with a Parisian atmosphere, "The Red Rose" is said tn he clean and wholesome. The locale of the story affords excellent opportunities for sumptuous stage settings, magnificent costumes and electrical effects, for which Mr. Fisher is famous. The presenting company is unusually large and includes many notahle people.

On the façade of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, to the right of the central entrance, the profile of a man's head is traced on the marhle, the authorship of which is ascrihed to Michael Angelo. The story runs that he and a friend made a het as to which of them would draw a head hest with their hacks to the wall, a het easily won hy Michael Angeln, for he traced a perfect profile, whereas the other produced only a wavering, imperfect outline. The story further relates that the tool used was a nail! Both drawings are carefully preserved.

Has a composer of grand opera ever stepped down from his pride of place to write musical comedy? Prohahly not. But that is precisely what Leoncavallo intends to do. The composer of "Pagliacci" will collahorate with Edward Morton, the author of "San Toy" and the adapter of other hig musical successes, and together they will provide London with a musical cnmedy, which is, however, to he produced first in Milan.

In the French arsenals there are 1,825,000 old service rifles and carhines which are of not the slightest use in case of a mohilization, as the cartridges required for them are no longer made. They are weapons of the 1874 to 1880 patterns and have a calihre of eleven millimeters. Most of them are reported to he in "fair" condition, hut more than half a million are admittedly quite useless.

After playing in the orchestra at the Dresden Court Opera for fifty years Ferdinand Boeckmann, the cellist, has just retired.

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L. SCATENA, President.

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FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mrs. Meyser—Could you give me a little money, my dear? *Mr. Meyser*—Certainly, my dear. About how little?—*Life.*

"What do you think about this 'ere 'Monna Lisa' being stolen?" "Ah! These hactresses be allus gettin' into trouble."—*M. A. P.*

"Here's something for Burbank to look into." "What?" "Training a Christmas tree to sprout its own presents."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Where are you going with that club and all those eggs and potatoes?" "Up to the universal peace meeting in Carnegie Hall."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Wife—Do you like those beautiful suspenders I embroidered for you, dear? *Hubby*—Yes, darling. They don't show when I am dressed.—*Milwaukee News.*

Tommy—Pop, what is a monologue? *Tommy's Pop*—A monologue, my son, is a conversation a woman carries on with her husband.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Mrs. Henpeck—You know the saying: "Unlucky in love, lucky at cards." *Henpeck*—And yet you won't let me play poker. I'd win a fortune.—*Boston Transcript.*

Ethel—Can you tell me the reason for the high cost of living, Mr. Mushley? *Mr. Mushley*—Oh—aw—I suppose it's because there is considewahle demand faw it, you know.—*Puck.*

New German Governess—Zo much for zat great genius. And vat also is ze name of ze ozer great genius, always coupled in our minds wiz Schiller? *Reginald*—Charybdis.—*Punch.*

"Your cat made an awful noise in the back garden last night, and——" "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Houston, but since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing!"—*London Opinion.*

Miss Oldgirl—When I am doing serious work I hate to have a lot of men hanging around bothering me. *Miss Pert*—You do a great deal of serious work, do you not?—*Baltimore American.*

Mrs. Citibred—Is my husband improving in golf? *Caddie*—Well, I should say so. When he started he used to say, "Oh, fudge," when he missed. Now he can cuss like a man.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"You can take that axe and get up an appetite for a little dinner," said the farmer's wife. "Lady," replied Meandering Mike, "what I was applyin' for was food, not physical culture."—*Washington Star.*

"Am I required to exchange wedding gifts in the department from which they were purchased?" "Not at all," said the floorwalker. "Thank you. I would like to exchange a rose jar for a frying pan."—*Washington Herald.*

"Perhaps you drink too much coffee," suggested the doctor. "I should advise you to try a substitute." "Sir, your advice is superfluous," replied the patient. "I have lived in hoarding-houses for twenty-five years."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Plotitudinous Papa—My son, you should always look before you leap. *Little Horace*—I dunno. When you are in the middle of the road an' an auto horn toots right in your ear you'd better leap without stoppin' to take a look.—*Houston Post.*

"Father," asked Johnny, "what is the difference between farming and agriculture?" "Well, my son; for farming you need a plow and a harrow and other implements, and for agriculture all you need is a pencil and a piece of paper."—*Baltimore Sun.*

"I see one of our big corporations is going to do something for its old clerks." "Good enough! What form will it take?" "Well, after a man has been with them twenty-five years, they're going to give him a gold stripe on his sleeve."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Say, come over here, old man. I want to ask you something in confidence. Is there anything peculiar about me?" "No. Why?" "That tall, handsome woman just beyond the punch bowl asked me a moment ago whether I fiddled or played chess."—*Springfield Union.*

"I don't feel able to do any work on my novel today," said the writer to his wife. "I have a fever, and my brain is sadly muddled." "In that case I wouldn't try to write, dear," cooed the sympathetic spouse. "Just turn out two or three poems and don't attempt any brain work today."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"The piano we sold you," said the merchant, "was it satisfactory?" "Perfectly," replied Mr. Cumrox. "We've had it tested and it's all right. My daughter and three music teachers tried out all kinds of Wagner on it, and it stood up in a way that shows regular tunes won't be any strain at all."—*Washington Star.*

New Person (at rehearsal having noticed that the double-boss player uses his left hand simply to support the instrument)—I see you don't use your fingers when you play, John? *John*—Noa, sir; ye see there be some as twiddles their fingers when they play, an' there be some as don't, an' I be one o' they that don't.—*Punch.*

"I don't think my husband loves me any more." "Why not?" "The other day I said to him: 'John, if I should die would you get married again?' and he said he wouldn't." "Isn't that all right?" "Yes, but I wish you could have heard the positive way he said it."—*New York Sun.*

Lawyer—My client painted a picture of this young lady, your honor, and she claims it does not do her justice. *Judge*—Does not do her justice, did you say? *Lawyer*—Yes, your honor; and she was foolish enough to think she could get it by bringing the case before you!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Why don't you take an interest in affairs?" said the offhand adviser. "Why don't you read the newspapers so that you can converse intelligently with your husband?" "I tried to," replied young Mrs. Torkins, "but I made a mistake. I read the President's message instead of the football news."—*Washington Star.*

Titephist—While in Paris I paid out $5 for tips alone. *Waiter (assisting him with coat)*—You must have lived there a good many years, sir.—*Boston Transcript.*

Foote, the comedian, lived at a time when pickpockets did a thriving business in gentlemen's lace handkerchiefs. Having been taken one day into White's Club by a friend who wanted to write a note, Foote found himself standing in a room among strangers. Lord Carmarthe, wishing to put him at his ease, went to speak to him, but himself feeling rather shy, merely said: "Mr. Foote, your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket." Whereupon Foote, looking around suspiciously and hurriedly thrusting the handkerchief back into his pocket, replied: "Thank you, my lord, thank you; you know the company better than I do."

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